

SHAKESPEARE
COMPLETE WORKS

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SHAKESPEARE

COMPLETE WORKS

EDITED
WITH A GLOSSARY BY
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DELHI
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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Died Stratford-upon-Avon April 1616

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PREFACE

THERE is no proof that Shakespeare personally superintended the printing of any of his plays. Although sixteen came separately from the press in small quarto volumes during his lifetime, many, if not all, of these were published without the consent or supervision of the author from copies often surreptitiously obtained from the playhouse. At the time of Shakespeare's death in 1616, no less than twenty-one plays remained in manuscript. Six years later, in 1622, one of these, 'Othello', was issued to the public in quarto. It was not until 1623 that Shakespeare's actor friends, John Hemming and Henry Condell, brought together the previously printed and unprinted dramas of which they knew him to be the author, and published them in a folio volume in order 'to keep' (as they wrote) 'the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive'. Thirty-six plays were thus claimed for Shakespeare. The thirty-seventh, 'Pericles', had been first printed separately in quarto in 1609, but was not added to the collection until the third folio appeared in 1664.

The text alike of the first folio and the quartos was doubtless supplied by playhouse copies which often embodied the ill-conditioned interpolations and alterations of actors and theatrical managers. As a rule the editors of 1623 followed where they could the text of the quartos, but in a few cases they unwisely had recourse to less correct copies. Moreover, the printers of both Elizabeth's and James I's reigns were very liable to typographical error, and they introduced much that is unintelligible into the original editions of Shakespeare's works. But in the absence of Shakespeare's manuscripts, the seventeen early quartos and the folio of 1623 jointly present, despite defect of copyist and printer, the sole authorized version of the Shakespearian text. From that version I have only ventured to deviate where it seemed to me that the carelessness of either copyist or printer deprived a word or sentence wholly of meaning. Editors of Shakespeare have sometimes denounced as corrupt and have partially altered passages which owe their difficulty of interpretation to the presence of some word or phrase rare in Shakespeare's day and long since obsolete. It has been my endeavour to avoid this danger. I have only adopted a change after convincing myself that the characteristics of Shakespeare's vocabulary or literary style failed to justify the original reading.

For the uncertain orthography of the old editions I have substituted the recognized orthography of the present day. But metrical considerations occasionally render the retention of the older spelling necessary, and I have deemed it desirable to adhere to the older forms of a few words

which modern orthography has practically shaped anew The punctuation has been thoroughly revised, and, to increase facilities of reference, I have numbered the lines at shorter intervals than have been adopted hitherto

In seeking to emend corrupt passages I have carefully considered the suggestions of my many predecessors, and from few of those who have already laboured in the field of textual criticism have I failed to derive some enlightenment Of the older editors, Theobald, whose edition of Shakespeare appeared in 1733, and Capell, whose edition appeared in 1768, have proved most helpful Among more modern editions I am chiefly indebted to the work of Delius Dyce, and the Cambridge editors A very few of the emendations which I have adopted are now introduced into the text for the first time My thanks are due to my friend Mr P A Daniel for many useful suggestions

I have appended a short glossary which I trust will adequately explain the meaning of the obsolete words which Shakespeare employed

W J CRAIG

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THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, King of Naples.
 SEBASTIAN his Brother
 PROSPERO the right Duke of Milan
 ANTONIO his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
 FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples
 GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor
 ADRIAN } Lords.
 FRANCISCO }
 CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
 TRINCULO, a Jester

STEPHANO a drunken Butler
 Master of a Ship, Boatswain, Mariners
 MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero
 ARIEL, an airy Spirit,
 IRIS
 CERES,
 JUNO
 Nymphs
 Reapers,
 Other Spirits attending on Prospero

SCENE — *The Sea, with a Ship, afterwards an Island*

ACT I

Re-enter Boatswain.

SCENE I — *On a Ship at Sea A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard*

Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain severally

Boatswain!

Boats Here, master what cheer?

Master Good, speak to the mariners fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground bestir, bestir [Exit

Enter Mariners

Boats Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail Tend to the master's whistle — Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough! 9

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others

Alon Good boatswain, have care Where's the master? Play the men

Boats I pray now, keep below 12

Ant. Where is the master, boson?

Boats Do you not hear him? You mar our labour keep your cabins you do assist the storm. 16

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats When the sea is Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin silence! trouble us not 20

Gon Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard 22

Boats None that I more love than myself You are a counsellor if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more, use your authority if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the muschance of the hour, if it so hap — Cheerly, good hearts! — Out of our way, I say [Exit

Gon I have great comfort from this fellow methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him, his complexion is perfect gallows Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [Exeunt

Boats Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course [A cry within] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office — 42

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO
 Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats Work you, then 47

Ant Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art

Gon I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench 53

Boats Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses, off to sea again, lay her off

Enter Mariners, wet

Mar All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all! lost! [Exeunt

Boats What, must our mouths be cold? 58
Gon The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb I am out of patience 60
Ant We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards —

This wide-chapp'd rascal, — would thou might'st he drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gon He'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water swear against it, 64 And gape at wid'st to glut him

[A confused noise within, — 'Mercy on us!'] — 'We split, we split! — Farewell, my wife and children! —'

'Farewell, brother! —' 'We split, we split, we split! —'

Ant Let's all sink wi' the king [Exit. 67
Seb Let's take leave of him. [Exit.

Gon Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing The walls above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [Exit

SCENE II *The Island before the Cell of PROSPERO**Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA*

Mira If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking
pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out O! I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart Poor souls, they perish'd
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her

Pro Be collected
No more amazement Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done

Mira O, woe the day!
Pro No harm
I have done nothing but in care of thee,—
Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!—who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20
And thy no greater father

Mira More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts

Pro 'Tis time
I should inform thee further Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me —So 24
[Lays down his mantle]
Lie there, my art —Wipe thou thine eyes, have
comfort

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art 28
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st
sink Sit down, 32

For thou must now know further
Mira You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, 'Stay, not yet'

Pro The hour's now come, 36
The very minute bids thee open thine ear,
Obey and be attentive Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast
not 40

Out three years old.
Mira Certainly, sir, I can
Pro By what? by any other house or person?
Of anything the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira 'Tis far off, 44
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pro Thou hadst, and more, Miranda But
how is it 48
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st

Mira But that I do not 52
Pro Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year
since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power

Mira Sir, are not you my father?
Pro Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter, and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir 58
A princess,—no worse issued

Mira O, the heavens!
What foul play had we that we came from
thence? 60

Or blessed was't we did?
Pro Both, both, my girl
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd
thence,
But blessedly help hither

Mira O! my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance Please you,
further 65

Pro My brother and thy uncle, call'd An-
tonio,—

I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself, 68

Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state, as at that time,

Through all the signories it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts,

Without a parallel those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,

And to my state grew stranger, being trans-
ported 70

And rapt in secret studies Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira Sir, most heedfully

Pro Being once perfected how to grant suits
How to deny them, who t'advance, and who 80
To trash for over-topping new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd
'em,

Or else new form'd 'em having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state 84

To what tune pleas'd his ear, that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,

And suck'd my verdure out on't—Thou at-
tend'st not

Mira O, good sir! I do

Pro I pray thee, mark me 88
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind

With that, which, but by being so retir'd, 91
O'erpriz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature, and my trust,

Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great 95

As my trust was, which had, indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound He being thus lorded,

Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, into truth, by telling of it, 100
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke, out o' the substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty, 104
With all prerogative—Hence his ambition
growing,—

Dost thou hear?

Mira Your tale, sir, would cure deafness

Pro To have no screen between this part he
play'd

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be 108
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man,—my hoary
Was dukedom large enough of temporal royal-
ties

He thinks me now incapable, confederates,—
So dry he was for sway,—w' the lung of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet in bow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping

Mira O the heavens! 115

Pro Mark his conclusion and the event, then
tell me

If this might be a brother

Mira I should sin

To think but nool, of my grandmother
Good wombs have borne bad sons

Pro Now the condition 120

This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens to my brother's suit,
Which was, that he, in lieu of the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine 125
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours on my brother whereon,
A treacherous army levied one midnight 128
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and in the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self

Mira Alack, for pity! 132

I, not remem'ring how I cri'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't

Pro Hear a little further,

And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us, without the which this
story 137

Were most impertinent

Mira Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us?

Pro Well demanded, wench

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they
durst not, 140

So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business, but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends

In few, they hurried us aboard a bark, 144
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar'd

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,

Nor tackle, sail, nor mast, the very rats

Instinctively have quit it there they hoist us,

To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh 149

To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong

Mira Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro O, a cherubin 152

Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst
smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,

When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,

Under my burden groan'd, which rais'd in me

An undergoing stomach, to bear up 157

Against what should ensue

Mira How came we ashore?

Pro By Providence divine 159

Some food we had and some fresh water that

A noble Neapolitan Gonzanio,

Out of his charity,—who being then appointed

Master of this design,—did give us, with 163

Rich garments, linnen stuffs, and necessaries

Which since have steaded much, so, of his

generousness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,

From mine own library with volumes that

I prize above my dukedom

Mira Would I might 165

But ever see that man!

Pro Now I arise —

[*Resumes his mantle*]

Sit still, and fear the last of our sea-sorrow

Here in this island we arriv'd, and here

Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

Than other princes can, that have more time

For vain hours and tutors not so careful

Mira Heavens thank you for't! And now, I

pray you, sir,—

For still 'tis beating in my mind,—your

reason 166

For raising this sea-storm?

Pro Know thus far forth

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,

Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies

Brought to this shore, and by my prescience 180

I find my zenith doth depend upon

A most auspicious star, whose influence

If now I court not but omit, my fortunes

Will ever after droop. Here cease more ques-
tions, 184

Thou art inclin'd to sleep, 'tis a good dulness,

And give it way,—I know thou canst not

choose — [MIRANDA SLEEPS]

Come away, servant, come! I'm ready now

Approach, my Ariel, come! 188

Enter ARIEL

Ari All hail, great master! grave sir, hail!

I come

To answer thy best pleasure, be't to fly,

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride 191

On the curl'd clouds to thy strong bidding task

Ariel and all his quality

Pro Hast thou spirit,

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade

thee?

Ari To every article

I boarded the king's ship, now on the beak, 196

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,

I flamm'd amazement sometime I'd divide
And burn in many places, on the topmast,
The yards, and boresprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join Jove's lightnings, the
precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not the fire and
cracks

Ofsulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves
tremble,

Yea, his dread trident shake

Pro My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Art Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners,
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the
vessel,

Then all a-fire with me the king's son, Ferdinand,

With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not
hair,—

Was the first man that leap'd, cried, 'Hell is
empty,

And all the devils are here'

Pro Why, that's my spirit!
But was not thus nigh shore?

Art Close by, my master

Pro But are they, Ariel, safe?

Art Not a hair perish'd,
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before and, as thou bad'st
me,

In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle
The king's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot

Pro Of the king's ship

The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet

Art Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship, in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's
hid

The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd
labour,

I have left asleep and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship
wrack'd,

And his great person perish

Pro Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd but there's more work
What is the time o' th' day?

Art Past the mid season

Pro At least two glasses. The time 'twixt
six and now

Must by us both be spent most precious.

Art Is there more toil? Since thou dost
give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd
Which is not yet perform'd me

Pro How now! moody? 244
What is't thou canst demand?

Art My liberty

Pro Before the time be out? no more!

Art I prithee

Remember, I have done thee worthy service,

Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd

Without or grudge or grumblings thou didst

promise 249

To bate me a full year

Pro Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

Art No

Pro Thou dost, and think'st it much to
tread the ooze 252

Of the salt deep,

To run upon the sharp wind of the north,

To do me business in the veins o' th' earth

When it is bak'd with frost.

Art I do not, sir 256

Pro Thou heest, malignant thing! Hast thou
forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Art No, sir

Pro Thou hast. Where was she
born? speak, tell me 260

Art Sir, in Argier

Pro O! was she so? I must,

Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,

Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch,

Sycorax, 263

For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible

To enter human hearing, from Argier,

Thou know'st, was banish'd for one thing she

did

They would not take her life Is not this true?

Art Ay, sir 268

Pro This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought
with child

And here was left by the sailors Thou, my

slave,

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate 272

To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,

Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,

By help of her more potent ministers,

And in her most unmitigable rage, 276

Into a cloven pine, within which rift

Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain

A dozen years, within which space she died

And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy

groans 280

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this

island,—

Save for the son that she did litter here,

A freckled whelp hag-born,—noth honour'd with

A human shape

Art Yes, Caliban her son. 284

Pro Dull thing, I say so, he that Caliban,

Whom now I keep in service Thou best know'st

What torment I did find thee in, thy groans

Did make wolves howl and pene'rate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears it was a torment 289
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo, it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out

Ari I thank thee, master

Pro If thou more murmur st, I will rend an oak

And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters

Ari Pardon, master, 296
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently

Pro Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee

Ari That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro Go make thyself like a nymph of the sea
be subject 301

To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't go, hence with diligence!

[Exit ARIEL]
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well,
Awake!

Mira [Waking] The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro Shake it off Come on,
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never 308
Yields us kind answer

Mira 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on

Pro But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices 312
That profit us—What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak

Cal [Within] There's wood enough with n

Pro Come forth, I say, there's other business for thee
Come, thou tortoise! when? 316

Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,

Hark in thine ear

Ari My lord, it shall be done. *[Exit]*

Pro Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! 320

Enter CALIBAN

Cal As wicked dew as e'er my mother
brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er! 324

Pro For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt
have cramps

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up,
urchins

Shall forth at vart of night, that they may
work

All exercise on thee thou shalt be pinch'd 328

As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more
stinging

Than bees that made them.

Cal I must eat my dinner

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me When thou camest
first, 332

Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me,
wouldst give me

Water with berries in 't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,

That burn by day and night and then I lov'd
thee 336

And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and
fertile

Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

For I am all the subjects that you have, 341
Which first was mine own king, and here you
sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island

Pro Thou most lying slave, 344
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have
us'd thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd
thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child 348

Cal Oh ho! Oh ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else

This isle with Calibans

Pro Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take, 352

Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
hour

One thing or other when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble
like 356

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known but thy
vile race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which
good natures

Could not abide to be with, therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock, 361

Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison

Cal You taught me language, and my profit
on 't 363

Is, I know how to curse the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel, and be quick, thou 'rt best,

To answer other business Shrug'st thou, malice?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly 368
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,

Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din

Cal No, pray thee!—
[Aside] I must obey his art is of such power,

It would control my dam's god, Setebos, 373
And make a vassal of him.

Pro So, slave; hence!
[Exit CALIBAN]

Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing,
FERDINAND following

ARIEL'S SONG

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd,—
The wild waves whist—
Foot it feately here and there,
And sweet sprites, the burden bear
Hark, hark!
[Burden Bow, wow, dispersedly
The watch-dogs bark
[Burden Bow wow dispersedly
Hark hark! I hear
The strain of strutting Chanticleer
[Cry, Cock a-diddle-dow

Fer Where should this music be? i' th' air,
or th' earth?

It sounds no more,—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack, 388
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air thence I have follow'd it,—
Or it hath drawn me rather,—but 'tis gone 392
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made
Those are pearls that were his eyes
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell

[Burden ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer The ditty does remember my drown'd
father

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes —I hear it now above me
Pro The fringed curtains of thine eye ad-
vance, 405

And say what thou seest yond.

Mira What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form—but 'tis a spirit 408

Pro No, wench, it eats and sleeps, and hath
such senses

As we have, such, this gallant which thou
see'st,

Was in the wrack, and, but he's something
stain'd

With grief,—that's beauty's canker,—thou
might'st call him 412

A goodly person he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

Mira I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural

I ever saw so noble

Pro [Aside] It goes on, I see, 416
As my soul prompts it—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll
free thee

Within two days for this

Fer Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my
prayer

May know if you remain upon this island, 420

And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you won-
der!—

376 If you be maid or no?

Mira No wonder, sir, 424

But certainly a maid

380 Fer My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken

Pro How! the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard
thee? 428

384 Fer A single thing, as I am now, that
wonders

To hear thee speak of Naples He does hear me,
And, that he does, I weep myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes,—ne'er since at ebb,—be-
held

The king, my father wrack'd

Mira Alack, for mercy!

Fer Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke
of Milan, 434

And his brave son being twain.

Pro [Aside] The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter could control
thee,

If now 'twere fit to do't —At the first sight 437

396 They have changed eyes —delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—[To FER.] A word,
good sir,

400 I fear you have done yourself some wrong a
word 440

Mira. [Aside] Why speaks my father so
ungently? This

Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer [Aside] O! if a virgin, 444
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples

Pro Soft, sir one word more—
[Aside] They are both in either's powers but
this swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning 448
Make the prize light—[To FER.] One word
more I charge thee

That thou attend me Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it 452

From me, the lord on't.

Fer No, as I am a man

Mira There's nothing ill can dwell in such
a temple

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't

Pro [To FER.] Follow me — 456
[To MIRA] Speak not you for him, he's a
traitor —[To FER.] Come,

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be

The fresh-brook muscles, wather'd roots and
hunks 460

Wherein the acorn cradled Follow

Fer No,

I will resist such entertainment till

Mine enemy has more power

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving*]

Mira O dear father!

Make not too rash a trial of him, for 464

He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro What! I say,

My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;

Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy

conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt come from thy ward,

For I can here disarm thee with this stick 469

And make thy weapon drop

Mira Beseech you, father!

Pro Hence! hang not on my garments

Mira Sir, have pity

I'll be his surety

Pro Silence! one word more 472

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee

What!

An advocate for an impostor? hush!

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban foolish 476

wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban

And they to him are angels

Mira My affection's

Are then most humble, I have no ambition

To see a goodlier man

Pro [To FER.] Come on, obey 480

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,

And have no vigour in them

Fer

So they are

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel, 484

The wrack of all my friends, or this man's

threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,

Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid all corners else o' th' earth

Let liberty make use of, space enough 489

Have I in such a prison.

Pro [Aside.] It works.—[To FER.] Come on!—

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[To FER.]

Follow me—

[To ARIEL.] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

Mira Be of comfort, 492

My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech this is unwonted,

Which now came from him

Pro Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds, but then exactly do 496

All points of my command

Ari To the syllable

Pro [To FER.] Come, follow—Speak not for

him. [Exeunt]

ACT II

SCENE I—Another Part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others

Gon Beseech you, sir, be merry you have
cause,

So have we all, of joy, for our escape

Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe

Is common every day some sailor's wife, 4
The masters of some merchant and the mer-
chant,

Have just our theme of woe, but for the miracle,

I mean our preservation, few in millions

Can speak like us then wisely, good sir, weigh

Our sorrow with our comfort

Alon Prithee, peace 9

Seb He receives comfort like cold porridge

Ant The visitor will not give him o'er so

Seb Look, he's winding up the watch of his

wit, by and by it will strike 13

Gon Sir,—

Seb One tell

Gon When every grief is entertain'd that's

offer'd, 16

Comes to the entertainer—

Seb A dollar

Gon Dolour comes to him, indeed you have

spoken truer than you purposed 20

Seb You have taken it wiser than I meant

you should

Gon Therefore, my lord,—

Ant Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his

tongue! 25

Alon I prithee, spare

Gon Well, I have done but yet—

Seb He will be talking

Ant Which, of he or Adrian, for a good

wager, first begins to crow?

Seb The old cock.

Ant The cockerel 32

Seb Done The wager?

Ant A laughter

Seb A match!

Adr Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb Ha, ha, ha! So you're paid

Adr Uninhabitable, and almost inacces-

sible,—

Seb Yet—

Adr Yet—

Ant He could not miss it.

Adr It must needs be of subtle, tender, and

delicate temperance.

Ant Temperance was a delicate wench 45

Seb Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly

delivered

Adr The air breathes upon us here most

sweetly 49

Seb As if it had lungs, and rotten ones

Ant Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant True, save means to live. 53

Seb Of that there's none, or little

Gon How lush and lusty the grass looks!

how green! 56

Ant The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb With an eye of green in't.

Ant He misses not much.

Seb No, he doth but mistake the truth

totally 61

Gon But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed

almost beyond credit,—

Seb As many vouch'd rarities are 64

Gon That our garments, being, as they were,

drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their

freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed
than stain'd with salt water 68

Ant If but one of his pockets could speak,
would it not say he lies?

Seb Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report

Gon Methinks, our garments are now as fresh
as when we put them on first in Afric, at the
marriage of the king's fair daughter Clamibel to
the King of Tunis 75

Seb 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper
well in our return.

Adr Tunis was never graced before with
such a paragon to their queen

Gon Not since widow Dido's time 80

Ant Widow! a pox o' that! How came that
widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb What if he had said, widower Æneas
too? Good Lord, how you take it! 84

Adr Widow Dido, said you? you make me
study of that she was of Carthage, not of Tunis

Gon This Tunis, sir, was Carthage

Adr Carthage? 88

Gon I assure you, Carthage

Ant His word is more than the miraculous
harp

Seb He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too
Ant What impossible matter will he make
easy next?

Seb I think he will carry this island home in
his pocket, and give it his son for an apple 96

Ant And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea,
bring forth more islands

Alon Ay?

Ant Why, in good time 100

Gon [To ALON] Sir, we were talking that
our garments seem now as fresh as when we
were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter,
who is now queen 104

Ant And the rarest that e'er came there

Seb Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido

Ant O' widow Dido, 'av, widow Dido

Gon Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the
first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort 109

Ant That sort was well fish'd for

Gon When I wore it at your daughter's
marriage? 112

Alon You cram these words into mine ears,
against

The stomach of my sense Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,

My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too, 116

Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her O thou, mine heir

Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran Sir, he may live 120

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs he trod the water,

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breast'd
The surge most swollen that met him his bold
head 124

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt 128

He came alive to land.

Alon

Seb Sir, you may thank yourself for this
great loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your
daughter,

But rather lose her to an African, 132

Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon Prithee, peace

Seb You were kneel'd to and importun'd
otherwise

By all of us, and the fair soul herself 136

Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow We have
lost your son,

I fear, for ever Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them the
fault's 141

Your own

Alon So is the dearest of the loss

Gon My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentle-
ness

And time to speak it in, you rub the sore, 145

When you should bring the plaster

Seb Very well

Ant And most chirurgically

Gon It is foul weather in us all, good sir 148

When you are cloudy

Seb Foul weather?

Ant Very foul

Gon Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant He'd sow't with nettle-seed

Seb Or docks, or mallows

Gon And were the king on't, what would
I do?

Seb 'Scape being drunk for want of wine 153

Gon I' the commonwealth I would by con-
traries

Execute all things, for no kind of traffic
Would I admit, no name of magistrate, 156

Letters should not be known, riches, poverty,
And use of service, none, contract, succession,

Bourn, bound of land, tithe, vineyard, none, 160

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil,

No occupation, all men idle, all,

And women too, but innocent and pure,
No sovereignty,—

Seb Yet he would be king on't

Ant The latter end of his commonwealth
forgets the beginning 165

Gon All things in common nature should
produce

Without sweat or endeavour treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have, but nature should bring
forth, 169

Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people

Seb No marrying 'mong his subjects? 172

Ant None, man, all idle, whores and knaves

Gon I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age

Seb Save his majesty!

Ant Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir? 176
Alon Prithce, no more thou dost talk nothing to me

Gon I do well believe your highness, and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing

Ant 'Twas you we laugh'd at 183
Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you, so you may continue and laugh at nothing still

Ant What a blow was there given!
Seb An it had not fallen flat-long 188
Gon You are gentlemen of brave mettle you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing 192

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music

Seb We would so, and then go a-bat-fowling
Ant Nay, good my lord, be not angry
Gon No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy? 197

Ant Go sleep, and hear us
[All sleep but ALON, SEB, and ANT]
Alon What! all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts
 I find 200
 They are inclin'd to do so

Seb Please you, sir,
 Do not omit the heavy offer of it
 It seldom visits sorrow, when it doth
 It is a comforter

Ant We two, my lord, 204
 Will guard your person while you take your rest,
 And watch your safety

Alon. Thank you Wondrous heavy
[ALONSO sleeps Exit ARIEL]
Seb What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant It is the quality o' the climate
Seb Why 208
 Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
 Myself dispos'd to sleep

Ant Nor I my spirits are nimble
 They fell together all, as by consent,
 They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke What
 might, 212

Worthy Sebastian? O! what might?—No more —
 And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
 What thou should'st be The occasion speaks
 thee, and

My strong imagination sees a crown 216
 Dropping upon thy head

Seb What! art thou waking?
Ant Do you not hear me speak?

Seb I do, and surely,
 It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
 Out of thy sleep What is it thou didst say? 220
 This is a strange repose, to be asleep
 With eyes wide open, standing, speaking,
 moving,
 And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian, 223

Thou let'st thy fortunes sleep—dierather, wink'st
 Whiles thou art waking

Seb Thou dost snore distinctly
 There's meaning in thy snores

Ant I am more serious than my custom you
 Must be so too, if heed me, which to do 228
 Trebles thee o'er

Seb Well, I am standing water
Ant I'll teach you how to flow

Seb Do so to ebb,
 Hereditary sloth instructs me

Ant O! 231
 If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
 Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
 You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
 Most often do so near the bottom run
 By their own fear or sloth

Seb Prithce, say on 236
 The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
 A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
 Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant Thus, sir:
 Although this lord of weak remembrance, thus
 Who shall be of as little memory 241
 When he is earth'd, hath here almost per-
 suaded,—

For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
 Professes to persuade,—the king, his son's alive,
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd 245
 As he that sleeps here swims

Seb I have no hope
 That he's undrown'd

Ant O! out of that 'no hope'
 What great hope have you! no hope that way is
 Another way so high a hope that even 249
 Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
 But doubts discovery there Will you grant

with me

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb He's gone.
Ant Then tell me 252
 Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb Claribel.
Ant She that is Queen of Tunis, she that
 dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life, she that from
 Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post— 256
 The man i' th' moon's too slow—till new-born
 chins

Be rough and razorable she that, from whom?
 We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast
 again,

And by that destiny to perform an act 260
 Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
 In yours and my discharge

Seb What stuff is this!—How say you?
 'Tis true my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;
 So is she heir of Naples, 'twixt which regions
 There is some space

Ant A space whose every cubit
 Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel 266
 Measure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,
 And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
 That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no
 worse

Than now they are There be that can rule
 Naples
 As well as he that sleeps, lords that can prate
 As amply and unnecessarily 272
 As this Gonzalo, I myself could make
 A chough of as deep chat O, that you bore
 The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
 For your advancement! Do you understand
 me?

Seb Methinks I do
Ant And how does your content
 Tender your own good fortune?

Seb I remember 278
 You did supplant your brother Prospero

Ant True
 And look how well my garments sit upon me,
 Much feater than before, my brother's servants
 Were then my fellows, now they are my men

Seb But, for your conscience,— 283
Ant Ay, sir, where lies that? if it were a kibe,

'Twould put me to my slipper, but I feel not
 This deity in my bosom twenty consciences,
 That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
 And melt ere they molest! Here lies your
 brother, 288

No better than the earth he lies upon,
 If he were that which now he's like, that's dead,
 Whom I, with this obedient steel,—three inches
 of it,—

Can lay to bed for ever, whiles you, doing thus,
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put 293
 This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
 Should not upbraid our course For all the rest,
 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk, 296
 They'll tell the clock to any business that
 We say befits the hour

Seb Thy case, dear friend,
 Shall be my precedent as thou got'st Milan,
 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword one stroke
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
 And I the king shall love thee.

Ant Draw together,
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like, 303
 To fall it on Gonzalo

Seb O! but one word. [They converse apart]

Music Re-enter ARIEL, invisible

Ari My master through his art foresees the
 danger

That you, his friend, are in, and sends me forth—
 For else his project dies—to keep thee living

[Sings in GONZALO'S ear]

While you here do snoring lie,
 Open-eyed Conspiracy 308

His time doth take,
 If of life you keep a care,
 Shake off slumber, and beware
 Awake! awake! 312

Ant Then let us both be sudden.
Gon Now, good angels
 Preserve the king! [They wake]

Alon Why, how now! ho, awake! Why are
 you drawn? 316

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon What's the matter?

Seb Whiles we stood here securing your
 repose,

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
 Like bulls, or rather lions, did't not wake you?
 It struck mine ear most terribly

Alon I heard nothing
Ant O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
 To make an earthquake sure it was the roar
 Of a whole herd of lions

Alon Heard you thus, Gonzalo? 324
Gon Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a
 humming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake me
 I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd, as mine eyes open'd,
 I saw their weapons drawn—there was a noise,
 That's verily 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
 Or that we quit this place let's draw our
 weapons

Alon Lead off this ground, and let's make
 further search

For my poor son 332
Gon Heavens keep him from these beasts!

For he is, sure, i' the island

Alon Lead away [Exit with the others]
Ari Prospero my lord shall know what I
 have done

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exit]

SCENE II—Another Part of the Island

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood
 A noise of thunder heard

Cal All the infections that the sun sucks up
 From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
 him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
 And yet I needs must curse But they'll nor
 pinch,

Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the
 mire,

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
 Out of my way, unless he bid 'em, but 8

For every trifle are they set upon me
 Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me
 And after bite me, then like hedge-hogs, which

Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way and mount
 Their pricks at my foot-fall, sometime am I 12

All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
 Do hiss me into madness—

Enter TRINCULO

Lo now! lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
 For bringing wood in slowly I'll fall flat, 16
 Perchance he will not mune me

Trin Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear
 off any weather at all, and another storm brew-
 ing, I hear it sing i' the wind yond same black
 cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard
 that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder
 as it did before, I know not where to hide my
 head yond same cloud cannot choose but fall
 by painfuls—What have we here? a man or a
 fish? Dead or alive? A fish! he smells like a
 fish, a very ancient and fish-like smell, a kind
 of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish!
 Were I in England now,—as once I was,—and
 had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there

but would give a piece of silver there would this monster make a man, any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a dolt to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer, this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt [*Thunder*] Alas! the storm is come again my best way is to creep under his gaberdine, there is no other shelter hereabout misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past 44

Enter STEPHANO, singing, a bottle in his hand

Ste I shall no more to sea, to sea,

Here shall I die a shore —

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral

Well, here's my comfort

[*Drinks*]

The master, the swabber the boatswain and I, 49

The gunner and his mate,

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian and Margery 52

But none of us car'd for Kate,

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor 'Go hang!

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,

Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch 57

Then to sea, boys and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too but here's my comfort. [*Drinks*]

Cal Do not torment me O!

Ste What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages and men of Ind? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs, for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at's nostrils

Cal The spirit torments me O! 68

Ste This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that if I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather 75

Cal Do not torment me, prithee I'll bring my wood home faster

Ste He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle if he have never drunk wine afore it will go near to remove his fit If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly 84

Cal Thou dost me yet but little hurt, thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling now Prosper works upon thee 87

Ste Come on your ways open your mouth, here is that which will give language to you, cat Open your mouth this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly [*gives* CALIBAN

drink] you cannot tell who's your friend, open your chaps again

Trin I should know that voice it should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils O! defend me 96

Ste Four legs and two voices, a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend, his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague Come Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth

Trin Stephano! 104

Ste Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster I will leave him I have no long spoon.

Trin Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me, for I am Trinculo —be not afraid—thy good friend Trinculo 110

Ste If thou beest Trinculo, come forth I'll pull thee by the lesser legs if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos? 115

Trin I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans 'scaped! 122

Ste Prithee, do not turn me about my stomach is not constant

Cal [*Aside*] These be fine things an if they be not sprites

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor I will kneel to him 127

Ste How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore 133

Cal I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly

Ste Here swear then, how thou escapedst.

Trin Swam ashore, man, like a duck I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn 138

Ste Here, kiss the book [*gives* TRINCULO *drink*] Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose 141

Trin O Stephano! hast any more of this?

Ste The whole butt, man my cellar is in a rock by the seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague? 146

Cal Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste Out o' the moon, I do assure thee, I was the man in the moon, when time was

Cal I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee, my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush. 152

Ste Come, swear to that, kiss the book, I will furnish it anon with new contents, swear

Trin By this good light, this is a very shallow monster—I am afraid of him!—a very weak mon-

ster —The man i' the moon! a most poor credulous monster! —Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island, 160

And I will kiss thy foot I prithee, be my god

Trin By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle 164

Cal I'll kiss thy foot I'll swear myself thy subject

Ste Come on then, down, and swear

Trin I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him, — 169

Ste Come, kiss

Trin But that the poor monster's in drink an abominable monster! 172

Cal I'll shew thee the best springs, I'll pluck thee berries,

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man 177

Trin A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow, 180

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts, Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how

To snare the numble marmozet, I'll bring thee To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scameles from the rock. Wilt thou go with me? 185

Ste I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking —Trinculo, the king and all our

company else being drowned, we will inherit here —Here, bear my bottle —Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again 190

Cal Farewell master, farewell farewell, [Sings drunkenly]

Trin A howling monster, a drunken monster

Cal No more dams I'll make for fish; Nor fetch in firing

At requiring Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish, 196

Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban, Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom! freedom! high-day, freedom! 200

Ste O brave monster! lead the way [Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I —Before PROSPERO's Cell

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log

Fer There be some sports are painful, and their labour

Delight in them sets off some kinds of baseness Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters

Point to rich ends This my mean task 4

Would be as heavy to me as odious, but The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead

And makes my labours pleasures O! she is 7

Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,

And he's compos'd of harshness I must remove Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,

Upon a sore injunction my sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work, and says such

baseness 12

Had never like executor I forget But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my

labours, Most busiest when I do it

Enter MIRANDA, and PROSPERO behind

Mira Alas! now, pray you, Work not so hard I would the lightning had 16

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!

Pray, set it down and rest you when this burns, 'Twill weep for having wearied you My father

Is hard at study, pray now, rest yourself 20

He's safe for these three hours

Fer O most dear mistress, The sun will set, before I shall discharge

What I must strive to do

Mira If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while Pray, give me

that, 24

I'll carry it to the pile

Fer No, precious creature I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,

Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by

Mira It would become me 28

As well as it does you and I should do it With much more ease, for my good will is to it,

And yours it is against

Pro [Aside] Poor worm! thou art infected This visitation shows it.

Mira You look wearily 32

Fer No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me

When you are by at night I do beseech you— Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—

What is your name?

Mira Miranda.—O my father! 36

I have broke your hest to say so

Fer Admir'd Miranda! Indeed, the top of admiration, worth

What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time 40

The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage Brought my too diligent ear for several virtues

Have I lik'd several women, never any With so full soul but some defect in her 44

Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd, And put it to the foil but you, O you!

So perfect and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best,

Mira I do not know 48

One of my sex, no woman's face remember, Save, from my glass, mine own, nor have I seen

More that I may call men than you, good friend, And my dear father how features are abroad, 52

I am skill-less of, but, by my modesty,— The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish

Any companion in the world but you, Nor can imagination form a shape, 56

Besides yourself, to like of But I prattle

Something too wildly and my father's precepts
I therein do forget

Fer I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda, I do think, a king,— 60
I would not so!—and would no more endure

This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth—Hear my soul
speak—

The very instant that I saw you did 64
My heart fly to your service, there resides,
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira Do you love me?

Fer O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this
sound, 68

And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else I' the world, 72
Do love, prize, honour you

Mira I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of

Pro [*Aside*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain
grace

On that which breeds between them!

Fer Wherefore weep you? 76

Mira At mine unworthiness, that dare not
offer

What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want But this is trifling,
And all the more it seeks to hide itself 80
The bigger bulk it shows Hence, bashful cun-
ning!

And prompt me, plam and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me,
If not, I'll die your maid to be your fellow 84
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no

Fer My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever

Mira My husband then? 88

Fer Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom here's my hand
Mira And mine, with my heart in't and
now farewell

Till half an hour hence.

Fer A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt FER and MIR severally*]

Pro So glad of this as they, I cannot be, 92
Who are surpris'd withal, but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more I'll to my book,
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining [*Exit*]

SCENE II—Another Part of the Island

Enter CALIBAN, with a bottle, STEPHANO, and
TRINCULO

Ste Tell not me—when the butt is out, we
will drink water, not a drop before therefore
bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink
to me 4

Trin Servant-monster! the folly of this
island! They say there's but five upon this isle

we are three of them, if th' other two be brained
like us, the state totters 8

Ste Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee
thy eyes are almost set in thy head

Trin Where should they be set else? he
were a brave monster indeed, if they were set
in his tail 13

Ste My man-monster hath drowned his tongue
in sack for my part, the sea cannot drown
me, I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-
and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.
Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my
standard 19

Trin Your lieutenant, if you list, he's no
standard

Ste We'll not run, Monsieur monster

Trin Nor go neither but you'll lie, like
dogs, and yet say nothing neither 24

Ste Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou
beest a good moon-calf

Cal How does thy honour? Let me lick thy
shoe I'll not serve him, he is not valiant. 28

Trin Thou heest, most ignorant monster
I am in case to juggle a constable Why, thou
deboshed fish thou, was there ever a man a
coward that hath drunk so much sack as I
to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being
but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let
him, my lord? 36

Trin 'Lord' quoth he!—that a monster
should be such a natural!

Cal Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I
prythee 40

Ste Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your
head if you prove a mutineer, the next tree!
The poor monster's my subject, and he shall
not suffer indignity 44

Cal I thank my noble lord Wilt thou be
pleas'd

To hearken once again the suit I made thee?

Ste Marry, will I, kneel, and repeat it I will
stand, and so shall Trinculo 48

Enter ARIEL, invisible

Cal As I told thee before, I am subject to a
tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath
cheated me of the island

Ari Thou heest. 52

Cal Thou heest, thou jesting monkey thou;
I would my valiant master would destroy thee,
I do not lie

Ste Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in
his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of
your teeth 58

Trin Why, I said nothing

Ste Mum then and no more.—[*To CALI-
BAN*] Proceed

Cal I say, by sorcery he got this isle,
From me he got it if thy greatness will,
Revenge it on him,—for, I know, thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not,— 63

Ste That's most certain

Cal Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serv
thee

Ste How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party? 69

Cal Yea, yea, my lord I'll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head

Ari Thou heest, thou canst not 72

Cal What a pied nunny's this! Thou scurvy patch!

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him when that's gone

He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not show him 76

Where the quick freshes are

Ste Trinculo, run into no further danger interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stock-fish of thee 81

Trin Why what did I? I did nothing I'll go further off

Ste Didst thou not say he hed? 84

Ari Thou heest.

Ste Do I so? take thou that [*Strikes TRIN*] As you like this, give me the he another time

Trin I did not give thee the lie—Out o' your wits and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do—A murmur on your monster, and the devil take your fingers! 92

Cal Ha, ha, ha!

Ste Now, forward with your tale—Prithce stand further off

Cal Beat him enough after a little time 96 I'll beat him too

Ste Stand further—Come, proceed

Cal Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him

I' the afternoon to sleep there thou may'st brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books, or with a log 100 Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,

Or cut his wezand with thy knife Remember First to possess his books, for without them

He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not 104

One spirit to command they all do hate him

As rootedly as I. Burn but his books,

He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—

Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal

And that most deeply to consider is 109

The beauty of his daughter, he himself

Calls her a nonpareil I never saw a woman,

But only Sycorax my dam and she, 112

But she as far surpasseth Sycorax

As great'st does least.

Ste Is it so brave a lass?

Cal Ay, lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood 116

Ste Monster, I will kill this man his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our

graces! and Trinculo and thyself shall be vice-

roys Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo? 120

Trin Excellent.

Ste Give me thy hand I am sorry I beat thee, but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head 124

Cal Within this half hour will he be asleep, Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste Ay, on mine honour

Ari This will I tell my master

Cal Thou mak'st me merry I am full of

pleasure 128

Let us be jocund will you troll the catch You taught me but while-ere?

Ste At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason Come on, Trinculo, let us sing 132

[*Sings*

Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em, and

flout 'em

Thought is free

Cal That's not the tune

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe*

Ste What is this same? 136

Trin This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody

Ste If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list. 141

Trin O, forgive me my sins!

Ste He that dies pays all debts I defy thee —Mercy upon us! 144

Cal Art thou afraid?

Ste No, monster, not I

Cal Be not afraid the isle is full of noises, Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not 148

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices,

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again and then, in dreaming

The clouds methought would open and show riches 153

Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd I cried to dream again

Ste This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing

Cal When Prospero is destroyed

Ste That shall be by and by I remember the story 160

Trin The sound is going away let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste Lead, monster, we'll follow—I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on. Wilt come?

Trin I'll follow, Stephano [*Exeunt*

SCENE III—Another Part of the Island

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others

Gon By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir, My old bones ache here's a maze trod indeed,

Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,

I needs must rest me

Alon Old lord, I cannot blame thee, 4

Who am myself attach'd with weariness,

To the dulling of my spirits sit down, and rest.

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it

No longer for my flatterer he is drown'd 8

Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks

Our frustrate search on land Well, let him go

Ant [Aside to *SEB*] I am right glad that he's
so out of hope
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose 12
That you resolv'd to effect

Seb [Aside to *ANT*] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly

Ant [Aside to *SEB*] Let it be to-night,
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance 16
As when they are fresh

Seb [Aside to *ANT*] I say to-night no more
Solemn and strange music, and PROSPERO
above, invisible Enter below several strange
Shapes, bringing in a banquet they dance
about it with gentle actions of salutation
and, inviting the King, &c., to eat, they
depart

Alon What harmony is this? my good
friends, hark!

Gon Marvellous sweet music!
Alon Give us kind keepers, heavens! What
were these? 20

Seb A living drollery Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one
phoenix
At this hour reigning there

Ant I'll believe both, 24
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll besworn 'tis true travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders,— 29
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet,
note,

Their manners are more gentle-kind than of 32
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any

Pro [Aside] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well, for some of you there
present
Are worse than devils

Alon I cannot too much muse, 36
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound,
expressing,—

Although they want the use of tongue,—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse

Pro [Aside] Fraise in departing
Fran They vanish'd strangely

Seb No matter, since 40
They have left their viands behind, for we have
stomachs—

Will't please you to taste of what is here?
Alon Not I

Gon Faith, sir, you need not fear When we
were boys,
Who would believe that there were moun-
taineers 44

Dew lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hang-
ing at them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now
we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us 48
Good warrant of

Alon I will stand to and feed,
Although my last, no matter, since I feel
The best is past—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we 52

Thunder and lightning Enter ARIEL like a
harpy, claps his wings upon the table and,
with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes

Ari You are three men of sin, whom Destiny—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't,—the never-surfeited sea 55
Hath caused to belch up you, and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live I have made you mad,
[Seeing *ALON*, *SEB*, &c., draw their swords

And even with such-like valour men hang and
drown
Their proper selves You fools! I and my
fellows 60

Are ministers of fate the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at
stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish 64
One drowl that's in my plume, my fellow-
ministers

Are like invulnerable If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted But, remember,— 68
For that's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero,
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Hum and his innocent child for which foul
deed 72

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the crea-
tures,

Against your peace Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft, and do pronounce, by me, 76
Lingering perdition,—worse than any death
Can be at once,—shall step by step attend
You and your ways, whose wraths to guard
you from— 79

Which here in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing

He vanishes in thunder then, to soft music,
enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks
and mows, and carry out the table

Pro [Aside] Bravely the figure of this harpy
hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel, a grace it had, devouring
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated 85
In what thou hadst to say so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done My high charms
work, 88

And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions they now are in my power,
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose 18
drown'd,—
And his and mine lov'd darling [Exit above] 92

Gon. 'T the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it,
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded, and I
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [Exit

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er

Ant. I'll be thy second
[Exeunt SEB and ANT

Gon. All three of them are desperate, their
great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now v provoke them to

Adr. Follow, I pray you [Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I—Before PROSPERO'S Cell

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA

Pro. If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live, whom once again
I tender to thy hand all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test here, afore
Heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift O Ferdinand!
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle

Pro. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter but
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow, but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are
founder'd,
Or Night kept chand below.

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When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are
founder'd,
Or Night kept chand below.

Pro. Fairly spoke
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own
What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel! 33

Enter ARIEL

Ari. What would my potent master? here
I am

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
service

Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place
Incite them to quick motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art it is my promise,
And they expect it from me

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink

Ari. Before you can say, 'Come,' and 'Go,'
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow
Do you love me, master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive
Pro. Look, thou be true, do not give dalliance
Too much the rein the strongest oaths are
straw

To the fire i' the blood be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir,
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver

Pro. Well—
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit appear, and pertly
No tongue! all eyes! be silent [Soft music

A Masque Enter IRIS

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich
leas

Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas,
Thy turfy mountains, where live nudding sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to
keep,

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy best betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns, and thy
broom groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn, thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign
grace,

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport, her peacocks fly amain!
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that
ne'er

Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter,

Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down, 81
Rich scarf to my proud earth, why hath thy
queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd
green?

Iris A contract of true love to celebrate, 84
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd levers.

Cer Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got, 89
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris Of her society
Be not afraid I met her deity 92
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her Here thought they to
have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted, but in vain 97
Mars's hot munion is return'd again,
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
sparrows, 100

And be a boy right out
Cer Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes, I know her by her gait

Enter JUNO

Jun How does my bounteous sister? Go
with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous
be, 104
And honour'd in their issue

SONG

Jun Honour, riches, marriage blessing,
Long continuance and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you 108

Cer Earth's increase fison plenty
Barns and garners never empty
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burden bowing, 112
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you. 116

Fer This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro Spirits, which by mine art 120
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies

Fer Let me live here ever.
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise,
Makes this place Paradise

[JUNO AND CERES whisper, and send
IRIS on employment

Pro Sweet, now, silence! 124
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously,

There's something else to do hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd

Iris You nymphs, call'd Naiades, of the
winding brooks, 128
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless
looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green
land

Answer your summons Juno does command
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love be not too late 133

Enter certain Nymphs

You sun-burn'd sucklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry
Make holiday your rye-straw hats put on, 136
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited they
join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance
towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts
suddenly, and speaks after which, to a
strange, hollow, and confused noise, they
heavily vanish*

Pro [Aside] I had forgot that foul con-
spiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates 140
Against my life the minute of their plot
Is almost come,—[To the Spirits] Well done!
avoid, no more!
Fer This is strange your father's in some
passion

That works him strongly

Mira Never till this day 144
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd
Pro You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd be cheerful, sir
Our revels now are ended These our actors, 148
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself, 152
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind We are such stuff 156
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep—Sir, I am vex'd
Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity 160
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
And there repose a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind

Fer *Mira* We wish your peace
[Exeunt]
Pro Come with a thought!—[To them] I
thank thee Ariel, come! 164

Enter ARIEL

Ari Thy thoughts I cleave to What's thy
pleasure?

Pro Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban
Ari Ay, my commander, when I presented
Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd 168
Lest I might anger thee

Pro Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets?

Ari I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
drinking,

So full of valour that they smote the air 172

For breathing in their faces, beat the ground

For kissing of their feet, yet always bending

Towards their project Then I beat my tabor,

At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their
ears, 176

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses

As they smelt music so I charm'd their ears

That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through

Toot'n d briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and
thorns, 180

Which enter'd their frail shins at last I left
them

I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,

There dancing up to the chins, that the foul
lake

O'erstunk their feet

Pro This was well done, my bird 184

Thy shape invisible retain thou still

The trumpety in my house, go bring it hither,

For stale to catch these thieves

Ari I go, I go [*Exit*]

Pro A devil, a born devil, on whose nature

Nurture can never stick, on whom my pains, 189

Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost,

And as with age his body uglier grows,

So his mind cankers I will plague them all, 192

Even to roaring

*Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering
apparel, &c*

Come, hang them on this line

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible Enter
CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet

Cal Pray you, tread softly, that the blind
mole may not

Hear a foot fall we now are near his cell 195

Ste Monster, your fairy, which you say is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than played

the Jack with us

Trin Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at
which my nose is in great indignation 200

Ste So is mine —Do you hear, monster? If I
should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin Thou wert but a lost monster

Cal Good my lord, give me thy favour still

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to 205

Shall hoodwink this mischance therefore speak
softly,

All's hush'd as midnight yet

Trin Ay, but to lose our bottles in the
pool,— 209

Ste There is not only disgrace and dishonour
in that, monster, but an infinite loss

Trin That's more to me than my wetting
yet this is your harmless fairy, monster 213

Ste I will fetch off my bottle, though I be
o'er ears for my labour

Cal Prithce, my king, be quiet Seest thou
here, 216

This is the mouth o' the cell. no noise, and
enter

Do that good mischief, which may make this
island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,

For aye thy foot-licker 220

Ste Give me thy hand I do begin to have
bloody thoughts

Trin O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy
Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for
thee! 225

Cal Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash

Trin O, ho, monster! we know what belongs
to a frippery —O king Stephano! 228

Ste Put off that gown, Trinculo, by this
hand, I'll have that gown

Trin Thy grace shall have it.

Cal The dropsy drown this fool! what do
you mean 232

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,

And do the murder first if he awake,

From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with
pinches, 236

Make us strange stuff

Ste Be you quiet, monster —Mistress line, is
not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the
line now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair
and prove a bald jerkin 240

Trin Do, do we steal by line and level,
an't like your grace

Ste I thank thee for that jest; here's a gar-
ment for't wit shall not go unrewarded while I
am king of this country 'Steal by line and
level,' is an excellent pass of pate, there's an-
other garment for't 247

Trin Monster, come, put some line upon
your fingers, and away with the rest

Cal I will have none on't we shall lose our
time, 252

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes

With foreheads villanous low

Ste Monster, lay-to your fingers help to bear
this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll
turn you out of my kingdom Go to, carry this
Trin And this 256

Ste Ay, and this

A noise of hunters heard Enter divers Spirits,
in shape of hounds, and hunt them about
PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on

Pro Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark,
hark! 260

[CAL, STE, and TRIN are driven out
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their
joints

With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps, and more pinch spotted
make them

Then pard, or cat o' mountain

Ari Hark! they roar 264

Pro Let them be hunted soundly. At this
hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies
 Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
 Shalt have the air at freedom for a little, 268
 Follow, and do me service [Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I—Before the Cell of PROSPERO

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL

Pro Now does my project gather to a head
 My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and time
 Goes upright with his carriage How's the day?

Ari On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord, 4

You said our work should cease

Pro I did say so,
 When first I rais'd the tempest Say, my spirit,
 How fares the king and 's followers?

Ari Confin'd together
 In the same fashion as you gave in charge, 8
 Just as you left them all prisoners, sir,
 In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell,
 They cannot budge till your release The king,
 His brother, and yours, abide all three dis-
 tracted, 12

And the remainder mourning over them,
 Brimful of sorrow and dismay, but chiefly
 Him, that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord
 Gonzalo'

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
 From eaves of reeds, your charm so strongly
 works them, 17

That if you now beheld them, your affections
 Would become tender

Pro Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari Mine would, sir, were I human

Pro And mine shall. 20

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
 Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
 One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
 Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou
 art? 24

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to
 the quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part the rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance they being peni-
 tent, 28

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further Go, release them, Ariel
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves

Ari I'll fetch them, sir [Exit

Pro Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
 and groves, 33

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
 When he comes back, you demi-puppets, that 36
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make
 Whereof the ewe not bites, and you, whose
 pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid,— 40
 Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd

The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
 winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war to the dread-rattling thunder 44
 Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd
 up

The pine and cedar graves at my command 48
 Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let them
 forth

By my so potent art But this rough magic
 I here abjure, and, when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—

To work mine end upon their senses that 53
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,

Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound, 56
 I'll drown my book. [Solemn music

*Re-enter ARIEL after him, ALONSO, with a
 frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO, SEBAS-
 TIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by
 ADRIAN and FRANCISCO they all enter the
 circle which PROSPERO had made, and there
 stand charmed, which PROSPERO observing,
 speaks*

A solemn air and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There
 stand, 60

For you are spell-stopp'd
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,

Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops The charm dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steals upon the night, 65

Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason—O good Gonzalo! 68

My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
 Home, both in word and deed—Most cruelly

Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter 72
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act,—

Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian—Flesh
 and blood,

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature, who, with Se-
 bastian,— 76

Whose inward pinches therefore are most
 strong,—

Would here have kill'd your king, I do forgive
 thee,

Unnatural though thou art!—Their under-
 standing

Begins to swell, and the approaching tide 80
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shores

That now lie foul and muddy Not one of
 them

That yet looks on me, or would know me—
 Ariel,

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell— 84
 [Exit ARIEL.

I will discase me, and myself present,
 As I was sometime Milan—Quickly, spirit,

Thou shalt ere long be free

ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire PROSPERO

Ari Where the bee sucks, there suck I
In a cowslip's bell I lie
There I couch when owls do cry
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough

Pro Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedom,—so, so, so —
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art
There shalt thou find the manners asleep
Under the hatches, the master and the boat-swain

Being awake, enforce them to this place, 100
And presently, I prithee

Ari I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat [Exit
Gon All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement 104

Inhabits here some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero
For more assurance that a living prince 108
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome

Alon Where's thou beest he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me, 112
As late I have been I not know thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood, and, since I saw thee,

Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear a madness hold me thus must crave,—
An if this be at all—a most strange story 117
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs —But how should Prospero

Be living, and be here?

Pro First, noble friend, 120
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot

Be measur'd, or confin'd
Gon Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear

Pro You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain —Welcome! my friends
all — 125

[*Aside to SEB and ANT*] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,

And justify you traitors at this time 128
I will tell no tales

Seb [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him
Pro No

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault, all of them, and require 132
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore

Alon, If thou beest Prospero,

Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, who three hours
since 136
Were wrack'd upon this shore, where I have
lost,—

How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand

Pro I am woe for't, sir
Alon Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure

Pro I rather think 141
You have not sought her help, of whose soft
grace,

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content

Alon You the like loss! 144

Pro As great to me, as late, and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much
weaker

Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter

Alon A daughter? 148

O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed

Where my son lies When did you lose your
daughter? 152

Pro In this last tempest I perceive, these
lords

At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason, and scarce think

Their eyes do offices of truth, their words 156
Are natural breath but, howsoever you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain

That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most
strangely 160

Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was
landed,

To be the lord on't No more yet of this,
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,

Not a relation for a breakfast nor 164
Befitting this first meeting Welcome, sir,
This cell's my court here have I few attendants

And subjects none abroad pray you, look in
My dukedom since you have given me again, 168

I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers
FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess*

Mira Sweet lord, you play me false
Fer No, my dearest love, 172

I would not for the world
Mira Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
wrangle,

And I would call it fair play
Alon If this prove 176

A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose

Seb A most high miracle!
Fer Though these seas threaten, they are merci-
ful

I have curs'd them without cause
[*Kneels to ALON*]

Alon Now, all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about! 180
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here

Mira O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro 'Tis new to thee 184
Alon What is this maid, with whom thou
wast at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer Sir, she is mortal, 188
But by immortal Providence she's mine,
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan, 192
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before, of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon I am hers 196
But O! how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro There, sir, stop
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone

Gon I have only wept, 200
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown,
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon I say, Amen, Gonzalo! 204
Gon Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
issue

Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage 208
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his duke-
dom

In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves, 212
When no man was his own

Alon [To FER. and MIRA] Give me your
hands

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon Be it so. Amen!
*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following*

O look, sir! look, sir! here are more of us. 216
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blas-
phemy,

That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on
shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats The best news is that we have safely
found 221

Our king and company the next, our ship,—
Which but three glasses since we gave out
split,—

Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea

Ari [Aside to PRO] Sir, all this service 225
Have I done since I went

Pro [Aside to ARI] My tricky spirit!
Alon These are not natural events, they
strengthen

From strange to stranger—Say, how came you
hither? 228

Boats If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And,—how we know not,—all clapp'd under
hatches,

Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises 232

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd, straightway, at liberty

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld 236
Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our master
Capering to eye her on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither

Ari [Aside to PRO] Was't well done? 240
Pro [Aside to ARI] Bravely, my diligence!
Thou shalt be free

Alon This is as strange a maze as e'er mer-
trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of some oracle 244

Must rectify our knowledge
Pro Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business at pick'd
leisure

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,—
Which to you shall seem probable,—of every
These happen'd accidents till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—[Aside to ARI]

Come hither, spirit,
Set Caliban and his companions free, 252
Untie the spell [Exit ARI] How fares my
gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel*

Ste Every man shift for all the rest, and let
no man take care for himself, for all is but
fortune.—Coragio! bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin If these be true spies which I wear in
my head, here's a goodly sight. 260

Cal O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me

Seb Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio? 264
Will money buy them?

Ant Very like, one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro Mark but the badges of these men, my
lords,

Then say, if they be true.—This mis-shapen
knave— 268
His mother was a witch, and one so strong

That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
 And deal in her command without her power
 These three have robb'd me, and this demi-devil,—
 For he's a bastard one,—had plotted with them
 To take my life two of these fellows you
 Must know and own, this thing of darkness I
 Acknowledge mine

Cal I shall be pinch'd to death 276
Alon Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb He is drunk now where had he wine?

Alon And Trinculo is reeling-ripe where should they
 Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?
 How cam'st thou in this pickle? 281

Trin I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones I shall not fear fly-blowing 284

Seb Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste O' touch me not I am not Stephano, but a cramp

Pro You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste I should have been a sore one then 288

Alon This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on

Pro He is as disproportion'd in his manners As in his shape—Go, sirrah, to my cell,
 Take with you your companions as you look
 To have my pardon, trim it handsomely 293

Cal Ay that I will, and I'll be wise hereafter,

And seek for grace What a thrice-double ass Was I, to take this drunkard for a god, 296
 And worship thus dull fool!

Pro Go to, away!

Alon Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it

Seb Or stole it, rather

[*Exeunt CAL, STE, and TRIN*]
Pro Sir, I invite your highness and your train 300

To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
 For this one night, which—part of it—I'll waste
 With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
 Go quick away, the story of my life 304
 And the particular accidents gone by
 Since I came to this isle and in the morn
 I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
 Where I have hope to see the nuptial 308
 Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd,
 And thence retire me to my Milan, where
 Every third thought shall be my grave

[*Alon* I long
 To hear the story of your life, which must 312
 Take the ear strangely]

Pro I'll deliver all,
 And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
 And sail so expeditious that shall catch
 Your royal fleet far off—[*Aside to ARI*] My
 Ariel, chuck, 316

That is thy charge then to the elements
 Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near
 [*Exeunt*]

EPILOGUE

Spoken by PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
 And what strength I have is mine own
 Which is most faint now 'tis true,
 I must be here confin'd by you 4
 Or sent to Naples Let me not,
 Since I have my dukedom got
 And pardon'd the deceiver dwell 8
 In this bare island by your spell,
 But release me from my bands
 With the help of your good hands.
 Gentle breath of yours my sails 12
 Must fill or else my project fails,
 Which was to please Now I want
 Spirits to enforce art to enchant,
 And my ending is despair 16
 Unless I be reliev'd by prayer
 Which pierces so that it assaults
 Mercy itself and frees all faults
 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
 Let your indulgence set me free 20

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.
 VALENTINE } the Two Gentlemen.
 PROTEUS }
 ANTONIO, Father to Proteus
 THURIO a foolish rival to Valentine
 EGLAMOUR, Agent for Silvia, in her escape
 SPEED a clownish Servant to Valentine
 LAUNCE, the like to Proteus

PANTHINO Servant to Antonio
 HOST where Julia lodges in Milan
 OUTLAWS with Valentine

JULIA, beloved of Proteus
 SILVIA, beloved of Valentine
 LUCETTA waiting woman to Julia
 Servants Musicians

SCENE — *Verona Milan and the frontiers of Mantua*

ACT I

SCENE I — *Verona An open place*

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS

Val Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus
 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits
 Were't not affection chains thy tender days
 To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love, 4
 I rather would entreat thy company
 To see the wonders of the world abroad
 Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness 8
 But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive

therein,
 Even as I would when I to love begin

Pro Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,
 adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest 12
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness

When thou dost meet good hap, and in thy
 danger,

If ever darger do environ thee, 16

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
 For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine

Val And on a love-book pray for my success
 Pro Upon some book I love I'll pray for
 thee 20

Val That's on some shallow story of deep
 love,

How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont

Pro That's a deep story of a deeper love, 24
 For he was more than over shoes in love

Val 'Tis true, for you are over boots in love,
 And yet you never swum the Hellespont

Pro Over the boots? nay, give me not the
 boots

Val No, I will not, for it boots thee not

Pro What? 28

Val To be in love, where scorn is bought
 with groans,

Coy looks with heart-sore sighs, one fading
 moment's mirth

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights
 If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain, 37

If lost, why then a grievous labour won
 However, but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquished

Pro So, by your circumstance, you call me
 fool. 36

Val So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll
 prove

Pro 'Tis love you cavil at I am not Love

Val Love is your master, for he masters you,
 And he that is so yoked by a fool, 40

Methinks, should not be chronicle'd for wise
 Pro Yet writers say as in the sweetest bud

The eating canker dwells, so eating love
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all. 44

Val And writers say, as the most forward
 bud

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
 Even so by love the young and tender wit

Is turned to folly, blasting in the bud, 48
 Losing his verdure even in the prime,

And all the fair effects of future hopes
 But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee

That art a votary to fond desire? 52
 Once more adieu! my father at the road

Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd
 Pro And thither will I bring thee, Valentine

Val Sweet Proteus, no, now let us take our
 leave 56

To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
 Of thy success in love, and what news else

Betideth here in absence of thy friend,
 And I likewise will visit thee with mine 60

Pro All happiness bechance to thee in
 Milan!

Val As much to you at home! and so, fare-
 well. [Exit

Pro He after honour hunts, I after love
 He leaves his friends to dignify them more, 64

I leave myself, my friends and all, for love
 Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me,—

Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
 War with good counsel, set the world at nought,

Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with
 thought. 69

Enter SPEED

Speed Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my
 master?

Pro But now he parted hence, to embark for
 Milan

Speed Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd
 already. 72

And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him
 Pro Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,

As if the shepherd be a while away

Speed You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep? 77

Pro I do

Speed Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep 80

Pro A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep

Speed This proves me still a sheep

Pro True, and thy master a shepherd

Speed Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance 85

Pro It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another

Speed The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd, but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me therefore I am no sheep 91

Pro The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep, thou 'or wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee therefore thou art a sheep 96

Speed Such another proof will make me cry 'baa'

Pro But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia? 100

Speed Ay, sir I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour 104

Pro Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons

Speed If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her 108

Pro Nay, in that you are astray, 'twere best pound you

Speed Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter 112

Pro You mistake I mean the pound,—a pinfold

Speed From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover 116

Pro But what said she? [*SPEED nods*] Did she nod?

Speed Ay

Pro Nod, ay? why, that's noddy 120

Speed You mistook, sir I say she did nod, and you ask me if she did nod, and I say, Ay

Pro And that set together is—noddy

Speed Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains 125

Pro No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter

Speed Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you 129

Pro Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed Marry, sir, the letter very orderly, having nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains 133

Pro Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit

Speed And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse 136

Pro Come, come, open the matter in brief what said she?

Speed Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered 140

Pro Well, sir, here is for your pains [*giving him money*] What said she?

Speed Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her from her? 145

Speed Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her, no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel

Pro What! said she nothing? 152

Speed No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains' To testify your bounty, I thank you you have testerned me, in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master 157

Pro Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack,

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard, Being destin'd to a drier death on shore — 160

[*Exit SPEED*]

I must go send some better messenger

I fear my Julia would not deign my lines, Receiving them from such a worthless post 163

[*Exit*]

SCENE II.—*The Same The Garden of JULIA'S House*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul But say, Lucetta, now we are alone, Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully

Jul Of all the fair resort of gentlemen That every day with parle encounter me, In thy opinion which is worthiest love? 4

Luc Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind

According to my shallow simple skill 8

Jul What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine,

But, were I you, he never should be mine 11

Jul What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc Well of his wealth, but of himself, so so

Jul What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul How now! what means this passion at his name? 16

Luc Pardon, dear madam, 'tis a passing shame

That I, unworthy body as I am, Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen

Jul Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc Then thus,—of many good I think him best 21

Jul Your reason?

Luc I have no other but a woman's reason I think him so because I think him so 24

Jul And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc Ay, if you thought your love not cast away
Jul Why, he, of all the rest hath never mov'd me
Luc Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye 28
Jul His little speaking shows his love but small
Luc Fire that's closest kept burns most of all
Jul They do not love that do not show their love
Luc O! they love least that let men know their love 32
Jul I would I knew his mind
Luc Peruse this paper, madam. *[Gives a letter]*
Jul 'To Julia'—Say from whom?
Luc That the contents will show
Jul Say, say, who gave it thee?
Luc Sir Valentine's page, and sent, I think, from Proteus 36
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it, pardon the fault, I pray
Jul Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker! Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines? 40
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth
And you an officer fit for the place
There, take the paper see it be return'd, 44
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc To plead for love deserves more fee than hate
Jul Will ye be gone?
Luc That you may ruminate. *[Exit]*
Jul And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter 48
It were a shame to call her back again
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view! 52
Since maids, in modesty, say 'No' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe 'Ay'
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse 56
And presently all humbled kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here
How angrily I taught my brow to frown, 60
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile
My penance is, to call Lucetta back
And ask remission for my folly past.
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc What would your ladyship? 64
Jul Is it near dinner-time?
Luc I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach on your meat
And not upon your maid.

Jul What is't that you took up so gingerly?
Luc Nothing 69
Jul Why didst thou stoop, then?
Luc To take a paper up
That I let fall
Jul And is that paper nothing?
Luc Nothing concerning me 72
Jul Then let it lie for those that it concerns
Luc Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter
Jul Some love of yours hath writ to you in rime 76
Luc That I might sing it, madam, to a tune
Give me a note your ladyship can set
Jul As little by such toys as may be possible,
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' Love' 80
Luc It is too heavy for so light a tune
Jul Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?
Luc Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it
Jul And why not you?
Luc I cannot reach so high 84
Jul Let's see your song *[Taking the letter]*
How now, minion!
Luc Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out
And yet methinks, I do not like this tune
Jul You do not?
Luc No, madam, it is too sharp 88
Jul You, minion, are too saucy
Luc Nay, now you are too flat
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song 92
Jul The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass
Luc Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus
Jul This babble shall not henceforth trouble me
Here is a coil with protestation!— 96
[Tears the letter]
Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie
You would be fingering them, to anger me
Luc She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. *[Exit]*
Jul Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same! 102
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends 105
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia' unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain 109
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus'
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd, 112
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter, 116
Except mine own name, that some whirlwind
bear
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,

And throw it thence into the raging sea!
 Lo! here in one line is his name twice writ, 120
 'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
 To the sweet Julia' —that I'll tear away,
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining names 124
 Thus will I fold them one upon another
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will

Re-enter LUCETTA

Luc Madam,
 Dinner is ready, and your father stays 128
Jul Well, let us go
Luc What! shall these papers lie like tell-
 tales here?
Jul If you respect them, best to take them up
Luc Nay, I was taken up for laying them
 down, 132
 Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold
Jul I see you have a month's mind to them
Luc Ay, madam, you may say what sights
 you see,
 I see things too, although you judge I wink 136
Jul Come, come, will't please you go?
[Exeunt]

SCENE III — *The Same A Room in ANTONIO'S House*

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO

Ant Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was
 that
 Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pant 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant Why, what of him?
Pant He wonder'd that your lordship 4
 Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
 While other men, of slender reputation,
 Put forth their sons to seek preferment out
 Some to the wars, to try their fortune there, 8
 Some to discover islands far away,
 Some to the studious universities.
 For any or for all these exercises
 He said that Proteus your son was meet, 12
 And did request me to importune you
 To let him spend his time no more at home,
 Which would be great impeachment to his age,
 In having known no travel in his youth. 16
Ant Nor need'st thou much importune me
 to that
 Whereon this month I have been hammering
 I have consider'd well his loss of time,
 And how he cannot be a perfect man,
 Not being tried and tutor'd in the world
 Experience is by industry achiev'd 20
 And perfected by the swift course of time
 Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Pant I think your lordship is not ignorant
 How his companion, youthful Valentine, 26
 Attends the emperor in his royal court
Ant I know it well
Pant 'Twere good, I think, your lordship
 sent him thither
 There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
 Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
 And be in eye of every exercise 32
 Worning his youth and nobleness of birth

Ant I like thy counsel, well hast thou
 advis'd
 And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it
 The execution of it shall make known 36
 Even with the speediest expedition
 I will dispatch him to the emperor's court
Pant To-morrow, may it please you, Don
 Alphonso
 With other gentlemen of good esteem, 40
 Are journeying to salute the emperor
 And to commend their service to his will
Ant Good company, with them shall Proteus
 go 43
 And in good time — now will we break with him

Enter PROTEUS

Pro Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
 Here is her hand, the agent of her heart,
 Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn
 O! that our fathers would applaud our loves, 48
 To seal our happiness with their consents!
 O heavenly Julia!
Ant How now! what letter are you reading
 there?
Pro May't please your lordship, 'tis a word
 or two 52
 Of commendations sent from Valentine,
 Deliver'd by a friend that came from him
Ant Lend me the letter, let me see what
 news
Pro There is no news, my lord, but that he
 writes 56
 How happily he lives, how well belov'd
 And daily graced by the emperor
 Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune
Ant And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro As one relying on your lordship's will 61
 And not depending on his friendly wish
Ant My will is something sorted with his wish
 Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed, 64
 For what I will, I will, and there an end
 I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
 With Valentine in the emperor's court
 What maintenance he from his friends receives,
 Like exhibition thou shalt have from me 69
 To-morrow be in readiness to go
 Excuse it not, for I am peremptory
Pro My lord, I cannot be so soon provided
 Please you, deliberate a day or two 73
Ant Look, what thou want'st shall be sent
 after thee
 No more of stay, to-morrow thou must go
 Come on, Panthino you shall be employ'd 76
 To hasten on his expedition
[Exeunt ANTONIO and PANTHINO]
Pro Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of
 burning,
 And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd
 I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter, 80
 Lest he should take exceptions to my love,
 And with the vantage of mine own excuse
 Hath he excepted most against my love
 O! how this spring of love resembleth 84
 The uncertain glory of an April day,
 Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter FANTHINO

Pant Sir Proteus, your father calls for you
 He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go 89
Pro Why, this it is my heart accords thereto,
 And yet a thousand times it answers, 'no'
 [Exeunt]

ACT II

SCENE I—Milan A Room in the DUKE'S Palace

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED

Speed Sir, your glove [Offering a glove
Val Not mine, my gloves are on.
Speed Why, then this may be yours, for this
 is but one

Val Ha! let me see ay, give it me, it's mine,
 Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine! 4
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed [Calling] Madam Silvia! Madam
 Silvia!

Val How now, sirrah?
Speed She is not within hearing, sir
Val Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed Your worship, sir, or else I mistook.
Val Well, you'll still be too forward 12

Speed And yet I was last chidden for being
 too slow

Val Go to, sir Tell me, do you know
 Madam Silvia? 16

Speed She that your worship loves?
Val Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed Marry, by these special marks first,
 you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath
 your arms, like a malecontent, to relish a love-
 song, like a robin-redbreast, to walk alone, like
 one that had the pestilence, to sigh, like a
 schoolboy that had lost his A B C, to weep, like
 a young wench that had burned her grandam,
 to fast, like one that takes diet, to watch, like
 one that fears robbing, to speak puling, like a
 beggar at Hallowmas You were wont, when
 you laughed, to crow like a cock, when you
 walked, to walk like one of the lions, when you
 fasted, it was presently after dinner, when you
 looked sadly, it was for want of money and now
 you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that,
 when I look on you, I can hardly think you my
 master

Val Are all these things perceived in me? 36
Speed They are all perceived without ye
Val Without me? they cannot

Speed Without you? nay, that's certain,
 for, without you were so simple, none else would
 but you are so without these follies, that these
 follies are within you and shine through you
 like the water in an urnal, that not an eye that
 sees you but is a physician to comment on your
 malady 45

Val But tell me, dost thou know my lady
 Silvia?

Speed She that you gaze on so as she sits at
 supper? 49

Val Hast thou observed that? even she, I
 mean.

Speed Why, sir, I know her not. 52
Val Dost thou know her by my gazing on
 her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

Val Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured 56

Speed Sir, I know that well enough

Val What dost thou know?

Speed That she is not so fair, as, of you, well-
 favoured. 60

Val I mean that her beauty is exquisite,
 but her favour infinite

Speed That's because the one is painted
 and the other out of all count 64

Val How painted? and how out of count?

Speed Marry, sir, so painted to make her
 fair, that no man counts of her beauty

Val How esteemest thou me? I account of
 her beauty 69

Speed You never saw her since she was
 deformed

Val How long hath she been deformed? 72

Speed Ever since you loved her

Val I have loved her ever since I saw her,
 and still I see her beautiful

Speed If you love her you cannot see her 76

Val Why?

Speed Because Love is blind O! that you
 had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights
 they were wont to have when you chid at Sir
 Proteus for going ungartered! 81

Val What should I see then?

Speed Your own present folly and her pass-
 ing deformity for he, being in love, could not
 see to garter his hose, and you, being in love,
 cannot see to put on your hose 86

Val Belike, boy, then, you are in love, for
 last morning you could not see to wipe my
 shoes

Speed True, sir, I was in love with my
 bed. I thank you, you swinged me for my love,
 which makes me the bolder to chide you for
 yours 93

Val In conclusion, I stand affected to her

Speed I would you were set, so your affec-
 tion would cease 96

Val Last night she enjoined me to write
 some lines to one she loves.

Speed And have you? 100

Val I have

Speed Are they not lamely writ?

Val No, boy, but as well as I can do them.
 Peace! here she comes

Enter SILVIA.

Speed [Aside] O excellent motion! O ex-
 ceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her

Val Madam and mistress, a thousand good
 morrows 107

Speed [Aside] O! give ye good even here's
 a million of manners

Sil Sir Valentine and servant, to you two
 thousand.

Speed [Aside] He should give her interest,
 and she gives it him

Val As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your
 letter

Unto the secret nameless friend of yours,
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in 116
But for my duty to your ladyship [*Gives a letter*
Sil I thank you, gentle servant. 'Tis very
clearly done

Val Now, trust me, madam, it came hardly
off, 120

For, being ignorant to whom it goes
I writ at random, very doubtfully

Sil Perchance you think too much of so
much pains?

Val No, madam, so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much
And yet— 126

Sil A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel,
And yet I will not name it, and yet I care not,
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more 130

Speed [*Aside*] And yet you will, and yet
another yet

Val What means your ladyship? do you not
like it? 132

Sil Yes, yes the lines are very quaintly writ,
But since unwillingly, take them again

Nay, take them [*Gives back the letter*
Val Madam, they are for you

Sil Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request,
But I will none of them, they are for you 137
I would have had them writ more movingly

Val Please you, I'll write your ladyship
another

Sil And when it's writ, for my sake read it
over 140

And if it please you, so, if not, why, so
Val If it please me, madam, what then?

Sil Why, if it please you, take it for your
labour 143

And so, good morrow, servant [*Exit*

Speed O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on
a steeple!

My master sues to her, and she hath taught her
sutor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor 148
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,

That my master, being scribe, to himself should
write the letter?

Val How now, sir! what are you reasoning
with yourself?

Speed Nay, I was riming 'tis you that have
the reason 152

Val To do what?

Speed To be a spokesman from Madam
Silvia

Val To whom?

Speed To yourself. Why, she woos you by
a figure 156

Val What figure?

Speed By a letter, I should say

Val Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed What need she, when she hath made
you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive
the jest? 162

Val No, believe me

Speed No believing you, indeed sir But did
you perceive her earnest?

Val She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed Why, she hath given you a letter

Val That's the letter I writ to her friend 168

Speed And that letter hath she delivered, and
there an end

Val I would it were no worse

Speed I'll warrant you, 'tis as well 172

'For often have you writ to her, and she, in
modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again
reply,

Or fearing else some messenger that might her
mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write
unto her lover' 176

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time

Val I have dined 179

Speed Ay, but hearken, sir though the
chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one
that am nourished by my victuals and would
fain have meat O! be not like your mistress,
be moved, be moved [*Exeunt*

SCENE II — Verona A Room in JULIA'S House

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro Have patience, gentle Julia

Jul I must, where is no remedy

Pro When possibly I can, I will return

Jul If you turn not, you will return the
sooner 4

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake
[*Gives him a ring*

Pro Why, then, we'll make exchange here,
take you this [*Gives her another*

Jul And seal the bargain with a holy kiss

Pro Here is my hand for my true constancy,
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day 9

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness! 12
My father stays my coming, answer not

The tide is now nay, not thy tide of tears,
That tide will stay me longer than I should
Julia farewell [*Exit JULIA*

What! gone without a word? 16

Ay, so true love should do it cannot speak,
For truth hath better deeds than words to
grace it.

Enter PANTHINO

Pant Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for

Pro Go, I come, I come

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb 20
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III — The Same A Street.

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog

Launce Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done
weeping all the kind of the Launces have this
very fault I have received my proportion, like the
prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus

to the imperial's court I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear He is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog, a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father, no, this left shoe is my father no, no, this left shoe is my mother, nay, that cannot be so neither —yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole This shoe, with the hole in, is my mother, and thus my father A vengeance on't! there 'tis now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand this hat is Nan, our maid I am the dog, no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O! the dog is me, and I am myself ay, so, so Now come I to my father, 'Father, your blessing,' now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping now should I kiss my father, well, he weeps on Now come I to my mother,—O, that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her, why, there 'tis, here's my mother's breath up and down Now come I to my sister, mark the moan she makes Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word, but see how I lay the dust with my tears 36

Enter PANTHINO

Pant Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide if you tarry any longer 41

Launce It is no matter if the tied were lost, for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied 44

Pant What's the unkindest tied?
Launce Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my dog 47

Pant Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood, and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth? 52

Launce For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue. 56

Pant Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce In thy tale. 56

Pant In thy tail!

Launce Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears, if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs. 64

Pant Come, come away, man, I was sent to call thee 64

Launce Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pant Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go

[Exeunt

SCENE IV — Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED

Sil Servant!

Val Mistress?

Speed Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val Ay, boy, it's for love

Speed Not of you

Val Of my mistress, then

Speed. 'Twere good you knock'd him.

Sil Servant, you are sad

Val Indeed, madam, I seem so

Thu Seem you that you are not?

Val Haply I do

Thu So do counterfeiters.

Val So do you

Thu What seem I that I am not?

Val Wise

Thu What instance of the contrary?

Val Your folly

Thu And how quote you my folly?

Val I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu My jerkin is a doublet

Val Well, then, I'll double your folly

Thu How?

Sil What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

Val Give him leave, madam, he is a kind of chameleon

Thu That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air

Val You have said, sir

Thu Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val I know it well, sir you always end ere you begin

Sil A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off

Val 'Tis indeed, madam, we thank the giver

Sil Who is that, servant?

Val Yourself, sweet lady, for you gave the fire Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company

Thu Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val I know it well, sir you have an exchange of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears by their bare liveries that they live by your bare words

Sil No more, gentlemen, no more Here comes my father

Enter DUKE.

Duke Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.

Sil Valentine, your father's in good health What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke Knew ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman

To be of worth and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke Hath he not a son?

Val Ay, my good lord, a son that well
deserves 60

The honour and regard of such a father

Duke You know him well?

Val I know him as myself, for from our
infancy

We have convers'd and spent our hours to-
gether 64

And though myself have been an idle truant,

Omitting the sweet benefit of time

To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,

Yet hath Sir Proteus,—for that's his name,— 68

Made use and fair advantage of his days

His years but young, but his experience old,

His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe,

And, in a word,—for far behind his worth 72

Come all the praises that I now bestow,—

He is complete in feature and in mind

With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this 76

good,

He is as worthy for an empress' love

As meet to be an emperor's counsellor

Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me

With commendation from great potentates, 80

And here he means to spend his time awhile

I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you

Val Should I have wish'd a thing, it had 84

been he

Duke Welcome him then according to his 84

worth

Silvia I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio —

For Valentine, I need not cite him to it

I'll send him hither to you presently [Exit 88

Val This is the gentleman I told your lady-
ship

Had come along with me, but that his mistress

Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks

Sil Behke that now she hath enfranchis'd 88

them

Upon some other pawn for fealty 92

Val Nay, sure, I think she holds them

prisoners still

Sil Nay, then he should be blind, and, being 92

blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val Why, lady, Love hath twenty pairs of 94

eyes

Thur They say that Love hath not an eye 97

at all

Val To see such lovers, Thurio, as your-
self

Upon a homely object Love can wink

Sil Have done, have done Here comes the 100

gentleman

Enter PROTEUS

Val Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I be-
seech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour

Sil His worth is warrant for his welcome 103

hither,

If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val Mistress, it is sweet lady, entertain him

To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship

Sil Too low a mistress for so high a servant

Pro Not so, sweet lady, but too mean a 108

servant

To have a look of such a worthy mistress

Val Leave off discourse of disability

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant

Pro My duty will I boast of, nothing else 112

Sil And duty neve. yet did want his need

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mis-
tress

Pro I'll die on him that says so but yourself

Sil That you are welcome?

Pro That you are worthless 116

Enter a Servant

Ser Madam, my lord your father would

speak with you

Sil I wait upon his pleasure [Exit Servant]

Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me Once more, new servant, welcome

I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs, 120

When you have done, we look to hear from you

Pro We'll both attend upon your ladyship

[Exeunt SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED]

Val Now, tell me, how do all from whence

you came?

Pro Your friends are well and have them 124

much commended

Val And how do yours?

Pro

I left them all in health

Val How does your lady and how thrives 128

your love?

Pro My tales of love were wont to weary you,

I know you joy not in a love-discourse

Val Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now 132

I have done penance for contemning love,

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd 136

me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, 132

With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs,

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,

And made them watchers of mine own heart's 140

sorrow

O, gentle Proteus! Love's a mighty lord,

And hath so humbled me as I confess,

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor to his service no such joy on earth 144

Now no discourse, except it be of love,

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,

Upon the very naked name of love

Pro Enough, I read your fortune in your eye

Was this the idol that you worship so? 148

Val Even she, and is she not a heavenly 152

saint?

Pro No, but she is an earthly paragon

Val Call her divine.

Pro

I will not flatter her 148

Val O! flatter me, for love delights in 152

praises

Pro When I was sick you gave me bitter pills,

And I must minister the like to you

Val Then speak the truth by her, if not 152

divine,

Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro Except my mistress

Val Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love 156

Pro Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val And I will help thee to prefer her too

She shall be dignified with this high honour,—

To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth 160

Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,

And, of so great a favour growing proud,

Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,

And make rough winter everlastingly 164

Pro Why, Valentine, what braggardism is

this?

Val Pardon me, Proteus all I can is nothing

To her whose worth makes other worthies

nothing

She is alone

Pro Then, let her alone 168

Val Not for the world why, man, she is

mine own,

And I as rich in having such a jewel

As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,

The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold 172

Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,

Because thou see'st me dote upon my love

My foolish rival, that her father likes

Only for his possessions are so huge, 176

Is gone with her along, and I must after,

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy

Pro But she loves you?

Val Ay, and we are betroth'd nay, more,

our marriage-hour, 180

With all the cunning manner of our flight,

Determin'd of how I must climb her window,

The ladder made of cords, and all the means

Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness 184

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,

In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel

Pro Go on before, I shall inquire you forth

I must unto the road, to disembark 188

Some necessities that I needs must use,

And then I'll presently attend you

Val Will you make haste?

Pro I will [Exit VALENTINE

Even as one heat another heat expels, 193

Or as one nail by strength drives out another,

So the remembrance of my former love

Is by a newer object quite forgotten 196

Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise,

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,

That makes me reasonless to reason thus?

She's fair, and so is Julia that I love,— 200

That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,

Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,

Bears no impression of the thing it was

Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold, 204

And that I love him not as I was wont

O! but I love his lady too-too much,

And that's the reason I love him so little

How shall I dote on her with more advice, 208

That thus without advice begin to love her?

'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,

And that hath dazzled my reason's light,

But when I look on her perfections, 212

There is no reason but I shall be blind

If I can check my erring love, I will,

If not, to compass her I'll use my skill [Exit

SCENE V —The Same A Street

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE

Speed Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

Launce Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome I reckon this always that a man is never undone till he be hanged, nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say, 'Welcome!' 7

Speed Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently, where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia? 12

Launce Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest

Speed But shall she marry him?

Launce No 16

Speed How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce No, neither

Speed What, are they broken?

Launce No, they are both as whole as a fish

Speed Why then, how stands the matter

with them?

Launce Marry, thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her 24

Speed What an ass art thou! I understand

thee not

Launce What a block art thou, that thou

canst not! My staff understands me 28

Speed What thou sayest?

Launce Ay, and what I do too look thee,

I'll but lean, and my staff understands me

Speed It stands under thee, indeed 32

Launce Why, stand-under and under-stand

is all one

Speed But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce Ask my dog if he say ay, it will, if he say no, it will, if he shake his tail and say

nothing, it will

Speed The conclusion is, then, that it will

Launce Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable 41

Speed 'Tis well that I get it so But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a

notable lover? 44

Launce I never knew him otherwise.

Speed Than how?

Launce A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be 48

Speed Why, thou whoreson ass, thou must

take me

Launce Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant

thy master 52

Speed I tell thee, my master is become a hot

lover

Launce Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse so, if not, thou art a

Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a

Christian.

Speed Why?
Launce Because thou hast not so much
 charity in thee as to go to the ale with a
Chrisnan Wilt thou go?
Speed At thy service

[Exeunt]

SCENE VI—*The Same A Room in the DUKE'S Palace**Enter PROTEUS*

Pro To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn,
 To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn,
 To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn,
 And even that power which gave me first my
 oath
 Provokes me to this threefold perjury
 Love bade me swear, and Love bids me for-
 swear
 O sweet-suggesting Love! if thou hast sinn'd,
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it
 At first I did adore a twinkling star,
 But now I worship a celestial sun
 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken,
 And he wants wit that wants resolved will
 To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do,
 But there I leave to love where I should love
 Julia I lose and Valentine I lose
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself,
 If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
 For Valentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia
 I to myself am dearer than a friend,
 For love is still most precious in itself,
 And Silvia—witness heaven that made her
 fair!—
 Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Remembering that my love to her is dead,
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself
 Without some treachery us'd to Valentine
 This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
 Myself in counsel, his competitor
 Now presently, I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising and pretended flight,
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter,
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull pro-
 ceeding
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

[Exit]

SCENE VII—*Verona A Room in JULIA'S House**Enter JULIA and LUCETTA*

Jul Counsel, Lucetta, gentle girl, assist me
 And e'en in kind love I do conjure thee,
 Who art the table whereon all my thoughts

Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
 To lesson me and tell me some good mean
 How, with my honour, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus
Luc Alas! the way is wearisome and long
Jul A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps,
 Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus
Luc Better forbear till Proteus make return
Jul O! know'st thou not his looks are my
 soul's food?
 Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
 By longing for that food so long a time
 Didst thou but know the only touch of love,
 Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words
Luc I do not seek to quench your love's hot
 fire,
 But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason
Jul The more thou damm'st it up, the more
 it burns
 The current that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth
 rage,
 But when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
 And so by many winding nooks he strays
 With willing sport, to the wild ocean
 Then let me go and hinder not my course
 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream
 And make a pastime of each weary step,
 Till the last step have brought me to my love,
 And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
 A blessed soul doth in Elysium
Luc But in what habit will you go along?
Jul Not like a woman, for I would prevent
 The loose encounters of lascivious men
 Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
 As may beseeem some well-reputed page
Luc Why, then, your ladyship must cut your
 hair
Jul No, girl, I'll knit it up in silken strings
 With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots
 To be fantastic may become a youth
 Of greater time than I shall show to be
Luc What fashion, madam, shall I make
 your breeches?
Jul That fits as well as 'Tell me, good my lord,
 What compass will you wear your farthingale?'
 Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lu-
 cetta.
Luc You must needs have them with a
 cod-piece, madam
Jul Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-
 favour'd
Luc A round hose, madam, now's not worth
 a pin,
 Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on
Jul Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
 What thou think'st meet and is most mannerly
 But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me

For undertaking so unstead a journey? 60
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd

Luc If you think so, then stay at home and go not

Jul Nay, that I will not

Luc Then never dream on infamy, but go 64
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal

Jul That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear 68
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus 71

Luc All these are servants to deceitful men
Jul Base men, that use them to so base effect
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate, 76
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth

Luc Pray heaven he prove so when you come to him!

Jul Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong 80

To bear a hard opinion of his truth—
Only deserve my love by loving him,
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of 84
To furnish me upon my longing journey
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation,
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence 88
Come answer not, but to it presently!
I am impatient of my tarrance. [Exeunt.

ACT III

SCENE I—*Milan An anteroom in the Duke's Palace*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile,

We have some secrets to confer about [Exit THURIO.

Now tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?
Pro My gracious lord, that which I would discover 4

The law of friendship bids me to conceal,
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that 8
Which else no worldly good should draw from me

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter
Myself am one made privy to the plot. 12

I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And should she thus be stol'n away from you
It would be much vexation to your age 16

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave. 21

Duke Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,

Which to requite, command me while I live
This love of theirs myself have often seen, 24
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep,
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid

Sir Valentine her company and my court,
But fearing lest my jealous arm might err 28
And so unworthily disgrace the man,—
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,—

I gave him gentle looks thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me 32
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,

The key whereof myself have ever kept, 36
And thence she cannot be convey'd away
Pro Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean

How he her chamber-window will ascend
And with a cord'd ladder fetch her down, 40

For which the youthful lover now is gone
And thus way comes he with it presently,

Where, if it please you, you may intercept him
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly 44

That my discovery be not aimed at,
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,

Hath made me publisher of this pretence
Duke Upon mine honour, he shall never know 48

That I had any light from thee of this
Pro Adieu, my lord Sir Valentine is com-
ing [Exit

Enter VALENTINE

Duke Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val Please it your Grace, there is a messenger 52

That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them

Duke Be they of much import?

Val The tenour of them doth but signify 56
My health and happy being at your court

Duke Nay then, no matter stay with me awhile,

I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret 60

'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter

Val I know it well, my lord and sure, the match

Were rich and honourable, besides, the gentleman 64

Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter

Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?
Duke No, trust me she is peevish, sullen, 68

froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,

Nor fearing me as if I were her father
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers, 72

Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her,
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age

Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,

I now am full resolv'd to take a wife
And turn her out to who will take her in
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dowry,
For me and my possessions she esteems not

Val What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke There is a lady of Verona here, Whom I affect, but she is nice and coy And nought esteems my aged eloquence Now therefore, would I have thee to my tutor, For long ago I have forgot to court,
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,
How and which way I may bestow myself
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye

Val Win her with gifts, if she respect not words
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind

Duke But she did scorn a present that I sent her

Val A woman sometime scorns what best contents her

Send her another, never give her o'er,
For scorn at first makes after-love the more
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you,
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why the fools are mad if left alone
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say,
For, 'get you gone,' she doth not mean, 'away!'
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces,
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,

If with his tongue he cannot win a woman
Duke But she I mean is promis'd by her friends

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her

Val Why then, I would resort to her by night

Duke Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life

Val Why then, a ladder quantly made of cords,

To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that

Duke This very night, for Love is like a child,

That longs for every thing that he can come by
Val By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder

Duke But hark thee, I will go to her alone
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it

Under a cloak that is of any length

Duke A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val Ay, my good lord

Duke Then let me see thy cloak
I'll get me one of such another length

Val Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord

Duke How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me
[Pulls open VALENTINE'S cloak]

What letter is this same? What's here?—To Silvia!

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly
And slaves they are to me that send them flying

O! could their master come and go as lightly
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them
While I, their king, that thither them importune

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune

I curse myself for they are sent by me
That they should harbour where their lord would be

What's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee

'Tis so, and here's the ladder for the purpose
Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car
And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,

And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence

Thank me for this more than for all the favours
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee

But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter or thyself
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse,

But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence
[Exit]

Val And why not death rather than living torment?

To die is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself banish'd from her

Is self from self,—a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by

And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,

There is no music in the nightingale,
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon
She is my essence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom
Tarry I here, I but attend on death,
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE

Pro Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out
Launce Soho! soho! 189
Pro What seest thou?
Launce Him we go to find there's not a
hair on's head but 'tis a Valentine 192
Pro Valentine?
Val No
Pro Who then? his spirit?
Val Neither 196
Pro What then?
Val Nothing
Launce Can nothing speak? Master, shall I
strike? 200

Pro Who would'st thou strike?
Launce Nothing
Pro Villain, forbear
Launce Why, sir, I'll strike nothing I pray
you,— 204
Pro Surrah, I say, forbear—Friend Valen-
tine, a word
Val My ears are stopp'd and cannot hear
good news,

So much of bad already hath possess'd them
Pro Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable and bad 209
Val Is Silvia dead?
Pro No, Valentine
Val No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!
Hath she forsworn me? 213
Pro No, Valentine
Val No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn
me!

What is your news? 216
Launce Sir, there is a proclamation that you
are vanished
Pro That thou art banished, O, that's the
news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend
Val O, I have fed upon this woe already, 220
And now excess of it will make me surfeit
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro Ay, ay, and she hath offer'd to the
doom— 223
Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so be-
came them 228

As if but now they waxed pale for woe
But neither bended knees, pure hands held
up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate ears, 232
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant, 180
That to close prison he commanded her, 236
With many bitter threats of bidding there
Val No more, unless the next word that
thou speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear, 240
As ending anthem of my endless dolour

Pro Cease to lament for that thou canst not
help,

And study help for that which thou lament'st
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good 244
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love,
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life
Hope is a lover's staff, walk hence with that
And manage it against despairing thoughts 248
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love
The time now serves not to expostulate 252
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate,
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself, 256
Regard thy danger, and along with me!

Val I pray thee, Launce, and if thou seest
my boy,

Bid him make haste and meet me at the
North-gate

Pro Go, sirrah, find him out Come, Valen-
tine 260

Val O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!
[Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS]

Launce I am but a fool, look you, and yet I
have the wit to think my master is a kind of a
knave but that's all one, if he be but one knave
He lives not now that knows me to be in love
yet I am in love, but a team of horse shall
not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love, and
yet 'tis a woman, but what woman, I will not
tell myself, and yet 'tis a milkmaid, yet 'tis
not a maid, for she hath had gossips, yet 'tis a
maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves
for wages She hath more qualities than a
water-spaniel—which is much in a bare
Christian [Pulling out a paper] Here is the
catalog of her condition *Imprimis, She*
can fetch and carry Why, a horse can do no
more nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry,
therefore, is she better than a jade *Item, She*
can milk look you, a sweet virtue in a maid
with clean hands 280

Enter SPEED

Speed How now, Signior Launce! what news
with your mastership?

Launce With my master's ship? why, it is
at sea 284

Speed Well, your old vice still, mistake the
word What news, then, in your paper?

Launce The blackest news that ever thou
heardst 288

Speed Why, man, how black?

Launce Why, as black as ink.

Speed Let me read them.

Launce Fie on thee, jolthead! thou canst not read. 293

Speed Thou liest, I can

Launce I will try thee Tell me this who begot thee? 296

Speed Marry, the son of my grandfather

Launce O, illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother This proves that thou canst not read 300

Speed Come, fool, come try me in thy paper

Launce There, and Saint Nicholas be thy speed! 304

Speed *Imprimis, She can milk*

Launce Ay, that she can

Speed *Item, She brews good ale*

Launce And thereof comes the proverb, 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale' 309

Speed *Item, She can sew*

Launce That's as much as to say, Can she so? 312

Speed *Item, She can knit*

Launce What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed *Item, She can wash and scour* 316

Launce A special virtue, for then she need not be washed and scoured

Speed *Item, She can spin*

Launce Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living 321

Speed *Item, She hath many nameless virtues*

Launce That's as much as to say, bastard virtues, that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names

Speed *Here follow her vices*

Launce Close at the heels of her virtues 328

Speed *Item, She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath*

Launce Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast Read on 332

Speed *Item, She hath a sweet mouth*

Launce That makes amends for her sour breath

Speed *Item, She doth talk in her sleep* 336

Launce It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk

Speed *Item, She is slow in words*

Launce O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue

Speed *Item, She is proud* 344

Launce Out with that too it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her

Speed *Item, She hath no teeth*

Launce I care not for that neither, because I love crusts 349

Speed *Item, She is curst*

Launce Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite 352

Speed *Item, She will often praise her liquor*

Launce If her liquor be good, she shall if she will not, I will, for good things should be praised 356

Speed *Item, She is too liberal.*

Launce Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help Well, proceed

Speed *Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults* 365

Launce Stop there, I'll have her she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article Rehearse that once more 368

Speed *Item, She hath more hair than wit—*

Launce More hair than wit it may be, I'll prove it the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt, the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less What's next?

Speed *And more faults than hairs—* 376

Launce That's monstrous! O, that that were out!

Speed *And more wealth than faults*

Launce Why, that word makes the faults gracious Well, I'll have her, and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed What then?

Launce Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate 385

Speed For me?

Launce For thee! ay, who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee 388

Speed And must I go to him?

Launce Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn. 392

Speed Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [Exit]

Launce Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit]

SCENE II—The Same A Room in the DUKE'S Palace

Enter DUKE and THURIO

Duke Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,

Forsworn my company and rail'd at me, 4

That I am desperate of obtaining her

Duke This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat

Dissolves to water and doth lose his form. 5

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,

And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter PROTEUS

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman According to our proclamation gone? 12

Pro Gone, my good lord

Duke My daughter takes his going grievously

Pro A little time, my lord, will kill that grief

Duke So I believe, but Thurio thinks not so
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,— 17
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,—
Makes me the better to confer with thee

Pro Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace
Let me not live to look upon your Grace 21

Duke Thou knowst how willingly I would
effect

The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter

Pro I do, my lord 24

Duke And also, I think, thou art not
ignorant

How she opposes her against my will

Pro She did, my lord, when Valentine was
here

Duke Ay, and perversely she perseveres so 28
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,
Three things that women highly hold in hate

Duke Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke
in hate

Pro Ay, if his enemy deliver it
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend 37

Duke Then you must undertake to slander
him.

Pro And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman, 40

Especially against his very friend
Duke Where your good word cannot advance
him,

Your slander never can endamage him
Therefore the office is indifferent, 44

Being entreated to it by your friend
Pro You have prevail'd, my lord If I can
do it,

By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him 48

But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio

Thurio Therefore, as you unwind her love from
him,

Lest it should ravel and be good to none, 52
You must provide to bottom it on me,
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine

Duke And, Proteus, we dare trust you in
this kind, 56

Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind
Upon this warrant shall you have access 60

Where you with Silvia may confer at large,
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you,
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend 65

Pro As much as I can do I will effect
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough,
You must lay lime to tangle her desires 68

By waulful sonnets, whose composed rimes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows

Duke Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy 72

Pro Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again, and frame some feeling line 76
That may discover such integrity
For Orpheus lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and
stones,

Make tigers tame and huge leviathans 80
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump, the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining griev-
ance

This, or else nothing, will inherit her
Duke This discipline shows thou hast been
in love 86

Thurio And thy advice this night I'll put in
practice

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music 92
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke About it, gentlemen!
Pro We'll wait upon your grace till after-
supper, 96

And afterward determine our proceedings
Duke Even now about it! I will pardon
you. [Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I.—A Forest between Milan and Verona

Enter certain Outlaws.

First Out. Fellows, stand fast, I see a pas-
senger

Sec Out If there be ten, shrink not, but
down with 'em

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED

Thrd Out Stand, sir, and throw us that you
have about ye,

If not, we'll make you sit and rifle you. 4
Speed Sir, we are undone these are the
villains

That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—

First Out That's not so, sir, we are your
enemies 8

Sec Out Peace! we'll hear him.
Thrd Out Ay, by my beard, will we, for he
is a proper man

Val Then know, that I have little wealth to
lose

A man I am cross'd with adversity 12
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfigure me,
You take the sum and substance that I have

Sec Out Whither travel you? 16
Val To Verona
First Out Whence came you?
Val From Milan

Thurd Out Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd 21

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me

Sec Out What! were you banish'd thence? 21

Val I was 24

Sec Out For what offence?

Val For that which now torments me to rehearse

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent,

But yet I slew him manfully, in fight, 28

Without false vantage or base treachery

First Out Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val I was, and held me glad of such a doom

Sec Out Have you the tongues? 33

Val My youthful travel therein made me happy,

Or else I often had been miserable

Thurd Out By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar, 36

This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

First Out We'll have him Sirs, a word

Speed Master, be one of them,

It is an honourable kind of thevery 40

Val Peace, villain!

Sec Out Tell us this have you anything to take to?

Val Nothing, but my fortune

Thurd Out Know then, that some of us are gentlemen, 44

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth

Thrust from the company of awful men

Myself was from Verona banished

For practising to steal away a lady, 48

An heir, and near allied unto the duke

Sec Out And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,

Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart

First Out And I for such like petty crimes as these 52

But to the purpose, for we cite our faults,

That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,

And, partly, seeming you are beautified

With goodly shape, and by your own report 56

A linguist, and a man of such perfection

As we do in our quality much want—

Sec Out Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you 60

Are you content to be our general?

To make a virtue of necessity

And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

Thurd Out What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort? 64

Say 'ay,' and be the captain of us all

We'll do thee homage and be rul'd by thee,

Love thee as our commander and our king

First Out But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest 68

Sec Out Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd

Val I take your offer and will live with you,

Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women, or poor passengers 72

Thurd Out No, we detest such vile, base practices

Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,

And show thee all the treasure we have got,

Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose 76

[Exeunt]

SCENE II — Milan The Court of the DUKE'S Palace

Enter PROTEUS

Pro Already have I been false to Valentine,

And now I must be as unjust to Thurio

Under the colour of commending him, 4

I have access my own love to prefer

But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,

To be corrupted with my worthless gifts

When I protest true loyalty to her,

She twits me with my falsehood to my friend,

When to her beauty I commend my vows, 9

She bids me think how I have been forsworn

In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd

And notwithstanding all her sudden quips, 12

The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,

Yet, samuel-like, the more she spurns my love,

The more it grows, and fawneth on her still

But here comes Thurio now must we to her window, 16

And give some evening music to her ear

Enter THURIO, and Musicians

Thu How now, Sir Proteus! are you crept before us?

Pro Ay, gentle Thurio, for you know that love

Will creep in service where it cannot go 20

Thu Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here

Pro Sir, but I do, or else I would be hence

Thu Who? Silvia?

Pro Ay, Silvia, for your sake 24

Thu I thank you for your own Now, gentlemen,

Let's tune, and to it lustily a while

Enter Host and JULIA behind JULIA in boy's clothes

Host Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly I pray you, why is it? 28

Jul Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry

Host Come, we'll have you merry I'll bring you where you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you asked for 33

Jul But shall I hear him speak?

Host Ay, that you shall.

Jul That will be music [Music plays

Host Hark! hark! 37

Jul Is he among these?

Host Ay, but peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG

Who is Silvia? what is she, 40

That all our swains commend her?

Holy fair and wise is she

The heaven such grace did lend her

That she might admired be 44

Is she kind as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness
 Love doth to her eyes repair
 To help him of his blindness
 And being help'd inhabits there
 Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling,
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling,
 To her let us garlands bring.

Host How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the musician likes you not

Jul You mistake, the musician likes me not.

Host Why, my pretty youth?

Jul He plays false, father

Host How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul Not so, but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings

Host You have a quick ear

Jul Ay, I would I were deaf, it makes me have a slow heart.

Host I perceive you delight not in music

Jul Not a whit,—when it jars so

Host Hark! what fine change is in the music!

Jul Ay, that change is the spite

Host You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul I would always have one play but one thing

But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host I will tell you what Launce, his man, told me he lov'd her out of all rick.

Jul Where is Launce?

Host Gone to seek his dog, which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady

Jul Peace! stand aside the company parts

Pro Sir Thurio, fear not you I will so plead that you shall say my cunning drift excels

Jul Where meet we?

Pro At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu Farewell

[*Exeunt THURIO and Musicians*]

Enter SILVIA above, at her window

Pro Madam, good even to your ladyship

Sil I thank you for your music, gentlemen. Who is that that spake?

Pro One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, you would quickly learn to know him by his voice

Sil Sir Proteus, as I take it

Pro Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil What is your will?

Pro That I may compass yours

Sil You have your wish, my will is even this that presently you bid me come to bed

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man! Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceited,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy yows? Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me, by this pale queen of night I swear, I am so far from granting thy request
 That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
 And by and by intend to chide myself
 Even for this time I spend in talking to thee
Pro I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady,
 But she is dead.

Jul [*Aside*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it,
 For I am sure she is not buried

Sil Say that she be, yet Valentine thy friend survives, to whom, thyself art witness
 I am betroth'd and art thou not ashamed
 To wrong him with thy importunity?

Pro I likewise hear that Valentine is dead
Sil And so suppose am I, for in his grave, assure thyself my love is buried

Pro Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth
Sil Go to thy lady's grave and call her thence,
 Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine

Jul [*Aside*] He heard not that
Pro Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
 Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
 The picture that is hanging in your chamber
 To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep,
 For since the substance of your perfect self
 Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
 And to your shadow will I make true love

Jul [*Aside*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
 And make it but a shadow, as I am

Sil I am very loath to be your idol, sir,
 But, since your falsehood shall become you well
 To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
 Send to me in the morning and I'll send it
 And so, good rest

Pro As wretches have o'er night
 That wait for execution in the morn

[*Exeunt PROTEUS, and SILVIA, above*]
Jul Host, will you go?

Host By my halidom, I was fast asleep
Jul Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host Marry, at my house Trust me, I think 'tis almost day

Jul Not so, but it hath been the longest night
 That e'er I watch'd and the most heaviest

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter EGLAMOUR

Egl This is the hour that Madam Silvia entreated me to call, and know her mind
 There's some great matter she'd employ me in.
 Madam, Madam!

Enter SILVIA above, at her window

Sil Who calls?

Egl Your servant, and your friend,
 One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow

Egl As many, worthy lady, to yourself
 According to your ladyship's impose,
 I am thus early come to know what service
 It is your pleasure to command me in

Sil O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—

Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not—
 Valiant, wise, remorseful, well-accomplish'd
 Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
 I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,
 Now how my father would enforce me marry
 Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors
 Thyself hast lov'd, and I have heard thee say
 No grief did ever come so near thy heart
 As when thy lov'd and thy true love died,
 Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity
 Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
 To Mantua, where, I hear he makes abode,
 And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
 I do desire thy worthy company,
 Upon whose faith and honour I repose
 Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
 But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
 And on the justice of my flying hence,
 To keep me from a most unholly match,
 Which heaven and fortune still rewards with
 plagues

I do desire thee, even from a heart
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
 To bear me company and go with me
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone
Egl Madam, I pity much your grievances,
 Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
 I give consent to go along with you,
 Recking as little what betideth me
 As much I wish all good befortune you.
 When will you go?

Sil This evening coming

Egl Where shall I meet you?

Sil At Friar Patrick's cell,
 Where I intend holy confession

Egl I will not fail your ladyship

Good morrow, gentle lady

Sil Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour

[*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE IV—*The Same*

Enter LAUNCE with his dog

Launce When a man's servant shall play the
 cur with him, look you, it goes hard, one that
 I brought up of a puppy, one that I saved from
 drowning, when three or four of his blind bro-
 thers and sisters went to it. I have taught him,
 even as one would say precisely, 'Thus would I
 teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a
 present to Mistress Silvia from my master, and
 I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but
 he steps me to her trencher and steals her
 capon's leg. O! 'tis a foul thing when a cur
 cannot keep himself in all companies. I would
 have, as one should say, one that takes upon
 him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog
 at all things. If I had not had more wit than
 he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think
 verily he had been hanged for't. Sure as I live,
 he had suffered for't. You shall judge. He thrusts
 me himself into the company of three or four
 gentleman-like dogs under the duke's table. He
 had not been there—bless the mark—a pissing-

while, but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with
 the dog!' says one, 'What cur is that?' says
 another, 'Whip him out,' says the third, 'Hang
 him up,' says the duke. I, having been acquainted
 with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and
 goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs.
 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?'
 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the
 more wrong,' quoth I, 'twas I did the thing you
 wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips
 me out of the chamber. How many masters
 would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be
 sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he
 hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed,
 I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath
 killed, otherwise he had suffered for't, thou
 thinkest not of this now. Nay, I remember the
 trick you served me when I took my leave of
 Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me
 and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave
 up my leg and make water against a gentle-
 woman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me
 do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS, and JULIA in boy's clothes

Pro Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well
 And will employ thee in some service presently

Jul In what you please. I will do what I can

Pro I hope thou wilt. [*To LAUNCE*] How
 now, you whoreson peasant!

Where have you been these two days loitering?
Launce Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia
 the dog you bade me

Pro And what says she to my little jewel?
Launce Marry, she says, your dog was a cur,
 and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for
 such a present.

Pro But she received my dog?
Launce No, indeed, did she not. Here have I
 brought him back again

Pro What! didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce Ay, sir. The other squirrel was stolen
 from me by the hangman boys in the market-
 place, and then I offered her mine own, who is
 a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the
 gift the greater

Pro Go, get thee hence, and find my dog
 again.

Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say! Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave that still an end turns me to shame
 [*Exit LAUNCE*]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee
 Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
 That can with some discretion do my business,
 For 't is no trusting to yond foolish lout,
 But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
 Which, if my augury deceive me not,
 Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth
 Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee
 Go presently, and take this ring with thee
 Deliver it to Madam Silvia

She lov'd me well. Deliver'd it to me

Jul It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her
 token.

She's dead, belike?

Pro Not so I think, she lives

Jul Alas!

Pro Why dost thou cry 'alas?'

Jul I cannot choose
But pity her 84

Pro Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul Because methinks that she lov'd you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia

She dreams on him that has forgot her love, 88

You dote on her, that cares not for your love

'Tis pity, love should be so contrary,

And thinking on it makes me cry, 'alas!'

Pro Well, well, give her that ring and therewithal 97

This letter that's her chamber Tell my lady

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary [*Exit*]

Jul How many women would do such a message? 97

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me? 100

Because he loves her, he despiseth me,

Because I love him, I must pity him

This ring I gave him when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will,

And now am I—unhappy messenger— 105

To plead for that which I would not obtain,

To carry that which I would have refus'd, 108

To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true-confirmed love,

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself 112

Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly

As heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, attended

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean

To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia

Sil What would you with her, if that I beshe?

Jul If you be she, I do entreat your patience

To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil From whom? 120

Jul From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil O! he sends you for a picture?

Jul Ay, madam

Sil Ursula, bring my picture there 124

[*A picture brought*]

Go, give your master this tell him from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,

Would better fit his chamber than this shadow

Jul Madam, please you peruse this letter—

Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis'd 129

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not

This is the letter to your ladyship

Sil I pray thee, let me look on that again

Jul It may not be good madam, pardon me

Sil There, hold

I will not look upon your master's lines—

I know, they are stuff'd with protestations 136

And full of new-found oaths, which he will break

As easily as I do tear his paper

Jul Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring

Sil The more shame for him that he sends it me, 140

For, I have heard him say a thousand times,

His Julia gave it him at his departure

Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,

Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong 144

Jul She thanks you

Sil What say'st thou?

Jul I thank you, madam, that you tender her

Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much 148

Sil Dost thou know her?

Jul Almost as well as I do know myself.

To think upon her woes, I do protest

That I have wept a hundred several times 152

Sil Belike, she thinks, that Proteus hath forsok her

Jul I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow

Sil Is she not passing fair? 155

Jul She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.

When she did think my master lov'd her well,

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you,

But since she did neglect her looking-glass

And threw her sun-expelling mask away, 160

The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks

And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,

That now she is become as black as I

Sil How tall was she? 164

Jul About my stature, for, at Pentecost,

When all our pageants of delight were play'd,

Our youth got me to play the woman's part,

And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown, 168

Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,

As if the garment had been made for me

Therefore I know she is about my height

And at that time I made her weep agood 172

For I did play a lamentable part.

Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning

For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight,

Which I so lively acted with my tears 176

That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,

Wept bitterly, and would I might be dead

If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil She is beholding to thee, gentle youth—

Alas, poor lady, desolate and left! 181

I weep myself to think upon thy words

Here, youth, there is my purse I give thee this

For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her 184

Farewell.

Jul And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you

know her—[*Exit SILVIA, with Attendants*]

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.

I hope my master's suit will be but cold, 188

Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!

Here is her picture let me see, I think,

If I had such a tire, this face of mine 192

Were full as lovely as is this of hers;

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,

Unless I flatter with myself too much

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow 196

If that be all the difference in his love
 I'll get me such a colour'd perwig
 Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine
 Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high
 What should it be that he respects in her 200
 But I can make respective in myself,
 If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
 Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
 For 'tis thy rival O thou senseless form!
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and
 ador'd, 205
 And, were there sense in his idolatry,
 My substance should be statue in thy stead
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That us'd me so, or else, by Jove I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee [Exit

ACT V

SCENE I—Milan An Abbey

Enter EGLAMOUR

Egl The sun begins to gild the western sky,
 And now it is about the very hour
 That Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell should meet
 me
 She will not fail, for lovers break not hours, 4
 Unless it be to come before their time,
 So much they spur their expedition
 See, where she comes.

Enter SILVIA

Lady, a happy evening!
 Sil Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour, 8
 Out at the postern by the abbey-wall
 I fear I am attended by some spies
 Egl Fear not the forest is not three leagues
 off,
 If we recover that, we're sure enough [Exeunt

SCENE II—The Same A Room in the
DUKE'S Palace

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA

Thu Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
 Pro O, sir, I find her milder than she was,
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
 Thu What! that my leg is too long? 4
 Pro No, that it is too little
 Thu I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat
 rounder
 Jul [Aside] But love will not be spurr'd to
 what it loathes
 Thu What says she to my face? 8
 Pro She says it is a fair one
 Thu Nay then, the wanton lies, my face is
 black
 Pro But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,
 'Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes'
 Jul [Aside] 'Tis true, such pearls as put out
 ladies' eyes, 13
 For I had rather wink than look on them.
 Thu How likes she my discourse?
 Pro Ill, when you talk of war 16

Thu But well, when I discourse of love and
 peace?
 Jul [Aside] But better, indeed, when you
 hold your peace
 Thu What says she to my valour?
 Pro O, sir, she makes no doubt of that 20
 Jul [Aside] She needs not, when she knows
 it cowardice
 Thu What says she to my birth?
 Pro That you are well deriv'd
 Jul [Aside] True, from a gentleman to a
 fool 24
 Thu Considers she my possessions?
 Pro O, ay, and pities them
 Thu Wherefore?
 Jul [Aside] That such an ass should owe
 them 28
 Pro That they are out by lease
 Jul Here comes the duke

Enter DUKE

Duke How now, Sir Proteus! how now,
 Thurio!
 Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late? 32
 Thu Not I
 Pro Nor I
 Duke Saw you my daughter?
 Pro Neither
 Duke Why then,
 She's fled unto that peasant Valentine,
 And Eglamour is in her company 36
 'Tis true, for Friar Laurence met them both,
 As he in penance wander'd through the forest,
 Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
 But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it, 40
 Besides, she did intend confession
 At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was
 not
 These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence
 Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse, 44
 But mount you presently and meet with me
 Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,
 That leads towards Mantua, whither they are
 fled
 Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me

[Exit

Thu Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
 That flies her fortune when it follows her 50
 I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour
 Than for the love of reckless Silvia [Exit
 Pro And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
 Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her [Exit

Jul And I will follow, more to cross that love
 Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love [Exit

SCENE III.—Frontiers of Mantua The Forest

Enter Outlaws with SILVIA

First Out Come, come,
 Be patient, we must bring you to our captain
 Sil A thousand more mischances than this
 one
 Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently 4
 Second Out Come, bring her away.

First Out Where is the gentleman that was with her?

Third Out Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,

But Moyses and Valerius follow him
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain We'll follow him that's fled

The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape

[*Exeunt all except the First Outlaw and SILVIA*]

First Out Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave

Fear not, he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly

Sil O Valentine! this I endure for thee.
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV — Another Part of the Forest

Enter VALENTINE

Val How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia*!
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

[*Noise within.*]

What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages
Withdraw thee, Valentine who's this comes here?
[*Steps aside*]

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA

Pro Madam, this service I have done for you—
Though you respect not aught your servant doth—
To hazard life and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love

Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look,
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give

Val [*Aside*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!

Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile
Sil O, miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came,
But by my coming I have made you happy

Sil By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy

Jul [*Aside.*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence

Sil Had I been seized by a hungry lion,

I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me
O! heaven be judge how I love Valentine, 36
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul,
And full as much—for more there cannot be—
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more 40
Pro What dangerous action, stood it next to death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're be-
lov'd!

Sil When Proteus cannot love where he's be-
lov'd

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith

Into a thousand oaths, and all those oaths 48
Descended into perjury to love me
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none better have none

Than plural faith which is too much by one 52
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro In love
Who respects friend?

Sil All men but Proteus
Pro Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form, 56
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gaunst the nature of love,—
force ye

Sil O heaven!
Pro I'll force thee yield to my desire

Val [*Coming forward*] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch, 60

Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro Valentine!
Val Thou common friend, that's without faith or love—

For such is a friend now—treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes naught but mine eye 64

Could have persuaded me Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive thou wouldst disprove me

Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand

Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus, 68
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deep'st. O time most curst!

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro My shame and guilt confound me 73
Forgive me, Valentine If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender't here I do as truly suffer 76
As e'er I did commit.

Val Then, I am paid,
And once again I do receive thee honest.

Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven, nor earth, for these are pleas'd.

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd 81

And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee

Jul O me unhappy! [*Swoons* 85

Pro Look to the boy
Val Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter?

Look up, speak

Jul O good sir, my master charg'd me 88

To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia,
Which out of my neglect was never done

Pro Where is that ring, boy?

Jul Here 'tis this is it [*Gives a ring* 92

Pro How! let me see

Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia

Jul O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook
This is the ring you sent to Silvia

[*Shows another ring*

Pro But how cam'st thou by this ring? 96
At my depart I gave this unto Julia

Jul And Julia herself did give it me,
And Julia herself hath brought it hither

Pro How! Julia! 100

Jul Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!

O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush 104

Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment, if shame live

In a disguise of love

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds, 108

Women to change their shapes than men their
minds

Pro Than men their minds! 'tis true O

heaven! were man

But constant, he were perfect that one error

Fills him with faults, makes him run through

all the sins 112

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val Come, come, a hand from either 116

Let me be blest to make this happy close

'Twere pity two such friends should be long
foes

Pro Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish,

for ever

Jul And I mine 120

Enter Outlaws with DUKE and THURIO.

Out A prize! a prize! a prize!

Val Forbear, forbear, I say, it is my lord
the duke

Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,

Banished Valentine

Duke Sir Valentine! 124

Thu. Yonder is Silvia, and Silvia's mine

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy
death,

Come not within the measure of my wrath,
Do not name Silvia thine, if once again, 128
Verona shall not hold thee Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch,

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love

Thu Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I 132

I hold him but a fool that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine 135

Duke The more degenerate and base art
thou,

To make such means for her as thou hast done,

And leave her on such slight conditions

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine, 140

And think thee worthy of an empress' love

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,

Cancel all grudge, repeat thee home again,

Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit, 144

To which I thus subscribe Sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman and well deriv'd,

Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her

Val I thank your Grace, the gift hath made

me happy 148

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

To grant one boon that I shall ask of you

Duke I grant it, for thine own, what'er it be

Val These banish'd men, that I have kept

withal 152

Are men endur'd with worthy qualities

Forgive them what they have committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their exile

They are reformed, civil, full of good, 156

And fit for great employment, worthy lord

Duke Thou hast prevail'd, I pardon them,

and thee

Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts

Come, let us go we will include all jars 160

With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity

Val And as we walk along, I dare be bold

With our discourse to make your Grace to smile

What think you of this page, my lord? 164

Duke I think the boy hath grace in him he

blushes

Val I warrant you, my lord, more grace

than boy

Duke What mean you by that saying?

Val Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd 169

Come, Proteus, 'tis your penance, but to hear

The story of your loves discovered

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness 173

[*Exeunt*]

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
FENTON a young Gentleman
SHALLOW a Country Justice
SLENDER Cousin to Shallow
FORD } two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor
PAGE }
WILLIAM PAGE a Boy Son to Page
SIR HUGH EVANS a Welsh Parson
DOCTOR CAIUS a French Physician.
Host of the Garter Inn
BARDOLPH, PISTOL, Nym, Followers of Falstaff.

ROBIN Page to Falstaff
SIMPLE Servant to Slender
RUGBY, Servant to Doctor Caius.

MISTRESS FORD
MISTRESS PAGE.
ANNE PAGE her Daughter in love with Fenton.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, Servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page Ford, &c.

SCENE — Windsor, and the Neighbourhood

ACT I

SCENE I — Windsor. Before PAGE's House

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS

Shal Sir Hugh, persuade me not, I will make a Star-chamber matter of it, if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs he shall not abuse Robert Shallow esquire 4

Slen In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and coram

Shal Ay, cousin Slender, and cust-alorum

Slen Ay, and rato-lorum too, and a gentleman born, Master Parson who writes himself *armigero*, in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation,—*armigero* 11

Shal Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years

Slen All his successors gone before him hath done it, and all his ancestors that come after him may they may give the dozen white luses in their coat 17

Shal It is an old coat

Eva The dozen white louses do become an old coat well, it agrees well, *passant* it is a familiar bea t to man, and signifies love 21

Shal The luse is the fresh fish, the salt fish is an old coat

Slen I ma/ quarter, coz? 24

Shal You may, by marrying

Eva It is marring indeed, if he quarter it

Shal Not a whit

Eva Yes, py'r lady, if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures but that is all one If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you 34

Shal The Council shall hear it, it is a riot

Eva It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot. The Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot, take your vizaments in that.

Shal Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it. 41

Eva It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it, and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity

Slen Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman 49

Eva It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed,—Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!—give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old It were a goot motion if we leave our pribles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page

Shal Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound? 60

Eva Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny

Shal I know the young gentlewoman, she has good gifts 64

Eva Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts

Shal Well, let us see honest Master Page Is Falstaff there? 68

Eva Shall I tell you a he? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true The knight, Sir John, is there, and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers I will peat the door for Master Page [Knocks] What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Page [Within] Who's there? 76

Eva Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow, and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings 80

Enter PAGE.

Page I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow

Shal Master Page, I am glad to see you much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better it was ill killed How doth good- 82

Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart

Page Sir, I thank you

Shal Sir, I thank you, by yea and no, I do

Page I am glad to see you, good Master Slender

Slen How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall

Page It could not be judged, sir

Slen You'll not confess, you'll not confess

Shal That he will not 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault 'Tis a good dog

Page A cur, sir

Shal Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog, can there be more said? he is good and fair

Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page Sir, he is within, and I would I could do a good office between you

Eva It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak

Shal He hath wronged me, Master Page

Page Sir, he doth in some sort confess it

Shal If it be confessed, it is not redressed is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me, indeed, he hath,—at a word, he hath,—believe me Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged

Page Here comes Sir John

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL

Fal Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge

Fal But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Shal Tut, a pin! this shall be answered

Fal I will answer it straight I have done all this That is now answered

Shal The Council shall know this

Fal 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel you'll be laughed at

Eva *Pauca verba*, Sir John, goot worts

Fal Good worts! good cabbage Slender, I broke your head what matter have you against me?

Slen Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket

Bard You Banbury cheese!

Slen Ay, it is no matter

Pist How now, Mephistophilus!

Slen Ay, it is no matter

Nym Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*, slice! that's my humour

Slen Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, cousin?

Eva Peace, I pray you Now let us understand there is three umpires in this matter as I understand, that is—Master Page, *fidelicet*, Master Page, and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself, and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter

Page We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Eva Fery goot I will make a prief of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can

Fal Pistol!

Pist He hears with ears

Eva The tovil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear?' Why, it is affectations

Fal Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen Ay, by these gloves, did he,—or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,—of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edwards' hovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves

Fal Is this true, Pistol?

Eva No, it is false, if it is a pick-purse

Pist Ha, thou mountain foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo Word of demal in thy labras here!

Word of demal froth and scum, thou leest

Slen By these gloves, then, 'twas he

Nym Be advised, sir, and pass good humours I will say, 'marry trap,' with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me that is the very note of it

Slen By this hat, then, he in the red face had it, for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass

Fal What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard Why, sir, for my part I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences

Eva It is his 'five sunses,' fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd, and so conclusions pass'd the careers

Slen Ay, you spake in Latin then too but 'tis no matter I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves

Eva So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind

Fal You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen, you hear it

Enter ANNE PAGE, with Wine MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE

Page Nay, daughter, carry the wine in, we'll drink within

Slen O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page

Page How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met by your leave, good mistress

Page Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness

[*Exeunt all but SHALLOW, SLENDER, and EVANS*]
Slen I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here

Enter SIMPLE

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you? 209

Sim Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-Hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas? 212

Shal Come, coz, come, coz, we stay for you. A word with you, coz, marry, this, coz there is, as 'twere a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here do you understand me? 216

Slen Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable if it be so, I shall do that that is reason. 218

Shal Nay, but understand me

Slen So I do, sir 220

Eva Give ear to his motions, Master Slender. I will description the matter to you, if you pe capacity of it

Slen Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you pardon me, he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here

Eva But that is not the question, the question is concerning your marriage 228

Shal Ay, there's the point, sir

Eva Marry, is it, the very point of it, to Mistress Anne Page

Slen Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands 233

Eva But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips, for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid? 239

Shal Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason 243

Eva Nay, God's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her

Shal That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her? 248

Slen I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason

Shal Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz what I do, is to pleasure you, coz Can you love the maid? 253

Slen I will marry her, sir, at your request, but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another. I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely 261

Eva It is a fery discretion answer, save, the fault is in the ort 'dissolutely' the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely' His meaning is good

Shal Ay, I think my cousin meant well

Slen Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la! 268

Shal Here comes fair Mistress Anne

Re-enter ANNE PAGE

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne

Anne The dinner is on the table, my father desires your worships' company 273

Shal I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne

Eva Od s plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace 276

[Exeunt SHALLOW and EVANS]

Anne Will't please your worship to come in, sir? 280

Slen No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily, I am very well

Anne The dinner attends you, sir

Slen I am not a-hungry, I thank you forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. *[Exit SIMPLE]* A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead, but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born 289

Anne I may not go in without your worship they will not sit till you come

Slen P' faith, I'll eat nothing, I thank you as much as though I did

Anne I pray you, sir, walk in 294

Slen I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneyes for a dish of stewed prunes,—and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town? 301

Anne I think there are, sir, I heard them talked of

Slen I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not? 308

Anne Ay, indeed, sir

Slen That's meat and drink to me, now I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain, but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favoured rough things 315

Re-enter PAGE

Page Come, gentle Master Slender, come, we stay for you

Slen I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir

Page By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come 320

Slen Nay, pray you, lead the way

Page Come on, sir

Slen Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne Not I, sir, pray you, keep on. 324

Slen Truly, I will not go first truly, la! I will not do you that wrong

Anne I pray you, sir

Slen I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! 329

[Exeunt]

SCENE II — *The Same**Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLY*

Eva Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Carus' house, which is the way and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his try nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer

Sim Well, sir

Eva Nay, it is better yet Give her this letter, for it is a 'oman that altogether s acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page I pray you, be gone I will make an end of my dinner, there's pippins and seese to come

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III — *A Room in the Garter Inn**Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN*

Fal Mine host of the Garter!

Host Whatsaysmy bully-rook? Speak scholarly and wisely

Fal Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers

Host Discard, bully Hercules, cashier let them wag, trot, trot

Fal I sit at ten pounds a week

Host Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar I will entertain Bardolph, he shall draw, he shall tap said I well, bully Hector?

Fal Do so, good mine host

Host I have spoke, let him follow [*To BARD*] Let me see thee froth and lume I am at a word, follow

Fal Bardolph, follow him A tapster is a good trade an old cloak makes a new jerkin, a withered serving man a fresh tapster Go, adieu *Bard* It is a life that I have desired I will thrive

Pist O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited?

Fal I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box, his thefts were too open, his fitching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time

Nym The good humour is to steal at a minims rest

Pist 'Convey,' the wise it call 'Steal!' foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels

Pist Why, then, let kibes ensue

Fal There is no remedy, I must cony-catch, I must shift

Pist Young ravens must have food

Fal Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist I ken the wight he is of substance good

Fal My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about

Pist Two yards, and more

Fal No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in

the waist two yards about, but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife I spy entertainment in her, she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation I can construe the action of her familiar style, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's'

Pist He hath studied her well, and translated her well, out of honesty into English

Nym The anchor is deep will that humour pass?

Fal Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse, he hath a legion of angels

Pist As many devils entertain, and 'To her, boy,' say I

Nym The humour rises, it is good humour me the angels

Fal I have writ me here a letter to her, and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious celliades sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly

Pist Then did the sun on dunghill shine

Nym I thank thee for that humour

Fal O! she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass Here's another letter to her she bears the purse too, she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty I will be 'cheator to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page and thou this to Mistress Ford We will thrive, lads, we will thrive

Pist Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym I will run no base humour here, take the humour-letter I will keep the haviour of reputation

Fal [*To ROBIN*] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores

Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go,

Trudge plod away o' the hoof, seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humour of this age, French thrift, you rogues myself and skirted page

Pist Let vukures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor

Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge

Pist Wilt thou revenge?

Nym By welkin and her star!

Pist With wit or steel?

Nym With both the humours, I

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist And I to Ford shall eke unfold

How Falstaff, varlet vile, 104
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile

Nym My humour shall not cool I will
incense Page to deal with poison, I will possess
him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is
dangerous that is my true humour 110

Pist Thou art the Mars of malcontents I
second thee, troop on [Exeunt

SCENE IV —A Room in DOCTOR CAIUS's House

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY and SIMPLE

Quick What, John Rugby!—

Enter RUGBY

I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you
can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, com-
ing if he do, I' faith, and find anybody in the
house, here will be an old abusing of God's
patience and the king's English 6

Rug I'll go watch

Quick Go, and we'll have a posset for't soon
at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal
fire [Exit RUGBY] An honest, willing, kind
fellow, as ever servant shall come in house
withal, and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor
no breed-bate his worst fault is, that he is
given to prayer, he is something peevish that
way, but nobody but has his fault, but let that
pass Peter Simple you say your name is? 16

Sim Ay, for fault of a better

Quick And Master Slender's your master?

Sim Ay, forsooth

Quick Does he not wear a great round beard
like a glover's paring-knife? 21

Sim No, forsooth he hath but a little whey-
face, with a little yellow beard—a cane-coloured
beard 24

Quick A softly sprighted man, is he not?

Sim Ay, forsooth, but he is as tall a man of
his hands as any is between this and his head
he hath fought with a warrener 28

Quick Howsay you?—O! I should remember
him does he not hold up his head, as it were,
and strut in his gait?

Sim Yes, indeed, does he 32

Quick Well, heaven send Anne Page no
worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will
do what I can for your master Anne is a good
girl, and I wish— 36

Re-enter RUGBY

Rug Out, alas! here comes my master

Quick We shall all be shent Run in here,
good young man, go into this closet [Shuts SIM-
PLE in the closet] He will not stay long What,
John Rugby! John, what, John, I say! Go, John,
go inquire for my master I doubt he be not
well, that he comes not home [Exit RUGBY]
[Sings]

'And down, down, adown-a,' &c.

44

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius Vat is you sing? I do not like dese
toys Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet
une botine verde a box, a green-a box do in-
tend vat I speak? a green-a box 48

Quick Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you [Aside]
I am glad he went not in himself if he had found
the young man, he would have been horn-mad

Caius Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort
chaud Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande
affaire 54

Quick Is it this, sir?

Caius Oui, mettez le au mon pocket, dé-
pechez, quickly —Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick What, John Rugby! John! 58

Re-enter RUGBY

Rug Here, sir

Caius You are John Rugby, and you are
Jack Rugby come, take-a your rapier, and
come after my heel to de court

Rug 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch 63

Caius By my trot, I tarry too long—Od's
me! Qu'ay j'oublié? dere is some simples in my
closet, dat I vill not for de varld I shall leave
behind 67

Quick [Aside] Ay me! he'll find the young
man there, and be mad

Caius O diable! diable! vat is in my closet?
—Villain! larron! [Pulling SIMPLE out] Rugby,
my rapier! 72

Quick Good master, be content

Caius Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick The young man is an honest man

Caius Vat shall de honest man do in my
closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in
my closet 78

Quick I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic
Hear the truth of it he came of an errand to
me from Parson Hugh. 81

Caius Vell

Sim Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick Peace, I pray you 84

Caius Peace-a your tongue!—Speak-a your
tale

Sim To desire this honest gentlewoman, your
maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne
Page for my master in the way of marriage 89

Quick This is all, indeed, la! but I'll ne'er
put my finger in the fire, and need not

Caius Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, baillez
me some paper tarry you a little-a while 93

[Writes]

Quick I am glad he is so quiet if he had
been thoroughly moved, you should have heard
him so loud, and so melancholy But, notwith-
standing, man, I'll do your master what good I
can, and the very yea and the no is, the French
doctor, my master,—I may call him my master,
look you, for I keep his house, and I wash,
wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink,
make the beds, and do all myself,— 102

Sim 'Tis a great charge to come under one
body's hand

Quick Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find

it a great charge and to be up early and down late, but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear,—I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind, that's neither here nor there 111

Caus You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh, by gar, it is a challenge I vill cut his throat in de Park, and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make You may be gone, it is not good you tarry here by gar, I vill cut all his two stones, by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog [Exit SIMPLE

Quick Alas! he speaks but for his friend 119
Caus It is no matter-a for dat —do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest, and I have appointed mine host of de *Jartiere* to measure our weapon By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page

Quick Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well We must give folks leave to prate what, the good-jer! 127

Caus Rugby, come to the court wit me By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door Follow my heels, Rugby [Exeunt CAUS and RUGBY

Quick You shall have An fool's-head of your own No, I know Anne's mind for that never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her I thank heaven

Fent [Within] Who's within there? ho! 136

Quick Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you

Enter FENTON

Fent How now, good woman! how dost thou?
Quick The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask 141

Fent What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne? 141

Quick In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaven for it

Fent Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit? 149

Quick Troth, sir, all is in his hands above, but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you Have not your worship a wart above your eye? 153

Fent Yes, marry have I, what of that?

Quick Well, thereby hangs a tale Good faith, it is such another Nan, but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread we had an hour's talk of that wart I shall never laugh but in that maid's company,—but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing But for you—well, go to 161

Fent Well, I shall see her to-day Hold, there's money for thee, let me have thy voice in my behalf if thou seest her before me, commend me 165

Quick Will I? I' faith, that we will and I will tell your worship more of the wart he

next time we have confidence, and of other woers 169

Fent Well, farewell, I am in great haste now
Quick Farewell to your worship —[Exit FENTON] Truly, an honest gentleman but Anne loves him not, for I know Anne's mind as well as another does Out upon't! what have I forgot? [Exit

ACT II

SCENE I—Before PAGE'S House

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a Letter

Mrs Page What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see

Ask me no reason why I love you for though Love use Reason for his physician he admits him not for his counsellor You are not young, no more am I go to then, there's sympathy, you are merry so am I ha! ha! then, there's more sympathy you love sack and so do I would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee Mistress Page at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice that I love thee I will not say pity me —'tis not a soldier like phrase, but I say love me By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,

16

JOHN FALSTAFF

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! one that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked, with the devil's name! out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth—heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings 32

Enter MISTRESS FORD

Mrs Ford Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house

Mrs Page And, trust me, I was coming to you You look very ill 36

Mrs Ford Nay, I'll ne'er believe that I have to show to the contrary

Mrs Page Faith, but you do, in my mind

Mrs Ford Well, I do then, yet, I say I could show you to the contrary O, Mistress Page! give me some counsel, 42

Mrs Page What's the matter, woman?

Mrs Ford O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour! 45

Mrs Page Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour What is it?—dispense with trifles,—what is it? 48

Mrs Ford If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs Page What? thou liest Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry 53

Mrs Ford We burn daylight here, read, read, perceive how I might be knighted I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking and yet he would not swear, praised women's modesty, and gave such orderly and well behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words, but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves' What tempest, I throw, threw this whale, with so many tunns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease Did you ever hear the like? 70

Mrs Page Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter but let thine inherit first, for, I protest, mine never shall I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, sure more, and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man. 83

Mrs Ford Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words What doth he think of us?

Mrs Page Nay, I know not it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal, for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury

Mrs Ford Boarding call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck 93

Mrs Page So will I if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter 99

Mrs Ford Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy

Mrs Page Why, look, where he comes, and my good man too he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause, and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance

Mrs Ford You are the happier woman 108

Mrs Page Let's consult together against this greasy knight Come hither [They retire

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM

Ford Well, I hope it be not so

Pistol Hope is a curtain dog in some places, Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pistol He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford 116
He loves the galimaufry Ford, perpend

Ford Love my wife!

Pistol With liver burning hot prevent, or go thou,

Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels —

O! odious is the name! 121

Ford What name, sir?

Pistol The horn, I say Farewell

Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night 124

Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing

Away, sir Corporal Nym!

Believe it, Page, he speaks sense [Exit

Ford [Aside] I will be patient I will find out this. 129

Nym [To PAGE] And this is true, I like not the humour of lying He hath wronged me in some humours I should have borne the humoured letter to her, but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity He loves your wife, there's the short and the long My name is Corporal Nym, I speak, and I avouch 'tis true my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife Adieu I love not the humour of bread and cheese, and there's the humour of it Adieu [Exit

Page [Aside] 'The humour of it,' quoth 'at here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits 142

Ford I will seek out Falstaff

Page I never heard such a drawing, affecting rogue 145

Ford If I do find it well

Page I will not believe such a Catalan, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man 149

Ford 'Twas a good sensible fellow well

Page How now, Meg!

Mrs Page Whither go you, George?—Hark you 153

Mrs Ford How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford I melancholy! I am not melancholy Get you home, go 157

Mrs Ford Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now Will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs Page Have with you You'll come to dinner, George? [Aside to MRS FORD] Look, who comes yonder she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight

Mrs Ford Trust me, I thought on her she'll fit it. 165

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Mrs Page You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Mrs Ford Ay, forsooth, and, I pray, how does Anne? 169

Mrs Page Well, and with us, and see we'd have an hour's talk with you

[Exit MISTRESS QUICKLY, MRS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and MISTRESS QUICKLY

Page How now, Master Ford! 172

Ford You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page Yes, and you heard what the other told me? 176

Ford Do you think there is truth in them?

Page Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men, very rogues, now they be out of service

Ford Were they his men?

Page Marry, were they 184

Ford I like it rever the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page Ay, marry, does he If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him, and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head

Ford I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together A man may be too confident I would have nothing 'he on my head ' I cannot be thus satisfied 194

Page Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes There is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily — 198

Enter Host and SHALLOW.

How now, mine host!

Host How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman Cavaliero-justice, I say! 201

Shal Ifollow, mine host, I follow Goodeven and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand 204

Host Tell him, cavaliero-justice, tell him, bully-rook

Shal Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caus the French doctor 209

Ford Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you

Host What sayest thou, my bully-rook? 212

Shal [To PAGE] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places, for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be [They go aside]

Host Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier? 220

Ford None, I protest but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook, only for a jest

Host My hand, bully thou shalt have egress and regress, said I well? and thy name shall be Brook It is a merry knight Will you go, mynheers?

Shal Have with you, mine host 228

Page I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier

Shal Tut, sir! I could have told you more In these times you stand at distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and know not what 'tis the heart, Master Page, 'tis here, 'tis here

have seen the time with my long sword I have made you four tall fellows skip like rats 236

Host Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page Have with you I had rather hear them scold than fight

[Exeunt Host, SHALLOW, and PAGE]

Ford Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not Well, I will look further into t, and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff If I find her honest, I lose not my labour, if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed [Exit]

SCENE II — A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL

Fal I will not lend thee a penny

Pist Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open

I will retort the sum in equipage 4

Fal Not a penny I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym, or else you had looked through the grate, like a gemmy of baboons I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows, and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not 14

Pist Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal Reason, you rogue, reason thinkest thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you go a short knife and a throng!—to your manor of Picket-hatch! go You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of mine honour precise I, I, I, myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch, and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Pist I do relent what wouldst thou more of man? 32

Enter ROBIN

Rob Sir, here's a woman would speak with you

Fal Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Quick Give your worship good morrow 36

Fal Good morrow, good wife

Quick Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal Good maid, then.

Quick I have sworn 40
As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal I do believe the swearer What with me?
Quick Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two? 44

Fal Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing

Quick There is one Mistress Ford, sir,—I pray, come a little nearer this ways—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Causus 49

Fal Well, on Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick Your worship says very true—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways 52

Fal I warrant thee, nobody hears, mine own people, mine own people

Quick Are they so? God bless them, and make them his servants! 56

Fal Well Mistress Ford, what of her?

Quick Why, sir, she's a good creature Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray! 60

Fal Mistress Ford, come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary, yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly—

all musk, and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart, and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her I had myself twenty angels given me this morning, but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say, but in the way of honesty and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all, and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners, but, I warrant you, all is one with her

Fal But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury 83

Quick Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times, and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven 88

Fal Ten and eleven?

Quick Ay, forsooth, and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of Master Ford, her husband, will be from home

Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal Ten and eleven Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her 97

Quick Why, you say well But I have another messenger to your worship Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home, but, she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote

upon a man surely, I think you have charms, la, yes, in truth 109

Fal Not I, I assure thee setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms

Quick Blessing on your heart for 't! 112

Fal But, I pray thee, tell me this has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me? 115

Quick That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope that were a trick, indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page, and, truly, Master Page is an honest man

Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will and, truly she deserves it, for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one You must send her your page, no remedy 128

Fal Why, I will

Quick Nay, but do so, then and, look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing, for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world 137

Fal Fare thee well commend me to them both There's my purse, I am yet thy debtor—Boy, go along with this woman—[*Exeunt MISTRESS QUICKLY and ROBIN*] This news distracts me 142

Pist This punk is one of Cupid's carriers Clap on more sails, pursue, up with your fights, Give fire! she is my prize, or oceanwhelm them all! [Exit]

Fal Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways, I'll make more of thy old body than I have done Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee Let them say 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter 151

Enter BARDOLPH, with a cup of Sack.

Bard Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal Brook is his name?— 156

Bard Ay, sir

Fal Call him in. [*Exit BARDOLPH*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to, via! 161

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford Bless you, sir!

Fal And you, sir, would you speak with me?

Ford I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you 165

Fal You're welcome. What's your will?—Give us leave, drawer [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

Ford Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much my name is Brook 169

Fal Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you

Ford Good Sir John, I sue for yours not to charge you, for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion, for, they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open 177

Fal Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on

Ford Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage 183

Fal Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter

Ford I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal Speak, good Master Brook, I shall be glad to be your servant 189

Ford Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you, and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection, but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender 200

Fal Very well, sir, proceed
Ford There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford

Fal Well, sir 204
Ford I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her, followed her with a doting observance, engrossed opportunities to meet her, fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her, not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given Briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this,

Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues, 220
Pursuing that that flies and flying what pursues

Fal Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford Never 224
Fal Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford Never
Fal Of what quality was your love, then? 228

Ford Like a fair house built upon another man's ground, so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it

Fal To what purpose have you unfolded this to me? 233

Ford When I have told you that, I have told you all. Someday, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations

Fal O, sir! 244

Ford Believe it, for you know it There is money, spend it, spend it, spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you, if any man may, you may as soon as any 251

Fal Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously 255

Ford O, understand my drift She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself she is too bright to be looked against Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattled against me What say you to't, Sir John? 266

Fal Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money, next, give me your hand, and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife

Ford O good sir! 272
Fal I say you shall
Ford Want no money, Sir John, you shall want none

Fal Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook, you shall want none I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment, even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven, for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth Come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed 283

Ford I am blest in your acquaintance Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not. Yet I wrong him, to call him poor they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there's my harvest-home 292

Ford I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits, I will awe him with my cudgel it shall hang like a meteor o'er

the cuckold's horns Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife Come to me soon at night Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style, thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold Come to me soon at night

[Exit

Ford What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at, and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong Terms! names! Ammon sounds well, Lucifer, well, Barbasen, well, yet they are devil's additions, the names of fiends but Cuckold! Wittol!—Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name Page is an ass, a secure ass he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises, and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect God be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page I will about it, better three hours too soon than a minute too late Fie fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit

SCENE III.—A Field near Windsor

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius Jack Rugby!

Rug Sir?

Caius Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come

Rug He is wise, sir, he knew your worship would kill him, if he came

Caius By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him Take your rapier, Jack, I vill tell you how I vill kill him

Rug Alas, sir! I cannot fence

Caius Villany, take your rapier.

Rug Forbear, here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE

Host Bless thee, bully doctor!

Shal Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

Page Now, good Master doctor!

Slen Give you good morrow, sir

Caius Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host To see thee fight to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully stale? is he dead?

Caus By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world, he is not show his face

Host Thou art a Castilian King Urmall! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caus I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come

Shal He is the wiser man, Master doctor he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies, if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions Is it not true, Master Page?

Page Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace

Shal Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us, we are the sons of women, Master Page

Page 'Tis true, Master Shallow

Shal It will be found so, Master Page Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home I am sworn of the peace you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman You must go with me, Master doctor

Host Pardon, guest-justice—A word, Monsieur Mockwater

Caus Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully

Caus By gar, den, I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears

Host He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully

Caus Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host That is, he will make thee amends

Caus By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me, for, by gar, me vill have it

Host And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag

Caus Me tank you for dat

Host And moreover,—bully, But first, Master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaliero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore

[Aside to them

Page Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host He is there see what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields Will it do well?

Shal We will do it,

Page, Shal, and Slen Adieu good Master doctor

[Fareun PAGE, SHAL, and SLEN
Caus By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page

Host Let him die Sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy cholera go bout the

fields with me through Frogmore I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a-feasting, and thou shalt woo her. Cried I am? said I well? 92

Caus By gar, me tank you for dat by gar, I love you, and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients 96

Host For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page said I well?

Caus By gar, 'tis good, vell said.

Host Let us wag, then 100

Caus Come at my heels, Jack Rugby [Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I—A Field near Frogmore

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE

Eva I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caus, that calls himself doctor of physic? 4

Sim Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way, old Windsor way, and every way but the town way

Eva I most feheemently desire you you will also look that way 9

Sim I will, sir [Exit]

Eva Pless my soul! how full of chollors I am, and tremping of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me. How melancholies I am! I will knog his urnials about his knave's costard when I have goot opportunities for the 'ork pless my soul! [Sings]

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals,
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies
To shallow— 17

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry [Sings]

Melodious birds sing madrigals,—
When as I sat in Pabylon—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow— 24

Re-enter SIMPLE

Sim Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh

Eva He's welcome [Sings]

To shallow rivers, to whose falls— 29

Heaven prosper the right!—what weapons is he?

Sim No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way 33

Eva Pray you, give me my gown, or else keep it in your arms [Reads in a book]

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER

Shal How now, Master Parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful

Slen [Aside] Ah, sweet Anne Page! 40

Page Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Eva Pless you from His mercy sake, all of you!

Shal What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, Master Parson? 45

Page And youthful still in your doublet and hose! this raw rheumatic day?

Eva There is reasons and causes for it 48

Page We are come to you to do a good office, Master parson

Eva Fery well what is it?

Page Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw 55

Shal I have lived fourscore years and upward, I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect

Eva What is he?

Page I think you know him, Master Doctor Caus, the renowned French physician 61

Eva Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge 64

Page Why?

Eva He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides, a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal

Page I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him

Slen [Aside] O, sweet Anne Page! 72

Shal It appears so, by his weapons. Keep them asunder here comes Doctor Caus

Enter Host, CAUS, and RUGBY

Page Nay, good Master parson, keep in your weapon 76

Shal So do you, good Master doctor. Disarm them, and let them question let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English 80

Caus I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear before vill you not meet-a me?

Eva [Aside to Caus] Pray you, use your patience in good time 84

Caus By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape

Eva [Aside to Caus] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours, I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends [Aloud] I will knog your urnials about your knave's cogscorb for missing your meetings and appointments 92

Caus Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jarretierre,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva As I ama Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter

Host Peace, Isay, Gallia and Guallia, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer! 100

Caus Ay, dat is very good, excellent

Host Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no, he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no, he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give

me thy hand, terrestrial, so,—give me thy hand, celestial, so Boys of art, I have deceived you both, I have directed you to wrong places your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue Come, lay their swords to pawn Follow me, lads of peace follow, follow, follow 114

Shal Trust me, a mad host!—Follow, gentlemen, follow

Slen [*Aside*] O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, and Host
Caus Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha? 119

Eva This is well, he has made us his vlouting-stog I desire you that we may be friends and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter 124

Caus By gar, vit all my heart He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page by gar, he deceive me too

Eva Well, I will smite his noddles Pray you, follow [*Exeunt* 124

SCENE II—A Street in Windsor

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN

Mrs Page Nay, keep your way, little gallant you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels? 4

Rob I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf

Mrs Page O! you are a flattering boy now I see you'll be a courtier 8

Enter FORD

Ford Well met, Mistress Page Whither go you?

Mrs Page Truly, sir, to see your wife is she at home? 12

Ford Ay, and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry

Mrs Page Be sure of that,—two other husbands 17

Ford Where had you thus pretty weather-cock?

Mrs Page I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had hum of What do you call your knight's name, surrah?

Rob Sir John Falstaff

Ford Sir John Falstaff? 24

Mrs Page He, he, I can never hit on's name There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford Indeed she is 28

Mrs Page By your leave, sir I am sick till I see her [*Exeunt* MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN

Ford Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure they sleep, he hath no use of them Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score He pieces out his wife's inclination, he gives her folly motion and advantage and now she's going to

my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her A man may hear this shower sing in the wind and Falstaff's boy with her! Good pots! they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim [*Clock strikes*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search there I shall find Falstaff I shall be rather praised for this than mocked, for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there I will go 52

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, SN HUGH EVANS, CAUS, and RUGBY

Page, Shal, &c Well met, Master Ford
Ford Trust me, a good knot I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me
Shal I must excuse myself, Master Ford 56

Slen And so must I sir we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of

Shal We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer

Slen I hope I have your good will, father Page 64

Page You have, Master Slender, I stand wholly for you but my wife, Master doctor, is for you altogether

Caus Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a me my nursh-a Quickly tell me so much 69

Host What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May he will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't 74

Page Not by my consent, I promise you The gentleman is of no having he kept company with the wild prince and Pointz, he is of too high a region, he knows too much No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance if he take her, let him take her simply, the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way 82

Ford I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner besides your cheer, you shall have sport, I will show you a monster Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page, and you, Sir Hugh

Shal Well, fare you well we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's 89

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW and SLENDER

Caus Go home, John Rugby, I come anon [*Exit* RUGBY

Host Farewell, my hearts I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him [*Exit* Host

Ford [*Aside*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him, I'll make him dance Will you go, gentles? 96

All Have with you to see this monster.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — A Room in FORD's House

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE

Mrs Ford What, John! what, Robert!*Mrs Page* Quickly, quickly — Is the buck-basket —*Mrs Ford* I warrant What, Robin, I say! 4

Enter Servants with a Basket

Mrs Page Come, come, come*Mrs Ford* Here, set it down*Mrs Page* Give your men the charge, we must be brief 8*Mrs Ford* Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whistlers in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side 16*Mrs Page* You will do it?*Mrs Ford* I have told them over and over, they lack no direction Be gone, and come when you are called [Exit Servants]*Mrs Page* Here comes little Robin. 21

Enter ROBIN

Mrs Ford How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?*Rob* My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company*Mrs Page* You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us? 28*Rob* Ay, I'll be sworn My master knows not of your being here, and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it, for he swears he'll turn me away 32*Mrs Page* Thou'rt a good boy, this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose I'll go hide me*Mrs Ford* Do so Go tell thy master I am alone [Exit ROBIN] Mistress Page, remember you your cue 38*Mrs Page* I warrant thee, if I do not act it, huss me [Exit] 40*Mrs Ford* Go to, then we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion, we'll teach him to know turtles from jays 44

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal 'Have I caught my heavenly jewel?' Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough this is the period of my ambition O this blessed hour! 48*Mrs Ford* O, sweet Sir John!*Fal* Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford Now shall I sin in my wish, I would thy husband were dead I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady*Mrs Ford* I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady 56*Fal* Let the court of France show me such another I see how thine eye would emulate

the diamond thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship ure, the trevaliant, or any ture of Venetian admittance 61

Mrs Ford A plain kerchief, Sir John my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither 64*Fal* By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so thou wouldst make an absolute courtier, and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend Come, thou canst not hide it 71*Mrs Ford* Believe me, there's no such thing in me*Fal* What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lispng hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time, I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deservest it 81*Mrs Ford* Do not betray me, sir I fear you love Mistress Page*Fal* Thou mightst as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln*Mrs Ford* Well, heaven knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it 88*Fal* Keep in that munn, I'll deserve it*Mrs Ford* Nay, I must tell you, so you do, or else I could not be in that mind*Rob* [Within] Mistress Ford! Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently*Fal* She shall not see me I will ensconce me behind the arras 97*Mrs Ford* Pray you, do so she's a very tattling woman [FALSTAFF hides himself]

Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN

What's the matter? how now! 100

Mrs Page O Mistress Ford! what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you're undone for ever!*Mrs Ford* What's the matter, good Mistress Page? 105*Mrs Page* O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion! 108*Mrs Ford* What cause of suspicion?*Mrs Page* What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!*Mrs Ford* Why, alas, what's the matter? 112*Mrs Page* Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers of Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence you are undone 117*Mrs Ford* [Aside] Speak louder — 'Tis not so, I hope*Mrs Page* Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his

heels, to search for such a one I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it, but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed, call all your senses to you defend your reputation or bid farewell to your good life for ever 123

Mrs Ford What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend, and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house 132

Mrs Page For shame! never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather' your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking or—it is whiting-time—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead 140

Mrs Ford He's too big to go in there. What shall I do? 144

Fal [Coming forward] Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in 149

Mrs Page What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight? 149

Fal I love thee, and none but thee, help me away let me creep in here. I'll never—

[He gets into the basket, they cover him with foul linen 154]

Mrs Page Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight! 154

Mrs Ford What, John! Robert! John! 154

[Exit ROBIN]

Re-enter Servants

Go take up these clothes here quickly, where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble! carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead, quickly, come 158

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS 158

Ford Pray you, come near if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it. How now! what goes here? whither bear you this? 163

Serv To the laundress, forsooth 163

Mrs Ford Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing 163

Ford Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck, I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear [Exeunt Servants with the basket] 163

Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night, I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkenel the fox. Let me stop this way first [Locking the door] So, now uncape 163

Page Good Master Ford, be contented you wrong yourself too much 177

Ford True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon follow me, gentlemen [Exit 177]

Eva This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies 181

Caius By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France, it is not jealous in France 181

Page Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search. 185

[Exeunt PAGE, CAIUS, and EVANS]

Mrs Page Is there not a double excellency in this? 185

Mrs Ford I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John 185

Mrs Page What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket! 191

Mrs Ford I am half afraid he will have need of washing, so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit 191

Mrs Page Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress 197

Mrs Ford I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here, for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now 197

Mrs Page I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine 207

Mrs Ford Shall we send that foolish carnon Mistress Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment? 207

Mrs Page We will do it let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends 209

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS 209

Ford I cannot find him may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass 213

Mrs Page [Aside to MRS FORD] Heard you that? 213

Mrs Ford [Aside to MRS PAGE] Ay, ay, peace—You use me well, Master Ford, do you? 216

Ford Ay, I do so 216

Mrs Ford Heaven make you better than your thoughts! 216

Ford Amen! 216

Mrs Page You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford 221

Ford Ay, ay, I must bear it 221

Eva If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment! 226

Caius By gar, nor I too, dere is no bodies 226

Page Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle 235

Ford 'Tis my fault, Master Page I suffer for it 235

Eva You suffer for a pad conscience your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too 235

Caius By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman 235

Ford Well, I promised you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you, pardon me, I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife, come, Mistress Page. I pray you pardon me, pray heartily, pardon me 235

Page Let's go in, gentlemen, but, trust me, we'll mock him I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast, after, we'll a-burding together I have a fine hawk for the bush Shall it be so? 246

Ford Any thing

Eva If there is one, I shall make two in the company

Caus If dere be one or two, I shall make a de turd

Ford Pray you go, Master Page 252

Eva I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host

Caus Dat is good, by gar, vit all my heart

Eva A lousy knave! to have his gibes and his mockeries! [Exeunt

Shal She's coming, to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father! 37

Slen I had a father, Mistress Anne, my uncle can tell you good jests of him Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle 41

Shal Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you

Slen Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in Glostershire 44

Shal He will maintan you like a gentleman 44

Slen Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire 48

Shal He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure

Anne Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself 52

Shal Marry, I thank you for it, I thank you for that good comfort She calls you, coz I'll leave you

Anne Now, Master Slender 56

Slen Now, good Mistress Anne —

Anne What is your will? 58

Slen My will? od sheartlings! that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven, I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise

Anne I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me? 64

Slen Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you Your father and my uncle have made motions if it be my luck, so if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can you may ask your father, here he comes 70

Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE

Page Now, Master Slender love him, daughter Anne

Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of

Fent Nay, Master Page, be not impatient

Mrs Page Good Master Fenton, come not to my child 76

Page She is no match for you

Fent Sir, will you hear me?

Page No, good Master Fenton Come, Master Shallow, come, son Slender, in

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton 80

[Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

Quick Speak to Mistress Page

Fent Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners, 84

I must advance the colours of my love And not retire let me have your good will

Anne Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool

Mrs Page I mean it not, I seek you a better husband 88

Quick That's my master, Master doctor

SCENE IV — A Room in PAGE's House

Enter FENTON, ANNE PAGE, and MISTRESS QUICKLY MISTRESS QUICKLY stands apart

Fent I see I cannot get thy father's love, Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan *Anne* Alas! how then?

Fent Why, thou must be thyself He doth object, I am too great of birth, 4

And that my state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth

Besides these, other bars he lays before me, 8

My riots past, my wild societies, And tells me 'tis a thing impossible

I should love thee but as a property *Anne* May be he tells you true

Fent No, heaven so speed me in my time to come! 12

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne

Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags, 16

And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I am at

Anne Gentle Master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love, still seek it, sir

If opportunity and humblest suit 20

Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither [They converse apart

Enter SHALLOW and SLENDER

Shal Break their talk, Mistress Quickly my kinsman shall speak for himself

Slen I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't 'Shid, 'tis but venturing 25

Shal Be not dismayed

Slen No, she shall not dismay me I care not for that, but that I am afraid 28

Quick Hark ye, Master Slender would speak a word with you

Anne I come to him [Aside] This is my father's choice

O, what a world of vile ill favour'd faults 32

Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick And how does good Master Fenton?

Pray you, a word with you.

Anne Alas! I had rather be set quick i' the earth,

And bowl'd to death with turnips

Mrs Page Come, trouble not yourself Good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected

'Till then, farewell, sir she must needs go in,

Her father will be angry

Fent Farewell, gentle mistress Farewell,

Nan [Exeunt MISTRESS PAGE and ANNE

Quick This is my doing, now 'Nay,' said I,

'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a

physician' Look on Master Fenton 'Tis is

my doing

Fent I thank thee and I pray thee, once

to night

Give my sweet Nan this ring There's for thy

pains

Quick Now heaven send thee good fortune!

[Exit FENTON] A kind heart he hath a woman

would run through fire and water for such a

kind heart But yet I would my master had

Mistress Anne, or I would Master Slender had

her, or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had

her I will do what I can for them all three,

for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as

my word, but speciously for Master Fenton

Well, I must of another errand to Sir John

Falstaff from my two mistresses what a beast

am I to slack it! [Exit

SCENE V—A Room in the Garter Inn

Enter FAI STAFF and BARDOLPH

Fal Bardolph, I say,—

Bard Here, sir

Fal Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a

toast in't [Exit BARD] Have I lived to be

carried in a basket, and to be thrown in the

Thames like a barrow of butcher's offal? Well,

if I be served such another trick, I'll have my

brams ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to

a dog for a new year's gift The rogues slighted

me into the river with as little remorse as they

would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies,

fifteen i' the litter, and you may know by my

size that I have a kind of alacrity i' sinking if

the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down

I had been drowned but that the shore was

shelvy and shallow a death that I abhor, for

the water swells a man, and what a thing should

I have been when I had been swelled! I should

have been a mountain of mummy

Re enter BARDOLPH, with the sack

Bard Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak

with you

Fal Come, let me pour in some sack to the

Thames water, for my belly's as cold as if I had

swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins

Call her in.

Bard Come in, woman

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Quick By your leave I cry you mercy give your worship good morrow

Fal Take away these chalices Go brew me

a pottle of sack finely

Bard With eggs, sir?

Fal Simple of itself, I'll no pullet sperm in

my brewage [Exit BARDOLPH]—How now!

Quick Marry, sir, I come to your worship

from Mistress Ford

Fal Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough

I was thrown into the ford, I have my belly full

of ford

Quick Alas the day! good heart, that was

not her fault she does so take on with her

men, they mistook their erection

Fal So did I mine, to build upon a foolish

woman's promise

Quick Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it

would yearn your heart to see it Her husband

goes this morning a-birding she desires you

once more to come to her between eight and

nine I must carry her word quickly she'll

make you amends, I warrant you

Fal Well, I will visit her tell her so, and

bid her think what a man is let her consider

his frailty, and then judge of my merit

Quick I will tell her

Fal Doso Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

Quick Eight and nine, sir

Fal Well, be gone I will not miss her

Quick Peace be with you sir [Exit

Fal I marvel I hear not of Master Brook,

he sent me word to stay within I like his

money well O! here he comes

Enter FORD

Ford Bless you, sir!

Fal Now, Master Brook, you come to know

what hath passed between me and Ford's

wife?

Ford That, indeed, Sir John, is my busi-

ness

Fal Master Brook, I will not lie to you I

was at her house the hour she appointed me

Ford And how sped you, sir?

Fal Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook

Ford How so, sir? did she change her de-

termination?

Fal No, Master Brook, but the peaking

cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in

a continual 'larum of jealousy comes me in the

instant of our encounter, after we had embraced,

kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the

prologue of our comedy, and at his heels a

rabble of his companions, thither provoked and

instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to

search his house for his wife's love

Ford What! while you were there?

Fal While I was there

Ford And did he search for you, and could

not find you?

Fal You shall hear As good luck would

have it, comes in one Mistress Page, gives

intelligence of Ford's approach, and in her

invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket 90

Fal A buck-basket!

Fal By the Lord, a buck-basket! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins, that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril 96

Ford And how long lay you there?

Fal Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet lane: they took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear lest the lunatic knave would have searched it, but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook. I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether, next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head, and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease. Think of that, a man of my kidney, think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter, a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe, think of that, hussing hot, think of that, Master Brook! 127

Ford In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate, you'll undertake her no more?

Fal Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding. I have received from her another embassy of meeting, 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook. 136

Ford 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed, and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook, Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit]

Ford Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. 'Tis 'tis to be married this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am. I will now take the lecher, he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me, 'tis impossible he should, he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box, but, lest the devil that guides him should aid

him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame. If I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [Exit]

ACT IV

SCENE I—The Street

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY, and WILLIAM

Mrs Page Is he at Master Ford's already, thinkest thou? 2

Quick Sure he is by this, or will be presently, but truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly. 6

Mrs Page I'll be with her by and by. I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes, 'tis a playing-day, I see. 10

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to day.

Eva No, Master Slender is get the boys leave to play. 13

Quick Blessing of his heart!

Mrs Page Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accident. 16

Eva Come hither, William, hold up your head, come. 20

Mrs Page Come on, sirrah, hold up your head, answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will Two. 24

Quick Truly I thought there had been one number more because they say, 'Od's nouns'.

Eva Peace your tattlings! What is *far* William? 28

Will *Pulcher*.

Quick Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Eva You are a very simplicity 'oman. I pray you peace. What is *lapis*, William? 33

Will A stone.

Eva And what is a stone, William? 36

Will A pebble.

Eva No, it is *lapis*. I pray you remember in your pram.

Will *Lapis*.

Eva That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles? 41

Will Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*. 44

Eva *Nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*. pray you, mark *genitivo, hujus*. Well, what is your accusative case? 48

Will *Accusativo, hunc*.

Eva I pray you, have your remembrance, child, *accusativo, hunc, hæc, hoc*.

Quick Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you. 52

Eva Leave your prabbles, 'oman What is the focative case, William?

Will O vocativo, O

Eva Remember, William, focative is caret

Quick And that's a good root

Eva 'Oman, forbear

Mrs Page Peace!

Eva What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will Genitive case?

Eva Ay

Will Genitive, horum, harum, horum

Quick Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! Never name her, child, if she be a whore

Eva For shame, 'oman!

Quick You do ill to teach the child such words He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call 'horum' fie upon you!

Eva 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers and the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires

Mrs Page Prithee, hold thy peace

Eva Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns

Will Forsooth, I have forgot

Eva It is *qui, quæ, quod* if you forget your *quis*, your *quæ*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches Go your ways and play, go

Mrs Page He is a better scholar than I thought he was

Eva He is a good sprag memory Farewell, Mistress Page

Mrs Page Adieu, good Sir Hugh [Exit SIR HUGH] Get you home, boy Come, we stay too long [Exeunt]

SCENE II — A Room in FORD'S House

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS FORD

Fal Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth, not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement and ceremony of it But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs Ford He's a-birding, sweet Sir John

Mrs Page [Within] What ho! gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs Ford Step into the chamber, Sir John [Exit FALSTAFF]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE

Mrs Page How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs Ford Why, none but mine own people

Mrs Page Indeed!

Mrs Ford No, certainly — [Aside to her] Speak louder

Mrs Page Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here

Mrs Ford Why?

Mrs Page Why, woman, your husband is in his old lutes again he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all Eve's daughters, of what com-

plexion soever, and so buffets himself on the forehead crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility and patience, to this his dusterper he is in now I am glad the fat knight is not here

Mrs Ford Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs Page Of none but him, and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion But I am glad the knight is not here, now he shall see his own foolery

Mrs Ford How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs Page Hard by, at street end, he will be here anon

Mrs Ford I am undone! the knight is here

Mrs Page Why then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man What a woman are you! Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder

Mrs Ford Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF

Fal No, I'll come no more 't the basket May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs Page Alas! three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out, otherwise you might slip away ere he came But what make you here?

Fal What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney

Mrs Ford There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces

Mrs Page Creep into the kiln-hole,

Fal Where is it?

Mrs Ford He will seek there, on my word Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note there is no hiding you in the house

Fal I'll go out, then.

Mrs Page If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised, —

Mrs Ford How might we disguise him?

Mrs Page Alas the day! I know not There is no woman's gown big enough for him, otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape

Fal Good hearts, devise something any extremity rather than a mischief

Mrs Ford My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Bransford, has a gown above

Mrs Page On my word, it will serve him she's as big as he is and there's her thrummed hat and her muffler too Run up, Sir John.

Mrs Ford Go, go, sweet Sir John Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head

Mrs Page Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight, put on the gown the while

[Exit FALSTAFF]

Mrs Ford I would my husband would meet him in this shape he cannot abide the old woman of Bramford, he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her

Mrs Page Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs Ford But is my husband coming? 94

Mrs Page Ay, in good sadness, is he, and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence

Mrs Ford We'll try that, for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time 101

Mrs Page Nay, but he'll be here presently let's go dress him like the witch of Bramford

Mrs Ford I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight [Exit]

Mrs Page Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough 108

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too

We do not act that often jest and laugh, 'Tis old, but true, 'Still swine eats all the draff' [Exit]

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD, with two Servants

Mrs Ford Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders your master is hard at door, if he bid you set it down, obey him Quickly, dispatch [Exit]

First Serv Come come, take it up 117

Sec Serv Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again

First Serv I hope not, I had as lief bear so much lead 121

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS

Fora Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villains Somebody call my wife Youth in a basket! O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me now shall the devil be shamed What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching! 130

Page Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer, you must be punished 133

Eva Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog! 133

Shal Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed 137

Ford So say I too, sir —

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD

Come hither, Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs Ford Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty 144

Ford Well said, brazen-face! hold it out Come forth, sirrah!

[Pulls the clothes out of the basket]

Page This passes!

Mrs Ford Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone 149

Ford I shall find you anon

Eva 'Tis unreasonable Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away 152

Ford Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs Ford Why, man, why?

Ford Master Page, as I am an honest man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is, my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable Pluck me out all the linen 160

Mrs Ford If you find a man there he shall die a flea's death

Page Here's no man

Shal By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford, this wrongs you 165

Eva Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart this is jealousies 168

Ford Well, he's not here I seek for

Page No, nor nowhere else but in your brain [Servants carry away the basket]

Ford Help to search my house this one time if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport, let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman! Satisfy me once more, once more search with me 177

Mrs Ford What ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down, my husband will come into the chamber 180

Ford Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs Ford Why, it is my maid's aunt of Bramford 183

Ford A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our element we know nothing Come down, you witch, you hag, you come down, I say! 192

Mrs Ford Nay, good, sweet husband! good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman

Enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by MISTRESS PAGE

Mrs Page Come, Mother Prat, come, give me your hand 196

Ford I'll 'prat' her — [Beats him] Out of my door, you witch, you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune tell you [Exit FALSTAFF]

Mrs Page Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman

Mrs Ford Nay, he will do it 'Tis a goodly credit for you 204

Ford Hang her, witch!

Eva By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed I like not when a 'oman has a great peard, I spy a great peard under her muffler

Ford Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow see but the issue of my jealousy If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again

Page I let s obey his humour a little further Come, gentlemen

[*Exeunt FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS,*

and EVANS

Mrs Page Trust me, he beat him most pitifully

Mrs Ford Nay, by the mass, that he did not, he beat him most unpitifully methought

Mrs Page I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar it hath done meritorious service

Mrs Ford What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs Page The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again

Mrs Ford Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs Page Yes, by all means, if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers

Mrs Ford I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed

Mrs Page Come, to the forge with it then, shape it I would not have things cool [*Exeunt*

SCENE III — A Room in the Garter Inn

Enter Host and BARDOLP

Bard Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him

Host What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court Let me speak with the gentlemen, they speak English

Bard Ay, sir I'll call them to you

Host They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them they have had my house a week at command, I have turned away my other guests they must come off, I'll sauce them Come [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV — A Room in FORD'S House

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS

Eva 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon

Page And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs Page Within a quarter of an hour

Ford Pardon me, wife Henceforth do what thou wilt,

I rather will suspect the sun with cold

Than thee with wantonness now doth thy

honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretic,

As firm as faith

Page 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more

Be not as extreme in submission

As in offence,

But let our plot go forward let our wives

Yet once again, to make us public sport,

Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,

Where we may take him and disgrace him for it

Ford There is no better way than that they

spoke of

Page How? to send him word they'll meet

him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll

never come

Eva You say he has been thrown into the

rivers, and has been grievously peaten as an old

'oman methinks there should be terrors in him

that he should not come, methinks his flesh is

punished, he shall have no desires

Page So think I too

Mrs Ford Devise but how you'll use him

when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither

Mrs Page There is an old tale goes that

Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,

Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,

Walk round about an oak, with great ragged

horns,

And there he blasts the tree, and takes the

cattle,

And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes

a chair

In a most hideous and dreadful manner

You have heard of such a spirit, and well you

know

The superstitious idle-headed old

Receiv'd and did deliver to our age

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth

Page Why, yet there want not many that

do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak

But what of this?

Mrs Ford Marry, this is our device,

That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,

Disguis'd like Herne with huge horns on his

head

Page Well, let it not be doubted but he'll

come,

And in this shape when you have brought him

thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your

plot?

Mrs Page That likewise have we thought

upon, and thus

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,

And three or four more of their growth, we'll

dress

Like urchins, ouchs and fairies, green and white,
 With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads, 52
 And rattles in their hands Upon a sudden,
 As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
 Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
 With some diffused song upon their sight, 56
 We two in great amazement will fly
 Then let them all encircle him about,
 And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight,
 And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel, 60
 In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
 In shape profane

Mrs Ford And till he tell the truth,
 Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound
 And burn him with their tapers

Mrs Page The truth being known, 64
 We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
 And mock him home to Windsor

Ford The children must
 Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't

Eva I will teach the children their be-
 haviours, and I will be like a jack-an-apes
 also, to burn the knight with my taber

Ford That will be excellent. I'll go buy
 them vizards 72

Mrs Page My Nan shall be the queen of all
 the fairies,

Page That silk will I go buy —[*Aside*] and
 in that time

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away, 76
 And marry her at Eton Go, send to Falstaff
 straight

Ford Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook,
 He'll tell me all his purpose Sure, he'll come

Mrs Page Fear not you that Go, get us
 properties, 80

And tricking for our fairies
Eva Let us about it it is admirable plea-
 sures and fery honest knaveries

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and EVANS*]
Mrs Page Go, Mistress Ford, 84
 Send Quickly to Sir John, to know his mind

[*Exit MISTRESS FORD*]
 I'll to the doctor he hath my good will,
 And none but he, to marry with Nan Page
 That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot, 88
 And him my husband best of all affects
 The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
 Potent at court he, none but he, shall have her,
 Though twenty thousand worthier come to
 crave her [*Exit*]

SCENE V — A Room in the Garter Inn

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host What wouldst thou have, boor? what,
 thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss, brief, short,
 quick, snap

Sim Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir
 John Falstaff from Master Slender 5

Host There's his chamber, his house, his
 castle, his standing-bed and trundle-bed tis
 painted about with the story of the Prodigal,

fresh and new Go knock and call he'll speak
 like an Anthropophaginian unto thee knock,
 I say 11

Sim There's an old woman, a fat woman,
 gone up into his chamber I'll be so bold as
 stay, sir, till she come down, I come to speak
 with her, indeed 15

Host Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be
 robbed I'll call Bully knight! Bully Sir John!
 speak from thy lungs military art thou there?
 it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls

Fal [*Above*] How now, mine host! 20
Host Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the
 coming down of thy fat woman Let her de-
 scend, bully, let her descend, my chambers are
 honourable fie! privacy? fie! 24

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal There was, mine host, an old fat woman
 even now with me, but she's gone

Sim Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman
 of Brainford? 28

Fal Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell what
 would you wish her?

Sim My Master, sir, Master Slender, sent to
 her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know,
 sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of
 a chain, had the chain or no 34

Fal I spake with the old woman about it
Sim And what says she, I pray, sir? 36

Fal Marry, she says that the very same man
 that beguiled Master Slender of his chain
 cozened him of it

Sim I would I could have spoken with the
 woman herself I had other things to have
 spoken with her too, from him

Fal What are they? let us know 44

Host Ay, come quick
Sim I may not conceal them, sir

Host Conceal them, or thou diest
Sim Why, sir they were nothing but about
 Mistress Anne Page, to know if it were my
 master's fortune to have her or no 49

Fal 'Tis, 'tis his fortune
Sim What, sir?

Fal To have her, or no Go, say the
 woman told me so 53

Sim May I be bold to say so, sir?
Fal Ay, Sir Tike, who more bold?

Sim I thank your worship I shall make my
 master glad with these tidings [*Exit*]

Host Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir
 John Was there a wise woman with thee? 59

Fal Ay, that there was, mine host, one that
 hath taught me more wit than ever I learned
 before in my life and I paid nothing for it
 neither, but was paid for my learning 63

Enter BARDOLPH

Bard Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!
Host Where be my horses? speak well of
 them, varletto 66

Bard Run away, with the cozeners, for so
 soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off,
 from behind one of them, in a slough of mire;

and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses 71
Host They are gone but to meet the duke, villain Do not say they be fled Germans are honest men

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS

Eva Where is mine host?

Host What is the matter, sir? 76

Eva Have a care of your entertainments there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money I tell you for good will, look you you are wise and full of gibes and vouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened Fare you well [*Exit*]

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS

Caus Vere is mine host de Jartee? 85

Host Here, Master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma

Caus I cannot tell vat is dat, but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come I tell you for good vill adieu [*Exit*]

Host Hue and cry, villain! go Assist me, knight, I am undone Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! 95

[*Exeunt Host and BARDOLPH*]

Fal I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened and beaten too If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest fallen as a dried pear I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent 107

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Now, whence come you?

Quick From the two parties, forsooth

Fal The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear 114

Quick And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant, speciously one of them Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her 118

Fal What tellst thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow, and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Bramford but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch 126

Quick Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber, you shall hear how things go, and, I

warrant, to your content Here is a letter will say somewhat Good hearts! what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed
Fal Come up into my chamber [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI—Another Room in the Garter Inn

Enter FENTON and Host

Host Master Fenton, talk not to me my mind is heavy, I will give over all

Fent Yet hear me speak Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee 4
 A hundred pound in gold more than your loss

Host I will hear you, Master Fenton, and I will, at the least, keep your counsel

Fent From time to time I have acquainted you 8

With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page, Who mutually hath answer'd my affection, So far forth as herself might be her chooser, Even to my wish I have a letter from her 12
 Of such contents as you will wonder at, The mirth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested,

Without the show of both, wherein fat Falstaff Hath a great scare the image of the jest 17
 I'll show you here at large [*Pointing to the Letter*] Hark, good mine host

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,

Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen, The purpose why, is here in which disguise, 21
 While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton 24
 Immediately to marry she hath consented Now, sir,

Her mother, even strong against that match And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed 28
 That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her to this her mother's plot 33
 She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor Now, thus it rests

Her father means she shall be all in white, And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand and bid her go, 37
 She shall go with him her mother hath intended,

The better to denote her to the doctor,— For they must all be mask'd and vizarded— 40
 That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd, With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head, And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and on that token 44
 The maid hath given consent to go with him

Host Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fent Both, my good host, to go along with me

And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar

To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
 And, in the lawful name of marrying, 51
 To give our hearts united ceremony
Host Well, husband your device, I'll to the
 vicar
 Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a
 priest
Fent So shall I evermore be bound to thee,
 Besides, I'll make a present recompense 56
 [Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I — A Room in the Garter Inn

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS QUICKLY

Fal Prithce, no more prattling, go I'll
 hold This is the third time, I hope good luck
 lies in odd numbers Away! go They say there
 is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity,
 chance or death Away! 5
Quick I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do
 what I can to get you a pair of horns
Fal Away, I say, time wears hold up your
 head, and nuncce [Exit MISTRESS QUICKLY]

Enter FORD

How now Master Brook! Master Brook, the
 matter will be known to-night, or never Be you
 in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and
 you shall see wonders 13

Ford Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as
 you told me you had appointed?

Fal I went to her, Master Brook, as you see,
 like a poor old man, but I came from her,
 Master Brook, like a poor old woman That
 same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest
 mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that
 ever governed frenzy I will tell you he beat
 me grievously, in the shape of a woman, for in
 the shape of a man, Master Brook, I fear not
 Goliath with a weaver's beam, because I know
 also life is a shuttle I am in haste go along
 with me, I'll tell you all, Master Brook Since
 I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top,
 I knew not what it was to be beaten till lately
 Follow me I'll tell you strange things of this
 knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be re-
 venged, and I will deliver his wife into your
 hand Follow Strange things in hand, Master
 Brook! Follow [Exeunt]

SCENE II — Windsor Park

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER

Page Come, come, we'll couch i' the castle-
 ditch till we see the light of our fairies Re-
 member, son Slender, my daughter 3

Slender Ay, forsooth, I have spoke with her
 and we have a nayword how to know one an-
 other I come to her in white, and cry, 'mum,'
 she cries, 'budget,' and by that we know one
 another 8

Shallow That's good too but what needs either
 your 'mum,' or her 'budget?' the white will

decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten
 o'clock 12

Page The night is dark, light and spirits
 will become it well Heaven prosper our sport!
 No man means evil but the devil, and we shall
 know him by his horns Le's away, follow me
 [Exeunt]

SCENE III — The Street in Windsor

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and
 DR CAIUS*

Mrs Page Master Doctor, my daughter is in
 green when you see your time, take her by the
 hand, away with her to the deanery, and dis-
 patch it quickly Go before into the Park we
 two must go together 5

Caius I know vat I have to do Adieu

Mrs Page Fare you well, sir [Exit CAIUS]
 My husband will not rejoice so much at the
 abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's
 marrying my daughter but 'tis no matter better
 a little chiding than a great deal of heart break

Mrs Ford Where is Nan now and her troop
 of fairies, and the Welsh devil, Hugh? 13

Mrs Page They are all couched in a pit hard
 by Herne's oak, with obscured lights, which, at
 the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting,
 they will at once display to the night 17

Mrs Ford That cannot choose but amaze
 him

Mrs Page If he be not amazed, he will be
 mocked, if he be amazed, he will every way be
 mocked

Mrs Ford We'll betray him finely

Mrs Page Against such lewdsters and their
 lechery, 24

Those that betray them do no treachery

Mrs Ford The hour draws on to the oak,
 to the oak! [Exeunt]

SCENE IV — Windsor Park

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, disguised, and others
 as Fairies*

Eva Trib trib, fairies come, and remember
 your parts Be bold, I pray you, follow me into
 the pit, and when I give the watch-ords, do as I
 bid you Come, come, trib, trib [Exeunt]

SCENE V — Another part of the Park

*Enter FALSTAFF disguised as Herne, with a
 buck's head on*

Fal The Windsor bell hath struck twelve,
 the minute draws on Now, the hot-blooded
 gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a
 bull for thy Europa, love set on thy horns O
 powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a
 beast a man, in some other, a man a beast You
 were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda,
 O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to
 the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in
 the form of a beast, O Jove, a beastly fault!
 and then another fault in the semblance of a
 fowl think on t, Jove, a foul fault! When gods

have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag, and the fattest, I think, 't' the forest send me a cool rut-tune, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

17

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE

Mrs Ford Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes, let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves' hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes, let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here [*Embracing her*]

Mrs Ford Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart

26

Fal Divide me like a brib'd duck, each a haunch I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a wood-man, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[*Noise within*]

Mrs Page Alas! what noise?

Mrs Ford Heaven forgive our sins!

36

Fal What should this be?

Mrs Ford } Away, away!

Mrs Page } [*They run off*]

Fal I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire, he would never else cross me thus

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, like a Satyr PISTOL as Hobgoblin, ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and Others, as Fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads

Anne Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moonshine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,

45

Attend your office and your quality

Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy eyes

Pist Elves, list your names silence, you airy toys!

48

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry

Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttish shall die

Fal They are fairies, he that speaks to them

I'll wink and couch no man their works must eye

[*Lies down upon his face*]

Eva Where's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,

Rein up the organs of her fantasy,

57

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy,

But those that sleep and think not on their sins,

Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides

60

and shins

Anne About, about!

Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out

Strew good luck, oups, on every sacred room,

That it may stand till the perpetual doom, In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit, Worthy the owner, and the owner it

64

The several chairs of order look you scour

With juice of balm and every precious flower

68

Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,

With loyal blazon, ever more be blest!

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,

Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring

72

The expressure that it bears, green let it be,

More fertile-fresh than all the field to see,

And, *Hon soit qui mal y pense* write

In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white,

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,

77

Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee

Fairies use flowers for their charactery

Away! disperse! But, till 'tis one o'clock,

80

Our dance of custom round about the oak

Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget

Eva Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourselves in order set,

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,

To guide our measure round about the tree

85

But, stay, I smell a man of middle ear!

Fal Heavens defend me from that Welsh

fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even

89

in thy birth

Anne With trial-fire touch me his finger-end

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend

And turn him to no pain, but if he start,

92

It is the flesh of a corrupted heart

Pist A trial! come

Eva Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers*]

Fal Oh, oh, oh!

Anne Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in

96

desire!

About him, fairies, sing a scornful rime,

And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time

SONG

Fie on sinful fantasy!

Fie on lust and luxury!

100

Lust is but a bloody fire

Kindled with unchaste desire

Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,

As thoughts do blow them higher and higher

104

Pinch him, fairies mutually,

Pinch him for his villany

Pinch him and burn him and turn him about,

Till candles and star light and moonshine be out.

108

During this song, the Fairies pinch FALSTAFF

DOCTOR CAIUS comes one way, and steals

away a Fairy in green. SLENDER another

way, and takes off a Fairy in white, and

FENTON comes, and steals away ANNE

PAGE. A noise of hunting is heard within

The Fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls

off his buck's head, and rises

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE and MISTRESS FORD. They lay hold on FALSTAFF

Page Nay, do not fly. I think we have

watch'd you now

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs Page I pray you, come, hold up the
jest no higher
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor
wives? 112

See you these, husband? do not these fur yokes
Become the forest better than the tower?

Ford Now sir, who's a cuckold now? *Master
Brook*, *Falstaff's* a knave, a cuckoldly knave,
here are his horns, *Master Brook* and *Master
Brook*, he hath enjoyed nothing of *Ford's* but
his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds
of money, which must be paid too, *Master Brook*,
his horses are arrested for it, *Master Brook* 121

Mrs Ford Sir John, we have had ill luck,
we could never meet I will never take you for
my love again, but I will always count you my
dear 125

Fal I do begin to perceive that I am made
an ass

Ford Ay, and an ox too, both the proofs
are extant 129

Fal And these are not fairies? I was three
or four times in the thought they were not
fairies, and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the
sudden surprise of my powers, drove the gross-
ness of the foppery into a received belief, in
despite of the teeth of all rime and reason, that
they were fairies See now how wit may be
made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employ-
ment!

Eva Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave
your desires, and fairies will not pinse you 140

Ford Well said, fairy Hugh

Eva And leave you your jealousies too, I
pray you

Ford I will never mistrust my wife again,
till thou art able to woo her in good English 145

Fal Have I laid my brain in the sun and
dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross
o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a
Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of
frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of
toasted cheese

Eva Seese is not goot to give putter your
pelly is all putter 153

Fal 'Seese' and 'putter' have I lived to stand
at the taunt of one that makes fritters of Eng-
lish? This is enough to be the decay of lust and
late-walking through the realm 157

Mrs Page Why, Sir John, do you think,
though we would have thrust virtue out of our
rearts by the head and shoulders, and have
given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever
he devil could have made you our delight?

Ford What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs Page A puffed man? 164

Page Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable
entrails?

Ford And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page And as poor as Job? 168

Ford And as wicked as his wife?

Eva And given to fornications, and to taverns,
and sack and wine and metheglins, and to
drinkings and swearings and starings, pribbles
and prabbles? 173

Fal Well, I am your theme you have the

start of me I am dejected, I am not able to
answer the Welsh flannel Ignorance itself is
a plummet o'er me use me as you will 177

Ford Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor,
to one *Master Brook*, that you have cozened of
money, to whom you should have been a pander
over and above that you have suffered, I think,
to repay that money will be a biting affliction

Mrs Ford Nay, husband, let that go to make
amends, 183

Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford Well, here's my hand all is forgiven
at last

Page Yet be cheerful, knight thou shalt
eat a posset to night at my house, where I will
desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs
at thee Tell her, *Master Slender* hath married
her daughter

Mrs Page [Aside] Doctors doubt that if
Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this
Doctor Caius's wife 193

Enter SLENDER

Slender Whoa, ho! ho! father Page!

Page Son, how now! how now, son! have
you dispatched? 196

Slender Dispatched! I'll make the best in
Gloster-shire know on't would I were hanged,
la, else!

Page Of what, son? 200

Slender I came yonder at *Eton* to marry *Mistress
Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy if it
had not been in the church, I would have swung
him or he should have swung me If I did
not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might
never stir! and 'tis a postmaster's boy 206

Page Upon my life, then, you took the wrong
Slender What need you tell me that? I think
so, when I took a boy for a girl If I had been
married to him, for all he was in woman's ap-
parel, I would not have had him 211

Page Why, this is your own folly Did not
I tell you how you should know my daughter by
her garments?

Slender I went to her in white, and cried,
'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as *Anne* and I
had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a
postmaster's boy

Eva Jeshu! *Master Slender*, cannot you see
put marry poys? 220

Page O I am vexed at heart what shall
I do?

Mrs Page Good George, be not angry I
knew of your purpose, turned my daughter into
green, and, indeed, she is now with the doctor
at the deanery, and there married 226

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius Vere is *Mistress Page*? By gar, I am
cozened I ha' married un garpon, a boy, un
paysan, by gar, a boy, it is not *Anne Page* by
gar, I am cozened 230

Mrs Page Why, did you not take her in green?

Caius Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy by gar, I'll
raise all Windsor [Exit]

Ford This is strange Who hath got the
right Anne? ²³⁵

Page My heart misgives me here comes
Master Fenton

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne Pardon, good father! good my mother,
pardon! ²⁴⁰

Page Now, mistress, how chance you went
not with Master Slender?

Mrs Page Why went you not with Master
doctor, maid? ²⁴⁴

Fent You do amaze her hear the truth of it
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, ²⁴⁸
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us
The offence is holy that she hath committed,
And thus deceit loses the name of craft, ²⁵²
Of disobedience, or unduteous title,
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,

Which forced marriage would have brought
upon her

Ford Stand not amaz'd here is no remedy
In love the heavens themselves do guide the
state ²⁵⁷

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate
Fal I am glad, though you have ta'en a
special stand to strike at me, that your arrow
hath glanced ²⁶¹

Page Well, what remedy?—Fenton, heaven
give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd

Fal When night dogs run all sorts of deer
are chas'd ²⁶⁴

Mrs Page Well, I will muse no further
Master Fenton, —

Heaven give you many, many merry days!

Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire, ²⁶⁸
Sir John and all

Ford Let it be so Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word,
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford ²⁷²
[*Exeunt*]

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO the Duke
 ANGELO Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence
 ESCALUS an Ancient Lord, joined with Angelo
 in the deputation
 CLAUDIO a young Gentleman
 LUCIO a Fantastic
 Two other like Gentlemen
 VARRIUS a Gentleman attending on the Duke
 PROVOST
 THOMAS } two Friars
 PETER }
 A Justice

ELBOW a simple Constable
 FROTH a foolish Gentleman
 POMPEY Tapster to Mistress Overdone
 ABHORSON an Executioner
 BARNARDINE a dissolute Prisoner
 ISABELLA sister to Claudio
 MARIANA betrothed to Angelo
 JULIET beloved of Claudio
 FRANCISCA a Nun
 MISTRESS OVERDONE a Bawd
 Lords Officers Citizens, Boy and Attendants

SCENE — Vienna

ACT I

SCENE I — *An Apartment in the DUKE'S Palace*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants

Duke Escalus

Escal My lord?

Duke Of government the properties to unfold,

Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse,

Since I am put to know that your own science

Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice

My strength can give you then no more remains,

But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,

And let them work The nature of our people,

Our city's institutions, and the terms

For common justice, you're as pregnant in,

As art and practice hath enriched any

That we remember There is our commission,

From which we would not have you warp

hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo

What figure of us think you he will bear?

For you must know, we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply,

Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,

And given his deputation all the organs

Of our own power what think you of it?

Escal If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honour,

It is Lord Angelo

Duke Look where he comes

Enter ANGELO

Ang Always obedient to your Grace's will,

I come to know your pleasure

Duke Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,

That, to th' observer doth thy history

Fully unfold Thyself and thy belongings

Are not thine own so proper, as to waste

Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do, 32

Not light them for themselves, for if our virtues

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike

As if we had them not Spirits are not finely

touch'd

But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends 36

The smallest scruple of her excellence,

But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines

Herself the glory of a creditor,

Both thanks and use But I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him advertise, 41

Hold, therefore, Angelo

[*Tendering his commission*

In our remove be thou at full yourself,

Mortality and mercy in Vienna 44

Live in thy tongue and heart Old Escalus,

Though first in question, is thy secondary

Take thy commission [Giving it

Ang Now, good my lord,

Let there be some more test made of my metal,

Before so noble and so great a figure 49

Be stamp'd upon it

Duke No more evasion

We have with a heaven'd and prepared choice

Proceeded to you, therefore take your honours

Our haste from hence is of so quick condition 53

That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd

Matters of needful value We shall write to you,

As time and our concerns shall importune, 56

How it goes with us, and do look to know

What doth befall you here So, fare you well

To the hopeful execution do I leave you

Of your commissions

Ang Yet, give leave, my lord, 60

That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke My haste may not admit it,

Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do

With any scruple your scope is as mine own, 64

So to enforce or qualify the laws

As to your soul seems good Give me your hand,

I'll privily away I love the people, 68

But do not like to stage me to their eyes

Though it do well, I do not relish well

Their loud applause and Aves vehement,

Nor do I think the man of safe discretion

That does affect it Once more, fare you well. 72

Ang The heavens give safety to your purpose.¹
Escal Lead forth and bring you back in happiness.¹
Duke I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit
Escal I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
 To have free speech with you, and it concerns me
 To look into the bottom of my place
 A power I have, but of what strength and nature
 I am not yet instructed.⁸⁰
Ang 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
 And we may soon our satisfaction have
 Touching that point.
Escal I'll wait upon your honour [Exit

SCENE II — A Street

Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen

Lucio If the Duke with the other dukes come
 not to composition with the King of Hungary,
 why then, all the dukes fall upon the king.
First Gent Heaven grant us its peace, but
 not the King of Hungary's!⁵
Second Gent Amen.
Lucio Thou concludest like the sanctimonious
 pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Com-
 mandments, but scraped one out of the table.
Second Gent 'Thou shalt not steal.'¹⁰
Lucio Ay, that he razed.
First Gent Why, 'twas a commandment to
 command the captain and all the rest from their
 functions: they put forth to steal. There's not
 a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving be-
 fore meat, doth relish the petition well that
 prays for peace.¹⁷
Second Gent I never heard any soldier dis-
 like it.
Lucio I believe thee, for I think thou never
 wast where grace was said.²¹
Second Gent No? a dozen times at least.
First Gent What, in metre?
Lucio In any proportion or in any language.
First Gent I think, or in any religion.²⁵
Lucio Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite
 of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself
 art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.²⁸
First Gent Well, there went but a pair of
 shears between us.
Lucio I grant, as there may between the
 lists and the velvet: thou art the list.³²
First Gent And thou the velvet: thou art
 good velvet; thou art a three-piled piece, I war-
 rant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English
 kersey as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French
 velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?³⁷
Lucio I think thou dost, and, indeed, with
 most painful feeling of thy speech. I will, out
 of thine own confession, learn to begin thy
 health: but, whilst I live, forget to drink after
 thee.
First Gent I think I have done myself wrong,
 have I not?⁴⁴
Second Gent Yes, that thou hast, whether
 thou art tainted or free.
Lucio Behold, behold, where Madam Miti-

gation comes! I have purchased as many diseases
 under her roof as come to—⁴⁹
Second Gent To what, I pray?
Lucio Judge.
Second Gent To three thousand dolours a
 year.⁵³
First Gent Ay, and more.
Lucio A French crown more.
First Gent Thou art always figuring diseases
 in me, but thou art full of error. I am sound.⁵⁷
Lucio Nay, not as one would say, healthy,
 but so sound as things that are hollow: thy
 bones are hollow, impiety has made a feast of
 thee.⁶¹

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE

First Gent How now! which of your hips
 has the most profound sciatica?
Mrs Ov Well, well, there's one yonder ar-
 rested and carried to prison was worth five
 thousand of you all.⁶⁶
Second Gent Who's that, I pray thee?
Mrs Ov Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior
 Claudio.
First Gent Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.⁷⁰
Mrs Ov Nay, but I know 'tis so. I saw him
 arrested, saw him carried away, and, which is
 more, within these three days his head to be
 chopped off.
Lucio But, after all this fooling, I would not
 have it so. Art thou sure of this?⁷⁶
Mrs Ov I am too sure of it, and it is for
 getting Madam Juhetta with child.
Lucio Believe me, this may be: he promised
 to meet me two hours since, and he was ever
 precise in promise-keeping.⁸¹
Second Gent Besides, you know, it draws
 something near to the speech we had to such
 a purpose.⁸⁴
First Gent But most of all, agreeing with
 the proclamation.
Lucio Away! let's go learn the truth of it.
 [Exit LUCIO and Gentlemen
Mrs Ov Thus, what with the war, what with
 the sweat, what with the gallows and what with
 poverty, I am custom-shrunk.
 Enter POMPEY
 How now! what's the news with you?
Pom Yonder man is carried to prison.⁹²
Mrs Ov Well, what has he done?
Pom A woman.
Mrs Ov But what's his offence?
Pom Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.
Mrs Ov What, is there a maid with child by
 him?
Pom No, but there's a woman with maid
 by him. You have not heard of the proclama-
 tion, have you?¹⁰¹
Mrs Ov What proclamation, man?
Pom All houses of resort in the suburbs
 of Vienna must be plucked down.¹⁰⁴
Mrs Ov And what shall become of those in
 the city?
Pom They shall stand for seed: they had
 gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in
 for them.¹⁰⁹

Mrs Ov But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pom To the ground, mistress 112

Mrs Ov Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom Come, fear not you good counsellors lack no clients though you change your place, you need not change your trade, I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you, you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered 120

Mrs Ov What's to do here, Thomas tapster? Let's withdraw

Pom Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison, and there's Madam Juliet

[Exeunt

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers

Claud Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov I do it not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo by special charge 128

Claud Thus can the demi-god Authority Make us pay down for our offence by weight The words of heaven, on whom it will, it will, On whom it will not, so yet still 'tis just 132

Re-enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen

Lucio Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claud From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty

As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope by the immoderate use 136 Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue— Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,— A thirsty evil, and when we drink we die

Lucio If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio? 144

Claud What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio What, is't murder?

Claud No 148

Lucio Lechery?

Claud Call it so

Prov Away, sir! you must go 151

Claud One word, good friend Lucio, a word with you [Takes him aside

Lucio A hundred, if they'll do you any good Is lechery so looked after?

Claud Thus stands it with me — upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed 156

You know the lady, she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order this we came not to, Only for propagation of a dower 160

Remaining in the coffer of her friends, From whom we thought it meet to hide our love

Till time had made them for us. But it chanced

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment With character too gross is writ on Juliet. 165

Lucio With child, perhaps?

Claud Unhappily, even so

And the new deputy now for the duke,— Whether it be the fault and glumpse of new-ness, 168

Or whether that the body public be A horse whereon the governor doth ride, Who, newly in the seat, that it may know He can command, lets it straight feel the spur, Whether the tyranny be in his place, 173

Or in his eminence that fills it up, I stagger in—but this new governor Awakes me all the enrolled penalties 176 Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall

So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round, And none of them been worn, and, for a name, Now puts the drowsy and neglected act 180 Freshly on me 'tis surely for a name

Lucio I warrant it is and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke and appeal to him 185

Claud I have done so, but he's not to be found

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service This day my sister should the cloister enter, 188 And there receive her approbation

Acquaint her with the danger of my state, Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy, bid herself assay him 192 I have great hope in that, for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect, Such as move men, beside, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse, And well she can persuade 197

Lucio I pray she may as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her

Claud I thank you, good friend Lucio,

Lucio Within two hours

Claud Come, officer, away! [Exeunt

SCENE III —A Monastery

Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS

Duke No, holy father, throw away that thought

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee —

To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose 4 More grave and wrinkled than the aums and ends

Of burning youth

Fri T May your Grace speak of it?

Duke My holy sir, none better knows than you

How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd, 8 And held in idle price to haunt assemblies

Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo—

A man of stricture and firm abstinence— 12

My absolute power and place here in Vienna,

And he supposes me travell'd to Poland,
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd Now, pious sir, 16
You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri T Gladly, my lord

Duke We have strict statutes and most biting laws,—

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,—

Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep,
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,

That goes not out to prey Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight 25
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd, so our de-

crees,
Dead to infiction, to themselves are dead, 28

And liberty plucks justice by the nose,
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart

Goes all decorum
Fri T It rested in your Grace

T'undoose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd,
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd 4

Than in Lord Angelo
Duke I do fear, too dreadful

Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope, 35
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them

For what I bid them do for we bid thus be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass

And not the punishment Therefore, indeed,
my father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office, 40
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike

home,
And yet my nature never in the sight

To do it slander And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order, 44

Visit both prince and people therefore, I
prthee,

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me

Like a true friar Moe reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you, 49

Only, thus one Lord Angelo is precise,
Stands at a guard with envy, scarce confesses

That his blood flows, or that his appetite 52
Is more to bread than stone hence shall we see,

If power change purpose, what our seemers be
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV —A Nunnery

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA

Isab And have you nuns no further privi-
leges?

Fran Are not these large enough?

Isab Yes, truly I speak not as desiring
more,

But rather wishing a more strict restraint 4
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare

Lucio [Within] Ho! Peace be in this
place!

Isab Who's that which calls?

Fran It is a man's voice Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him

You may, I may not, you are yet unsworn 9
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with
men

But in the presence of the prioress
Then, if you speak, you must not show your

face, 12
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak

He calls again, I pray you, answer him. [*Exit*
Isab Peace and prosperity! Who is't that

calls?

Enter LUCIO

Lucio Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-
roses 16

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,

A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio? 20

Isab Why 'her unhappy brother?' let me ask,
The rather for I now must make you know

I am that Isabella and his sister
Lucio Gentle and fair, your brother kindly

greet's you 24
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison

Isab Woe me! for what?

Lucio For that which, if myself might be his
judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks 28
He hath got his friend with child

Isab Sir, make me not your story
Lucio It is true

I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest, 32

Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted,

By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity, 36

As with a saint
Isab You do blaspheme the good in mock-

ing me
Lucio Do not believe it Fewness and truth,

'tis thus
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd 40

As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings

To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry 44

Isab Some one with child by him? My cousin
Juliet?

Lucio Is she your cousin?

Isab Adoptedly, as school-maids change
their names

By vau, though apt affection
Lucio She it is. 48

Isab O! let him marry her.

Lucio This is the point
The duke is very strangely gone from hence,

Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand and hope of action, but we do learn 52

By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance

From his true-meant design Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority, 56

Governs Lord Angelo a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth, one who never feels

The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge 60
 With profits of the mind, study and fast
 He,—to give fear to use and liberty,
 Which have for long run by the hideous law,
 As mice by lions, hath pick'd out an act, 64
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
 Falls into forfeit he arrests him on it,
 And follows close the rigour of the statute,
 To make him an example All hope is gone, 68
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 To soften Angelo, and that's my path of business
 Twixt you and your poor brother
Isab Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio He's censur'd him 72
 Already, and, as I hear, the provost hath
 A warrant for his execution

Isab Alas! what poor ability's in me
 To do him good?

Lucio Assay the power you have 76

Isab My power? alas! I doubt—

Lucio Our doubts are traitors,
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt Go to Lord Angelo,
 And let him learn to know, when maidens
 sue, 80

Men give like gods, but when they weep and
 kneel,

All their petitions are as freely theirs
 As they themselves would owe them

Isab I'll see what I can do

Lucio But speedily 84

Isab I will about it straight,
 No longer staying but to give the Mother
 Notice of my affair I humbly thank you
 Commend me to my brother, soon at night 88
 I'll send him certain word of my success

Lucio I take my leave of you

Isab Good sir, adieu [Exeunt

Whether you had not, some time in your life,
 Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
 And pull'd the law upon you 16

Ang 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
 Another thing to fall I not deny,
 The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two 20
 Guiltier than him they try, what's open made
 to justice,

That justice seizes what know the laws
 That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it 24
 Because we see it, but what we do not see
 We tread upon, and never think of it
 You may not so extenuate his offence

For I have had such faults, but rather tell me,
 When I, that censure him, do so offend, 29
 Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
 And nothing come in partial Sir, he must die

Escal Be it as your wisdom will

Ang Where is the provost?

Prov Here, if it like your honour

Ang See that Claudio

Be executed by mine to-morrow morning
 Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd, 36
 For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage

[Exit PROVOST
Escal Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive
 us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall
 Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none,
 And some condemned for a fault alone 40

Enter ELBOW and Officers, with FROTH and
 POMPEY

Elb Come, bring them away if these be
 good people in a common-weal that do nothing
 but use their abuses in common houses, I know
 no law bring them away 44

Ang How now, sir! What's your name, and
 what's the matter?

Elb If it please your honour, I am the poor
 duke's constable, and my name is Elbow I do
 lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here
 before your good honour two notorious bene-
 factors 51

Ang Benefactors! Well what benefactors
 are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb If it please your honour, I know not well
 what they are, but precise villains they are, that
 I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the
 world that good Christians ought to have 57

Escal This comes off well, here's a wise
 officer

Ang Go to what quality are they of? Elbow
 is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom He cannot, sir he's put at elbow 62

Ang What are you, sir?

Elb He, sir! a tapster, sir, parcel-bawd, one
 that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was,
 as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and
 now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is
 a very ill house too 68

Escal How know you that?

ACT II

SCENE I—A Hall in ANGELO'S House

Enter ANGELO, ESCALÚS, a Justice, PROVOST,
 Officers, and other Attendants

Ang We must not make a scarecrow of the
 law,
 Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
 And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
 Their perch and not their terror

Escal Ay, but yet 4
 Let us be keen and rather cut a little,
 Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this
 gentleman,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father
 Let but your honour know,— 8

Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,—
 That, in the working of your own affections,
 Had time coher'd with place or place with
 wishing,

Or that the resolute acting of your blood 12
 Could have attain'd the effect of your own pur-
 pose,

Elb My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal How! thy wife?

Elb Ay, sir, whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house

Escal How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb Marry, sir, by my wife, who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there

Escal By the woman's means?

Elb Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means, but as she spit in his face, so she defied him

Pom Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so

Elb Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it

Escal [To ANGELO] Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom Sir, she came in, great with child, and longing,—saving your honour's reverence,—for stewed prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence, your honours have seen such dishes, they are not China dishes, but very good dishes

Escal Go to, go to, no matter for the dish, sir

Pom No, indeed, sir, not of a pin, you are therein in the right but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly, for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again

Froth No, indeed

Pom Very well you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth Ay, so I did, indeed

Pom Why, very well I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth All this is true

Pom Why, very well then —

Escal Come, you are a tedious fool to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her

Pom Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir, a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas Was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth All-hallow'd eve

Pom Why, very well I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir, 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth I have so, because it is an open room and good for winter

Pom Why, very well then I hope here be truths

Ang This will last out a night in Russia, 144 When nights are longest there I'll take my leave,

And leave you to the hearing of the cause, Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all

Escal I think no less Good morrow to your lordship [Exit ANGELO]

Now, sir, come on what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once

Elb I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife

Pom I beseech your honour, ask me

Escal Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Pom I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face Good Master Froth, look upon his honour, 'tis for a good purpose Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal Ay, sir, very well

Pom Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal Well, I do so

Pom Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal Why, no

Pom I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him Good, then, if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour

Escal He's in the right Constable, what say you to it?

Elb First, an' it like you, the house is a respected house, next, this is a respected fellow, and his mistress is a respected woman

Pom By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all

Elb Varlet, thou heest thou heest, wicked varlet. The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child

Pom Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her

Escal Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb O thou carter! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer Prove this thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine actor of battery on thee

Escal If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too

Elb Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked carter?

Escal Truly, officer, because he hath some

offences in him that thou wouldest discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are 202

Elb Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet, thou art to continue 202

Escal Where were you born, friend?

Froth Here in Vienna, sir 208

Escal Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth Yes, an 't please you, sir

Escal So [To POMPEY] What trade are you of, sir? 212

Pom A tapster, a poor widow's tapster

Escal Your mistress' name?

Pom Mistress Overdone

Escal Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom Nine, sir, Overdone by the last 218

Escal Nine!—Come hither to me, Master

Froth Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters, they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you

Froth I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in 226

Escal Well, no more of it, Master Froth, farewell. [Exit FROTH]—Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster?

Pom Pompey

Escal What else? 232

Pom Bum, sir

Escal Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you 239

Pom Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live

Escal How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade? 244

Pom If the law would allow it, sir

Escal But the law will not allow it, Pompey, nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna

Pom Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escal No, Pompey 250

Pom Truly, sir, in my humble opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds

Escal There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging 256

Pom If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after threepence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so 263

Escal Thank you, good Pompey, and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise

you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well 272

Pom I thank your worship for your good counsel,—[Aside] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me! No, no, let carman whip his jade. The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [Exit]

Escal Come hither to me, Master Elbow, come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable? 280

Elb Seven year and a half, sir

Escal I thought by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together? 284

Elb And a half, sir

Escal Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it? 289

Elb Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them. I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all 293

Escal Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish 296

Elb To your worship's house, sir?

Escal To my house. Fare you well. [Exit ELBOW]

What's o'clock, thank you?

Just Eleven, sir 300

Escal I pray you home to dinner with me

Just I humbly thank you

Escal It grieves me for the death of Claudio, But there is no remedy 304

Just Lord Angelo is severe

Escal It is but needful

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so, Pardon is still the nurse of second woe. But yet, poor Claudio! There's no remedy 308
Come, sir [Exeunt]

SCENE II—Another Room in the Same

Enter PROVOST and a Servant

Serv He's hearing of a cause: he will come straight. I'll tell him of you

Prov Pray you, do. [Exit Serv] I'll know His pleasure, may be he will relent. Alas! He hath but as offended in a dream. All sects, all ages smack of this vice, and he To die for it! 4

Enter ANGELO

Ang Now, what's the matter, provost?
Prov Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov Lest I might be too rash
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, Judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom

Ang Go to, let that be mine
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd

Prov I crave your honour's pardon
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning
Juliet?

She's very near her hour

Ang Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed

Re-enter Servant.

Serv Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you

Ang Hath he a sister?

Prov Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous
maid,

And to be shortly of a sisterhood,

If not already

Ang Well, let her be admitted
[*Exit Servant*]

See you the fornicatress be remov'd
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means,
There shall be order for't

Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO

Pro God save your honour!

[*Offering to retire*
Ang Stay a little while — [*To ISAB*] You're
welcome what's your will?

Isab I am a woful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me

Ang Well, what's your suit? 28
Isab There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must,
For which I must not plead, but that I am 32
At war 'twixt will and will not

Ang Well, the matter?
Isab I have a brother is condemn'd to die
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,

And not my brother

Prov [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving
graces! 36

Ang Condemn the fault, and not the actor
of it?

Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record, 40
And let go by the actor

Isab O just, but severe law!
I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your
honour! [*Retiring*]

Lucio [*Aside to ISAB*] Give 't not o'er so
to him again, entreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown,
You are too cold, if you should need a pin, 45
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it
To him, I say!

Isab Must he needs die?

Ang Maiden, no remedy

Isab Yes, I do think that you might pardon
him,

And neither heaven nor man grieve at the
mercy

Ang I will not do't

Isab But can you, if you would?

Ang Look, what I will not, that I cannot do

Isab But might you do't, and do the world
no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang He's sentenc'd 'tis too late

Lucio [*Aside to ISAB*] You are too cold 56

Isab Too late? why, no, I, that do speak a
word,

May call it back again Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, 60
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace

As mercy does
If he had been as you, and you as he, 64

You would have slept like him, but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern

Ang Pray you, be gone

Isab I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus? 68

No, I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner

Lucio [*Aside to ISAB*] Ay, touch him, there's
the vein

Ang Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words

Isab Alas! alas! 72
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once,
And He that might the vantage best have took,

Found out the remedy How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should 76

But judge you as you are? O! think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made

Ang Be you content, fair maid,
It is the law, not I, condemn your brother 80

Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him he must die to-morrow

Isab To-morrow! O! that's sudden! Spare
him, spare him!

He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our
kitchens 84

We kill the fowl of season shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister

To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, be-
think you

Who is it that hath died for this offence? 88

There's many have committed it.

Lucio [*Aside to ISAB*] Ay, well said.

Ang The law hath not been dead, though it
hath slept

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If that the first that did th' edict infringe 92

Had answer'd for his deed now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd, 96

And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end

Isab Yet show some pity

Ang I show it most of all when I show justice,
For then I pity those I do not know 101
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,
And do him right, that, answering one foul
wrong,

Lives not to act another Be satisfied 104
Your brother dies to-morrow be content

Isab So you must be the first that gives this
sentence,

And he that suffers O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant

Lucio [Aside to ISAB] That's well said 109
Isab Could great men thunder

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelted, petty officer 112
Would use his heaven for thunder, nothing but
thunder

Merciful heaven!

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak 116
Than the soft myrtle, but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,

Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape, 120
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep, who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal

Lucio [Aside to ISAB] O, to him, to him,
wench! He will relent 124
He's coming I perceive 't

Prov [Aside] Pray heaven she win him!
Isab We cannot weigh our brother with our-
self

Great men may jest with saints, 'tis wit in them,
But, in the less foul profanation 128

Lucio [Aside to ISAB] Thou'rt in the right,
girl more o' that

Isab That in the captain's but a choleric
word,

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy

Lucio [Aside to ISAB] Art advis'd o' that?
more on't 132

Ang Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab Because authority, though it err like
others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skims the vice o' the top Go to your bosom,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth
know 137

That's like my brother's fault if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue 140
Against my brother's life

Ang She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense that my sense breeds with it Fare
you well

Isab Gentle my lord, turn back

Ang I will bethink me Come again to-
morrow 144

Isab Hark how I'll bribe you Good my
lord, turn back.

Ang How! bribe me?

Isab Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall
share with you

Lucio [Aside to ISAB] You had marr'd all
else 148

Isab Not with fond sicles of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them, but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there 152
Ere sun-rise prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal

Ang Well, come to me to-morrow

Lucio [Aside to ISAB] Go to, 'tis well away!

Isab Heaven keep your honour safe!
Ang [Aside] Amen

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross

Isab At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang At any time 'fore noon 160

Isab Save your honour!
[Exeunt ISABELLA, LUCIO, and PROVOST

Ang From thee, even from thy virtue!
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault or
mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha! 164

Not she, nor doth she tempt but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the sun,

Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season Can it be 168

That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie! 172

What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things

That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority 176

When judges steal themselves What! do I love
her,

That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous

Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue never could the trumpet,

With all her double vigour, art and nature, 184
Once stir my temper, but this virtuous maid

Subdues me quite Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd
how [Exit

SCENE III—A Room in a Prison

Enter DUKE, disguised as a friar, and PROVOST

Duke Hail to you, provost! so I think you
are

Prov I am the provost What's your will,
good friar?

Duke Bound by my charity and my bless'd
order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison do me the common right
To let me see them and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly

Prov I would do more than that, if more
were needful

Look, here comes one a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath bluster'd her report She is with child, 12
And he that got it, sentenc'd, a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this

Enter JULIET

Duke When must he die?
Prov As I do think, to-morrow
[*To JULIET*] I have provided for you stay a
while, 17

And you shall be conducted
Duke Repent you, fair one, of the sin you
carry?

Juliet I do, and bear the shame most pa-
tiently 20

Duke I'll teach you how you shall arraign
your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on

Juliet I'll gladly learn 23
Duke Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd
him

Duke So then it seems your most offenceful
act

Was mutually committed?

Juliet Mutually
Duke Then was your sin of heavier kind than
his 28

Juliet I do confess it, and repent it, father
Duke 'Tis meet so, daughter but lest you do
repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not
heaven, 32

Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy

Duke There rest 36
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him

God's grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit*
Juliet Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,

That respites me a life, whose very comfort 41
Is still a dying horror!

Prov 'Tis pity of him [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV — A Room in ANGELO'S House

Enter ANGELO

Ang When I would pray and think, I think
and pray

To several subjects heaven hath my empty
words,

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel heaven in my mouth, 4

As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception The state, whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read, 8
Grown fear'd and tedious, yea, my gravity,
Wherein, let no man hear me, I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit, 13
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn, 16
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant.

How now! who's there?

Serv One Isabel, a sister,

Desires access to you

Ang Teach her the way

[*Exit Servant*

O heavens! 20

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,

Making both it unable for itself,

And dispossessing all my other parts

Of necessary fitness? 24

So play the foolish throngs with one that

swoonds,

Come all to help him, and so stop the air

By which he should revive and even so

The general, subject to a well-wish'd king, 28

Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love

Must needs appear offence

Enter ISABELLA

How now, fair maid!

Isab I am come to know your pleasure 32

Ang That you might know it, would much

better please me,

Than to demand what 'tis Your brother cannot

live

Isab Even so Heaven keep your honour!

Ang Yet may he live awhile, and, it may be,

As long as you or I yet he must die. 37

Isab Under your sentence?

Ang Yea

Isab When, I beseech you? that in his re-
prieve, 40

Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted

That his soul sicken not

Ang Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as

good

To pardon him that hath from nature stolen 44

A man already made, as to remit

Their saucy sweetness that do com heaven's

image

In stamps that are forbid 'tis all as easy

Falsely to take away a life true made, 48

As to put metal in restrained means

To make a false one

Isab 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in

earth

Ang Say you so? then I shall pose you

quickly 52

Which had you rather, that the most just law

Now took your brother's life, or, to redeem him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab Sir, believe this, 56
I had rather give my body than my soul
Ang I talk not of your soul Our compell'd
sins

Stand more for number than for account
Isab How say you?
Ang Nay, I'll not warrant that, for I can
speak 60

Against the thing I say Answer to this
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life
Might there not be a charity in sin 64
To save this brother's life?

Isab Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity

Ang Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity 69

Isab That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer 72
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer

Ang Nay, but hear me
Your sense pursues not mine either you are
ignorant,

Or seem so craftily, and that's not good 76
Isab Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better

Ang Thus wisdom wishes to appear most
bright

When it doth tax itself, as these black masks 80
Proclaim an ensheld beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross
Your brother is to die 84

Isab So
Ang And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab True 88

Ang Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person, 92
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law, and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either 96
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer,
What would you do?

Isab As much for my poor brother, as myself
That is, were I under the terms of death, 101
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That, longing, have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame

Ang Then must your brother die

Isab And 'twere the cheaper way
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him, 108
Should die for ever

Ang Were not you then as cruel as the sen-
tence

That you have slander'd so?

Isab Ignomy in ransom and free pardon 112
Are of two houses lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption

Ang You seem'd of late to make the law a
tyrant,

And rather prov'd the shding of your brother 116
A merment than a vice

Isab O, pardon me, my lord! it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what
we mean

I something do excuse the thing I hate, 120
For his advantage that I dearly love

Ang We are all frail

Isab Else let my brother die,

If not a feodary, but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness 124

Ang Nay, women are frail too

Isab Ay, as the glasses where they view
themselves,

Which are as easy broke as they make forms
Women! Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them Nay, call us ten times
frail, 129

For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints

Ang I think it well
And from this testimony of your own sex,— 132
Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be
bold,

I do arrest your words Be that you are,
That is, a woman, if you be more, you're none,
If you be one, as you are well express'd 137
By all external warrants, show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery

Isab I have no tongue but one gentle my
lord, 140

Let me entreat you speak the former language
Ang Plainly conceive, I love you

Isab My brother did love Juliet, and you
tell me

That he shall die for't 144

Ang He shall not, *Isabel*, if you give me love

Isab I know your virtue hath a licence m't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,

To pluck on others

Ang Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose 149

Isab Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seem-
ing!

I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't 152
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the
world aloud

What man thou art

Ang Who will believe thee, *Isabel*?

My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life, 156
My vouch against you, and my place! the state,
Will so your accusation outweigh,

That you shall stifle in your own report
And smell of calumny I have begun, 160

And now I give my sensual race the rein
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,

That banish what they sue for, redeem thy brother
 By yielding up thy body to my will,
 Or else he must not only die the death,
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
 To lingering sufferance Answer me to-morrow,
 Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
 I'll prove a tyrant to him As for you,
 Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true

Isab To whom should I complain? Did I
 tell this,
 Who would believe me? O perilous mouths!
 That bear in them one and the self same tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approval,
 Bidding the law make curt'sy to their will,
 Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
 To follow as it draws I'll to my brother
 Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 That, had he twenty heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhor'd pollution
 Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die
 More than our brother is our chastity
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest

[Exit

ACT III

SCENE I — A Room in the Prison

Enter DUKE, as a friar, CLAUDIO, and PROVOST

Duke So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud The miserable have no other medicine
 But only hope

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die

Duke Be absolute for death, either death
 or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter Reason thus with
 life

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep a breath thou
 art,

Servile to all the skye influences,
 That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
 Hourly afflict Merely, thou art death's fool,
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet run'st toward him still Thou art not
 noble

For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st
 Are nurs'd by baseness Thou art by no means
 valiant,

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more Thou art not
 thyself,

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
 That issue out of dust Happy thou art not,
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast, forget'st Thou art not
 certain,

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects, 24

After the moon If thou art rich, thou'rt poor,
 For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee Friend hast thou none,
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee sure,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner Thou hast nor
 youth nor age,

But as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld, and when thou art old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor
 beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant What's yet in this
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid moe thousand deaths yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even

Claud I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die,

And, seeking death, find life let it come on

Isab [Within] What ho! Peace here, grace
 and good company!

Prov Who's there? come in the wish de-
 serves a welcome

Duke Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again

Claud Most holy sir, I thank you

[Enter ISABELLA

Is My business is a word or two with Claudio
Prov And very welcome Look, signior,
 here's your sister

Duke Provost, a word with you.

Prov As many as you please

Duke Bring me to hear them speak, where
 I may be conceal'd

[Exeunt DUKE and PROVOST

Claud Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab Why, as all comforts are, most good,
 most good indeed

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
 Intends you for his swift ambassador,

Where you shall be an everlasting leger

Therefore, your best appointment make with
 speed,

To-morrow you set on

Claud Is there no remedy?

Isab None, but such remedy, as to save a
 head

To cleave a heart in twain

Claud But is there any?

Isab Yes, brother, you may live

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
 But fetter you till death

Claud Perpetual durance?

Isab Ay, just, perpetual durance, a restraint,

Though all the world's vastidity you had,

To a determin'd scope

Claud But in what nature?

Isab In such a one as, you consenting to't,
 Would bark your honour from that trunk you
 bear,

And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain, 73
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour 'Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension, 76
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies

Claud Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch 80
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms

Isab There spake my brother there my
father's grave 84
Did utter forth a voice Yes, thou must die
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances This outward-sainted de-
puty,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word 88
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enmesh
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil,
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell

Claud The prenzio Angelo? 92
Isab O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzio guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?
If I would yield him my virginity, 96
Thou mightst be freed

Claud O heavens! it cannot be
Isab Yes, he would give't thee, from this
rank offence,

So to offend him still This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name, 100
Or else thou diest to-morrow

Claud Thou shalt not do't
Isab O! were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud Thanks, dear Isabel 104
Isab Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-
morrow

Claud Yes Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin, 108
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab Which is the least?
Claud If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick 112
Be perdurably fin'd? O Isabel!

Isab What says my brother?
Claud Death is a fearful thing
Isab And shamed life a hateful

Claud Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where, 116

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world, or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling 'tis too horrible!

The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment 128
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death

Isab Alas! alas!

Claud Sweet sister, let me live
What sin you do to save a brother's life, 132
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue

Isab O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice? 136
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should
I think?

Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair,
For such a warped slip of wilderness 140
Ne'er issu'd from his blood Take my defiance,
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death, 144
No word to save thee

Claud Nay, hear me, Isabel

Isab O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd 148
'Tis best that thou diest quickly [Going]
Claud O hear me, Isabella

Re-enter DUKE

Duke Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but
one word

Isab What is your will? 151
Duke Might you dispense with your leisure,
I would by and by have some speech with you
the satisfaction I would require is likewise your
own benefit

Isab I have no superfluous leisure my stay
must be stolen out of other affairs, but I will
attend you a while. 158

Duke [Aside to CLAUDIO] Son, I have over-
heard what hath past between you and your
sister Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt
her, only he hath made an assay of her virtue
to practise his judgment with the disposition of
natures She, having the truth of honour in her,
hath made him that gracious denial which he is
most glad to receive I am confessor to Angelo,
and I know this to be true, therefore prepare
yourself to death Do not satisfy your resolution
with hopes that are fallible to-morrow you must
die, go to your knees and make ready 170

Claud Let me ask my sister pardon I am
so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid
of it

Duke Hold you there farewell 174
[Exit CLAUDIO]

Re-enter PROVOST

Provost, a word with you 120
Prov What's your will, father?
Duke That now you are come, you will be
gone Leave me awhile with the maid my mind
promises with my habit no loss shall touch her
by my company 180
Prov In good time. [Exit]

Duke The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness, but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding, and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo How would you do to content thus substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab I am now going to resolve him, I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government

Duke That shall not be much amiss yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation, 'he made trial of you only' Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business

Isab Let me hear you speak further I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit

Duke Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name

Duke She should thus Angelo have married, was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wracked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural, with him the portion and snew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry, with both, her combinate husband, thus well-seeming Angelo

Isab Canthus beso? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort, swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake, and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them but relents not

Isab What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke It is a rupture that you may easily heal, and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab Show me how, good father

Duke This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly Go you to Angelo answer his requiring with a plausible obedience agree with his demands to the point, only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience This being granted in course, and now follows all, we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place, if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense, and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubtfulness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof What think you of it?

Isab The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection

Duke It lies much in your holding up Haste you speedily to Angelo if for this might he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction I will presently to St Luke's, there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana at that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly

Isab I thank you for this comfort Fare you well, good father

SCENE II — The Street before the Prison

Enter DUKE, as a friar to him ELBOW, POMPEY, and Officers.

Elb Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard

Duke O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm, and furred with fox and lamb skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing

Elb Come your way, sir Bless you, good father friar

Duke And you, good brother father What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb Marry, sir, he hath offended the law and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir, for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy

Duke Fie, surrah a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done, That is thy means to live, Do thou but think What 'tis to cram a man
From such a filthy vice
With a back
thyself,

From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live
Canst thou believe thy living is a life, 27
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend
Pom Indeed, it does stunk in some sort, sir,
but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs
for sin,
Thou wilt prove his Take him to prison,
officer, 32
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit

Elb He must before the deputy, sir, he has
given him warning The deputy cannot abide a
whoremaster if he be a whoremonger, and
comes before him, he were as good go a mile
on his errand

Duke That we were all, as some would seem
to be, 40
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Elb His neck will come to your waist,—a
cord, sir

Pom I spy comfort I cry, bail Here's a
gentleman and a friend of mine 45

Enter LUCIO

Lucio How now, noble Pompey! What, at
the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph?
What, is there none of Pygmalion's images,
newly made woman, to be had now, for putting
the hand in the pocket and extracting it
clutched? What reply 'ha? What say'st thou
to this tune, matter and method? Is't not
drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou
Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the
way? Is it sad, and few words, or how? The
trick of it? 56

Duke Still thus, and thus, still worse!
Lucio How doth my dear morsel, thy mis-
tress? Procures she still, ha?

Pom Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her
beef, and she is herself in the tub 61

Lucio Why, 'tis good, it is the right of it,
it must be so ever your fresh whores and your
powdered bawd an unshunned consequence, it
must be so Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom Yes, faith, sir 66

Lucio Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey Fare-
well. Go, say I sent thee thither For debt,
Pompey? or how?

Elb For being a bawd, for being a bawd 70

Lucio Well, then, imprison him. If im-
prisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his
right bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity
too, bawd-born Farewell, good Pompey Com-
mend me to the prison, Pompey You will turn
good husband now, Pompey, you will keep the
house 77

Pom I hope, sir, your good worship will be
my bail

Lucio No, indeed will I not, Pompey, it is
not the wear I will pray, Pompey, to increase
your bondage if you take it not patiently, why,
your mettle is the more Adieu, trusty Pompey
Bless you, friar 84

Duke And you

Lucio Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb Come your ways, sir, come

Pom You will not bail me then, sir? 88

Lucio Then, Pompey, nor now What news
abroad, friar? What news?

Elb Come your ways, sir, come

Lucio Go to kennel, Pompey, go 92

[*Exeunt ELBOW, POMPEY and Officers.*]

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke I know none Can you tell me of any?

Lucio Some say he is with the Emperor of
Russia, other some, he is in Rome but where
is he, think you? 97

Duke I know not where, but wheresoever,
I wish him well

Lucio It was a mad fantastical trick of him
to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary
he was never born to Lord Angelo dukes it
well in his absence, he puts transgression to't

Duke He does well in't 104

Lucio A little more lenity to lechery would
do no harm in him something too crabbed that
way, friar

Duke It is too general a vice, and severity
must cure it 109

Lucio Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a
great kindred, it is well allied, but it is im-
possible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and
drinking be put down They say this Angelo
was not made by man and woman after this
downright way of creation is it true, think you?

Duke How should he be made, then? 116

Lucio Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him,
some that he was begot between two stock-fishes
But it is certain that when he makes water his
urine is congealed ice, that I know to be true,
and he is a motion generative, that's infallible

Duke You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace,

Lucio Why, what a ruthless thing is this
in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take
away the life of a man! Would the duke that
is absent have done this? Ere he would have
hanged a man for the getting a hundred bas-
tards, he would have paid for the nursing a
thousand he had some feeling of the sport,
he knew the service, and that instructed him
to mercy 131

Duke I never heard the absent duke much
detected for women, he was not inclined
that way

Lucio O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke 'Tis not possible 136

Lucio Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar
of fifty, and his use was to put a ducat in her
clack-dish, the duke had crotchets in him. He
would be drunk too, that let me inform you. 140

Duke You do him wrong, surely

Lucio Sir, I was an inward of his A shy
fellow was the duke, and, I believe I know the
cause of his withdrawing. 144

Duke What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio No, pardon, 'tis a secret must be
locked within the teeth and the lips, but this
I can let you understand, the greater file of the
subject held the duke to be wise

Duke Wise! why, no question but he was,

Lucio A very superficial, ignorant, unweigh-
ing fellow 152

Duke Either this is envy in you, folly, or
mistaking the very stream of his life and the
business he hath helmed must, upon a warranted
need, give him a better proclamation Let him
be but testimonied in his own bringings forth,
and he shall appear to the envious a scholar,
a statesman and a soldier Therefore you speak
unskilfully, or, if your knowledge be more, it is
much darkened in your malice

Lucio Sir, I know him, and I love him 162
Duke Love talks with better knowledge, and
knowledge with dearer love

Lucio Come, sir, I know what I know
Duke I can hardly believe that, since you
know not what you speak But, if ever the duke
return,—as our prayers are he may,—let me
desire you to make your answer before him
if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage
to maintain it I am bound to call upon you,
and, I pray you, your name? 172

Lucio Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to
the duke

Duke He shall know you better, sir, if I may
live to report you 176

Lucio I fear you not
Duke O! you hope the duke will return no
more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an
opposite But indeed I can do you little harm,
you'll forswear this again.

Lucio I'll be hanged first thou art deceived
in me, friar But no more of this Canst thou
tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no? 184

Duke Why should he die, sir?

Lucio Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-
dish. I would the duke we talk of were returned
again this ungentured agent will unpeople the
province with contumacy, sparrows must not
build in his house-eaves, because they are
lecherous The duke yet would have dark deeds
darkly answered, he would never bring them
to light would he were returned! Marry, this
Claudio is condemned for untrussing Farewell,
good friar, I prithee, pray for me The duke,
I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays
He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would
mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown
bread and garlic say that I said so Farewell
[Exit]

Duke No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here? 204

*Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and Officers with
MISTRESS OVERDONE*

Escal Go, away with her to prison!

Mrs Ov Good my lord, be good to me, your
honour is accounted a merciful man, good my
lord. 208

Escal Double and treble admonition, and
still forget it the same kind? This would make
mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov A bawd of eleven years' continuance,
may it please your honour 213

Mrs Ov My lord, this is one Lucio's infor-
mation against me Mistress Kate Keepdown
was with child by him in the duke's time, he
promised her marriage, his child is a year and
a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob I have
kept it myself, and see how he goes about to
abuse me! 220

Escal That fellow is a fellow of much licence
let him be called before us Away with her to
prison! Go to, no more words [Exit Officers
with MISTRESS OVERDONE] Provost, my
brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio
must die to-morrow Let him be furnished with
divines, and have all charitable preparation if
my brother wrought by my pity, it should not
be so with him 229

Prov So please you, this friar hath been with
him, and advised him for the entertainment of
death 232

Escal Good even, good father

Duke Bless and goodness on you!

Escal Of whence are you?

Duke Not of this country, though my chance
is now 236

To use it for my time I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See,
In special business from his Holiness

Escal What news abroad i' the world? 240

Duke None, but there is so great a fever on
goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure
it novelty is only in request, and it is as
dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as
it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking
there is scarce truth enough alive to make
societies secure, but security enough to make
fellowships accursed Much upon this riddle
runs the wisdom of the world This news is old
enough, yet it is every day's news I pray you,
sir, of what disposition was the duke? 251

Escal One that, above all other strifes, con-
tended especially to know himself

Duke What pleasure was he given to? 254

Escal Rather rejoicing to see another merry,
than merry at anything which professed to make
him rejoice a gentleman of all temperance
But leave we him to his events, with a prayer
they may prove prosperous, and let me desire
to know how you find Claudio prepared I am
made to understand, that you have lent him
visitation. 262

Duke He professes to have received no simis-
ter measure from his judge, but most willingly
humbles himself to the determination of justice,
yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction
of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life,
which I, by my good leisure have discredited to
him, and now is he resolved to die 269

Escal You have paid the heavens your
function, and the prisoner the very debt of
your calling I have laboured for the poor
gentleman to the extremest shore of my modes-
ty, but my brother justice have I found so severe,
that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed
Justice 276

Duke If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well, wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself

Escal I am going to visit the prisoner Fare you well 281

Duke Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and PROVOST*]

He, who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe,
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go,
More nor less to others paying
Than by self offences weighing
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How many likeness made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply
With Angelo to-night shall he
His old betrothed but despis'd
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting

ance a little, may oe I will call upon you anon,
for some advantage to yourself

Mari I am always bound to you [Exit

Enter ISABELLA

Duke Very well met, and well come 28
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,

Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd,
And to that vineyard is a planced gate, 32

288 That makes his opening with this bigger key,
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads,
There have I made my promise 36

Upon the heavy middle of the night
292 To call upon him

Duke But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't 296

With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er

300 *Duke* Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isab No, none, but only a repair i' the dark, 45

[Exit And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief, for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along, 48
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother

Duke 'Tis well borne up
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this What ho! within! come forth.

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid, 53
4 She comes to do you good

Isab I do desire the like.

Duke Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari Good friar, I know you do, and oft have found it. 56

Duke Take then this your companion by the hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear
I shall attend your leisure but make haste,
The vaporous night approaches

Mari Will 't please you walk aside? 60

[*Exeunt MARIANA and ISABELLA*]

Duke O place and greatness! millions of false eyes

Are stuck upon thee volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious
quests

Upon thy doings thousand escapes of wit 64

Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA

Welcome! How agreed?

Isab She'll take the enterprise upon her,
father,
If you advise it.

ACT IV

SCENE I — *The moated Grange at St Luke's*

Enter MARIANA and a Boy Boy sings

Take O take those lips away

That so sweetly were forsworn,

And those eyes the break of day

Lights that do mislead the morn

But my kisses bring again

bring again,

Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,

seal'd in vain. 8

Mari Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent

[Exit Boy]

Enter DUKE, disguised as before

I cry you mercy, sir, and well could wish 12

You had not found me here so musical

Let me excuse me, and believe me so,

My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe

Duke 'Tis good, though music oft hath such a charm 16

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

I pray you tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet 20

Mari You have not been inquired after I have sat here all day

Duke I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now I shall crave your forbear-

Duke It is not my consent, 68
But my entreaty too
Isab Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother'

Mari Fear me not
Duke Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at
all 72

He is your husband on a pre-contract
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the decent Come, let us go 76
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II—A Room in the Prison

Enter PROVOST and POMPEY

Prov Come hither, sirrah Can you cut off
a man's head?

Pom If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can,
but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head,
and I can never cut off a woman's head 5

Prov Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and
yield me a direct answer To-morrow morning
are to die Claudio and Barnardine Here is in
our prison a common executioner, who in his
office lacks a helper if you will take it on you
to assist him, it shall redeem you from your
gyves, if not, you shall have your full time of
imprisonment, and your deliverance with an un-
punished whipping, for you have been a notorious
bawd 15

Pom Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time
out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a
lawful hangman I would be glad to receive
some instruction from my fellow partner

Prov What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhor-
son, there? 21

Enter ABHORSON

Abhor Do you call, sir?

Prov Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you
to-morrow in your execution If you think it
meet, compound with him by the year, and let
him abide here with you, if not, use him for the
present, and dismiss him He cannot plead his
estimation with you, he hath been a bawd 28

Abhor A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will
discredit our mystery

Prov Go to, sir, you weigh equally, a feather
will turn the scale [Exit]

Pom Pray, sir, by your good favour—for
surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you
have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your
occupation a mystery? 36

Abhor Ay, sir, a mystery

Pom Paining, sir, I have heard say, is a
mystery, and your whores, sir, being members
of my occupation, using painting, do prove my
occupation a mystery but what mystery there
should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I
cannot imagine

Abhor Sir, it is a mystery 44

Pom Proof?

Abhor Every true man's apparel fits your thief

Pom If it be too little for your thief, your
true man thinks it big enough, if it be too big
for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough
so, every true man's apparel fits your thief 50

Re-enter PROVOST

Prov Are you agreed?

Pom Sir, I will serve him, for I do find that
your hangman is a more penitent trade than
your bawd, he doth often ask forgiveness

Prov You, sirrah, provide your block and
your axe to-morrow four o'clock 56

Abhor Come on, bawd, I will instruct thee
in my trade, follow

Pom I do desire to learn, sir, and, I hope, if
you have occasion to use me for your own turn,
you shall find me yare, for, truly, sir, for your
kindness I owe you a good turn

Prov Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.

[Exit POMPEY and ABHORSON]

The one has my pity, not a jot the other, 64
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy
death

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal Where's Bar-
nardine? 68

Claud As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless
labour

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones,

He will not wake

Prov Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself [Knocking within]

But hark, what noise?— 72

Heaven give your spirits comfort!—[Exit CLAU-
DIO] By and by

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve

For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter DUKE, disguised as before

Welcome, father

Duke The best and wholesom'st spirits of
the night 76

Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here
of late?

Prov None since the curfew rung

Duke Not Isabel?

Prov No

Duke They will, then ere't be long

Prov What comfort is for Claudio? 80

Duke There's some in hope

Prov It is a bitter deputy.

Duke Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice—

He doth with holy abstinence subdue 84

That in himself which he spurs on his power

To qualify in others were he meal'd with that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous,

But this being so, he's just—[Knocking within]

Now are they come [Exit PROVOST]

This is a gentle provost seldom when 89

The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.

[Knocking.]

How now! What noise? That spirit's possess'd
with haste
That wounds the unsisting postern with these
strokes

92

Re-enter PROVOST

Prov There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in, he is call'd up

Duke Have you no countermand for Claudio
yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov None, sir none 96
Duke As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning

Prov Happily
You something know, yet, I believe there comes
No countermand no such example have we 100
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary

Enter a Messenger

This is his lordship's man
Duke And here comes Claudio's pardon 104
Mes [Giving a paper] My lord hath sent
you this note, and by me this further charge,
that you swerve not from the smallest article of
it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance
Good morrow, for, as I take it, it is almost day
Prov I shall obey him [Exit Messenger]
Duke [Aside] This is his pardon, purchased
by such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in, 112
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender
friended 116

Now, sir, what news?
Prov I told you Lord Angelo, belike think-
ing me remiss in mine office, awakens me with
this unwonted putting on, methinks strangely,
for he hath not used it before 121

Duke Pray you, let's hear
Prov Whatsoever you may hear to the con-
trary, let Claudio be executed by four of the
clock, and, in the afternoon, Barnardine For
my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's
head sent me by five Let this be duly per-
formed, with a thought that more depends on
it than we must yet deliver Thus fail not to do
your office, as you will answer it at your peril
What say you to this, sir? 131

Duke What is that Barnardine who is to be
executed this afternoon?

Prov A Bohemian born, but here nursed up
and bred, one that is a prisoner nine years old

Duke How came it that the absent duke had
not either delivered him to his liberty or execu-
ted him? I have heard it was ever his manner
to do so 139

Prov His friends still wrought reprieves for
him, and, indeed, his fact, till now in the go-
vernment of Lord Angelo, came not to an un-
doubtful proof

Duke It is now apparent? 144

Prov Most manifest, and not denied by himself
Duke Hath he borne himself penitently in
prison? How seems he to be touched?

Prov A man that apprehends death no more
dreadfully but as a drunken sleep, careless, reck-
less, and fearless of what's past, present, or to
come, insensible of mortality, and desperately
mortal 152

Duke He wants advice
Prov He will hear none He hath evermore
had the liberty of the prison give him leave to
escape hence he would not drunk many times
a day, if not many days entirely drunk We
have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to
execution, and showed him a seeming warrant
for it it hath not moved him at all 160

Duke More of him anon There is written
in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy
if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles
me, but, in the boldness of my cunning I will
lay myself in hazard Claudio, whom here you
have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit
to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced
him To make you understand this in a mani-
fested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for
the which you are to do me both a present and
a dangerous courtesy

Prov Pray, sir, in what? 172
Duke In the delaying death

Prov Alack! how may I do it, having the
hour limited, and an express command, under
penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo?
I may make my case as Claudio's to cross this
in the smallest 178

Duke By the vow of mine order I warrant
you, if my instructions may be your guide Let
this Barnardine be this morning executed, and
his head borne to Angelo

Prov Angelo hath seen them both, and will
discover the favour 184

Duke O! death's a great dissembler, and you
may add to it Shave the head, and tie the
beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent
to be so bared before his death you know the
course is common If anything fall to you upon
this, more than than's and good fortune, by the
saint whom I profess, I will plead against it
with my life 192

Prov Pardon me, good father, it is against
my oath

Duke Were you sworn to the duke or to the
deputy? 196

Prov To him, and to his substitutes

Duke You will think you have made no
offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your
dealing? 200

Prov But what likelihood is in that?

Duke Not a resemblance, but a certainty
Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my
coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease at-
tempt you, I will go further than I meant, to
pluck all fears out of you Look you, sir, here is
the hand and seal of the duke you know the
character, I doubt not, and the signet is not
strange to you. 209

Prov I know them both.

Duke The contents of this is the return of the duke you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find within these two days, he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour, perchance of the duke's death, perchance, his entering into some monastery, but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be; all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head. I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn.

[Exeunt]

SCENE III — Another Room in the Same

Enter POMPEY

Pom I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash, he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready money marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight, the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more, all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake'

Enter ABHORSON

Abhor Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.
Pom Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine.

Abhor What ho! Barnardine!

Barnar [Within] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom Your friends, sir, the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar [Within] Away! you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom He is coming, sir, he is coming, I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?*Pom.* Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE

Barnar How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

Abhor Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers, for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for 't.

Pom O, the better, sir, for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter DUKE, disguised as before

Duke Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar Friar, not I. I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke O, sir, you must, and therefore, I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke But hear you.

Barnar Not a word if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward, for thence will not I to day.

Enter PROVOST.

Duke Unfit to live or die. O, gravel heart! After him fellows bring him to the block.

[Exeunt ABHORSON and POMPEY]

Prov Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death,

And, to transport him in the mind he is
 Were damnable.

Prov Here in the prison, father, 76
 There died this morning of a cruel fever
 One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
 A man of Claudio's years, his beard and head
 Just of his colour. What if we do omit 80
 This reprobate till he were well inclin'd,
 And satisfy the deputy with the visage
 Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!

Dispatch it presently: the hour draws on
 Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done,
 And sent according to command, whiles I
 Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov This shall be done, good father, presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon
 And how shall we continue Claudio,
 To save me from the danger that might come 82
 If he were known alive?

Duke Let this be done
 Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and
 Claudio.

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find 96
Your safety manifested

Prov I am your free dependant.

Duke Quick, dispatch,
And send the head to Angelo [*Exit PROVOST*]
Now will I write letters to Angelo,— 101
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose con-
tents

Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound 104
To enter publicly him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount
A league below the city, and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form, 108
We shall proceed with Angelo

Re-enter PROVOST

Prov Here is the head, I'll carry it myself
Duke Convenient is it Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours

Prov I'll make all speed [*Exit*

Isab [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke The tongue of Isabel She's come to
know

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither, 116
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected

Enter ISABELLA

Isab Ho! by your leave

Duke Goodmorn'g to you, fair and gracious
daughter 120

Isab The better, given me by so holy a man
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the
world

His head is off and sent to Angelo 124

Isab Nay, but it is not so

Duke It is no other show your wisdom,
daughter,

In your close patience 127

Isab O! I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

Duke You shall not be admitted to his sight

Isab Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke This nor hurts him nor profits you a
 jot, 132

Forbear it therefore, give your cause to heaven

Mark what I say, which you shall find

By every syllable a faithful verity

The duke comes home to-morrow, nay, dry
 your eyes 136

One of our covent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, 140

There to give up their power If you can, pace
 your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go,

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart, 144

And general honour.

Isab

I am directed by you.

Duke This letter then to Friar Peter give,
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return
Say, by this token, I desire his company 148
At Mariana's house to-night Her cause and
yours,

I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the duke, and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home For my poor
self, 152

I am combined by a sacred vow
And shall be absent Wend you with this letter
Command these fretting waters from your
eyes

With a light heart trust not my holy order, 156
If I pervert your course Who's here?

Enter LUCIO

Lucio Good even. Friar, where is the pro-
vost?

Duke Not within, sir 160

Lucio O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine
heart to see thine eyes so red thou must be
patient I am fain to dine and sup with water
and bran I dare not for my head fill my belly,
one fruitful meal would set me to't But they
say the duke will be here to-morrow By my
troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother if the old
fantastical duke of dark corners had been at
home, he had lived [*Exit ISABELLA*]

Duke Sir, the duke is marvellous little be-
holding to your reports, but the best is, he lives
not in them 172

Lucio Friar, thou knowest not the duke so
well as I do he's a better woodman than thou
takest him for

Duke Well, you'll answer this one day
Fare ye well 177

Lucio Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee I
can tell thee pretty tales of the duke

Duke You have told me too many of him
already, sir, if they be true, if not true, none
were enough 182

Lucio I was once before him for getting a
wench with child

Duke Did you such a thing?

Lucio Yes, marry, did I but I was fain to
forswear it they would else have married me to
the rotten medlar 188

Duke Sir, your company is fairer than honest
Rest you well

Lucio By my troth, I'll go with thee to the
lane's end If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have
very little of it Nay, friar, I am a kind of butt,
I shall stick. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV —A Room in ANGELO'S House

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal Every letter he hath writ hath dis-
vouched other

Ang In most uneven and distracted man-
His actions show much like to madness
heaven his wisdom be not tainted! An'

meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal I guess not 8

Ang And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street? 12

Escal He shows his reason for that to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us 16

Ang Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd. Betimes in the morn I'll call you at your house, Give notice to such men of soot and suit As are to meet him 20

Escal I shall, sir fare you well

Ang Good night — [*Exit ESCALUS*]
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid,
And by an eminent body that enforc'd 25
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares
her no 28

For my authority bears so credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have
liv'd,

Save that his notorious youth, with dangerous
sense, 32

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had
liv'd!

Alack! when once our grace we have forgot 36
Nothing goes right we would, and we would
not [*Exit*]

SCENE V — *Fields without the Town*

Enter DUKE, in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER

Duke These letters at fit time deliver me [*Giving letters*]

The provost knows our purpose and our plot
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift, 4
Though sometimes you do plench from this to
that,

As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius'
house,

And tell him where I stay give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus, 8
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate,
But send me Flavius first

F Peter. It shall be speeded well [*Exit*]

Enter VARRIUS

Duke I thank thee, Varrus, thou hast made
good haste
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrus 12
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI — *Street near the City Gate*

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA

Isab To speak so indirectly I am loath
I would say the truth, but to accuse him so,
That is your part yet I'm advis'd to do it,
He says, to veil full purpose

Mari Be rul'd by him 4

Isab Besides, he tells me that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange, for 'tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end 8

Mari I would, Friar Peter—

Isab O, peace! the friar is come

Enter FRIAR PETER

F Peter Come, I have found you out a stand
most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
sounded 12

The generous and gravest citizens
Have bent the gates and cry near upon
The duke's entring therefore hence, away!
[*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I — *A public Place near the City Gate*

MARIANA, veiled, ISABELLA and FRIAR PETER,
at their stand. *Enter DUKE, VARRIUS, LORDS*
ANGELO, ESCALUS, UCIO PROVOST, Officers
and Citizens at several doors

Duke My very worthy cousin fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see
you

Ang } Happy return be to your royal Grace!

Escal }
Duke Many and hearty thanks to you
both 4

We have made inquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital

Ang You make my bonds still greater 8
Duke O! you desert speaks loud, and I
should wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time 12
And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come Escalus, 16
You must walk by us on our other hand,
And good supporters are you

FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA come forward

F Peter Now is your time speak loud and
kneel before him 19

Isab Justice O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince! dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object

Till you have heard me in my true complaint
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke Relate your wrongs in what? by whom? Be brief,

Here is Lord Angelo, shall give you justice
Reveal yourself to him

Isab O worthy duke! 28
You bid me seek redemption of the devil
Hear me yourself, for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you Hear me, O, hear me, here! 32

Ang My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm
She hath been a sutor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice,—

Isab By course of justice! 34
Ang And she will speak most bitterly and strange 36

Isab Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak

That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?

That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief, 40
A hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke Nay, it is ten times strange

Isab It is not truer he is Angelo

Than this is all as true as it is strange, 44

Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth

To the end of reckoning

Duke Away with her! poor soul,
She speaks thus in the infirmity of sense

Isab O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st 48

There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion

That I am touch'd with madness Make not impossible

That which but seems unlike 'Tis not impossible 52

But one, the wicked'st catiff on the ground,

May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute

As Angelo, even so may Angelo,

In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms, 56

Be an arch-villain Believe it, royal prince

If he be less, he's nothing, but he's more,

Had I more name for badness

Duke By mine honesty,

If she be mad,—as I believe no other,— 60

Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,

Such a dependency of thing on thing,

As e'er I heard in madness

Isab O gracious duke! 64

Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason

For inequality, but let your reason serve

To make the truth appear where it seems hid,

And hide the false seems true

Duke Many that are not mad

Have, sure, more lack of reason What would you say? 68

Isab I am the sister of one Claudio,

Condemn'd upon the act of fornication

To lose his head, condemn'd by Angelo,

I, in probation of a sisterhood, 72

Was sent to by my brother, one Lucio

As then the messenger,—

Lucio That's I, an't like your Grace

I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her

To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo 76

For her poor brother's pardon

Isab That's he indeed

Duke You were not bid to speak

Lucio No, my good lord,

Nor wish'd to hold my peace

Duke I wish you now, then,

Pray you, take note of it, and when you have 80

A business for yourself, pray heaven you then

Be perfect

Lucio I warrant your honour

Duke The warrant's for yourself take heed 84

to it

Isab This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—

Lucio Right

Duke It may be right, but you are in the wrong

To speak before your time Proceed

Isab I went 88

To this pernicious catiff deputy

Duke That's somewhat madly spoken

Isab Pardon it,

The phrase is to the matter

Duke Mended again the matter, proceed

Isab In brief, to set the needless process by, 92

How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,

How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—

For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion 96

I now begin with grief and shame to utter

He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscible intemperate lust,

Release my brother and, after much debate-ment, 100

My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,

And I did yield to him But the next morn betimes,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant

For my poor brother's head

Duke This is most likely! 104

Isab O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke By heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour

In hateful practice First, his integrity 108

Stands without blemish, next, it imports no reason

That with such vehemency he should pursue

Faults proper to himself if he had so offended,

He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,

And not have cut him off Some one hath set you on 112

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice

Thou cam'st here to complain

Isab And is this all?

Then, O you blessed ministers above, 116

Keep me in patience, and, with ripen'd time

Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up

In countenance! Heaven shield your Grace from woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go! 120

Duke I know you'd fain be gone. An officer!
 To prison with her! Shall we thus permit
 A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
 On him so near us? This needs must be a
 practice 124
 Who knew of your intent and coming hither?
Isab One that I would were here, Friar
 Lodowick
Duke A ghostly father, belike Who knows
 that Lodowick?
Lucio My lord, I know him, 'tis a meddling
 friar, 128
 I do not like the man had he been lav, my
 lord,
 For certain words he spake aganst your Grace
 In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly
Duke Words against me! This' a good friar,
 belike! 132
 And to set on this wretched woman here
 Against our substitute! Let this friar be found
Lucio But yesternight, my lord, she and
 that friar,
 I saw them at the prison a saucy friar, 136
 A very scurvy fellow
F Peter Bless'd be your roval Grace!
 I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
 Your royal ear abus'd First, hath this woman
 Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute, 140
 Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
 As she from one ungot
Duke We did believe no less
 Know you that Friar Lodowick that she
 speaks of?
F Peter I know him for a man divine and
 holy, 144
 Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
 As he's reported by this gentleman,
 And, on my trust, a man that never yet
 Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace 148
Lucio My lord, most villanously, believe it
F Peter Well, he in time may come to clear
 himself,
 But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
 Of a strange fever Upon his mere request, 152
 Being come to knowledge that there was com-
 plaint
 Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,
 To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
 Is true and false, and what he with his oath 156
 And all probation will make up full clear,
 Whensoever he's convented First, for this
 woman,
 To justify this worthy nobleman,
 So vulgarly and personally accus'd, 160
 Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
 Till she herself confess it.
Duke Good friar, let's hear it
[ISABELLA is carried off guarded and
MARIANA comes forward
 Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
 O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools! 164
 Give us some seats Come, cousin Angelo,
 In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
 Of your own cause Is this the witness, friar?
 First, let her show her face, and after speak 168

Mari Pardon, my lord, I will not show my
 face
 Un'til my husband bid me
Duke What, are you married?
Mari No, my lord
Duke Are you a maid?
Mari No, my lord
Duke A widow, then?
Mari Neither, my lord.
Duke Why, you
 Are nothing, then neither maid, widow, nor
 wife?
Lucio My lord, she may be a punk, for
 many of them are neither maid, widow, nor
 wife 176
Duke Silence that fellow I would he had
 some cause
 To prattle for himself
Lucio Well, my lord
Mari My lord, I do confess I ne'er was
 married, 180
 And I confess besides I am no maid
 I have known my husband yet my husband
 knows not
 That ever he knew me
Lucio He was drunk then my lord it can
 be no better 184
Duke For the benefit of silence, would thou
 wert so too!
Lucio Well, my lord
Duke This is no witness for Lord Angelo
Mari Now I come to 't, my lord 188
 She that accuses him of fornication,
 In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,
 And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
 When, I'll depose, I had him in mine arms, 192
 With all th' effect of love
Ang Charges she more than me?
Mari Not that I know
Duke No? you say your husband
Mari Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
 Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my
 body 197
 But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's
Ang This is a strange abuse Let's see
 thy face
Mari My husband bid me, now I will
 unmask *[Unveiling]*
 This is that face, thou cruel Angelo, 201
 Which once thou swor'st was worth the look-
 ing on
 This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
 Was fast belock'd in thine this is the body 204
 That took away the match from Isabel,
 And did supply thee at thy garden-house
 In her imagin'd person
Duke Know you this woman?
Lucio Carnally, she says
Duke Surrah, no more! 208
Lucio Enough, my lord
Ang My lord, I must confess I know this
 woman,
 And five years since there was some speech of
 marriage 212
 Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
 Partly for that her promised proportions

Came short of composition, but, in chief
For that her reputation was d'sturb'd
In levity since which time of five years 215
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from
her,

Upon my faith and honour

Mari Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words
from breath,

As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly 221
As words could make up vows and, my good
lord,

But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house
He knew me as a wife As this is true 224
Let me in safety raise me from my knees
Or else for ever be conhd' here,
A marble monument

Arg I did but smile till now
Now, good my lord give me the scope of justice
My patience here is touch'd I do perceive 229
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out

Duke Ay, with my heart, 233
And punish them unto your height of pleasure
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou
thy oaths, 236
Though they would swear down each particular
saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit
That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Es-
calus,

Sit with my cousin, lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd 241
There is another friar that set them on,
Let him be sent for

F. Peter Would he were here, my lord,
for he indeed 244
Hath set the women on to this complaint
Your provost knows the place where he abides
And he may fetch him

Duke Go do it instantly [*Exit PROVOST*]
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best, 250
In any chastisement I for awhile will leave
you,

But stir not you, till you have well determin'd
Upon these slanderers

Escal My lord, we'll do it thoroughly —
[*Exit DUKE*]

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that
Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person? 256

Lucio Cucullus non facit monachum
honest in nothing, but in his clothes, and one
that hath spoke most villanous speeches of
the duke 260

Escal We shall entreat you to abide here
till he come and enforce them against him We
shall find this friar a notable fellow

Lucio As any in Vienna, on my word 264

Escal Call that same Isabel here once again
I would speak with her [*Exit an Attendant*]

Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question,
you shall see how I'll handle her 266

Lucio Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal Say you?

Lucio Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her
privately, she would sooner confess perchance,
publicly, she'll be ashamed 273

Escal I will go darkly to work with her

Lucio That's the way for women are light
at midnight 276

Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA

Escal [*To ISABELLA*] Come on, mistress here's
a gentlewoman denies all that you have said

Lucio My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke
of, here with the provost 280

Escal In very good time speak not you to
him, till we call upon you

*Enter DUKE, disguised as a friar, and
PROVOST*

Lucio Mum 283

Escal Come, sir Did you set these women
on to slander I ord Angelo? they have confessed
you did

Duke 'Tis false

Escal How! know you where you are? 288

Duke Respect to your great place! and let
the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me
speak

Escal The duke's in us, and we will hear
you speak 292

Look you speak justly

Duke Boldly at least But, O, poor souls!

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

Good night to your redress! Is the duke
gone? 296

Then is your cause gone too The duke's un-
just,

Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Whence here you come to accuse 300

Lucio This is the rascal this is he I spoke
of

Escal Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd
friar!

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,

And in the witness of his proper ear, 305

To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the duke him-
self,

To tax him with injustice? take him hence, 308
To the rack with him! We'll touse you joint
by joint,

But we will know his purpose What! 'unjust'?

Duke Be not so hot, the duke

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own his subject am I not, 313

Nor here provincial My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,

Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'er-run the stew laws for all faults, 317

But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark 320

Escal Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

Ang What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio 'Tis he my lord. Come hither good-man bala-pate do you know me? 325

Duke I remember you sir, by the sound of your voice. I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke 328

Lucio O! did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke Most notably, sir

Lucio Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be? 334

Duke You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report. You, indeed spoke of him, and much more, much worse.

Lucio O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke I protest I love the duke as I love myself 340

Ang Hark how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!

Escal Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal.

Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? 344

Away with him to prison! Lay bolts enough on him, let him speak no more. Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companions! 348

[*The PROVOST lays hands on the DUKE*]

Duke Stay, sir, stay awhile!

Ang What! resists he? Help him, Lucio!

Lucio Come, sir, come, sir, come, sir, forth! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off? 356

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the DUKE*]

Duke Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three

[*To LUCIO*] Sneak not away, sir, for the friar and you

Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him 360

Lucio This may prove worse than hanging

Duke [*To ESCALUS*] What you have spoke I pardon: sit you down

We'll borrow place of him [*To ANGELO*] Sir, by your leave

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, 364

That yet can do thee office? If thou hast, Rely upon it till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord! I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, 368

To think I can be undiscernible

When I perceive your Grace, like power divine, Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince, No longer session hold upon my shame, 372 But let my trial be mine own confession. Immediate sentence then and sequent death Is all the grace I beg

Duke Come hither, Mariana, Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang I was, my lord 377

Duke Go take her hence, and marry her instantly

Do you the office friar which consummate, Return him here again. Go with him, provost

[*Exit ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, and PROVOST*]

Escal My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour 381

Than at the strangeness of it

Duke Come hither, Isabel. Your friar is now your prince as I was then

Advertising and holy to your business, 384

Not changing heart with habit, I am still

Attorney'd at your service

Isab O, give me pardon, That I your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd

Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke You are pardon'd, Isabel And now, dear maid, be you as free to us 389

Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart,

And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,

Labouring to save his life, and would not rather

Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power

'Till I did think with slower foot came on,

That brain'd my purpose but, peace be with

him! 395

That life is better life, past fearing death,

Than that which lives to fear make it you.

comfort,

So happy is your brother

Isab I do, my lord 400

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER,

and PROVOST

Duke For this new-married man approaching here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd

Your well-defended honour, you must pardon

For Mariana's sake. But as he adjudg'd your

brother — 404

Being criminal, in double violation

Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,

Thereon dependent for your brother's life, —

The very mercy of the law cries out 408

Most audible, even from his proper tongue,

'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers

leisure,

Like doth quit like, and Measure still for

Measure 412

Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested,

Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee

vantage

We do condemn thee to the very block

Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
haste 416

Away with him!

Mari O, my most gracious lord!

I hope you will not mock me with a husband

Duke It is your husband mock'd you with
a husband 419

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit, else unputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life
And choke your good to come For his pos-
sessions,

Although by confiscation they are ours, 424
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband

Mari O my dear lord!

I crave no other, nor no better man 427

Duke Never crave him, we are definitive

Mari [Kneeling] Gentle my liege,—

Duke You do but lose your labour
Away with him to death! [To LUCIO] Now, sir,
to you.

Mari O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take
my part

Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to do you service 433

Duke Against all sense you do importune
her

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror

Mari Isabel, 437

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me

Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak
all 439

They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better

For being a little bad so may my husband
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee? 443

Duke He dies for Claudio's death

Isab [Kneeling] Most bounteous sir,

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,

As if my brother liv'd I partly think

A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,

Till he did look on me since it is so, 448

Let him not die My brother had but justice,

In that he did the thing for which he died

For Angelo,

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent, 452

And must be buried but as an intent

That perish'd by the way Thoughts are no

subjects,

Intents but merely thoughts

Mari Merely, my lord

Duke Your suit's unprofitable stand up, I
say 456

I have bethought me of another fault

Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded

At an unusual hour?

Prov It was commanded so

Duke Had you a special warrant for the
deed? 460

Prov No, my good lord, it was by private

message

Duke For which I do discharge you of your
office

Give up your keys

Prov Pardon me, noble lord
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not, 464

Yet did repent me, after more advice,

For testimony whereof, one in the prison,

That should by private order else have died

I have reserv'd alive

Duke What's he?

Prov His name is Barnardine

Duke I would thou hadst done so by Claudio

Go, fetch him hither let me look upon him

[Exit PROVOST]

Escal I am sorry, one so learned and so

wise

As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd, 472

Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,

And lack of temper'd judgment afterward

Ang I am sorry that such sorrow I procure,

And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart 476

That I crave death more willingly than mercy

'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it

Re-enter PROVOST, with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO
muffled, and JULIET

Duke Which is that Barnardine?

Prov This, my lord

Duke There was a friar told me of this man

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,

That apprehends no further than this world, 482

And squar'st thy life according Thou'rt con-
demn'd

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,

And pray thee take this mercy to provide 485

For better times to come Friar, advise him

I leave him to your hand—What muffled

fellow's that?

Prov This is another prisoner that I say'd,

That should have died when Claudio lost his

head, 489

As like almost to Claudio as himself

[Unmuffles CLAUDIO]

Duke [To ISABELLA] If he be like your bro-
ther, for his sake

Is he pardon'd, and, for your lovely sake 492

Give me your hand and say you will be mine,

He is my brother too But fitter time for that

By this, Lord Angelo perceives he's safe

Methinks I see a quickening in his eye 496

Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well

Look that you love your wife, her worth worth

yours—

I find an apt remission in myself,

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon—

[To LUCIO] You, sirrah, that knew me for a

fool, a coward, 502

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman

Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,

That you extol me thus? 504

Lucio Faith, my lord, I spoke it but accord-
ing to the trick If you will hang me for it, you

may, but I had rather it would please you I

might be whipped. 508

Duke Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after

Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,

If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,—

As I have heard him swear himself there's one

Whom he begot with child, let her appear, 513
 And he shall marry her the nuptial finish'd,
 Let him be whipp'd and hang'd

Lucio I beseech your highness, do not marry
 me to a whore Your highness said even now,
 I made you a duke good my lord, do not re-
 compensate me in making me a cuckold

Duke Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry
 her 520

Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal
 Remit thy other forfeits Take him to prison,
 And see our pleasure herein executed

Lucio Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing
 to death, whipping, and hanging 525

Duke Slandering a prince deserves it
 She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you re-
 store

Joy to you, Mariana! love her, Angelo 528
 I have confess'd her and I know her virtue
 Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much
 goodness

There's more behind that is more grate
 Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy, 532
 We shall employ thee in a worthier place

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
 The head of Ragozine for Claudio's

The offence pardons itself Dear Isabel, 536
 I have a motion much imports your good,

Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
 What's mine is yours, and what is yours is
 mine 539

So, bring us to our palace where we'll show
 What's yet behind, that's meet you all should
 know

[*Exeunt*]

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SOLINUS Duke of Ephesus.
 ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse
 ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, | Twin Brothers, sons to
 ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, | Ægeon and Emilia.
 DROMIO of Ephesus | Twin Brothers, attendants on the
 DROMIO of Syracuse | two Antipholus
 BALTHEZAR, a Merchant.
 ANGELO a Goldsmith.
 Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

A Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor
 PINCH, a Schoolmaster and a Conjuror
 EMILIA, Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.
 ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
 LUCIANA, her Sister
 LUCE, Servant to Adriana.
 A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE —Ephesus

ACT I

SCENE I—A Hall in the DUKE'S Palace

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants

Æge Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
 And by the doom of death end woes and all
 Duke Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more
 I am not partial to infringe our laws
 The enemy and discord which of late
 Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
 To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
 Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives, 8
 Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their
 bloods,

Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks
 For, since the mortal and intestine jars
 'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us, 12
 It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
 Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
 T' admit no traffic to our adverse towns
 Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus 16
 Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs,
 Again, if any Syracusan born
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
 His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose; 20
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,
 To quit the penalty and to ransom him
 Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks, 24
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die

Æge Yet this my comfort when your words
 are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun
 Duke Well, Syracusan, say, in brief the
 cause 28

Why thou departedst from thy native home,
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus

Æge A heavier task could not have been
 impos'd

Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable, 32
 Yet, that the world may witness that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave
 In Syracuse was I born, and wed 36
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,

And by me too, had not our hap been bad
 With her I liv'd in joy our wealth increas'd
 By prosperous voyages I often made 40
 To Epidamnus, till my factor's death,
 And the great care of goods at random left,
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse
 From whom my absence was not six months
 old, 44

Before herself,—almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear,—
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon and safe arriv'd where I was 48
 There had she not been long but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons,
 And, which was strange, the one so like the
 other,

As could not be distinguish'd but by names 52
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
 A meaner woman was delivered
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike
 Those—for their parents were exceeding
 poor,— 56

I bought, and brought up to attend my sons
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
 Made daily motions for our home return
 Unwilling I agreed, altho' too soon 60
 We came aboard

A league from Epidamnus had we sail'd,
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm 64
 But longer did we not retain much hope,
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death, 68
 Which, though myself would gladly have em-
 brac'd,

Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes, 72
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me
 And this it was, for other means was none
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat, 76
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
 Such as seafaring men provide for storms, 80

To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd, 84
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast,
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth, 88
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us,
 And, by the benefit of his wished light
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us, 92
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this
 But ere they came,—O' let me say no more,
 Gather the sequel by that went before

Duke Nay, forward, old man, do not break
 off so, 96

For we may pity, though not pardon thee
Ege O! had the gods done so, I had not
 now

Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five
 leagues, 100

We were encounter'd by a mighty rock,
 Which being violently borne upon,
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us 104
 Fortune had left to both of us alike

What to delight in, what to sorrow for
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe, 108
 Was carried with more speed before the wind,
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us, 112
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save
 Gave healthful welcome to their ship-wrack'd
 guests

And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail, 116
 And therefore homeward did they bend their
 course

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
 That by misfortune was my life prolong'd,
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps 120

Duke And, for the sake of them thou sor-
 rowest for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
 What hath befallen of them and thee till now

Ege My youngest boy, and yet my eldest
 care, 124

At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother and importun'd me
 That his attendant—for his case was like,
 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name— 128
 Might bear him company in the quest of him,
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd
 Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia, 133
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,
 Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
 Or that or any place that harbours men. 136
 But here must end the story of my life,
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live

Duke Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have
 mark'd 140

To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee 145
 But though thou art adjudged to the death
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd
 But to our honour's great disparagement, 148
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
 To seek thy life by beneficial help
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus, 152
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live, if no, then thou art doom'd to die
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody

Gaol I will, my lord 156

Ege Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon
 wend,

But to procrastinate his lifeless end [Exeunt

SCENE II—The Mart

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of
 Syracuse, and a Merchant

Mer Therefore, give out you are of Epidam-
 num,

Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate
 This very day, a Syracusan merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here, 4
 And, not being able to buy out his life,
 According to the statute of the town
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west
 There is your money that I had to keep 8

Ant S Go bear it to the Centaur, where we
 host,

And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town, 12
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return and sleep within mine inn,
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary
 Get thee away 16

Dro S Many a man would take you at your
 word,

And go indeed having so good a mean [Exit
Ant S A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
 When I am dull with care and melancholy, 20
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests
 What, will you walk with me about the town,
 And then go to my inn and dine with me?

Mer I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit 25
 I crave your pardon Soon at five o'clock,
 Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
 And afterward consort you till bed-time 28
 My present business calls me from you now,

Ant S Farewell till then I will go lose my-
 self,

And wander up and down to view the city
Mer Sir, I commend you to your own con-
 tent [Exit

Ant S He that commends me to mine own
 content, 33

Commends me to the thing I cannot get
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus

Here comes the almanack of my true date
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro E Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit, 44
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek
She is so hot because the meat is cold,
The meat is cold because you come not home,
You come not home because you have no stomach, 49
You have no stomach, having broke your fast,
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day 52

Ant S Stop in your wind, sir, tell me thus, I pray

Where have you left the money that I gave you?
Dro E O!—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper,
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not 57

Ant S I am not in a sportive humour now
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody? 61

Dro E I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner

I from my mistress come to you in post,
If I return, I shall be post indeed, 64
For she will score your fault upon my pate
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock

And strike you home without a messenger
Ant S Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season, 68

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro E To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me

Ant S Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness, 72

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge
Dro E My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner
My mistress and her sister stays for you 76

Ant S Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
Or I shall break that merry scone of yours
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd 80
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro E I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both
If I should pay your worship those again, 85

Perchance you will not bear them patiently
Ant S Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro E Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix, 88

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner

Ant S What! wilt thou flout me thus unto my face, 91

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave
[*Strikes him*]

Dro E What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels
[*Exit*]

Ant S Upon my life, by some device or other

The villain is o'er-raught of all my money 96
They say this town is full of cozenage,
As, numble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body, 100
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave 104

I greatly fear my money is not safe
[*Exit*]

ACT II

SCENE I—*The House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA

Adr Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,

That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock

Luc Perhaps some merchant hath invited him, 4

And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner

Good sister, let us dine and never fret
A man is master of his liberty 7

Time is their master, and, when they see time,
They'll go or come if so, be patient, sister

Adr Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc Because their business still lies out o' door

Adr Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill 12

Luc O! know he is the bridle of your will

Adr There's none but asses will be bridled so

Luc Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye 16
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky

The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls

Men, more divine, the masters of all these, 20
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females and their lords
Then, let your will attend on their accords 25

Adr This servitude makes you to keep unwed

Luc Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed

Adr But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway 28

Luc Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey

Adr How if your husband start some other where?

Luc Till he come home again, I would forbear

Adr Patience unmov'd! no marvel though she pause, 32

They can be meek that have no other cause
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry,
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain, 36

As much, or more we should ourselves complain

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst reheve me

But if thou live to see like right bereft, 40
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc Well, I will marry one day, but to try
Here comes your man now is your husband nigh

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus

Adr Say, is your tardy master now at hand? 44

Dro E Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness

Adr Say, didst thou speak with him?
Know'st thou his mind?

Dro E Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear 48

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it

Luc Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning? 51

Dro E Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows, and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them

Adr But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife 56

Dro E Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad

Adr Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro E I mean not cuckold-mad but, sure, he is stark mad

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner, 60
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold

'Tis dinner time,' quoth I, 'my gold!' quoth he

'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I, 'my gold!' quoth he

'Will you come home?' quoth I 'my gold!' quoth he 64

'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'

'The pig, quoth I, 'is burn'd,' 'my gold!' quoth he

'My mistress, sir,' quoth I 'hang up thy mistress!

I know not thy mistress out on thy mistress!' 69

Luc Quoth who?

Dro E Quoth my master

'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress'

So that my errand, due unto my tongue, 72
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders,
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there

Adr Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home

Dro F Go back again, and be new beaten home? 76

For God's sake, send some other messenger

Adr Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across

Dro E And he will bless that cross with other beating

Between you, I shall have a holy head 80

Adr Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home

Dro E Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither 84

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather [Exit]

Luc Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look 88

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd, 92

Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault, he's master of my state
What runs are in me that can be found 96

By him not run'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures My decayed fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair,
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale 100

And feeds from home poor I am but his stale

Luc Self-harming jealousy! fie! beat it hence

Adr Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere, 104
Or else what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain.
Would that alone, alone he would detain,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed! 108
I see, the jewel best enamelled

Will lose his beauty, and though gold bides still

That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold, and no man that hath a name, 112

By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II — *A public Place*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse

Ant S The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out By computation and mine host's report I could not speak with Dromio since at first I sent him from the mart See, here he comes

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd? As you love strokes, so jest with me again You know no Centaur? You receiv'd no gold? Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner? My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad, That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro S What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant S Even now, even here, not half-an-hour since

Dro S I did not see you since you sent me hence,

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me

Ant S Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,

And toldst me of a mistress and a dinner, For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd

Dro S I am glad to see you in this merry vein

What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me

Ant S Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that

Dro S Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant S Because that I familiarly sometimes do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love, And make a common of my serious hours

When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,

But creep in crannies when he hides his beams If you will jest with me, know my aspect,

And fashion your demerour to my looks, Or I will beat this method in your sconce

Dro S Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head

an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head and insconce it too, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders But, I pray, sir,

why am I beaten?

Ant S Dost thou not know?

Dro S Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten

Ant S Shall I tell you why?

Dro S Ay, sir, and wherefore, for they say every why hath a wherefore

Ant S Why first,—for flouting me, and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me

Dro S Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,

When, in the why and the wherefore is neither rime nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you

Ant S Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro S Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing

Ant S I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something But—ay, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro S No, sir I think the meat wants that I have

Ant S In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro S Basting

Ant S Well, sir, then 'twill be dry

Dro S If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it

Ant S Your reason?

Dro S Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting

Ant S Well, sir, learn to jest in good time there's a time for all things

Dro S I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric

Ant S By what rule, sir?

Dro S Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself

Ant S Let's hear it

Dro S There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature

Ant S May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro S Yes, to pay a fine for a perwig and recover the lost hair of another man

Ant S Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro S Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts and what he hath scantied men in hair, he hath given them in wit

Ant S Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit

Dro S Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair

Ant S Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit

Dro S The plainer dealer, the sooner lost yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity

Ant S For what reason?

Dro S For two, and sound ones too

Ant S Nay, not sound, I pray you

Dro S Sure ones then

Ant S Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing

Dro S Certain ones, then

Ant S Name them

Dro S The one, to save the money that he spends in tuing, the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge

Ant S You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things

Dro S Marry, and did, sir namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature

Ant S But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover

Dro S Thus I mend it Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers

Ant S I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion But soft! who wafts us yonder?

113

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA

Adr Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife 116
The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst
vow

That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand, 120
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd
to thee

How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes
it,

That thou art thus estranged from thyself? 124
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part
Ah! do not tear away thyself from me, 128

For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing, 132

As take from me thyself and not me too
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee, 136

By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,

And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow, 140

And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst, and therefore, see thou do it
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot, 144

My blood is mingled with the crime of lust
For if we two be one and thou play false,

I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion 148

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true
bed,

I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured
Ant S Plead you to me, fair dame? I know
you not

In Ephesus I am but two hours old, 152
As strange unto your town as to your talk,
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,

Want wit in all one word to understand
Luc Fie, brother how the world is chang'd
with you! 156

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner

Ant S By Dromio?
Dro S By me? 160

Adr By thee, and thus thou didst return
from him,

That he did buffet thee, and in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife

Ant S Did you converse, sir, with this gentle-
woman? 164

What is the course and drift of your compact?
Dro S I, sir? I never saw her till this time

Ant S Villain, thou heest, for even her very
words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart. 168

Dro S I never spake with her in all my life

Ant S How can she thus then, call us by
our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr How ill agrees it with your gravity 172
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,

But wrong not that wrong with a more con-
tempt 176

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine,
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross, 181
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss,

Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion 184

Ant S To me she speaks, she moves me for
her theme!

What! was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now and think I hear all this? 187

What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,

I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy
Luc Dromio, go bid the servants spread for
dinner

Dro S O, for my beads! I cross me for a
sinner 192

This is the fairy land O! spite of spites
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites

If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and
blue 196

Luc Why prat'st thou to thyself and an-
swer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou
sot!

Dro S I am transformed, master, am not I?
Ant S I think thou art, in mind, and so am I

Dro S Nay, master, both in mind and in
my shape 201

Ant S Thou hast thine own form
Dro S No, I am an ape

Luc If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an
ass

Dro S 'Tis true, she rides me and I long
for grass 204

'Tis so, I am an ass, else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me

Adr Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep, 208

Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner Dromio, keep the gate.

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks. 212

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter

Come, sister Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant S [Aside] Am I in earth, in heaven, or
in hell? 216

Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

I'll say as they say, and persevere so, 220
And in this mist at all adventures go

Dro S Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr Ay, and let none enter, lest I break
your pate

Luc Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too
late [Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Before the House of ANTIPHOLUS of
Ephesus*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of
Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR*

Ant E Good Signior Angelo, you must ex-
cuse us all,

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours,
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet, 4
And that to-morrow you will bring it home
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in
gold, 8

And that I did deny my wife and house
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean
by this?

Dro E Say what you will, sir, but I know
what I know,
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand
to show, 12

If the skin were parchment and the blows you
gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I
think

Ant E I think thou art an ass

Dro E Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear
I should kick, being kick'd, and, being at that
pass, 17

You would keep from my heels and beware of
an ass

Ant E You are sad, Signior Balthazar pray
God, our cheer

May answer my good will and your good wel-
come here 20

Bal I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your
welcome dear

Ant E O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh
or fish,

A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty
dish,

Bal Good meat, sir, is common, that every
churl affords 24

Ant E And welcome more common, for
that's nothing but words

Bal Small cheer and great welcome makes a
merry feast

Ant E Ay, to a niggardly host and more
sparing guest

But though my cates be mean, take them in
good part, 28

Better cheer may you have, but not with better
heart

But soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let
us in

Dro E Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gil-
lian, Ginn!

Dro S [Within] Mome, malt-horse, capon,
coxcorn, idiot, patch! 32

Either get thee from the door or sit down at the
hatch

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st
for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from
the door

Dro E What patch is made our porter?—
My master stays in the street 36

Dro S [Within] Let him walk from whence
he came, lest he catch cold on's feet

Ant E Who talks within there? ho! open
the door

Dro S [Within] Right, sir, I'll tell you
when, an you'll tell me wherefore

Ant E Wherefore? for my dinner I have
not din'd to-day 40

Dro S Nor to-day here you must not, come
again when you may

Ant E What art thou that keep'st me out
from the house I owe?

Dro S [Within] The porter for this time,
sir, and my name is Dromio

Dro E O villain! thou hast stolen both mine
office and my name 44

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle
blame

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my
place,

Thou wouldest have chang'd thy face for a name,
or thy name for an ass

Luce [Within] What a coil is there, Dromio!
who are those at the gate? 48

Dro E Let my master in, Luce

Luce [Within] Faith, no, he comes too late,
And so tell your master

Dro E O Lord! I must laugh
Have at you with a proverb Shall I set in my
staff?

Luce [Within] Have at you with another
that's—when? can you tell? 52

Dro S [Within] If thy name be call'd Luce,
—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well

Ant E Do you hear, you minion? you'll let
us in, I trow?

Luce [Within] I thought to have ask'd you
Dro S [Within] And you said, no

Dro E So come, help well struck! there
was blow for blow 56

Ant E Thou baggage, let me in

Luce [Within] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro E Master, knock the door hard

Luce [Within] Let him knock till it ache

Ant E You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat
the door down

Luce [Within] What needs all that, and a
pair of stocks in the town? 60

Adr [Within] Who is that at the door that
keeps all this noise?

Dro S [Within] By my troth your town is
troubled with unruly boys

Ant E Are you there, wife? you might have
come before

Adr [Within] Your wife, sir knave! go, get
you from the door. 64

Dro F If you went in pain, master, thus
 'knaves' would go sore
Ang Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome
 we would fain have either
Bal In debating which was best, we shall
 part with neither
Dro E They stand at the door, master bid
 them welcome hither 68
Ant E There is something in the wind, that
 we cannot get in
Dro E You would say so, master, if your
 garments were thin
 Your cake here is warm within, you stand here
 in the cold
 It would make a man mad as a buck to be so
 bought and sold 72
Ant E Go fetch me something I'll break
 ope the gate
Dro S [Within] Break any breaking here,
 and I'll break your knave's pate
Dro E A man may break a word with you,
 sir, and words are but wind
 Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not
 behind 76
Dro S [Within] It seems thou wantest
 breaking out upon thee, hind!
Dro E Here's too much 'out upon thee!' I
 pray thee, let me in
Dro S [Within] Ay, when fowls have no
 feathers, and fish have no fin
Ant E Well, I'll break in. Go borrow me
 a crow 80
Dro E A crow without feather? Master,
 mean you so?
 For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without
 a feather
 If a crow help us in, surrah, we'll pluck a crow
 together
Ant E Go get thee gone fetch me an iron
 crow 84
Bal Have patience, sir, O! let it not be so,
 Herein you war against your reputation,
 And draw within the compass of suspect
 The unviolated honour of your wife 88
 Once thus,—your long experience of her wisdom,
 Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
 Plead on her part some cause to you unknown,
 And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse 92
 Why at this time the doors are made against
 you
 Be rul'd by me depart in patience,
 And let us to the Tiger all to dinner,
 And about evening come yourself alone, 96
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.
 If by strong hand you offer to break in
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,
 A vulgar comment will be made of it, 100
 And that supposed by the common rout
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,
 That may with foul intrusion enter in
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead,
 For slander lives upon succession, 105
 For ever housed where it gets possession
Ant E You have prevail'd I will depart in
 quiet
 And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry 108

I know a wench of excellent discourse,
 Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle
 There will we dine this woman that I mean,
 My wife,—but, I protest, without desert,— 112
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal
 To her will we to dinner [To ANGELO] Get you
 home,
 And fetch the chain, by this I know 'tis made
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentune, 116
 For there's the house that chain will I bestow,
 Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,
 Upon mine hostess there Good sir, make haste
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me, 120
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me
Ang I'll meet you at that place some hour
 hence
Ant E Do so This jest shall cost me some
 expense [Exeunt]

SCENE II — The Same

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse
Luc And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so rumous? 4
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then, for her wealth's sake use her with more
 kindness
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth,
 Muffle your false love with some show of
 blindness, 8
 Let not my sister read it in your eye,
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator,
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty,
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger, 12
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be
 tainted,
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint,
 Be secret—false what need she be acquainted?
 What simple thief brags of his own attainment?
 'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed, 17
 And let her read it in thy looks at board
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word 20
 Alas! poor women, make us but believe,
 Being compact of credit, that you love us,
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve,
 We in your motion turn, and you may move
 us. 24
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again,
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.
 'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers
 strife. 28
Ant S Sweet mistress,—what your name is
 else, I know not
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
 Less in your knowledge and your grace you
 show not
 Than our earth's wonder; more than earth
 divine 32
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and
 speak
 Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit 36
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
 To make it wander in an unknown field?
 Are you a god? would you create me new?
 Transform me then, and to your power I'll
 yield 40
 But if that I am I, then well I know
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe
 Far more, far more, to you do I decline 44
 O! tram me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
 To drown me in thy sister flood of tears
 Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
 And as a bed I'll take them and there lie, 49
 And, in that glorious supposition think
 He gains by death that hath such means to die
 Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!
Luc What! are you mad, that you do
 reason so? 53
Ant S Not mad, but mated, how, I do not
 know
Luc It is a fault that springeth from your
 eye
Ant S For gazing on your beams, fair sun,
 being by 56
Luc Gaze where you shouu, and that will
 clear your sight
Ant S As good to wink, sweet love, as look
 on night
Luc Why call you me love? call my sister so
Ant S Thy sister's sister
Luc That's my sister
Ant S No, 60
 It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
 Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer
 heart,
 My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
 My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim
Luc All this my sister is, or else should be
Ant S Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim
 thee
 Thee will I love and with thee lead my life
 Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife 68
 Give me thy hand
Luc O! soft, sir, hold you still
 I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will [Exit
Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, hastily
Ant S Why, hownow, Dromio! where run'st
 thou so fast? 72
Dro S Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio?
 am I your man? am I myself?
Ant S Thou art Dromio, thou art my man,
 thou art thyself 76
Dro S I am an ass, I am a woman's man
 and besides myself
Ant S What woman's man? and how be-
 sides thyself? 80
Dro S Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due
 to a woman, one that claims me, one that
 haunts me, one that will have me
Ant S What claim lays she to thee? 84
Dro S Marry, sir, such claim as you would
 lay to your horse, and she would have me as

a beast not that, I being a beast, she would
 have me, but that she, being a very beastly
 creature, lays claim to me 89
Ant S What is she?
Dro S A very reverent body, aye, such a
 one as a man may not speak of, without he say,
 'Sir-reverence' I have but lean luck in the
 match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage
Ant S How dost thou mean a fat mar-
 riage? 96
Dro S Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench,
 and all grease, and I know not what use to put
 her to but to make a lamp of her and run from
 her by her own light I warrant her rags and
 the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter,
 if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week
 longer than the whole world
Ant S What complexion is she of? 104
Dro S Swart, like my shoe, but her face
 nothing like so clean kept for why she sweats,
 a man may go over shoes in the grime of it
Ant S That's a fault that water will mend
Dro S No, sir, 'tis in grain, Noah's flood
 could not do it 110
Ant S What's her name?
Dro S Nell, sir, but her name and three
 quarters,—that is, an ell and three quarters,—
 will not measure her from hip to hip
Ant S Then she bears some breadth? 115
Dro S No longer from head to foot than
 from hip to hip she is spherical, like a globe,
 I could find out countries in her
Ant S In what part of her body stands
 Ireland? 120
Dro S Marry, sir, in her buttocks I found
 it out by the bogs
Ant S Where Scotland?
Dro S I found it by the barrenness, hard
 in the palm of the hand 125
Ant S Where France?
Dro S In her forehead, armed and reverted,
 making war against her hair 128
Ant S Where England?
Dro S I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I
 could find no whiteness in them but I guess it
 stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran
 between France and it 133
Ant S Where Spain?
Dro S Faith, I saw not, but I felt it hot in
 her breath 136
Ant S Where America, the Indies?
Dro S O, sir! upon her nose, all o'er em-
 bellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, de-
 clinning their rich aspect to the hot breath of
 Spain, who sent whole armadoes of caracks to
 be ballast at her nose 142
Ant S Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?
Dro S O, sir! I did not look so low To
 conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to
 me, call'd me Dromio, swore I was assured to
 her, told me what privy marks I had about me,
 as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my
 neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I,
 amazed, ran from her as a witch. 150
 And, I think, if my breast had not been made of
 faith and my heart of steel,

She had transform'd me to a curtal dog and made me turn i' the wheel 152

Ant S Go hie thee presently post to the road
 An if the wind blow any way from shore,
 I will not harbour in this town to night
 If any bark put forth, come to the mart, 156
 Where I will walk till thou return to me
 If every one knows us and we know none,

Til me, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone
Dro S As from a bear a man would run for life, 160

So fly I from her that would be my wife [*Exit*
Ant S There's none but witches do inhabit here,

And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence
 She that doth call me husband, even my soul
 Doth for a wife abhor, but her fair sister, 165
 Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
 Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
 Hath almost made me traitor to myself 168
 But, lest myself be guilty to self wrong,
 I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song

Enter ANGELO

Ang Master Antipholus!

Ant S Ay, that's my name 172

Ang I know it well, sir! lo, here is the chain
 I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine,
 The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long

Ant S What is your will that I shall do with this? 176

Ang What please yourself, sir I have made it for you

Ant S Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not

Ang Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have

Go home with it and please your wife withal,
 And soon at supper-time I'll visit you, 181
 And then receive my money for the chain

Ant S I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
 For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more

Ang You are a merry man, sir fare you well
 [*Exit, leaving the chain*

Ant S What I should think of this, I cannot tell

But thus I think, there's no man is so vain
 That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain 188
 I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
 When in the streets he meets such golden gifts
 I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay
 If any ship put out, then straight away [*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I — A Public Place

Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer

Mer You know since Pentecost the sum is due,

And since I have not much importun'd you,
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage 4
 Therefore make present satisfaction,
 Or I'll attach you by this officer

Ang Even just the sum that I do owe to you
 Is growing to me by Antipholus, 8

And in the instant that I met with you
 He had of me a chain at five o'clock
 I shall receive the money for the same
 Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too 13

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus from the Courtezan's

Off That labour may you save see where he comes

Ant E While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end, that I will bestow 16
 Among my wife and her confederates,
 For locking me out of my doors by day

But soft! I see the goldsmith Get thee gone,
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me 20

Dro E I buy a thousand pound a year I buy a rope! [*Exit*

Ant E A man is well help up that trusts to you
 I promised your presence and the chain, 23

But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me
 Belike you thought our love would last too long,
 If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not

Ang Saving your merry humour, here's the note

How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat 28

The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
 Which doth amount to three odd ducats more

Than I stand debted to this gentleman
 I pray you see him presently discharg'd, 32

For he is bound to sea and stays but for it
Ant E I am not furnish'd with the present money,

Besides, I have some business in the town
 Good signior, take the stranger to my house, 36

And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
 Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof
 Perchance I will be there as soon as you

Ang Then, you will bring the chain to her yourself? 40

Ant E No, bear it with you, lest I come not time enough

Ang Well, sir, I will Have you the chain about you?

Ant E An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,
 Or else you may return without your money 44

Ang Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
 And I, to blame, have held him here too long

Ant E Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse 48

Your breach of promise to the Porpentine,
 I should have chid you for not bringing it,

But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
Mer The hour steals on, I pray you, sir, dispatch 52

Ang You hear how he importunes me the chain!

Ant E Why, give it to my wife and fetch your money

Ang Come, come, you know I gave it you
even now 55
Either send the chain or send by me some token
Ant *E* Fie! now you run this humour out
of breath

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me
see it.

Mer My business cannot brook this dalliance
Good sir, say whe'r you'll answer me or no 60
If not, I'll leave him to the officer

Ant *E* I answer you! what should I answer
you?

Ang The money that you owe me for the
chain

Ant *E* I owe you none till I receive the chain

Ang You know I gave it you half an hour
since 65

Ant *E* You gave me none you wrong me
much to say so

Ang You wrong me more, sir, in denying it
Consider how it stands upon my credit 68

Mer Well, officer, arrest him at my suit
Off I do,

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me

Ang This touches me in reputation 72

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer

Ant *E* Consent to pay thee that I never had!

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st 76

Ang Here is thy fee arrest him, officer
I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently

Off I do arrest you, sir you hear the suit 80

Ant *E* I do obey thee till I give thee bail

But, surrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer

Ang Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus, 84

To your notorious shame, I doubt it not

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

Dro *S* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnium

That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

And then she bears away Our freightage, sir,

I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought 89

The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ

The ship is in her trim, the merry wind

Blows fair from land, they stay for nought at 92

all

But for their owner, master, and yourself

Ant *E* How now! a madman! Why, thou

peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnium stays for me?

Dro *S* A ship you sent me to, to hire 96

waftage

Ant *E* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for

a rope,

And told thee to what purpose, and what end

Dro *S* You sent me for a rope's end as soon

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark 100

Ant *E* I will debate this matter at more

leisure,

And teach your ears to list me with more heed

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight,

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk 104

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats let her send it

Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me Hie thee, slave, be gone!

On, officer, to prison till it come 109

[*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and*

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus

Dro *S* To Adriana! that is where we din'd,

Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass 112

Thither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their masters' minds fulfil

[*Exit*

SCENE II — *A Room in the House of*
ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA

Adr Ah! Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Mightst thou perceive austere in his eye

That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?

Look'd he or red or pale? or sad or merrily?

What observation mad'st thou in this case 5

Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc First he denied you had in him no right

Adr He meant he did me none, the more 8

my spite

Luc Then swore he that he was a stranger

here

Adr And true he swore, though yet forsworn

he were

Luc Then pleaded I for you

Adr And what said he?

Luc That love I begg'd for you he begg'd 12

of me

Adr With what persuasion did he tempt thy

love?

Luc With words that in an honest suit might

move

First, he did praise my beauty, then my speech

Adr Didst speak him fair?

Luc Have patience, I beseech

Adr I cannot, nor I will not hold me still

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have

his will

He is deformed, crooked, old and sere, 19

Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless every where,

Vicious, ungente, foolish, blunt, unkind,

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind

Luc Who would be jealous then, of such

a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone 24

Adr Ah! but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away

My heart prays for him, though my tongue

do curse 28

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

Dro *S* Here, go the desk! the purse! sweet,

now, make haste

Luc How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro *S* By running fast

Adr Where is thy master, Dromio? is he 32

well?

Dro *S* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than

hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
 One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel,
 A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough,
 A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff, 36
 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that
 countermands
 The passages of alleys, creeks and narrow lands,
 A hound that runs counter and yet draws dry-

foot well,
 One that, before the judgment, carries poor
 souls to hell 40

Adr Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro S I do not know the matter. he is
 'rested on the case

Adr What, is he arrested? tell me at whose
 suit

Dro S I know not at whose suit he is
 arrested well 44

But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that
 can I tell

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the
 money in his desk?

Adr Go fetch it, sister — [*Exit LUCIANA*]
 This I wonder at

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt 48
 Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro S Not on a band, but on a stronger
 thing,

A chain, a chain Do you not hear it ring?
Adr What, the chain? 52

Dro S No, no, the bell 'tis time that I were
 gone

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock
 strikes one

Adr The hours come back! that did I never
 hear

Dro S O yes, if any hour meet a sergeant,
 a' turns back for very fear 56

Adr As if Time were in debt! how fondly
 dost thou reason!

Dro S Time is a very bankrupt, and owes
 more than he's worth to season

Nay, he's a thief too have you not heard men
 say,

That Time comes stealing on by night and
 day? 60

If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in
 the way

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a
 day?

Re-enter LUCIANA

Adr Go, Dromio there's the money, bear it
 straight,

And bring thy master home immediately 64

Come, sister, I am press'd down with conceit,
 Conceit, my comfort and my injury [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — A Public Place

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse

Ant S There's not a man I meet but doth
 salute me,

As if I were their well acquainted friend,
 And every one doth call me by my name

Some tender money to me some invite me 4
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesses,
 Some offer me commodities to buy
 Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop
 And show'd me silks that he had bought for me
 And therewithal, took measure of my body 9
 Sure these are but imaginary wiles,
 And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

Dro S Master, here's the gold you sent me
 for 12

What! have you got the picture of old Adam
 new apparelled?

Ant S What gold is this? What Adam dost
 thou mean?

Dro S Not that Adam that kept the Para-
 dise, but that Adam that keeps the prison he
 that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the
 Prodigal he that came behind you, sir like an
 evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty

Ant S I understand thee not 20

Dro S No? why, 'tis a plain case he that
 went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather, the
 man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives
 them a fob, and 'rests them, he, sir, that takes
 pity on decayed men and gives them suits of
 durance, he that sets up his rest to do more
 exploits with his mace than a morris-pike

Ant S What, thou meanest an officer? 28

Dro S Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band, he
 that brings any man to answer it that breaks
 his band, one that thinks a man always going
 to bed, and says, 'God give you good rest!' 32

Ant S Well, sir, there rest in your foolery.
 Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we
 be gone? 35

Dro S Why, sir, I brought you word an hour
 since that the bark Expedition put forth to-
 night, and then were you hindered by the
 sergeant to tarry for the hoy Delay Here are
 the angels that you sent for to deliver you 40

Ant S The fellow is distract, and so am I,
 And here we wander in illusions
 Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
 I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now 45

As that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant S Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt
 me not!

Dro S Master, is this Mistress Satan? 48

Ant S It is the devil

Dro S Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's
 dam, and here she comes in the habit of a light
 wench and thereof comes that the wenches say,
 'God damn me, 'that's as much as to say, 'God
 make me a light wench.' It is written, they
 appear to men like angels of light light is an
 effect of fire, and fire will burn, ergo, light
 wenches will burn Come not near her 57

Cour Your man and you are marvellous
 merry, sir Will you go with me? we'll mend
 our dinner here 60

Dro S Master, if you do, expects spoon-meat,
so bespeak a long spoon

Ant S Why Dromio?

Dro S Marry, ne must have a long spoon
that must eat with the devil

Ant S Avoid thee, fiend! what tell'st thou
me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone

Cour Give me the ring of mine you had at
dinner,

Or for my diamond, the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you

Dro S Some devils ask but the parings of
one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone,

But she, more covetous, would have a chain

Master, be wise an if you give it her,

The devil will shake her chain and fright us
with it

Cour I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the
chain

I hope you do not mean to cheat me so

Ant S Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio,
let us go

Dro S 'Fly pride,' says the peacock mis-
tress, that you know

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and

DROMIO of Syracuse

Cour Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promis'd me a chain

Both one and other he denies me now

The reason that I gather he is mad,

Besides this present instance of his rage,

Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,

Of his own doors being shut against his en-
trance

Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shut the doors against his way

My way is now to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,

He rush'd into my house, and took perforce

My ring away This course I fittest choose,

For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit*

SCENE IV — A Street

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and the Officer

Ant E Fear me not, man, I will not break
away.

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,

To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,

And will not lightly trust the messenger

That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,

I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's end

Here comes my man I think he brings the

money

How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dro E Here's that, I warrant you, will pay
them all

Ant E But where's the money?

Dro E Why, sir, I gave the money for the
rope

Ant E Five hundred ducats, villain, for a
rope?

Dro E I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the
rate

Ant E To what end did I bid thee hie thee
home?

Dro E To a rope's end, sir, and to that end
am I return'd

Ant E And to that end, sir, I will welcome
you

Off Good sir, be patient

Dro E Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am
in adversity

Off Good now, hold thy tongue

Dro E Nay, rather persuade him to hold his
hands

Ant E Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro E I would I were senseless, sir, that I
might not feel your blows

Ant E Thou art sensible in nothing but
blows, and so is an ass

Dro E I am an ass indeed, you may prove
it by my long ears I have served him from the

hour of my nativity to this instant, and have
nothing at his hands for my service but blows

When I am cold, he heats me with beating,

when I am warm, he cools me with beating,

I am waked with it when I sleep, raised with it

when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go

from home, welcomed home with it when I

return, nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a

beggar wont her brat, and, I think, when he

hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to

door

Ant E Come, go along, my wife is coming
yonder

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtezan, and
PINCH

Dro E Mistress, respice finem, respect your
end, or rather, to prophesy like the parrot,

'Beware the rope's end'

Ant E Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him*

Cour How say you now? is not your hus-
band mad?

Adr His incivility confirms no less

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand

Luc Alas! how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch Give me your hand and let me feel

your pulse

Ant E There is my hand, and let it feel your

ear

Pinch I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within
this man

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven

Ant E Peace, dotting wizard, peace! I am
not mad

Adr O' that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant E You munion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day, 64
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr O husband, God doth know you din'd at home,

Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant E Din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro E Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home

Ant E Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out? 72

Dro E Perdy, your doors were lock'd and you shut out

Ant E And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro E Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there

Ant E Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me? 76

Dro E Certes, she did, the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you

Ant E And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro E In verity you did my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage 80

Adr Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch It is no shame the fellow finds his ven,

And, yielding to him humours well his frenzy

Ant E Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me 84

Adr Alas! I sent you money to redeem you, By Dromio here, who came in haste for it

Dro E Money by me! heart and good will you might,

But surely, master, not a rag of money 88

Ant E Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr He came to me, and I deliver'd it

Luc And I am witness with her that she did

Dro E God and the rope-maker bear me witness 92

That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch Mistress, both man and master is possess'd

I know it by their pale and deadly looks

They must be bound and laid in some dark room 96

Ant E Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth

Dro E And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold, 100

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr Dissembling villain! thou speak'st false in both

Ant E Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all,

And art confederate with a damned pack 104

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me,
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes

That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Adr O' bind him, bind him, let him not come near me 108

Pinch More company! the fiend is strong within him

Luc Ay me! poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Enter three or four and bind ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus

Ant E What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner wilt thou suffer them 112

To make a rescue?

Off Masters, let him go
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him

Pinch Go bind this man, for he is frantic too
[*They bind DROMIO of Ephesus*

Adr What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man 117

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off He is my prisoner if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me 120

Adr I will discharge thee ere I go from thee
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good Master doctor, see him safe convey'd 124

Home to my house O most unhappy day!

Ant E O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro E Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you

Ant E Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me? 128

Dro E Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master, cry, 'the devil!'

Luc God help, poor souls! how idly do they talk

Adr Go bear him hence Sister, go you with me — 132

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants with ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus*

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off One Angelo, a goldsmith, do you know him?

Adr I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off Two hundred ducats

Adr Say, how grows it due? 136

Off Due for a chain your husband had of him

Adr He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not

Cour When as your husband all in rage, to-day

Came to my house, and took away my ring,—
The ring I saw upon his finger now,— 142

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr It may be so, but I did never see it
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is
I long to know the truth hereof at large 145

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse, with rapiers drawn

Luc God, for thy mercy! they are loose
again

Adr And come with naked swords Let's
call more help

To have them bound again

Off Away! they'll kill us

[Exeunt ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and Officer]
Ant S I see, these witches are afraid of
swords 149

Dro S She that would be your wife now ran
from you

Ant S Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuff
from thence

I long that we were safe and sound aboard 152

Dro S Faith, stay here this night, they will
surely do us no harm, you saw they speak us
fair, give us gold methinks they are such a
gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad
flesh that claim's marriage of me, I could find in
my heart to stay here still, and turn witch

Ant S I will not stay to-night for all the
town,

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard 160
[Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I—A Street before an Abbey

Enter Merchant and ANGELO

Ang I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you,
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it

Mer How is the man esteem'd here in the
city? 4

Ang Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city
His word might bear my wealth at any time 8

Mer Speak softly yonder, as I think, he
walks

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse

Ang 'Tis so, and that self chain about his
neck

Which he forswore most monstrously to have
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him
Signor Antipholus, I wonder much 13
That you would put me to this shame and
trouble,

And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny 16

This chain which now you wear so openly
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who, but for staying on our controversy, 20
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day

This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant S I think I had I never did deny it

Mer Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it
too 24

Ant S Who heard me to deny it or for-
swear it?

Mer These ears of mine, thou know'st, did
hear thee

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort 28

Ant S Thou art a villain to impeach me
thus

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand

Mer I dare, and do defy thee for a villain 32
[They draw]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and Others

Adr Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake! he
is mad

Some get within him, take his sword away

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house

Dro S Run, master, run, for God's sake,
take a house! 36

This is some priory in, or we are spoil'd

[Exeunt ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse to the Abbey]

Enter the Abbess

Abb Be quiet, people Wherefore throng
you hither?

Adr To fetch my poor distracted husband
hence

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, 40
And bear him home for his recovery

Ang I knew he was not in his perfect wits

Mer I am sorry now that I did draw on him

Abb How long hath this possession held the
man? 44

Adr This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,

And much different from the man he was,

But, till this afternoon his passion

Ne'er brake into extremity of rage 48
Abb Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack
of sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love? 52

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from
home 56

Abb You should for that have reprehended

him

Adr Why, so I did

Abb Ay, but not rough enough

Adr As roughly as my modesty would let me

Abb Haply, in private

Adr And in assemblies too, 60

Abb Ay, but not enough

Adr It was the copy of our conference

In bed, he slept not for my urging it,

At board, he fed not for my urging it,

Alone, it was the subject of my theme,

In company I often glanced it

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad

Abb And thereof came it that the man was
mad 68

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light 72
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy up-
braidings

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred
And what's a fever but a fit of madness? 76
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy
brawls

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody moping, and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair, 80
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast 84
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits

Luc She never reprehended him but mildly
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and
wildly 88

Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

Adr She did betray me to my own reproof
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him

Abb No, not a creature enters in my house
Adr Then, let your servants bring my hus-
band forth 93

Abb Neither he took this place for sanc-
tuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again, 96
Or lose my labour in assaying it

Adr I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself, 100
And therefore let me have him home with me

Abb Be patient, for I will not let him stir
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy
prayers, 104

To make of him a formal man again
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order,
Therefore depart and leave him here with me

Adr I will not hence and leave my husband
here, 109

And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife

Abb Be quiet, and depart thou shalt not
have him [Exit 113]

Luc Complam unto the duke of this in-
dignity 113

Adr Come, go I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess

Sec Mer By this, I think, the dial points at
five

Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale, 120

The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here

Ang Upon what cause?

Sec Mer To see a reverend Syracusan mer-
chant, 124

Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence

Ang See where they come we will behold
his death 128

Luc Kneel to the duke before he pass the
abbey

*Enter DUKE attended AEGEON bare-headed, with
the Headsman and other Officers*

Duke Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him 132

Adr Justice, most sacred duke, against the
abbess!

Duke She is a virtuous and a reverend lady
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong

Adr May it please your Grace, Antipholus,
my husband, 136

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters, this ill day

A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desperately he hurried through the street,—

With him his bondman, all as mad as he,— 141
Doing displeasure to the citizens

By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like 144

Once did I get him bound and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went

That here and there his fury had committed
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape, 148

He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himself,

Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords
Met us again, and, madly bent on us 152

Chas'd us away, till, raising of more aid
We came again to bind them Then they fled

Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them,
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us, 156

And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence

Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy com-
mand

Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for
help 160

Duke Long since thy husband serv'd me in
my wars,

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,

To do him all the grace and good I could 164
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey gate

And bid the lady abbess come to me
I will determine this before I stir

Enter a Servant.

Serv O mistress, mistress! shift and save
yourself! 168

My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands
of fire,

And ever as it blaz'd they threw on him 172
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hur
My master preaches patience to him, and the
while

His man with scissors nick's him like a fool,
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer 177

Adr Peace, fool! thy master and his man
are he?

And that is, false thou dost report to us

Ser. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true,
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it 181
He cries for you and vows, if he can take you,
To scotch your face, and to disfigure you

[*Cry within*

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress fly, be gone!
Duke Come, stand by me, fear nothing

Guard with halberds! 185

Adr Av me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here, 188
And now he's here, past thought of human
reason

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO
of Ephesus

Ant *E* Justice, most gracious duke! O!
grant me justice,

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars and took 192
Deep scars to save thy life even for the blood
That thou I lost for thee, now grant me justice
Ege Unless the fear of death doth make me
dote,

I see my son Antipholus and Dromio! 196

Ant *E* Justice, sweet prince, against that
woman there!

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury! 200
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me

Duke Discover now, and thou shalt find me
just

Ant *E* This day, great duke, she shut the
doors upon me, 204

While she with harlots feasted in my house

Duke A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst
thou so?

Adr No, my good lord myself, he, and my
sister

To-day did dine together So befall my soul 208
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on
night,

But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang O perjur'd woman! They are both for-
sworn 212

In this the madman justly chargeth them!

Ant *E* My liege, I am advis'd what I say
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire, 216
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with
her,

Could witness it, for he was with me then 220
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentune,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither, 224
I went to seek him in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me
down

That I this day of him receiv'd the chain, 228
Which God he knows, I saw not, for the which
He did arrest me with an officer
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats he with none return'd 232

Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house
By the way we met

My wife, her sister, and a rabble more 236

Of vile confederates along with them

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd
villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,

A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller, 240

A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp looking wretch,

A living-dead man This pernicious slave,

Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,

And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse, 244

And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,

Cries out, I was possess'd Then, altogether

They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,

And in a dark and dankish vault at home 248

There left me and my man, both bound to-
gether,

Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,

I gain'd my freedom, and immediately

Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beseech 252

To give me ample satisfaction

For these deep shames and great indignities

Ang My lord, in truth, thus far I witness

with him, 255

That he dur'd not at home, but was lock'd out

Duke But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang He had, my lord, and when he ran in

here,

These people saw the chain about his neck

Sec Mer Besides, I will be sworn these ears

of mine 260

Heard you confess you had the chain of him

After you first forswore it on the mart,

And thereupon I drew my sword on you,

And then you fled into this abbey here, 264

From whence, I think, you are come by miracle

Ant *E* I never came within these abbey walls,

Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me,

I never saw the chain, so help me heaven! 268

And this is false you burden me withal

Duke Why, what an intricate impeach is

this!

I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup

If here you hous'd him, here he would have

been, 272

If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly,

You say he dur'd not at home, the goldsmith here

Denies that saying Sirrah, what say you?

Dro *E* Sir, he dur'd with her there, at the

Porpentune 276

- Cour* He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring
Ant E 'Tis true, my liege, thus ring I had of her
Duke Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour As sure, my liege, as I do see your Grace 280
Duke Why, this is strange Go call the abbess hither [Exit an Attendant
I think you are all mated or stark mad
Ege Most mighty duke, vouchsafes me speak a word
Haply I see a friend will save my life, 284
And pay the sum that may deliver me
Duke Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt
Ege Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio? 288
Dro E Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords
Now am I Dromio and his man, unbound
Ege I am sure you both of you remember me 292
Dro E Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you,
For lately we were bound, as you are now
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?
Ege Why look you strange on me? you know me well 296
Ant E I never saw you in my life till now
Ege O! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face 300
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant E Neither
Ege Dromio, nor thou?
Dro E No, trust me, sir, not I 304
Ege I am sure thou dost
Dro E Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him 308
Ege Not know my voice! O, time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares? 312
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory, 316
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear
All these old witnesses, I cannot err,
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus 320
Ant E I never saw my father in my life
Ege But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery
Ant E The duke and all that know me in the city 325
Can witness with me that it is not so
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.
Duke I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
- Have I been patron to Antipholus, 329
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote
- Re-enter Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse*
Abb Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd [All gather to see him
Adr I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me! 333
Duke One of these men is Genius to the other,
And so of these which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
Dro S I, sir, am Dromio command him away 337
Dro E I, sir, am Dromio pray let me stay
Ant S Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dro S O! my old master, who hath bound him here? 340
Abb Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia, 344
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons
O! if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Ege If I dream not, thou art Æmilia 348
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb By men of Epidamnus, he and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up 352
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnus.
What then became of them, I cannot tell, 356
I to this fortune that you see me in
Duke Why, here begins his morning story right
These two Antipholus', these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance, 360
Besides her urging of her wrack at sea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first? 364
Ant S No, sir, not I, I came from Syracuse
Duke Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.
Ant E I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—
Dro E And I with him. 368
Ant E Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle
Adr Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant S I, gentle mistress. 372
Adr And are not you my husband?
Ant E No, I say nay to that.
Ant S And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here, 376
Did call me brother. [To LUCIANA.] What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good,

If this be not a dream I see and hear

Ang That is the chain, sir, which you had
of me 380

Ant S I think it be, sir, I deny it not

Ant E And you, sir, for this chain arrested
me

Ang I think I did, sir, I deny it not

Adr I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio, but I think he brought it not 385

Dro E No, none by me

Ant S This purse of ducats I receiv'd from
you,

And Dromio, my man, did bring them me 388

I see we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these errors are arose

Ant E These ducats pawn I for my father
here 392

Duke It shall not need thy father hath his
life

Cour Sir, I must have that diamond from
you

Ant E There, take it, and much thanks for
my good cheer

Abb Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the
pams 396

To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes,

And all that are assembled in this place,

That by thus sympathized one day's error 400

Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company;

And we shall make full satisfaction

Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail

Of you, my sons, and, till this present hour 404

My heavy burdens ne'er delivered

The duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,

Go to a gossip's feast, and joy with me 408

After so long grief such festivity!

Duke With all my heart I'll gossip at this
feast

[*Exeunt* DUKE, Abbess, AGEON, Courtezan,
Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants]

Dro S Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
shipboard?

Ant E Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou
embark'd? 412

Dro S Your goods that lay at host, sir, in
the Centaur

Ant S He speaks to me I am your master,
Dromio

Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon

Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and
ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, ADRIANA
and LUCIANA]

Dro S There is a fat friend at your master's
house, 417

That kitchen'd me for you to day at dinner

She now shall be my sister, not my wife

Dro E Methinks you are my glass, and not
my brother 420

I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro S Not I, sir, you are my elder

Dro E That's a question how shall we try
it? 424

Dro S We'll draw cuts for the senior till
then lead thou first

Dro E Nay, then, thus

We came into the world like brother and brother,

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before
another [*Exeunt*]

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON PEDRO Prince of Arragon
 DON JOHN his bastard Brother
 CLAUDIO a young Lord of Florence
 BENEDICK, a young Lord of Padua
 LEONATO Governor of Messina.
 ANTONIO his Brother
 BALTHAZAR, Servant to Don Pedro
 BORACHIO, } followers of Don John.
 CONRADE, }
 DOGBERRY, a Constable

VERGES a Headborough
 FRIAR FRANCIS
 A Sexton.
 A Boy

HERO Daughter to Leonato
 BEATRICE Niece to Leonato
 MARGARET, } Waiting-gentlewomen attending on Hero
 URSULA, }
 Messengers, Watch Attendants, &c

SCENE — Messina

ACT I

SCENE I — Before LEONATO's House

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE and others, with a Messenger

Leon I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina

Mess He is very near by this he was not three leagues off when I left him 4

Leon How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess But few of any sort, and none of name

Leon A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio 11

Mess Much deserved on his part and equally remembered by Don Pedro He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how 17

Leon He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him, even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness

Leon Did he break out into tears? 24

Mess In great measure

Leon A kind overflow of kindness There are no faces truer than those that are so washed how much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping! 29

Beat I pray you is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?

Mess I know none of that name, lady there was none such in the army of any sort. 33

Leon What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua 36

Mess O! he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was

Beat He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight, and my uncle's

fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing 45

Leon Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much, but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not 48

Mess He hath done good service, lady, in these wars

Beat You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it he is a very valiant trencherman, he hath an excellent stomach 53

Mess And a good soldier too, lady

Beat And a good soldier to a lady, but what is he to a lord? 56

Mess A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stuffed with all honourable virtues

Beat It is so, indeed, he is no less than a stuffed man, but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal 61

Leon You must not, sir, mistake my niece There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them 65

Beat Alas! he gets nothing by that In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one! so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse, for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother 74

Mess Is't possible?

Beat Very easily possible he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block

Mess I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books 80

Beat No an he were, I would burn my study But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil? 84

Mess He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio

Beat O Lord! he will hang upon him like a

your tongue, and so good a continuer But keep your way, i' God's name, I have done

Beat You always end with a jade's trick I know you of old

D Pedro This is the sum of all, Leonato Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart

Leon If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn [To DON JOHN] Let me bid you welcome, my lord being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty

D John I thank you I am not of many words, but I thank you

Leon Please it your Grace lead on

D Pedro Your hand, Leonato, we will go together

[*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO* Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene I noted her not but I looked on her *Claud* Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud No, I pray thee speak in sober judgment

Bene Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise only thus commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her

Claud Thou thinkest I am in sport I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her

Bene Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene Yea, and a case to put it into But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on

Bene I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn to the contrary, if Hero would be my wife

Bene Is't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i' faith, an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look! Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Mess I will hold friends with you, lady

Beat Do, good friend

Leon You will never run mad, niece

Beat No, not till a hot January

Mess Don Pedro is approached

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, and Others

D Pedro Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it

Leon Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace, for trouble being gone, comfort should remain, but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave

D Pedro You embrace your charge too willingly I think this is your daughter

Leon Her mother hath many times told me so

Bene Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon Signior Benedick, no, for then you were a child

D Pedro You have it full, Benedick we may guess by this what you are, being a man truly, the lady fathers herself Be nappy, lady, for you are like an honourable father

Bene If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is

Beat I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick nobody marks you

Bene What! my dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living?

Beat Is it possible Disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence

Bene Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted, and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for, truly, I love none

Beat A dear happiness to women they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me

Bene God keep your ladyship still in that mind, so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratched face

Beat Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were

Bene Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher

Beat A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours

Bene I would my horse had the speed of

Re-enter DON PEDRO

D Pedro What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene I would your Grace would constrain me to tell

D Pedro I charge thee on thy allegiance

Bene You hear, Count Claudio. I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so, but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance he is in love With who? now that is your Grace's part Mark how short his answer is with Hero, Leonato's short daughter

Claud If this were so, so were it uttered

Bene Like the old tale, my lord 'tis not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so

Claud If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise

D Pedro Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy

Claud You speak this to fetch me in, my lord

D Pedro By my troth, I speak my thought

Claud And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine

Bene And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine

Claud That I love her, I feel

D Pedro That she is worthy, I know

Bene That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me I will die in it at the stake

D Pedro Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty

Claud And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will

Bene That a woman conceived me, I thank her, that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks but that I will have a recheat wadded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none and the fine is,—for the which I may go the finer,—I will live a bachelor

D Pedro I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love

Bene With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid

D Pedro Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam

D Pedro Well, as time shall try

'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke'

Bene The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write, 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man'

Claud If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad

D Pedro Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene I look for an earthquake too then.

D Pedro Well, you will temporize with the hours In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's commend me to him and tell him I will not fail him at supper, for indeed he hath made great preparation

Bene I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy, and so I commend you—

Claud To the tuition of God from my house, if I had it,—

D Pedro The sixth of July your loving friend, Benedick

Bene Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience and so I leave you

Claud My liege, your highness now may do me good

D Pedro My love is thine to teach teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D Pedro No child but Hero, she's his only heir

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud O' my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,

That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love,

But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms

Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is

Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars

D Pedro Thou wilt be like a lover presently, And tire the hearer with a book of words

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it, And I will break with her, and with her father,

And thou shalt have her Was't not to this end That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud How sweetly do you minister to love, That know love's grief by his complexion!

But lest my liking might too sudden seem, I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise

D Pedro What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity Look what will serve is fit 'tis once, thou lov'st,

And I will fit thee with the remedy I know we shall have revelling to-night

I will assume thy part in some disguise, And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart, And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale. Then, after to her father will I break,

And the conclusion is, she shall be thine In practice let us put it presently

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II — *A Room in LEONATO's House**Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, meeting*

Leon How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of

Leon Are they good?

Ant As the event stamps them but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it

Leon Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant A good sharp fellow I will send for him, and question him yourself

Leon No, no, we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. *[Several persons cross the stage]* Cousins, you know what you have to do. O! I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time

*[Exeunt]*SCENE III — *Another Room in LEONATO's House**Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE*

Con What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D John There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit

Con You should hear reason

D John And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance

D John I wonder that thou, being,—as thou say'st thou art,—born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am. I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure, sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour

Con Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath taken you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself. It is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest

D John I had rather be a canker in a hedge

than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any. In this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite, if I had my liberty, I would do my liking in the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me

Con Can you make no use of your discontent?

D John I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO

What news, Borachio?

Bora I came yonder from a great supper the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage

D John Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betrays himself to unquietness?

Bora Marry, it is your brother's right hand

D John Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora Even he

D John A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato

D John A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference. I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio

D John Come, come, let us thither. This may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con To the death, my lord

Bora } *D John* Let us to the great supper. Their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora We'll wait upon your lordship.

[Exeunt]

ACT II

SCENE I — *A Hall in LEONATO's House**Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and Others*

Leon Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant I saw him not

Beat How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after

Hero He is of a very melancholy disposition

Beat He were an excellent man that were

made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick the one is too like an image, and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tatting

Leon Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good will

Leon By my troth, mece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue

Ant In faith, she's too curst

Beat Too curst is more than curst I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns,' but to a cow too curst he sends none

Leon So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns

Beat Just, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face I had rather lie in the woollen

Leon You may light on a husband that hath no beard

Beat What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man, and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon Well then, go you into hell?

Beat No, but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven, here's no place for you maids' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens, he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long

Ant [To *HERO*] Well, mece, I trust you will be ruled by your father

Beat Yes, faith, it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy, and say, 'Father, as it please you'—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy, and say, 'Father, as it please me'

Leon Well, mece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband

Beat Not till God make men of some other metal than earth Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred

Leon Daughter, remember what I told you if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer

Beat The fault will be in the music, cousin,

if you be not wooed in good time if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer For, hear me, *Hero* wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical, the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry, and then comes Repentance, and with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave

Leon Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly

Beat I have a good eye, uncle I can see a church by daylight

Leon The revellers are entering, brother make good room.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and Others, masked

D Pedro Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and especially when I walk away

D Pedro With me in your company?

Hero I may say so, when I please

D Pedro And when please you to say so?

Hero When I like your favour, for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D Pedro My visor is Philemon's roof, within the house is Jove

Hero Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd

D Pedro Speak low, if you speak love

Balth Well, I would you did like me

Marg So would not I, for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities

Balth Which is one?

Marg I say my prayers aloud

Balth I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen

Marg God match me with a good dancer!

Balth Amen.

Marg And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk

Balth No more words the clerk is answered

Urs I know you well enough you are Signior Antomo

Ant At a word, I am not

Urs I know you by the wagging of your head

Ant To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down you are he, you are he.

Ant At a word, I am not.

Urs Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he, you are he, and there's an end

Beat Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene No, you shall pardon me.

Beat Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now 135
Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had
 my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales'

Well, thus was Signior Benedick that said so

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough

Bene. Not I, believe me 141

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester a very
 dull fool, only his gift is in devising impossible
 slanders none but libertines delight in him,
 and the commendation is not in his wit, but
 in his villany, for he both pleases men and
 angers them, and then they laugh at him and
 beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet I would
 he had boarded me! 151

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell
 him what you say

Beat. Do, do he'll but break a comparison
 or two on me, which, peradventure not marked
 or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy,
 and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the
 fool will eat no supper that night. [Music
 within] We must follow the leaders

Bene. In every good thing 160

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave
 them at the next turning

[Dance. Then exeunt all but DON JOHN,
 BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO]

D John. Sure my brother is amorous on
 Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break
 with him about it. The ladies follow her and but
 one visor remains

Bora. And that is Claudio I know him by
 his bearing 168

D John. Are you not Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well, I am he

D John. Signior, you are very near my
 brother in his love he is enamoured on Hero,
 I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no
 equal for his birth you may do the part of an
 honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her? 176

D John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he swore he would
 marry her to-night.

D John. Come, let us to the banquet. 180

[Exeunt DON JOHN and BORACHIO]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
 But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio
 'Tis certain so, the prince woos for himself
 Friendship is constant in all other things 184
 Save in the office and affairs of love
 Therefore all hearts in love use their own
 tongues,

Let every eye negotiate for itself
 And trust no agent, for beauty is a witch 188
 Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
 This is an accident of hourly proof,
 Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore,
 Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same. 192

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither? 195

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your
 own business, count What fashion will you
 wear the garland of? About your neck, like a
 usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieu-
 tenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for
 the prince hath got your Hero 201

Claud. I wish him joy of her

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest
 drovier so they sell bullocks But did you think
 the prince would have served you thus? 205

Claud. I pray you, leave me

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man
 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll
 beat the post 209

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you [Exit]

Bene. Alas! poor hurt fowl Now will he
 creep into sedges But, that my lady Beatrice
 should know me, and not know me! The prince's
 fool! Ha! it may be I go under that title be-
 cause I am merry Yea, but so I am apt to do
 myself wrong, I am not so reputed it is the
 base though bitter disposition of Beatrice that
 puts the world into her person, and so gives me
 out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may. 219

Re-enter DON PEDRO

D Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count?
 Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part
 of Lady Fame I found him here as melancholy
 as a lodge in a warren. I told him, and I think
 I told him true, that your Grace had got the
 good will of this young lady, and I offered him
 my company to a willow tree, either to make
 him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him
 up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped. 229

D Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy,
 who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest,
 shows it his companion, and he steals it. 233

D Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a trans-
 gression? The transgression is in the stealer

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had
 been made, and the garland too, for the garland
 he might have worn himself, and the rod he
 might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it,
 have stolen his bird's nest. 240

D Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and
 restore them to the owner

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by
 my faith, you say honestly 244

D Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel
 to you the gentleman that danced with her
 told her she is much wronged by you

Bene. O! she misused me past the endurance
 of a block an oak but with one green leaf on it,
 would have answered her my very visor began
 to assume life and scold with her She told me,
 not thinking I had been myself, that I was the
 prince's jester, that I was duller than a great
 thaw, huddling jest upon jest with such impos-
 sible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a
 man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at
 me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs:

if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too Come, talk not of her, you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel I would to God some scholar would conjure her, for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary, and people sin upon purpose because they would go thither, so, indeed, all disquiet, horror and perturbation follow her 271

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO

D Pedro Look! here she comes

Bene Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on, I will fetch you a toothpucker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of Prester John's foot, fetch you a hair off the Great Cham's beard, do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy You have no employment for me? 282

D Pedro None, but to desire your good company

Bene O God, sir, here's a dish I love not I cannot endure my Lady Tongue [Exit]

D Pedro Come, lady, come, you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick 288

Beat Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it 293

D Pedro You have put him down, lady, you have put him down

Beat So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek 299

D Pedro Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud Not sad, my lord

D Pedro How then? Sick?

Claud Nether, my lord 304

Beat The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well, but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion 308

D Pedro I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true, though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won, I have broke with her father, and, his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it! 317

Beat Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud Silence is the perfectest herald of joy I were but little happy, if I could say how much.

Lady, as you are mine, I am yours I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange 322

Beat Speak, cousin, or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither 325

D Pedro In faith, lady, you have a merry heart

Beat Yea, my lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart. 330

Claud And so she doth, cousin

Beat Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband! 335

D Pedro Lady Beatrice, I will get you one

Beat I would rather have one of your father's getting Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them. 340

D Pedro Will you have me, lady?

Beat No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days your Grace is too costly to wear every day But, I beseech your Grace, pardon me, I was born to speak all mirth and no matter 346

D Pedro Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you, for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour

Beat No, sure, my lord, my mother cried, but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born Cousins, God give you joy! 352

Leon Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat I cry, ou mercy, uncle By your Grace's pardon [Exit]

D Pedro By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady 358

Leon There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing

D Pedro She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband 365

Leon O! by no means she mocks all her wooers out of suit

D Pedro She were an excellent wife for Benedick 369

Leon O Lord! my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D Pedro Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church? 373

Claud To-morrow, my lord Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites

Leon Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind. 378

D Pedro Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing, but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you

three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction. 388

Leon My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings

Claudio And I, my lord

D Pedro And you too, gentle Hero? 392

Hero I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D Pedro And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know Thus far can I praise him, he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick, and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. 406

[*Exeunt*]

blance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus They will scarcely believe this without trial offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown 51

D John Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats

Bora Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me 57

D John I will presently go learn their day of marriage [Exit 57]

SCENE II —Another Room in LEONATO'S House

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO

D John It is so, the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato

Bora Yea, my lord, but I can cross it 3

D John Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine How canst thou cross this marriage? 8

Bora Not honestly, my lord, but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me

D John Show me briefly how 11

Bora I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero

D John I remember 15

Bora I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window

D John What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage? 20

Bora The poison of that lies in you to temper Go you to the prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio,—whose estimation do you mightily hold up,—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero 26

D John What proof shall I make of that?

Bora Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato Look you for any other issue?

D John Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing 32

Bora Go, then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone tell them that you know that Hero loves me, intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the sem-

SCENE III —LEONATO'S Garden

Enter BENEDICK

Bene Boy!

Enter a Boy

Boy Signior?

Bene In my chamber-window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard 4

Boy I am here already, sir

Bene I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again [*Exit Boy*] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow folies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love and such a man is Claudio I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour, and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier, and now is he turned orthographer, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell, I think not I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster, but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool One woman is fair, yet I am well, another is wise, yet I am well, another virtuous, yet I am well, but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace Rich she shall be, that's certain, wise, or I'll none, virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her, fair, or I'll never look on her, mild, or come not near me, noble, or not I for an angel, of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour [*Withdraws*]

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO,
followed by BALTHAZAR and Musicians

D Pedro Come, shall we hear this music? 40

Claud Yea, my good lord How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D Pedro See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud O' very well, my lord the music ended, 44

We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth

D Pedro Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again

Balth O' good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once 48

D Pedro It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection.

I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more 51

Balth Because you talk of wooing, I will sing, Since many a wooer doth commence his suit

To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos, Yet will he swear he loves

D Pedro Nay, pray thee, come, Or if thou wilt hold longer argument, 56

Do it in notes

Balth Note this before my notes, There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting

D Pedro Why these are very crotchets that he speaks, 59

Notes, notes, forsooth, and nothing! [Music]

Bene Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done 64

BALTHAZAR sings

Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever

One foot in sea, and one on shore,

To one thing constant never

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into Hey nonny, nonny

Sing no more ditties sing no mo

Of dumps so dull and heavy

The fraud of men was ever so

Since summer first was leavy

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into Hey nonny nonny

D Pedro By my troth, a good song

Balth And an ill singer, my lord 84

D Pedro Ha, no, no, faith, thou singest well enough for a shift

Bene [Aside] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him, and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief

I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it, 91

D Pedro Yea, marry, dost thou hear,

Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music, for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window

Balth The best I can, my lord 96

D Pedro Do so farewell [Exeunt BALTHAZAR and Musicians] Come hither, Leonato what was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick? 100

Claud O' ay — [Aside to *D PEDRO*] Stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits I did never think that lady would have loved any man 103

Leon No, nor I neither, but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor 107

Bene [Aside] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an enraged affection it is past the infinite of thought 113

D Pedro May be she doth but counterfeit

Claud Faith, like enough

Leon O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it

D Pedro Why, what effects of passion shows she? 120

Claud [Aside] Bait the hook well this fish will bite

Leon What effects, my lord? She will sit you, [To CLAUDIO] You heard my daughter tell you how 125

Claud She did, indeed

D Pedro How, how, I pray you? You amaze me I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection 129

Leon I would have sworn it had, my lord, especially against Benedick

Bene [Aside] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence

Claud [Aside] He hath ta'en the infection hold it up 136

D Pedro Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon No, and swears she never will that's her torment 140

Claud 'Tis true, indeed, so your daughter says 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him' 144

Leon Thus says she now when she is beginning to write to him, for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper my daughter tells us all 149

Claud Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of

Leon O! when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet? 153

Claud That.

Leon O! she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence, railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would

flout her 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit, for I should flout him, if he writ to me, yea, though I love him, I should' 161

Claud Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses, 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!' 165

Leon She doth indeed, my daughter says so, and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true 170

D Pedro It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it 172

Claud To what end? he would but make a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse 175

D Pedro An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous 177

Claud And she is exceeding wise 178

D Pedro In everything but in loving Benedick 180

Leon O! my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian 185

D Pedro I would she had bestowed this dotation on me, I would have dashed all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a will say 189

Leon Were it good, thank you? 190

Claud Hero thinks surely she will die, for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness 195

D Pedro She doth well if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it, for the man—as you know all,—hath a contemptible spirit 200

Claud He is a very proper man 200

D Pedro He hath indeed a good outward happiness 205

Claud 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise 205

D Pedro He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit 205

Leon And I take him to be valiant.

D Pedro As Hector, I assure you and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise, for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear 211

Leon If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling 211

D Pedro And so will he do, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love? 219

Claud Never tell him, my lord let her wear it out with good counsel 223

Leon Nay, that's impossible she may wear her heart out first. 223

D Pedro Well, we will hear further of it by

your daughter let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady 228

Leon My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready 228

Claud [Aside] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation 231

D Pedro [Aside] Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotation, and no such matter that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[Exeunt DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO]

Bene [Advancing from the arbour] Thus can benotrick the conference wassadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady, it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her, they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry. I must not seem proud. Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness and virtuous 'tis so, I cannot reprove it, and wise, but for loving me by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage, but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady. I do spy some marks of love in her 266

Enter BEATRICE

Beat Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner 268

Bene Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains 268

Beat I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me. If it had been painful, I would not have come 273

Bene You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior fare you well. [Exit] 273

Bene Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner,' there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me,' that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain, if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [Exit] 273

ACT III

SCENE I — LEONATO'S Garden

*Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA**Hero* Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour,

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her, say that thou overheardst us,
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it. There will she
hide her,

To listen our propose This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it and leave us alone

Marg I'll make her come, I warrant you,
presently *[Exit]*

Hero Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth
come,

As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit
My talk to thee must be how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay

Enter BEATRICE, behind

Now begin,
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference

Urs The pleasant'st angling is to see the
fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait
So angle we for Beatrice, who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture
Fear you not my part of the dialogue

Hero Then go we near her, that her ear lose
nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it
[They advance to the bower]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful.
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock

Urs But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero So says the prince, and my new-trothed
lord

Urs And did they bid you tell her of it,
madam?

Hero They did entreat me to acquaint her
of it,

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it

Urs Why did you so? Doth not the gentle-
man

Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero O god of love! I know he doth deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man,
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice,
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd

Urs Sure, I think so
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero Why, you speak truth I never yet
saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward if fair-fac'd,
She would swear the gentleman should be her
sister,

If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot, if tall, a lance ill-headed,
If low, an agate very vilely cut,

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds,
If silent, why, a block moved with none

So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth

Urs Sure, sure, such carping is not com-
mendable

Hero No not to be so odd and from all
fashions

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air O! she would
laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,

Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling

Urs Yet tell her of it hear what she will say
Hero No, rather I will go to Benedick,

And counsel him to fight against his passion
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with One doth not know

How much an ill word may empoison liking
Urs O! do not do your cousin such a wrong
She cannot be so much without true judgment,—

Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have,—as to refuse

So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.
Hero He is the only man of Italy,

Always excepted my dear Claudio
Urs I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,

Speaking my fancy Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour, 96

Goes foremost in report through Italy
Hero Indeed, he hath an excellent good
name

Urs His excellence did earn it, ere he had it:
When are you married, madam?

Hero Why, every day, to-morrow Come,
go in.

I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow

Urs She s him'd, I warrant you— we have
caught her, madam.

204

Hero If it prove so, then loving goes by haps
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps

[*Exeunt HERO and URSULA.*]

Beat [*Advancing*] What fire is in mine ears?
Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so
much?

Contempt, farewell! and milder pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band

For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly

[*Exit*]

SCENE II — A Room in LEONATO'S House

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK,
and LEONATO*

D Pedro I do but stay till your marriage be
consummate, and then go I toward Arragon

Claud I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll
vouchsafe me

D Pedro Nay, that would be as great a soil
in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a
child his new coat and forbid him to wear it I
will only be bold with Benedick for his company,
for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his
foot, he is all mirth he hath twice or thrice cut
Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare
not shoot at him He hath a heart as sound as
a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what
his heart thinks his tongue speaks

Bene Gallants, I am not as I have been

Leon So say I methinks you are sadder

Claud I hope he be in love

D Pedro Hang him, truant! there's no true
drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with
love If he be sad, he wants money

Bene I have the tooth-ache

D Pedro Draw it

Bene Hang it

Claud You must hang it first, and draw it
afterwards

D Pedro What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

Leon Where is but a humour or a worm?

Bene Well, every one can master a grief but
he that has it.

Claud Yet say I, he is in love

D Pedro There is no appearance of fancy in
him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange
disguises, as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a French-
man to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries
at once, as a German from the waist downward,
all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward,
no doublet Unless he have a fancy to this
foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for
fancy, as you would have it appear he is

Claud If he be not in love with some woman,
there is no believing old signs a' brushes his hat
a mornings, what should that bode?

D Pedro Hath any man seen him at the
barber's?

Claud No, but the barber's man hath been

seen with him, and the old ornament of his
cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls

Leon Indeed he looks younger than he did,
by the loss of a beard

D Pedro Nay, a' rubs himself with civet
can you smell him out by that?

Claud That's as much as to say the sweet
youth's in love

D Pedro The greatest note of it is his melan-
choly

Claud And when was he wont to wash his
face?

D Pedro Yea, or to paint himself? for the
which, I hear what they say of him

Claud Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is
now crept into a lute-string, and new-governed
by stops

D Pedro Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for
him Conclude, conclude he is in love

Claud Nay, but I know who loves him

D Pedro That would I know too I warrant,
one that knows him not

Claud Yes, and his ill conditions, and in
despite of all, dies for him

D Pedro She shall be buried with her face
upwards

Bene Yet is thus no charm for the tooth-ache
Old signior, walk aside with me I have studied
eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which
these hobby-horses must not hear

[*Exeunt BENEDICK and LEONATO*]

D Pedro For my life, to break with him
about Beatrice

Claud 'Tis even so Hero and Margaret have
by this played their parts with Beatrice, and
then the two bears will not bite one another
when they meet.

[*Exit*]

Enter DON JOHN

D John My lord and brother, God save you!

D Pedro Good den, brother

D John If your leisure served, I would speak
with you

D Pedro In private

D John If it please you, yet Count Claudio
may hear, for what I would speak of concerns
him

D Pedro What's the matter?

D John [*To CLAUDIO*] Means your lordship
to be married to-morrow?

D Pedro You know he does

D John I know not that, when he knows
what I know

Claud If there be any impediment, I pray
you discover it

D John You may think I love you not let
that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by
that I now will manifest For my brother, I
think he holds you well, and in dearth of
heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage,
surely suit ill-spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D Pedro Why, what's the matter?

D John I came hither to tell you, and cir-
cumstances shortened,—for she hath been too
long a talking of,—the lady is disloyal

Claud Who, Hero?

Claud Who, Hero?

Claud Who, Hero?

Claud Who, Hero?

Claud Who, Hero?

Claud Who, Hero?

Claud Who, Hero?

Claud Who, Hero?

Claud Who, Hero?

Claud Who, Hero?

Claud Who, Hero?

Claud Who, Hero?

D John Even she Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero

Claud Disloyal?

111

D John The word's too good to paint out her wickedness, I could say, she were worse than you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day if you love her then, to-morrow wed her, but it would better fit your honour to change your mind

120

Claud May this be so?

D Pedro I will not think it

D John If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough, and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D Pedro And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her

132

D John I will disparage her no further till you are my witnesses. Bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D Pedro O day untowardly turned!

136

Claud O mischief strangely thwarting!

D John O plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the sequel

[Exeunt

SCENE III — A Street

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch

Dogb Are you good men and true?

Verg Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry

8

Dogb First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable?

First Watch Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal, for they can write and read

12

Dogb Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

16

Sec Watch Both which, Master constable,—

Dogb You have I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch, therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Watch How, if a' will not stand?

28

Dogb Why, then, take no note of him, but let

him go, and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects

33

Dogb True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets for, for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Sec Watch We will rather sleep than talk. we know what belongs to a watch

40

Dogb Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend, only have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

46

Watch How if they will not?

Dogb Why then, let them alone till they are sober. If they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Watch Well, sir

52

Dogb If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man, and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

57

Sec Watch If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb Truly, by your office, you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

64

Verg You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Sec Watch How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

72

Dogb Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

76

Verg 'Tis very true.

Dogb This is the end of the charge. You constables, are to present the prince's own person if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

81

Verg Nay, by 'r lady, that I think, a' cannot.

Dogb Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him marry, not without the prince be willing, for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg By 'r lady, I think it be so

88

Dogb Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night. an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour

92

Sec Watch Well, masters, we hear our charge, let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all go to bed.

Dogb One word more, honest neighbours I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door, for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great col to-night Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you [Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE

Bora What, Conrade! 101
Watch [Aside] Peace! stir not.
Bora Conrade, I say!
Con Here, man, I am at thy elbow 104
Bora Mass, and my elbow itched, I thought there would a scab follow

Con I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale 108

Bora Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee

Watch [Aside] Some treason, masters, yet stand close 113

Bora Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats

Con Is it possible that any villany should be so dear? 117

Bora Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich, for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will 121

Con I wonder at it

Bora That shows thou art unconfirmed Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man. 125

Con Yes, it is apparel

Bora I mean, the fashion
Con Yes, the fashion is the fashion 128

Bora Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch [Aside] I know that Deformed, a' has been a vile thief this seven years, a' goes up and down like a gentleman I remember his name 135

Bora Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con No 'twas the vane on the house

Bora Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smurched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club? 146

Con All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion? 151

Bora Not so, neither, but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed

and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter 160

Con And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora Two of them did, the prince and Claudio, but the devil my master knew she was Margaret, and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged, swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband. 173

First Watch We charge you in the prince's name, stand!

Sec Watch Call up the right Master constable We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth

First Watch And one Deformed is one of them I know him, a' wears a lock 181

Con Masters, masters!

Sec Watch You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you 184

Con Masters,—

First Watch Never speak we charge you let us obey you to go with us

Bora We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills 189

Con A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you [Exeunt]

SCENE IV—A Room in LEONATO'S House

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA

Hero Good Ursula, wakemy cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise

Urs I will, lady

Hero And bid her come hither. 4

Urs Well [Exit]

Marg Troth, I think your other rabato were better

Hero No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this
Marg By my troth's not so good, and I warrant your cousin will say so

Hero My cousin's a fool, and thou art another I'll wear none but this 12

Marg I like the new tire wthin excellently, if the hair were a thought browner, and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so 16

Hero O! that exceeds, they say

Marg By my troth's but a night-gown in respect of yours cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel, but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't

Hero God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy 25

Marg 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man

Hero Fie upon thee! art not ashamed? 28

Marg Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband' an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody Is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband?' None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy ask my Lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE

Hero Good morrow, coz

Beat Good morrow, sweet Hero 40

Hero Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat I am out of all other tune, methinks

Marg Clap's into 'Light o' love,' that goes without a burden do you sing it, and I'll dance it

Beat Ye light o' love with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns 48

Marg O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels

Beat 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin, 'tis time you were ready By my troth, I am exceeding ill Heigh-ho! 53

Marg For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sauling by the star 57

Beat What means the fool, trow?

Marg Nothing I, but God send every one their heart's desire! 60

Hero These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume

Beat I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell

Marg A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold 65

Beat O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely! 69

Beat It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap By my troth, I am sick

Marg Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero There thou prick'st her with a thistle

Beat Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus 77

Marg Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant, plain holy-thistle You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can, nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man he swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging and how you may be converted, I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do

Beat What pace is this that thy tongue keeps? 93

Marg Not a false gallop

Re-enter URSULA

Urs Madam, withdraw the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church 97

Hero Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula [Exeunt]

SCENE V — Another Room in LEONATO'S House

Enter LEONATO with DOGBERRY and VERGES

Leon What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that concerns you nearly 4

Leon Brief, I pray you, for you see it is a busy time with me

Dogb Marry, this it is, sir

Verg Yes, in truth it is, sir 8

Leon What is it, my good friends?

Dogb Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were, but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows

Verg Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man and no honestier than I 17

Dogb Comparisons are odorous palabras, neighbour Verges

Leon Neighbours, you are tedious 20

Dogb It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers, but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship 25

Leon All thy tediousness on me! ha?

Dogb Yea, an't were a thousand pound more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg And so am I 31

Leon I would fain know what you have to say

Verg Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina 35

Dogb A good old man, sir, he will be talking as they say, 'when the age is in, the wit is out' God help us! it is a world to see! Well said, I' faith, neighbour Verges well, God's a good man, an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind An honest soul, I' faith, sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread but God is to be worshipp'd all men are not alike, alas! good neighbour 44

Leon Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb Gifts that God gives

Leon I must leave you. 48

Dogb One word, sir our watch, sir, hath indeed comprehended two aspicuous persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship 53

Leon Take their examination yourself, and

bring it me I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you

Dogb It shall be suffigance 56

Leon Drink some wine ere you go fare you well

Enter a Messenger

Mess My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband 60

Leon I'll wait upon them I am ready

[*Exeunt* LEONATO and Messenger

Dogb Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol we are now to examination these men

Yerg And we must do it wisely 65

Dogb We will spare for no wit, I warrant you, here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I — *The Inside of a Church*

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, &c

Leon Come, Friar Francis, be brief only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards

Friar You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady? 5

Claud No

Leon To be married to her, friar, you come to marry her 8

Friar Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero I do 11

Friar If either of you know any inward impediment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls to utter it

Claud Know you any, Hero?

Hero None, my lord

Friar Know you any, count? 16

Leon I dare make his answer, none

Claud O! what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do! *Bene* How now! Interjections? Why then, some be of laughing, as ah! ha! he!

Claud Stand thee by, friar Father, by your leave

Will you with free and unconstrained soul 24 Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon As freely, son, as God did give her me

Claud And what have I to give you back whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift? 28

D Pedro Nothing, unless you render her again

Claud Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness

There, Leonato, take her back again

Give not this rotten orange to your friend, 32 She's but the sign and semblance of her honour

Behold! how like a maid she blushes here

O! what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal 36

Comes not that blood as modest evidence

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows? But she is more 40

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed,

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty

Leon What do you mean, my lord?

Claud Not to be married,

Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton 44

Leon Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud I know what you would say if I have

known her, 48

You'll say she did embrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the 'forehand sin

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large, 52

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity and comely love

Hero And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud Out on thee! Seeming! I will write

against it 56

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown,

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals 60

That rage in savage sensuality

Hero Is my lord well, that he doth speak so

wide? 5

Leon Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D Pedro What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about 64

To hnk my dear friend to a common stale

Leon Are these things spoken, or do I but

dream? 68

D John Sir, they are spoken, and these

things are true

Bene This looks not like a nuptial

Hero True! O God!

Claud Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own? 72

Leon All this is so, but what of this, my lord?

Claud Let me but move one question to your

daughter,

And by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly 76

Leon I charge thee do so, as thou art my

child

Hero O, God defend me! how am I beset!

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud To make you answer truly to your

name 80

Hero Is it not Hero? Who can blot that

name

With any just reproach?

Claud Marry, that can Hero

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight 84

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this

Hero I talk'd with no man at that hour, my

lord

D Pedro Why, then are you no maiden
Leonato,
 I am sorry you must hear upon mine honour,
 Myself, my brother, and thus griev'd count,
 Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
 Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window,
 Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
 Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
 A thousand times in secret

D John Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd,
 my lord,

Not to be spoke of,
 There is not chastity enough in language
 Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty
 lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
 If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
 About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
 But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! fare-
 well,

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
 For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
 And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
 To turn all beauty unto thoughts of harm,
 And never shall it more be gracious

Leon Hath no man's dagger here a point
 for me?

Beat Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink
 you down?

D John Come, let us go These things,
 come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO, DON JOHN and CLAUDIO*]

Bene How doth the lady?

Beat Dead, I think! help, uncle!

Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Sigmor Benedick!

Friar!

Leon O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand

Death is the fairest cover for her shame

That may be wish'd for

Beat How now, cousin Hero!

Friar Have comfort, lady

Leon Dost thou look up?

Friar Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon Wherefore! Why, doth not every

earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood?

Do not live, Hero, do not ope thine eyes,

For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy

shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life Grieved I, I had but one?

Child I for that at frugal nature's frame?

O! one too much by thee Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in mine eyes?

Why had I not with charitable hand

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,

Who smurched thus, and mir'd with infamy,

I might have said, 'No part of it is mine,

This shame derives itself from unknown loins?'

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on, mine so much

That I myself was to myself not mine,

Valuing of her, why, she—O! she is fallen
 Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
 And salt too little which may season give
 To her foul-tainted flesh.

Bene Sir, sir, be patient.
 For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
 I know not what to say

Beat O! on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene Lady, were you her bedfellow last

night?

Beat No, truly, not, although, until last

night,

I have thus twelvemonth been her bedfellow

Leon Confirm'd, confirm'd! O! that is

stronger made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.

Would the two princes he? and Claudio he,

Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foul-

ness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her

die

Friar Hear me a little,

For I have only been silent so long,

And given way unto this course of fortune,

By noting of the lady I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions

To start into her face, a thousand innocent

shames

In angel whiteness bear away those blushes,

And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,

To burn the errors that these princes hold—

Against her maiden truth Call me a fool,

Trust not my reading nor my observations,

Which with experimental seal doth warrant

The tenour of my book, trust not my age,

My reverence, calling, nor divinity,

If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here

Under some biting error

Leon *Friar*, it cannot be

Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left

Is, that she will not add to her damnation

A sin of perjury she not denies it

Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse

That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar Lady, what man is he you are ac-

cus'd of?

Hero They know that do accuse me, I know

none,

If I know more of any man alive

Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,

Let all my sins lack mercy! O, my father!

Prove you that any man with me convers'd

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight

Maintain'd the change of words with any crea-

ture,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death

Friar There is some strange misprision in

the princes

Bene Two of them have the very bent of

honour,

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,

The practice of it lives in John the bastard,

Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon I know not. If they speak but truth

of her,

These hands shall tear her, if they wrong her honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention, 196
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life left me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind, 200
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly

Friar Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case
Your daughter here the princes left for dead,
Let her awhile be secretly kept in, 205
And publish it that she is dead indeed
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument 208
Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial

Leon What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar Marry, thus well carried shall on her behalf 212

Change slander to remorse, that is some good
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd, 216
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd
Of every hearer, for it so falls out

That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find 222
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours So will it fare with Claudio
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life 228
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed then shall he 232
mourn,—

If ever love had interest in his liver,—
And wish he had not so accus'd her,
No, though he thought his accusation true
Let this be so, and doubt not but success 236
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death 240
Will quench the wonder of her infamy
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,—
As best befits her wounded reputation,—
In some reclusive and religious life, 244
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries

Bene Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you

And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio, 248
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,

The smallest twine may lead me 252
Friar 'Tis well consented presently away,
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure

Come, lady, die to live this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd have patience and endure 256

[*Exeunt FRIAR, HERO, and LEONATO*]

Bene Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat Yea, and I will weep a while longer

Bene I will not desire that 260

Beat You have no reason, I do it freely

Bene Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged

Beat Ah! how much might the man deserve of me that would right her 265

Bene Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat A very even way, but no such friend

Bene May a man do that? 269

Beat It is a man's office, but not yours

Bene I do love nothing in the world so well as you is not that strange? 272

Beat As strange as the thing I know not
It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing
so well as you, but believe me not, and yet I he
not, I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing I
am sorry for my cousin 277

Bene By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me

Beat Do not swear by it, and eat it

Bene I will swear by it that you love me,
and I will make him eat it that says I love
not you

Beat Will you not eat your word?

Bene With no sauce that can be devised to
it I protest I love thee 285

Beat Why then, God forgive me!

Bene What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat You have stay'd me in a happy hour
I was about to protest I loved you 289

Bene And do it with all thy heart

Beat I love you with so much of my heart
that none is left to protest 292

Bene Come, bid me do anything for thee

Beat Kill Claudio

Bene Ha! not for the wide world

Beat You kill me to deny it Farewell 296

Bene Tarry, sweet Beatrice

Beat I am gone, though I am here there is
no love in you nay, I pray you, let me go 300

Bene Beatrice,—

Beat In faith, I will go 300

Bene We'll be friends first

Beat You dare easier be friends with me
than fight with mine enemy 304

Bene Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat Is he not approved in the height a
villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishon-
oured my kinswoman? O! that I were a man
What! bear her in hand until they come to take
hands, and then, with public accusation, un-
covered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God,
that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the
market place. 313

Bene Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beat Talk with a man out at a window! a proper saying! 316

Bene Nay, but Beatrice,—

Beat Sweet Hero! she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone

Bene Beat— 320

Beat Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly Count Comfekt, a sweet gallant, surely! O! that I were a man for his sake, or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into curtsies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee 332

Beat Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it

Bene Thank you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero? 336

Beat Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul

Bene Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin. I must say she is dead, and so, farewell. [Exeunt]

SCENE II.—A Prison

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and SEXTON, in gowns and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O! a stool and a cushion for the sexton

Sexton. Which be the malefactors? 4

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner

Verg. Nay, that's certain: we have the exhibition to examine 7

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before Master constable

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend? 12

Bora. Borachio

Dogb. Pray write down Borachio. Yours, surrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade 17

Dogb. Write down Master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God? 20

Con. Yea, sir, we hope

Bora. Write down that they hope they serve God, and write God first, for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves? 26

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure

you, but I will go about with him. Come you hither, surrah, a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none 32

Dogb. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers 38

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the efiest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain 43

Dogb. Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace. I do not like thy look, I promise thee

Sexton. What heard you him say else? 50

Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully

Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow? 56

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this. 61

Sexton. What else?

Sec. Watch. This is all

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away. Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's. I will go before and show him their examination. [Exit]

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned. 72

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet! 77

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! but, masters, remember that I am an ass, though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer, and, which is more, a householder, and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to, and a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! 93

[Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I—Before LEONATO'S House

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO

Ant If you go on thus, you will kill yourself,
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself

Leon I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve give not me counsel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience,
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem' when he should
groan,

Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune
drunk

With candle-wasters, bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience
But there is no such man, for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel, but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air and agony with words
No, no, 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself Therefore give me no counsel
My griefs cry louder than advertisement

Ant Therein do men from children nothing
differ

Leon I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh and
blood,

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance

Ant Yet bend not all the harm upon your-
self,

Make those that do offend you suffer too
Leon There thou speak'st reason nay, I will
do so

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied,
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the
prince,

And all of them that thus dishonour her
Ant Here come the prince and Claudio
hastily

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO

D Pedro Good den, good den

Claudio Good day to both of you.

Leon Hear you, my lords,—

D Pedro We have some haste, Leonato

Leon Some haste, my lord! well, fare you
well, my lord

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one
D Pedro Nay, do not quarrel with us, good
old man

Ant If he could right himself with quar-
relling,
Some of us would lie low

Claudio Who wrongs him? 52
Leon Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dis-
sembler, thou

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not

Claudio Marry, beshrew my hand, 55
If it should give you age such cause of fear
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword

Leon Tush, tush, man! never fear and jest
at me

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would
do,

Were I not old Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and
me

That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by, 64
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man

I say thou hast belied mine innocent child
Thy slander hath gone through and through
her heart, 68

And she lies buried with her ancestors,
O' in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!

Claudio My villany?

Leon Thine, Claudio, thine, I say 72

D Pedro You say not right, old man

Leon My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lusthood 76

Claudio Away! I will not have to do with you

Leon Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast

kill'd my child, 4

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man

Ant He shall kill two of 'em, and men indeed

But that's no matter, let him kill one first 81

Win me and wear me, let him answer me

Come, follow me, boy, come, sir boy, come,

follow me

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foaming fence,

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will 85

Leon Brother,—

Ant Content yourself God knows I lov'd
my niece,

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed 89

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!

Leon Brother Antony,—

Ant Hold you content. What, man! I know
them, yea 92

And what they weigh, even to the utmost

scruple,

Scrambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,

That he and cog and flout, deprave and slander,

Go antickly, show outward hideousness, 96

And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,

And this is all!

Leon But, brother Antony,—

Ant Come, 'tis no matter 100
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this

D Pedro Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death,
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing 104

But what was true and very full of proof

Leon My lord, my lord—

D Pedro I will not hear you

Leon No?

Come, brother, away I will be heard — 107

Ant And shall, or some of us will smart for it
[*Exeunt LEONATO and ANTONIO*]

Enter BENEDICK

D Pedro See, see, here comes the man we went to seek

Claud Now, signior, what news?

Bene Good day, my lord 112

D Pedro Welcome, signior you are almost come to part almost a fray

Claud We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth 117

D Pedro Leonato and his brother What thinkest thou? Had we fought I doubt we should have been too young for them 120

Bene In a false quarrel there is no true valour I came to seek you both.

Claud We have been up and down to seek thee, for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away Wilt thou use thy wit? 126

Bene It is in my scabbard, shall I draw it?

D Pedro Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels, draw, to pleasure us 132

D Pedro As I am an honest man, he looks pale Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care 137

Bene Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me I pray you choose another subject 140

Claud Nay then, give him another staff this last was broke cross

D Pedro By this light, he changes more and more I think he be angry indeed 144

Claud If he be, he knows how to turn his gridle

Bene Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud God bless me from a challenge! 148

Bene [*Aside to CLAUDIO*] You are a villain, I jest not I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you *

Claud Well I will meet you, so I may have good cheer 156

D Pedro What, a feast, a feast?

Claud I' faith, I thank him, he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught Shall I not find a woodcock too? 161

Bene Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily

D Pedro I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day I said thou hadst a fine wit 'True,' says she, 'a fine little one' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit' 'Right,' said she, 'a great gross one' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning there's a double tongue, there's two tongues' Thus did she, an hour together, trans shape thy particular virtues, yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy 178

Claud For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not

D Pedro Yea, that she did, but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly The old man's daughter told us all 184

Claud All, all, and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden

D Pedro But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head? 189

Claud Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man!'

Bene Fare you well, boy you know my mind I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you I must discontinue your company Your brother the bastard is fled from Messina you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady For my Lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet, and till then, peace be with him [*Exit.*]

D Pedro He is in earnest.

Claud In most profound earnest, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice 204

D Pedro And hath challenged thee?

Claud Most sincerely

D Pedro What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit! 209

Claud He is then a giant to an ape, but then is an ape a doctor to such a man

D Pedro But, soft you, let me be pluck'd up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say my brother was fled? 214

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb Come, you, sir if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her

balance Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite
once, you must be looked to

D Pedro How now! two of my brother's
men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud Hearken after their offence, my lord
D Pedro Officers, what offence have these
men done?

Dogb Marry, sir, they have committed false
report, moreover, they have spoken untruths,
secondarily, they are slanders, sixth and lastly,
they have belied a lady, thirdly, they have
verified unjust things, and to conclude, they
are lying knaves 229

D Pedro First, I ask thee what they have
done, thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence,
sixth and lastly, why they are committed, and,
to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud Rightly reasoned, and in his own
division and, by my troth, there's one meaning
well suited 236

D Pedro Who have you offended, masters,
that you are thus bound to your answer? this
learned constable is too cunning to be under-
stood What's your offence? 240

Bora Sweet prince, let me go no further
to mine answer do you hear me, and let this
count kill me I have deceived even your very
eyes what your wisdoms could not discover,
these shallow fools have brought to light, who,
in the night overheard me confessing to this
man how Don John your brother incensed me
to slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought
into the orchard and saw me court Margaret
in Hero's garments, how you disgraced her,
when you should marry her My villany they
have upon record, which I had rather seal with
my death than repeat over to my shame The
lady is dead upon mine and my master's false
accusation, and, briefly, I deserve nothing but
the reward of a villain 256

D Pedro Runs not this speech like iron
through your blood?

Claud I have drunk poison while he ut-
ter'd it.

D Pedro But did my brother set thee on to
this?

Bora Yea, and paid me richly for the prac-
tice of it 260

D Pedro He is compos'd and fram'd of
treachery

And fled he is upon this villany

Claud Sweet Hero! now thy image doth
appear

In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first 264

Dogb Come, bring away the plaintiffs by
this time our sexton hath reformed Signior
Leonato of the matter And masters, do not
forget to specify, when time and place shall
serve, that I am an ass 269

Verg Here, here comes Master Signior Leo-
nato, and the sexton too

*Re-enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, and the
Sexton*

Leon Which is the villain? Let me see his
eyes, 272

That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him Which of these is he?

Bora If you would know your wronger, look
on me

Leon Art thou the slave that with thy breath
hast kill'd 276

Mine innocent child?

Bora Yea, even I alone
Leon No, not so, villain, thou beliest thy-
self

Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it 280
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death
Record it with your high and worthy deeds
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it

Claud I know not how to pray your pa-
tience, 284

Yet I must speak Choose your revenge your-
self,

Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin yet sinn'd I not
But in mistaking

D Pedro By my soul, nor I 288
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to

Leon I cannot bid you bid my daughter
live, 292

That were impossible but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died, and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention, 296

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones sing it to-night

To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law, 300

Beyet my nephew My brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,

And she alone is heir to both of us
Give her the right you should have given her

cousin, 304

And so dies my revenge

Claud O noble sir
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer, and dispose

For henceforth of poor Claudio 308

Leon To-morrow then I will expect your
coming,

To-night I take my leave This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret, 311

Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hid'd to it by your brother

Bora No, by my soul she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke

to me,
But always hath been just and virtuous

In anything that I do know by her 316

Dogb Moreover, sir,—which, indeed, is not
under white and black,—this plaintiff here, the

offender, did call me ass I beseech you let it
be remembered in his punishment And also,

the watch heard them talk of one Deformed
they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock

hanging by it, and borrows money in God's
name, the which he hath used so long and never

paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will

lend nothing for God's sake Pray you, examine him upon that point 327

Leon I thank thee for thy care and honest pains 328

Dogb Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you 332

Leon There's for thy pains

Dogb God save the foundation!

Leon Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee. 336

Dogb I leave an arrant knave with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others God keep your worship! I wish your worship well, God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour 343

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES*]

Leon Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell 344

Ant Farewell, my lords we look for you to-morrow

D Pedro We will not fail

Claud To-night I'll mourn with Hero

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO*]

Leon [*To the Watch*] Bring you these fellows on We'll talk with Margaret, 347
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — LEONATO'S Garden

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting

Bene Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice

Marg Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty? 5

Bene In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it, for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it 8

Marg To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below st urs?

Bene Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches 12

Marg And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not

Bene A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman and so I pray thee, call Beatrice I give thee the bucklers 17

Marg Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own

Bene If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids

Marg Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs 19

Bene And therefore will come

[*Exit MARGARET*]

The god of love

That sits above

And knows me and knows me, 28

How pitiful I deserve —

I mean, in singing, but in loving, Leander the

good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rime, I have tried I can find out no rime to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rime, for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rime, for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rime, very ominous endings no, I was not born under a riming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms 42

Enter BEATRICE

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee? 43

Beat Yea, signor, and depart when you bid me

Bene O, stay but till then! 47

Beat 'Then' is spoken, fare you well now and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio 51

Bene Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiss thee

Beat Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome, therefore I will depart unknissed 56

Bene Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me? 63

Beat For them all together, which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me? 68

Bene 'Suffer love,' a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will

Beat In spite of your heart, I think Alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates 75

Bene Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably

Beat It appears not in this confession there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself 80

Bene An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps 85

Beat And how long is that think you?

Bene Question why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum therefore it is most expedient for the wise — if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, — to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy And now tell me, how doth your cousin? 90

Beat Very ill

Bene And how do you?

Beat Very ill too

Bene Serve God, love me, and mend There
will I leave you too, for here comes one in
haste 100

Enter URSULA

Urs Madam, you must come to your uncle
Yonder's old coil at home it is proved, my Lady
Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and
Claudio mightily abused, and Don John is the
author of all, who is fled and gone Will you
come presently? 106

Beat Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap,
and be buried in thy eyes, and moreover I will
go with thee to thy uncle's [Exeunt

SCENE III — *The Inside of a Church*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants,
with mus c and tapers

Claud Is this the monument of Leonato?

Bene It is, my lord.

Claud [Reads from a scroll]

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies
Death in guerdon of her wrongs
Gives her fame which never dies
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn

SONG

Pardon goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight
For the which with songs of woe
Round about her tomb they go
Midnight as t our moan
Help us to sigh and groan
Heavily, heavily
Graves yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily heavily

Claud Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite

D Pedro Good morrow, masters put your
torches out 24
The wolves have prey'd, and look, the gentle
day,

Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey
Thanks to you all, and leave us fare you well

Claud Good morrow, masters each his
several way 29

D Pedro Come, let us hence, and put on
other weeds

And then to Leonato's we will go

Claud And Hymen now with luckier issue
speed's, 32

Than this for whom we render'd up this woe!

[Exeunt

SCENE IV — *A Room in LEONATO'S House*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE,
MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, and HERO

Friar Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon So are the prince and Claudio, who
accus'd her

Upon the error that you heard debated
But Margaret was in some fault for this, 4
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question

Ant Well, I am glad that all things sort so
well

Bene And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it 9

Leon Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen
all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me [Exeunt ladies

You know your office, brother,
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio 16

Ant Which I will do with confirm'd coun-
tenance

Bene Friar, I must entreat your pains, I
think

Friar To do what, signior?

Bene To bind me, or undo me, one of them
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior, 21

Your mece regards me with an eye of favour
Leon That eye my daughter lent her 'tis
most true

Bene And I do with an eye of love requite her

Leon The sight whereof I think, you had
from me, 25
From Claudio, and the prince But what's your
will?

Bene Your answer, sir, is enigmatical
But, for my will, my will is your good will 28

May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help

Leon My heart is with your liking

Friar And my help 32
Here come the prince and Claudio

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with
Attendants

D Pedro Good morrow to this fair assembly,
Leon Good morrow, prince good morrow,
Claudio

We here attend you Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter? 37

Claud I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon Call her forth, brother here's the friar
ready [Exit ANTONIO

D Pedro Good morrow, Benedick Why,
what's the matter, 40

That you have such a February face
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

Claud I think he thinks upon the savage bull
Tush! fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with
gold, 44

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
 When he would play the noble beast in love
Bene Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low 48
 And some such strange bull leap'd your father's
 cow,
 And got a calf in that same noble feat,
 Much like to you, for you have just his bleat
Claud For this I owe you here come other 52
 reckonings

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the ladies masked
 Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Ant This same is she, and I do give you her
Claud Why, then she's mine Sweet, let me
 see your face
Leon No, that you shall not, till you take her 56
 hand
 Before this friar, and swear to marry her
Claud Give me your hand before this holy
 friar,

I am your husband, if you like of me
Hero And when I liv'd, I was your other
 wife [Unmasking]
 And when you lov'd, you were my other hus- 61
 band
Claud Another Hero!

Hero Nothing certainer
 One Hero died defil'd, but I do live,
 And surely as I live, I am a maid 64
D Pedro The former Hero! Hero that is
 dead!

Leon She died, my lord, but whiles her slan-
 der liv'd
Friar All this amazement can I qualify 68
 When after that the holy rites are ended,
 I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death
 Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
 And to the chapel let us presently

Bene Soft and fair, friar Which is Beatrice?
Beat [Unmasking] I answer to that name
 What is your will? 73

Bene Do not you love me?
Beat Why, no, no more than reason
Bene Why, then, your uncle and the prince
 and Claudio

Have been deceived, for they swore you did 76
Beat Do not you love me?

Bene Troth, no, no more than reason
Beat Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and
 Ursula,

Are much deceiv'd, for they did swear you did
Bene They swore that you were almost sick
 for me 80

Beat They swore that you were well-nigh
 dead for me

Bene 'Tis no such matter Then, you do not
 love me?

Beat No, truly, but in friendly recompense

Leon Come, cousin, I am sure you love the
 gentleman 84

Claud And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves
 her,

For here's a paper written in his hand,
 A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
 Fashion'd to Beatrice

Hero And here's another, 88
 Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her
 pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick
Bene Amiracle! here's our own hands against
 our hearts Come, I will have thee, but, by this
 light, I take thee for pity 93

Beat I would not deny you, but, by this good
 day, I yield upon great persuasion, and partly
 to save your life, for I was told you were in a
 consumption 97

Bene Peace! I will stop your mouth

[Kisses her]
D Pedro How dost thou, Benedick, the mar-
 ried man? 100

Bene I'll tell thee what, prince, a college of
 witrackers cannot flout me out of my humour
 Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epi-
 gram? No, if a man will be beaten with brains,
 a' shall wear nothing handsome about him In
 brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think
 nothing to any purpose that the world can say
 against it, and therefore never flout at me for
 what I have said against it, for man is a giddy
 thing, and this is my conclusion For thy part,
 Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee, but, in
 that thou art like to be my kinsman, live un-
 bruised, and love my cousin 113

Claud I had well hoped thou wouldst have
 denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled
 thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-
 dealer, which, out of question, thou wilt be, if
 my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to
 thee 119

Bene Come, come, we are friends Let's have
 a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten
 our own hearts and our wives' heels

Leon We'll have dancing afterward

Bene First, of my word, therefore play,
 music! Prince, thou art sad, get thee a wife,
 get thee a wife there is no staff more reverend
 than one tipped with horn. 127

Enter a messenger

Mes My lord, your brother John is ta'en in
 flight,

And brought with armed men back to Messina
Bene Think not on him till to-morrow I'll
 devise thee brave punishments for him Strike
 up, pipers! [Dance Exeunt.]

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND, King of Navarre
 BEROWNE } Lords attending on the King.
 LONGAVILLE, }
 DUMAINE }
 BOYET } Lords, attending on the Princess of France
 MARCADE }
 DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard
 SIR NATHANIEL a Curate
 HOLOFERNES a Schoolmaster
 DULL, a Constable

COSTARD a Clown.
 MOTI, Page to Armado
 A Forester
 The PRINCESS of France.
 ROSALINE, } Ladies, attending on the Princess
 MARIA, }
 KATHERINE }
 JAQUENETTA a country Wench
 Officers and Others, Attendants on the King and Princess

SCENE —Navarre

ACT I

SCENE I —*The KING OF NAVARRE'S Park*

Enter the KING, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE

King Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
 Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
 And then grace us in the disgrace of death,
 When, spite of cormorant devouring Time, 4
 The endeavour of this present breath may buy
 That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
 And make us heirs of all eternity
 Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
 That war against your own affections 9
 And the huge army of the world's desires,—
 Our late edict shall strongly stand in force
 Navarre shall be the wonder of the world, 12
 Our court shall be a little academe,
 Still and contemplative in living art
 You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longaville,
 Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
 My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
 That are recorded in this schedule here 18
 Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your names,
 That his own hand may strike his honour down
 That violates the smallest branch herein 21
 If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
 Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too
Long I am resolv'd, 'tis but a three years' 24
 fast
 The mind shall banquet, though the body pine
 Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
 Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits
Dum My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified
 The grosser manner of these world's delights 29
 He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves
 To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,
 With all these living in philosophy 32
Ber I can but say their protestation over,
 So much, dear hege, I have already sworn,
 That is, to live and study here three years
 But there are other strict observances, 36
 As, not to see a woman in that term,
 Which I hope well is not enrolled there

And one day in a week to touch no food,
 And but one meal on every day beside, 40
 The which I hope is not enrolled there
 And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
 And not be seen to wink of all the day,—
 When I was wont to think no harm all night 44
 And make a dark night too of half the day,—
 Which I hope well is not enrolled there
 O! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
 Not to see ladies, study, fast not sleep 48
King Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these
Ber Let me say no, my hege, an if you please
 I only swore to study with your Grace,
 And stay herein your court for three years' space
Long You swore to that, Berowne, and to 53
 the rest
Ber By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest
 What is the end of study? let me know
King Why, that to know which else we
 should not know 56
Ber Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from
 common sense?
King Ay, that is study's god like recompense
Ber Come on then, I will swear to study so,
 To know the thing I am forbid to know, 60
 As thus to study where I well may dine,
 When I to feast expressly am forbid,
 Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
 When mistresses from common sense are hid,
 Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath, 65
 Study to break it, and not break my troth
 If study's gain be thus, and thus be so,
 Study knows that which yet it doth not know
 Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no 69
King These be the stops that hinder study
 quite,
 And train our intellects to vain delight
Ber Why, all delights are vain, but that 72
 most vain
 Which, with pain purchas'd doth inherit pain
 As, painfully to pore upon a book,
 To seek the light of truth, while truth the while
 Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look 76
 Light seeking light doth light of light beguile
 So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
 Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes

Study me how to please the eye indeed, 80
 By fling it upon a fairer eye,
 Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
 And give him light that it was blinded by
 Study is like the heaven's glorious sun, 84
 That will not be deep-search'd with saucy
 looks,
 Small have continual plodders ever won,
 Save base authority from others' books
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights 88
 That give a name to every fixed star,
 Have no more profit of their shining nights
 Than those that walk and wot not what
 they are
 Too much to know is to know nought but
 fame, 92
 And every godfather can give a name
King How well he's read, to reason against
 reading!
Dum Proceeded well, to stop all good pro-
 ceeding!
Long He weeds the corn, and still lets grow
 the weeding 96
Ber The spring is near, when green geese are
 a-breeding
Dum How follows that?
Ber Fit in his place and time
Dum In reason nothing
Ber Something then, in rime
King Berowne is like an envious sneaping
 frost 100
 That bites the first-born infants of the spring
Ber Well, say I am why should proud sum-
 mer boast
 Before the birds have any cause to sing?
 Why should I joy in an abortive birth? 104
 At Christmas I no more desire a rose
 Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth,
 But like of each thing that in season grows
 So you, to study now it is too late, 108
 Clumb o'er the house to unlock the little gate
King Well, sit you out go home, Berowne
 adieu!
Ber No, my good lord, I have sworn to stay
 with you
 And though I have for barbarism spoke more
 Than for that angel knowledge you can
 say, 113
 Yet confident I'll keep to what I swore,
 And bide the penance of each three years' day
 Give me the paper, let me read the same, 116
 And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name
King How well this yielding rescues thee
 from shame!
Ber Item, *That no woman shall come with-
 in a mile of my court* Hath this been pro-
 claimed? 121
Long Four days ago
Ber Let's see the penalty *On pain of losing
 her tongue* Who devised this penalty? 124
Long Marry, that did I
Ber Sweet lord, and why?
Long To fright them hence with that dread
 penalty
Ber A dangerous law against gentility! 127
 Item. *If any man be seen to talk with a wo-*

*man within the term of three years, he shall
 endure such public shame as the rest of the
 court can possibly devise*
 This article, my liege, yourself must break, 132
 For well you know here comes in embassy
 The French king's daughter with yourself to
 speak—
 A maid of grace and complete majesty—
 About surrender up of Aquitaine 136
 To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father
 Therefore this article is made in vain,
 Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither
King What say you, lords? why, this was
 quite forgot 140
Ber So study evermore is overshot
 While it doth study to have what it would,
 It doth forget to do the thing it should,
 And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
 'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost 145
King We must of force dispense with this
 decree,
 She must lie here on mere necessity
Ber Necessity will make us all forsworn 148
 Three thousand times within this three years'
 space,
 For every man with his affects is born,
 Not by might master'd, but by special grace
 If I break faith this word shall speak for me,
 I am forsworn 'on mere necessity' 153
 So to the laws at large I write my name
 [Subscribes
 And he that breaks them in the least degree
 Stands in attainder of eternal shame 156
 Suggestions are to others as to me,
 But I believe, although I seem so loath,
 I am the last that will last keep his oath
 But is there no quick recreation granted? 160
King Ay, that there is Our court, you know,
 is haunted
 With a refined traveller of Spain,
 A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
 That hath a mint of phrases in his brain, 164
 One whom the music of his own vain tongue
 Doth ravish like enchanting harmony,
 A man of complements, whom right and wrong
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny 168
 This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
 For interim to our studies shall relate
 In high-born words the worth of many a knight
 From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate
 How you delight, my lords, I know not, I, 173
 But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
 And I will use him for my minstrelsy
Ber Armado is a most illustrious wight, 176
 A man of fire-new words, fashion's own
 knight
Long Costard the swain and he shall be our
 sport,
 And, so to study, three years is but short.
 Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD
Dull Which is the duke's own person? 180
Ber This, fellow What wouldst?
Dull I myself reprehend his own person, for
 I am his Grace's tharborough but I would see
 his own person in flesh and blood, 184

Ber This is he
Dull Signior Arm—Arm—commends you
 There's villany abroad this letter will tell you
 more 188
Cost Sir, the contempts thereof are as touch-
 ing me
King A letter from the magnificent Armado
King How long soever the matter, I hope in
 God for high words 193
Long A high hope for a low heaven God
 grant us patience!
Ber To hear, or forbear laughing? 196
Long To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh
 moderately, or to forbear both.
Ber Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us
 cause to climb in the merriness 200
Cost The matter is to me, sir, as concerning
 Jaquenetta The manner of it is, I was taken
 with the manner
Ber In what manner? 204
Cost In manner and form following, sir, all
 those three I was seen with her in the manor-
 house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken
 following her into the park, which, put together,
 is, in manner and form following Now, sir, for
 the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak
 to a woman, for the form,—in some form
Ber For the following sir? 212
Cost As it shall follow in my correction, and
 God defend the right!
King Will you hear this letter with attention?
Ber As we would hear an oracle 216
Cost Such is the simplicity of man to hearken
 after the flesh
King Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent,
 and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's
 God, and body's fostering patron, 221
Cost Not a word of Costard yet.
King So it is —
Cost It may be so, but if he say it is so, he
 is, in telling true, but so — 225
King Peace!
Cost Be to me and every man that dares not
 fight 228
King No words!
Cost Of other men's secrets, I beseech you
King So it is, besieged with sable-coloured
 melancholy, I did commend the black-oppress-
 ing humour to the most wholesome physic of
 thy health-giving air, and, as I am a gentle-
 man, betook myself to walk The time when?
 About the sixth hour when beasts most graze,
 birds best peck, and men sit down to that
 nourishment which is called supper so much
 for the time when Now for the ground which
 which, I mean, I walked upon it is ycleped
 thy park Then for the place where where, I
 mean, I did encounter that most obscene and
 preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-
 white pen the ebony-coloured ink, which here thou
 viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest But to the
 place where, it standeth north-north-east and
 by east from the west corner of thy curious-
 knotted garden there did I see that low-spirited
 swain that base munnow of thy mirth,— 249
Cost Me

King that unlettered small-knowing soul,—
Cost Me 252
King that shallow vessel,—
Cost Still me
King which, as I remember, hight Cost-
 ard,— 256
Cost O me
King sorted and consorted, contrary to
 thy established proclaimed edict and continent
 canon, with—with,—O! with but with this I
 passion to say wherewith,—
Cost With a wench 262
King with a child of our grandmother
 Eve, a female, or, for thy more sweet under-
 standing, a woman Him, I,—as my ever-
 esteemed duty pricks me on,—have sent to thee,
 to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet
 Grace's officer, Antony Dull, a man of good
 repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation 269
Dull Me, an't please you, I am Antony Dull
King For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel
 called which I apprehended with the aforesaid
 swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury,
 and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring
 her to trial Thine, in all compliments of de-
 voted and heart-burning heat of duty, 276

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

Ber This is not so well as I looked for, but
 the best that ever I heard
King Ay, the best for the worst But, sirrah,
 what say you to this? 280
Cost Sir, I confess the wench
King Did you hear the proclamation?
Cost I do confess much of the hearing it, but
 little of the marking of it 284
King It was proclaimed a year's imprison-
 ment to be taken with a wench
Cost I was taken with none, sir I was taken
 with a damosel 288
King Well, it was proclaimed 'damosel'
Cost This was no damosel neither, sir she
 was a virgin
King It is so varied too, for it was pro-
 claimed 'virgin' 293
Cost If it were, I deny her virginity I was
 taken with a maid
King This maid will not serve your turn, sir
Cost This maid will serve my turn, sir 297
King Sir, I will pronounce your sentence
 you shall fast a week with bran and water
Cost I had rather pray a month with mutton
 and porridge 301
King And Don Armado shall be your keeper
 My Lord Berowne, see him deliver'd o'er
 And go we, lords, to put in practice that 304
 Which each to other hath so strongly sworn
 [Exeunt KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE
Ber I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
 These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn
 Sirrah, come on 308
Cost I suffer for the truth, sir for true it is
 I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is
 a true girl, and therefore welcome the sour cup of
 prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again,
 and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [Exeunt

SCENE II.—*The Same**Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

Arm Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth A great sign, sir, that he will look sad

Arm Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear ump 5

Moth No, no, O Lord, sir, no

Arm How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal? 8

Moth By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior

Arm Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal? 13

Arm I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender 16

Moth And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough

Arm Pretty, and apt

Moth How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty? 21

Arm Thou pretty, because little

Moth Little pretty, because little Wherefore apt? 24

Arm And therefore apt, because quick

Moth Speak you thus in my praise, master?

Arm In thy condign praise

Moth I will praise an eel with the same praise 29

Arm What! that an eel is ingenuous?

Moth That an eel is quick

Arm I do say thou art quick in answers thou heatest my blood 33

Moth I am answered, sir

Arm I love not to be crossed

Moth [Aside] He speaks the mere contrary crosses love not him 37

Arm I have promised to study three years with the duke

Moth You may do it in an hour, sir 40

Arm Impossible

Moth How many is one thrice told?

Arm I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster 44

Moth You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir

Arm I confess both they are both the varnish of a complete man 48

Moth Then, I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to

Arm It doth amount to one more than two

Moth Which the base vulgar do call three

Arm True 53

Moth Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now, here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, and how easy it is to put 'years' to the word 'three,' and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you

Arm A most fine figure!

Moth To prove you a cipher. 60

Arm I will hereupon confess I am in love, and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench If drawing my sword

against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised curtsy I think scorn to sigh methinks I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy what greatness have been in love? 70

Moth Hercules, master

Arm Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more, and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage 74

Moth Samson, master he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love

Arm O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates I am in love too Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth? 82

Moth A woman, master

Arm Of what complexion?

Moth Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four

Arm Tell me precisely of what complexion

Moth Of the sea-water green, sir 87

Arm Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth As I have read, sir, and the best of them too 90

Arm Green indeed is the colour of lovers, but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it He surely affected her for her wit 94

Moth It was so, sir, for she had a green wit

Arm My love is most unmaculate white and red

Moth Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours 99

Arm Define, define, well-educated infant

Moth My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and pathetic! 104

Moth If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale white shown 108

Then if she fear or be to blame,

By this you shall not know,

For still her cheeks possess the same

Which native she doth owe 112

A dangerous rime, master, against the reason of white and red

Arm Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar? 116

Moth The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but I think now 'tis not to be found, or, if it were, it would

neither serve for the writing nor the tune 120

Arm I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard she deserves well 125

Moth [Aside] To be whipped, and yet a better love than my master

Arm Sing, boy my spirit grows heavy in love 129

Moth And that's great marvel, loving a light wench

Arm I say, sing

Moth Forbear till this company be past

god of rime, for I am sure I shall turn sonnetter
Devise, wit, write, pen, for I am for whole
volumes in folio

[Exit

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA

Dull Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe and you must let him take no delight nor no penance, but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park, she is allowed for the day-woman
Fare you well

Arm I do betray myself with blushing Maid!

Jaqu Man?

Arm I will visit thee at the lodge

Jaqu That's hereby

Arm I know where it is situate

Jaqu Lord, how wise you are!

Arm I will tell thee wonders

Jaqu With that face?

Arm I love thee

Jaqu So I heard you say

Arm And so farewell

Jaqu Fair weather after you!

Dull Come, Jaquenetta, away!

[*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA*]

Arm Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned

Cost Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach

Arm Thou shalt be heavily punished

Cost I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded

Arm Take away this villain shut him up

Moth Come, you transgressing slave away!

Cost Let me not be pent up, sir I will fast, being loose

Moth No, sir, that were fast and loose thou shalt to prison

Cost Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth What shall some see?

Cost Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words and therefore I will say nothing. I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet

[*Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD*]
Arm I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn,—which is a great argument of falsehood,—if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar, Love is a devil there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength, yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second clause will not serve my turn, the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not. His disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love, yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal

ACT II

SCENE I.—*The KING of NAVARRE's Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance*

Enter the PRINCESS of FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants

Boyet Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits

Consider whom the king your father sends, To whom he sends, and what's his embassy. Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem, 4

To parley with the sole inheritor Of all perfections that a man may owe,

Matchless Navarre, the plea of no less weight

Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen 8

Be now as prodigal of all dear grace

As Nature was in making graces dear

When she did starve the general world beside,

And prodigally gave them all to you 12

Prin Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though

but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,

Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues

I am less proud to hear you tell my worth 17

Than you much willing to be counted wise

In spending your wit in the praise of mine

But now to task the tasker good Boyet, 20

You are not ignorant, all-telling fame

Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,

Till painful study shall out-wear three years,

No woman may approach his silent court 24

Therefore to us seem'h it a needful course,

Before we enter his forbidden gates,

To know his pleasure, and in that behalf,

Bold of your worthiness, we single you 28

As our best-moving fair solicitor

Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,

On serious business craving quick dispatch,

Importunes personal conference with his Grace

Haste, signify so much, while we attend, 33

Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will

Boyet Proud of employment, willingly I go

Prin All pride is willing pride, and yours

is so

Who are the votaries, my loving lords, 37

That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

First Lord Lord Longaville is one

Prin Know you the man?

Mar I know him, madam at a marriage

feast, 40

Between Lord Perigot and the beauteous heir

Of Jacques l'Alconbridge, solemnized

In Normandy, saw I this Longaville

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd, 44

Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms

Nothing becomes him ill that he would well

The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,—

If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,— 48

Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;

Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills

It should none spare that come within his power

Prin Some merry mocking lord, belike, is't so?

Mar They say so most that most his humours know

Prin Such short liv'd wits do wither as they grow

Who are the rest?

Kath The young Dumaine, a well-accomplish'd youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd

Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill,

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,

And shape to win grace though he had no wit

I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once,

And much too little of that good I saw

Is my report to his great worthiness

Ros Another of these students at that time

Was there with him, if I have heard a truth

Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal

His eye begets occasion for his wit,

For every object that the one doth catch

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,

Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,

That aged ears play truant at his tales,

And younger hearings are quite ravished,

So sweet and voluble is his discourse

Prin God bless my ladies! are they all in love,

That every one her own hath garnished

With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

First Lord Here comes Boyet

Re-enter BOYET

Prin Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet Navarre had notice of your fair approach,

And he and his competitors in oath

Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,

Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,

He rather means to lodge you in the field,

Like one that comes here to besiege his court,

Than seek a dispensation for his oath,

To let you enter his unpeeled house

Here comes Navarre *[The Ladies mask]*

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE, BEROWNE, and Attendants

King Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre

Prin 'Fair,' I give you back again, and 'welcome' I have not yet the roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine

King You shall be welcome, madam, to my court

Prin I will be welcome, then conduct me thither

King Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

Prin Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn

King Not for the world, fair madam, by my will

Prin Why, will shall break it, will, and nothing else

King Your ladyship is ignorant what it is

Prin Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,

Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance

I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold

To teach a teacher ill besemeth me

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit

[Gives a paper]

King Madam, I will, if suddenly I may

Prin You will the sooner that I were away, For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay

Ber Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ber I know you did

Ros How needless was it then To ask the question!

Ber You must not be so quick

Ros 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions

Ber Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire

Ros Not till it leave the rider in the mire

Ber What time o' day?

Ros The hour that fools should ask

Ber Now fair befall your mask!

Ros Fair fall the face it covers!

Ber And send you many lovers!

Ros Amen, so you be none

Ber Nay, then I will be gone

King Madam, your father here doth intimate The payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

Being but the one half of an entire sum

Disbursed by my father in his wars

But say that he, or we,—as neither have,—

Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more, in surety of the which,

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,

Although not valu'd to the money's worth

If then the king your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfied,

We will give up our right in Aquitaine,

And hold fair friendship with his majesty

But that it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repaid

A hundred thousand crowns, and not demands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in Aquitaine,

Which we much rather had depart withal,

And have the money by our father lent,

Than Aquitaine, so gelded as it is

Dear princess, were not his requests so far

From reason's yielding, your fair self should
make
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again. 152
Prin You do the king my father too much
wrong
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseemingly to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid 156
King I do protest I never heard of it,
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back
Or yield up Aquitaine
Prin We arrest your word
Boyet, you can produce acquittances 160
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father
King Satisfy me so
Boyet So please your Grace, the packet is not
come
Where that and other specialties are bound 164
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them
King It shall suffice me at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto
Meantime, receives such welcome at my hand 168
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates,
But here without you shall be so receiv'd, 172
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and fare-
well
To-morrow shall we visit you again. 176
Prin Sweet health and fair desires consort
your Grace!
King Thy own wish wish I thee in every
place! [Exeunt KING and his Train
Ber Lady, I will commend you to mine own
heart
Ros Pray you, do my commendations, I
would be glad to see it 180
Ber I would you heard it groan
Ros Is the fool sick?
Ber Sick at the heart
Ros Alack! let it bleed 184
Ber Would that do it good?
Ros My physic says, 'ay'
Ber Will you prick't with your eye?
Ros No point, with my knife 188
Ber Now, God save thy life!
Ros And yours from long living!
Ber I cannot stay thanksgiving [Retiring
Dum Sir, I pray you, a word what lady is
that same? 192
Boyet The heir of Alençon, Katharine her
name
Dum A gallant lady Monsieur, fare you
well [Exit
Long I beseech you a word what is she in
the white?
Boyet A woman sometimes, an you saw her
in the light 196
Long Perchance light in the light I desire
her name
Boyet She hath but one for herself, to desire
that, were a shame

Long Pray you, sir, whose daughter?
Boyet Her mother's, I have heard 200
Long God's blessing on your beard!
Boyet Good sir, be not offended
She is an heir of Falconbridge
Long Nay, my choler is ended 204
She is a most sweet lady
Boyet Not unlike, sir, that may be
[Exit LONGAVILLE
Ber What's her name, in the cap?
Boyet Rosaline, by good hap 208
Ber Is she wedded or no?
Boyet To her will, sir, or so
Ber You are welcome, sir Adieu
Boyet Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to
you [Exit BEROWNE —Ladies unmask
Mar That last is Berowne, the merry mad-
cap lord 213
Not a word with him but a jest
Boyet And every jest but a word
Prin It was well done of you to take him at
his word
Boyet I was as willing to grapple, as he was
to board 216
Mar Two hot sheeps, marry!
Boyet And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your
lips
Mar You sheep, and I pasture shall that
finish the jest?
Boyet So you grant pasture for me
[Offering to kiss her
Mar Not so, gentle beast 220
My lips are no common, though several they be
Boyet Belonging to whom?
Mar To my fortunes and me
Prin Good wits will be jangling, but, gentles,
agree
This civil war of wits were much better us'd 224
On Navarre and his book-men, for here 'tis
abus'd
Boyet If my observation,—which very sel-
dom hes,—
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected 228
Prin With what?
Boyet With that which we lovers entitle
affected
Prin Your reason
Boyet Why, all his behaviours did make
their retire 232
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire,
His heart, like an agate, with your print im-
press'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be,
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair,
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy, 241
Who, tend'ring their own worth from where they
were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes

I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his, 246
An' you give him for my sake but one loving

kiss

Prin Come to our pavilion. *Bovet* is dispos'd
Boyet But to speak that in words which his
eye hath disclos'd

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie
Ros Thou art an old love-monger, and
speak'st skilfully 252

Mar He is Cupid's grandfather and learns
news of him.

Ros Then was Venus like her mother, for
her father is but grum

Boyet Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar No

Boyet What, then, do you see?

Ros Ay, our way to be gone

Boyet You are too hard for me 256
[*Exeunt*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—The KING OF NAVARRE'S Park

Enter ARMADO and MOTH

Arm Warble, child, make passionate my
sense of hearing

Moth [Singing] *Concolnel*,— 3

Arm Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years,
take this key, give enlargement to the swain,
bring him festinately hither, I must employ him
in a letter to my love

Moth Master, will you win your love with a
French brawl? 9

Arm How meanest thou? brawling in
French?

Moth No, my complete master, but to jig off
a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your
feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids,
sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through
the throat, as if you swallowed love by singing
love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed
up love by smelling love, with your hat pent-
house-like o'er the shop of your eyes, with your
arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet like a
rabbit on a spit, or your hands in your pocket
like a man after the old painting and keep not
too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These
are complements, these are humours, these be-
tray nice wenches, that would be betrayed with-
out these, and make them men of note,—do you
note me?—that most are affected to these 27

Arm How hast thou purchased this ex-
perience?

Moth By my penny of observation.

Arm But O—but O,—

Moth 'The hobby-horse is forgot' 32

Arm Callest thou my love hobby-horse?

Moth No, master, the hobby-horse is but a
colt, and your love perhaps, a hackney. But
have you forgot your love? 36

Arm Almost I had

Moth Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm By heart, and in heart, boy

Moth And out of heart, master, all those
three I will prove 41

Arm What wilt thou prove?

Moth A man, if I live, and this, by, in, and
without, upon the instant by heart you love
her, because your heart cannot come by her, in
heart you love her, because your heart is in love
with her, and out of heart you love her, being
out of heart that you cannot enjoy her 48

Arm I am all these three

Moth And three times as much more, and
yet nothing at all

Arm Fetch hither the swain he must carry
me a letter 53

Moth A message well sympathized a horse
to be ambassador for an ass

Arm Ha, ha! what sayest thou? 56

Moth Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon
the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go
Arm The way is but short away! 60

Moth As swift as lead, sir

Arm Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth *Mumme*, honest master, or rather,
master, no

Arm I say, lead is slow

Moth You are too swift, sir, to say so
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun? 65

Arm Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon, and the bullet, that's
he

I shoot thee at the swain

Moth Thump then, and I flee [*Exit*]

Arm A most acute juvenal, volable and free
of grace! 69

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy
face

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place
My herald is return'd 72

Re-enter MOTH with COSTARD

Moth A wonder, master! here's a costard
broken in a shin

Arm Some enigma, some riddle come, thy

l'envoy, begin

Cost No enigma no riddle, no *l'envoy*, no salve
in the mail, sir O! sir, plantain, a plain plan-
tain no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy* no salve, sir, but a
plantain 78

Arm By virtue, thou enforcest laughter, thy
silly thought, my spleen, the heaving of my
lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling O!
pardon me, my stars Doth the inconsiderate
take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for
a salve? 84

Moth Do the wise think them other? is not
l'envoy a salve?

Arm No, page it is an epilogue or discourse,
to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been
sam 88

I will example it

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee
Were still at odds, being but three
There's the moral, Now the *l'envoy*. 92

Moth I will add the *l'envoy* Say the moral again

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three 96

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow
with my *l'envoy* 100

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four 104

Moth A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose
Would you desire more?

Cost The boy hath sold him a bargain, a
goose, that's flat

Sir, your pennyworth is good an your goose be
fat 108

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and
loose

Let me see, a fat *l'envoy*, ay, that's a fat
goose

Arm Come hither, come hither How did
this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a costard was broken
in a shun 112

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*

Cost True, and I for a plantain thus came
your argument in,

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you
bought,

And he ended the market 116

Arm But tell me, how was there a costard
broken in a shun?

Moth I will tell you sensibly
Cost Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth* I will
speak that *l'envoy* 121

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold and broke my shun

Arm We will talk no more of this matter 124

Cost Till there be more matter in the shun

Arm Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee

Cost O! marry me to one Frances I smell
some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this 128

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee
at liberty, enfranchising thy person thou wert
immured, restrained, captivated, bound

Cost True, true, and now you will be my pur-
gation and let me loose 133

Arm I give thee thy liberty, set thee from
durance, and in lieu thereof, impose upon thee
nothing but this —[*Giving a letter*] Bear this
significant to the country maid Jaquenetta
[*Giving money*] There is remuneration, for
the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my
dependents *Moth*, follow [Exit] 137

Moth Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard,
adieu 141

Cost My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my
incony Jew! [Exit *MOTH*]

Now will I look to his remuneration 'Remune-
ration! O! that's the Latin word for three far-
things three farthings, remuneration 'What's
the price of this mkle?' 'One penny' 'No, I'll
give you a remuneration' why, it carries it
Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than

French crown I will never buy and sell out of
this word

Enter BEROWNE

Ber O! my good knave Costard, exceedingly
well met 152

Cost Pray you, sir, how much carnation
riband may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber What is a remuneration?

Cost Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing 156

Ber Why then, three-farthing-worth of silk

Cost I thank your worship God be wi'
you!

Ber Stay, slave, I must employ thee 160
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat

Cost When would you have it done, sir?

Ber O, this afternoon 164

Cost Well, I will do it, sir! fare you well

Ber O, thou knowest not what it is

Cost I shall know, sir, when I have done it

Ber Why, villain, thou must know first 168

Cost I will come to your worship to-morrow
morning

Ber It must be done this afternoon Hark,
slave, it is but this 172

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady,

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name
her name,

And Rosaline they call her ask for her 176

And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel [*Gives him a shilling*]

There's thy guerdon go

Cost Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than
remuneration, a 'leven-pence farthing better

Most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print
Gardon! remuneration! [Exit] 180

Ber And I,—

Forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip,

A very beadle to a humorous sigh, 185

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable,

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent! 188

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,

Regent of love-rimes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans, 192

Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,

Sole imperator and great general

Of trotting paritors O my little heart! 196

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

What II I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman that is like a German clock, 200

Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right!

Nay, to be perjurd, which is worst of all, 204

And, among three, to love the worst of all,

A wighty wanton with a velvet brow,

With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes,

Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed 208

Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!

To pray for her! Go to, it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect 212
Of his almighty dreadful little might
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and
groan
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan
[Exit

ACT IV

SCENE I—*The KING OF NAVARRE'S Park*

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester

Prin Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet I know not, but I think it was not he
Prin Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind 4

Well, lords, to day we shall have our dispatch,
On Saturday we will return to France
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in? 8

For Hereby, upon the edge of yonder cop-pice,
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot

Prin I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot, 11

And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot
For Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so

Prin What, what? first praise me, and again say no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack! for woe!
For Yes, madam, fair

Prin Nay never paint me now 16
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow
Here, good my glass—[Gives money] Take
this for telling true

Fair payment for foul words is more than due
For Nothing but fair is that which you in-
herent 20

Prin See, see! my beauty will be sav'd by merit
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair
praise

But come, the bow now mercy goes to kill, 24
And shooting well is then accounted ill

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't,

If wounding, then it was to show my skill, 28
That more for praise than purpose meant to
kill

And out of question so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward
part, 32

We bend to that the working of the heart,
As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no
ill

Boyet Do not curst wives hold that self-
sovereignty 36

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin Only for praise, and praise we may
afford
To any lady that subdues a lord. 40

Enter COSTARD

Boyet Here comes a member of the common-
wealth

Cost God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which
is the head lady?

Prin Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the
rest that have no heads 45

Cost Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
Prin The thickest, and the tallest

Cost The thickest, and the tallest! it is so
truth is truth 48

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my
wit,

One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should
be fit

Are not you the chief woman? you are the
thickest here

Prin What's your will, sir? what's your will?
Cost I have a letter from Monsieur Berowne
to one Lady Rosaline 53

Prin O! thy letter, thy letter, he's a good
friend of mine

Stand aside, good bearer Boyet, you can carve,
Break up this capon

Boyet I am bound to serve 56
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here
It is writ to Jaquenetta

Prin We will read it, I swear
Break the neck of the wax and every one give
ear

Boyet By heaven, that thou art fair, is most
infallible true, that thou art beauteous, truth
itself, that thou art lovely

More fairer than
fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth
itself, have commiseration on thy heretical vas-
sal! The magnanimous and most illustre

king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and
indubitate beggar Zenelophon, and he it was
that might rightly say vici, vici, which to

anatomize in the vulgar—O base and obscure
vulgar!—videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame

he came, one saw, two overcame, three Who
came? the king Why did he come? to see Why
did he see? to overcome To whom came he? to

the beggar What saw he? the beggar Whom
overcame he? the beggar The conclusion is

victory on whose side? the king's, the captive
is enriched on whose side? the beggar's The

catastrophe is a nuptial on whose side? the
king's, no, on both in one, or one in both I am

the king, for so stands the comparison, thou
the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness Shall

I command thy love? I may Shall I enforce
thy love? I could Shall I entreat thy love? I

will What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes;
for titles? titles, for thyself? me Thus, ex-

pecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot,
my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy
every part 88

Thine, in the dearest design of Industry,
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

*Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his
prey* 92
*Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou
then?*
Food for his rage, repasture for his den 96
Prin What plume of feathers is he that in-
dited this letter?
*What vane? what weathercock? did you ever
hear better?*
Boyet I am much deceiv'd but I remember
the style
Prin Else, our memory is bad, going o'er it
erewhile 100
Boyet Thus Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps
here in court,
A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes
sport
To the prince and his book-mates
Prin Thou, fellow, a word
Who gave thee this letter?
Cost I told you, my lord 104
Prin To whom shouldst thou give it?
Cost From my lord to my lady
Prin From which lord, to which lady?
Cost From my lord Berowne, a good master
of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline
Prin Thou hast mistaken his letter Come,
lords, away 109
Here, sweet, put up this 'twill be 'hine another
day [Exeunt PRINCESS and IRAM]
Boyet Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?
Ros Shall I teach you to know?
Boyet Ay, my continent of beauty
Ros Why, she that bears the bow 113
Finely put off!
Boyet My lady goes to kill horns, but, if
thou marry,
Hang me by the neck if horns that year mis-
carry
Finely put on! 116
Ros Well then, I am the shooter
Boyet And who is your deer?
Ros If we choose by the horns, yourself
come not near
Finely put on, indeed!
Mar You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and
she strikes at the brow 120
Boyet But she herself is hit lower have I hit
her now?
Ros Shall I come upon thee with an old say-
ing that was a man when King Pepin of France
was a little boy, as touching the hit it? 124
Boyet So may I answer thee with one as
old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever
of Britain was a little wench, as touching the
hit it 128
Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man
Boyet An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can 132
[Exeunt ROSALINE and KATHARINE]

Cost By my troth, most pleasant how both
did fit it!
Mar A mark marvellous well shot, for they
both did hit it
Boyet A mark! O! mark but that mark, a
mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it
may be 136
Mar Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith your
hand is out
Cost Indeed a' must shoot nearer, or he'll
ne'er hit the clout
Boyet An' if my hand be out, then belike
your hand is in
Cost Then will she get the upshoot by cleav-
ing the pin 140
Mar Come, come, you talk greasily, your
lips grow foul
Cost She's too hard for you at pricks, sir
challenge her to bowl
Boyet I fear too much rubbing Good night,
my good owl [Exeunt BOYET and MARIA]
Cost By my soul, a swain! a most simple
clown! 144
Lord, lord how the ladies and I have put him
down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vul-
gar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely,
as it were, so fit
Armado o' the one side, O! a most dainty man
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her
fan! 149
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly
a' will swear!
And his page o' t'other side, that handful of
wit!
Ah! heavens it is a most pathological nit 152
[Shouting within] Sola, sola! [Exit running]

SCENE II — The Same

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL

Nath Very reverend sport, truly and done
in the testimony of a good conscience
Hol The deer was, as you know, sanguis in
blood, ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth
like a jewel in the ear of celo, the sky, the welkin,
the heaven, and anon falleth like a crab on the
face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth 7
Nath Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets
are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least but,
sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head
Hol Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo* 11
Dull 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket
Hol Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind
of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of ex-
plication, *facere*, as it were, replication, or,
rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclina-
tion,—after his undressed, unpolished, unedu-
cated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, un-
lettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to
insert again my *haud credo* for a deer 20
Dull I said the deer was not a *haud credo*,
'twas a pricket.

Hol Twice sod simplicity, *his coctus*!
O' thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath Sir, he hath not fed of the dainties that are bred of a book,
he hath not eat paper, as it were, he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished: he is only an animal, only sensible in the dullest parts. And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he, For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school

But, *omne bene*, say I, being of an old Father's mind,

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind

Dull You two are book-men: can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol Dictynna, Goodman Dull Dictynna, Goodman Dull

Dull What is Dictynna?

Nath A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon

Hol The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,

And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score

The allusion holds in the exchange

Dull 'Tis true indeed: the collusion holds in the exchange

Hol God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange

Dull And I say the pollution holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old, and I say beside that 'twas a pricklet that the princess killed

Hol Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess killed, a pricklet.

Nath *Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge*, so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility

Hol I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility

The princely princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty playing pricklet

Some say a sore but not a sore till now made sore with shooting,

The dogs did yell put L to sore, then sore jumps from thicket

Or pricklet, sore, or else sore! the people fall a hooting

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one sore!

Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one more L

Nath A rare talent!

Dull [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent

Hol This is a gift that I have, simple, simple, a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures,

shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it

Nath Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners, for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth

Hol *Mehercle!* if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction, if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*: A soul feminine salute us

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD

Jaq God give you good morrow, Master parson

Hol Master parson, *quasi* pers-on: An if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost Marry, Master schoolmaster, he that is likeliest to a hogshead

Hol Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty, it is well

Jaq Good Master parson [*giving a letter to NATHANIEL*], be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado. I beseech you, read it

Hol *Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat*, and so forth. Ah! good old Mantuan: I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice

—*Venetia, Venetia,*

Chi non te vede, non te pretia

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. *Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa*. Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath Ay, sir, and very learned

Hol Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse
lege, domine

Nath If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah! never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd

Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend

If knowledge be the mark to know thee shall suffice
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder

Which not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O! pardon love thus wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canonet. Here are only numbers ratified, but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*: Ovidius Naso was the man: and why,

indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odorous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing, so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the 'tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was I 'tis directed to you?

Jaq Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Berowne, one of the strange queen's lords

Hol I will overglance the superscript *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto *Your ladyship's, in all desired employment, BEROWNE*—Sir Nathaniel, this Berowne is one of the votaries with the king and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trnp and go, my sweet, deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king, it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment, I forgive thy duty adieu

Jaq Good Costard, go with me Sir, God save your life!

Cost Have with thee, my girl

[*Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA*]

Nath Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously, and, as a certain Father saith—

Hol Sir, tell not me of the Father, I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath Marvellous well for the pen

Hol I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine, where, if before repast it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*, where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society

Nath And thank you too, for society—saith the text—is the happiness of life

Hol And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it—[*To DUKE J*] Sir, I do invite you too: you shall not say me nay *pauca verba*. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

SCENE III—The Same

Enter BEROWNE, with a paper

Ber The king he is hunting the deer, I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil, I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles, defile! a foul word! Well, sit thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep well proved again o' my side! I will not love, if I do, hang me, I' faith, I will not. O! but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her, yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath

taught me to rime, and to be melancholy, and here is part of my rime, and here my melancholy. Well, she ha'th one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper. God give him grace to groan! 21
[*Gets up into a tree*]

Enter the KING, with a paper

King Ah me!

Ber [Aside] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid, thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

King So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose 28
As thy eye beams, when their fresh rays have smote

The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright 32

Through the transparent bosom of the deep
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light,

Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee 36

So ridest thou triumphing in my woe
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through my grief will show
But do not love thyself: then thou wilt keep 40

My tears for glasses, and still make me weep
O queen of queens! how far thou dost excel

No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the 45

paper
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear 45
[*Steps aside*]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper

Ber Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Long Ay me! I am forsworn
Ber Why, he comes in like a perjure, wear- 48

ing papers
King In love, I hope sweet fellowship in shame!

Ber One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Ber I could put thee in comfort not by two that I know 52

Thou mak'st the triumph, the corner-cap of society,

The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move

O sweet Maria, empress of my love! 56

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose
Ber O! rimes are guards on wanton Cupid's

hose
Disfigure not his slop. This same shall go. 60

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for these broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore but I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess I forswore not thee
 My vow was earthly thou a heavenly love
 Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
 Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is
 Then thou fair sun which on my earth dost shine,
 Exhalest this vapour vow in thee it is
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine
 If by me broke what fool is not so wise
 To lose an oath to win a paradise!

Ber This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh
 a deity,
 A green goose a goddess, pure, pure idolatry
 God amend us, God amend! we are much out
 o' the way

Long By whom shall I send this?—Com-
 pany! stay [Steps aside]

Ber All hid, all hid, an old infant play
 Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
 And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye
 More sacks to the mill! O heavens! I have my
 wish

Enter DUMAINE, with a paper

Dumaine transform'd four woodcocks in a
 dish!

Dum O most divine Kate!

Ber O most profane coxcomb!

Dum By heaven, the wonder of a mortal
 eye!

Ber By earth, she is but corporal, there you
 lie

Dum Her amber hairs for foul have amber
 quoted

Ber An amber-colour'd raven was well
 noted

Dum As upright as the cedar

Ber Stoop, I say,
 Her shoulder is with child

Dum As fair as day

Ber Ay, as some days, but then no sun must
 shine

Dum O! that I had my wish

Long And I had mine! 92

King And I mine too, good Lord!

Ber Amen, so I had mine Is not that a
 good word?

Dum I would forget her, but a fever she
 Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be 96

Ber A fever in your blood! why, then inci-
 sion

Would let her out in saucers sweet misprision!

Dum Once more I'll read the ode that I
 have writ

Ber Once more I'll mark how love can vary
 wit. 100

Dum On a day, alack the day!
 Love, whose month is ever May,
 Spied a blossom passing fair
 Playing in the wanton air
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find,
 That the lover, sick to death
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow,
 Air, would I might triumph so!
 But alack! my hand is sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

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Vow alack! for youth unmeet,

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me

That I am forsworn for thee

Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear

Juno but an Ethiope were

And deny himself for Jove

Turning mortal for thy love

This will I send, and something else more plain,

That shall express my true love's fasting pain

O! would the King, Berowne, and Longaville

Were lovers too ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjurd note,

For none offend where all alike do dote

Long [Advancing] Dumaine, thy love is far

from charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society

You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,

To be o'erheard and taken napping so

King [Advancing] Come, sir, you blush as

his your case is such,

You chide at him, offending twice as much

You do not love Maria, Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile,

Nor never lay his wretched arms athwart

His loving bosom to keep down his heart

I have been closely shrouded in this bush,

And mark'd you both, and for you both did

blush

I heard your guilty rimes, observ'd your fashion,

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your

passion

Ay me! says one, O Jove! the other cries,

One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's

eyes

[To LONGAVILLE] You would for paradise break

faith and troth,

[To DUMAINE] And Jove, for your love, would

infringe an oath

What will Berowne say, when that he shall hear

A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?

How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!

How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by me

Ber Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy

[Descends from the tree]

Ah! good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me

Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to re-
 prove

These worms for loving, that art most in love?

Your eyes do make no coaches, in your tears

There is no certain princess that appears

You'll not be perjurd, 'tis a hateful thing

Tush! none but minstrels like of sonneting

But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,

All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?

You found his mote, the king your mote did

see,

But I a beam do find in each of three

O! what a scene of foolery have I seen,

Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen,

O me! with what strict patience have I sat,

To see a king transformed to a gnat,

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,

And profound Solomon to tune a jig,

And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief? O! tell me, good Dumaine,
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain? 172
And where my liege's? all about the breast
A caudle, ho!

King Too bitter is thy jest
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?
Ber Not you to me, but I betray'd by you
I, that am honest, I, that hold it sin 177

To break the vow I am engaged in,
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like men, men of inconstancy 180
When shall you see me write a thing in rune?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye, 184
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

King Soft! Whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so? 187
Ber I post from love, good lover, let me go

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD

Jaqu God bless the king!
King What present hast thou there?
Cost Some certain treason
King What makes treason here?
Cost Nay, it makes nothing, sir
King If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together
Jaqu I beseech your Grace, let this letter be
read 193

Our parson misdoubts it, 'twas treason, he said
King Berowne, read it over—

[Giving the letter to him]

Where hadst thou it? 196
Jaqu Of Costard

King Where hadst thou it?
Cost Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio

[BEROWNE tears the letter]

King How now! what is in you? why dost
thou tear it? 200

Ber A toy, my liege, a toy your Grace needs
not fear it

Long It did move him to passion, and there-
fore let's hear it.

Dum *[Picking up the pieces]* It is Berowne's
writing, and here is his name

Ber *[To COSTARD]* Ah, you whoreson logger-
head, you were born to do me shame 204

Guilty, my lord, guilty, I confess, I confess
King What?

Ber That you three fools lack'd me fool to
make up the mess,

He, he, and you, and you my liege, and I, 208
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die

O! dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you
more

Dum Now the number is even.
Ber True, true, we are four

Will these turtles be gone?

King Hence, sirs, away! 212

Cost Walk aside the true folk, and let the
traitors stay

[Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA,

Ber Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O! let us em-
brace

As true we are as flesh and blood can be
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face,
Young blood doth not obey an old decree 217

We cannot cross the cause why we were born,
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn

King What! did these rent lines show some
love of thine? 220

Ber 'Did they,' quoth you? Who sees the
heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty? 228
King What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee
now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light

Ber My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne
O! but for my love, day would turn to night

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,

Where several worthies make one dignity, 236
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O! she needs it not

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs, 240
She passes praise, then praise too short doth
blot

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born, 244
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy

O! 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine
King By heaven, thy love is black as ebony

Ber Is ebony like her? O wood divine! 248
A wife of such wood were felicity

O! who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look 252
No face is fair that is not full so black

King O paradox! Black is the badge of hell
The hue of dungeons and the scowl of night,

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well
Ber Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits

of light 257
O! if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect, 260

And therefore is she born to make black fair
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,

For native blood is counted painting now,
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow 265
Dum To look like her are chimney-sweepers
black

Long And since her time are colliers counted
bright

King And Ethiops of their sweet complexion
crack 268

Dum Dark needs no candles now, for dark
is light

Ber Your mustresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away
King 'I were good yours did, for, sir, to tell
you plain, 272
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to day
Ber I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday
here
King No devil will fight thee then so much
as she
Dum I never knew man ho'd vile stuff so dear
Long Look, here's thy love [Showing his
shoe] my foot and her face see 277
Ber O! if the streets were paved with thine
eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread
Dum O vile! then, as she goes, what upward
lies 280
The street should see as she walk'd over head
King But what of this? Are we not all in love?
Ber Nothing so sure, and thereby all for-
sworn
King Then leave this chat, and good Be-
towne, now prove 284
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn
Dum Ay, marry, there, some flattery for this
evil
Long O! some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the
devil 288
Dum Some salve for perjury
Ber O, 'tis more than need
Have at you, then, affection's men-at arms
Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no woman, 292
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth
Say can you fast? your stomachs are too young,
And abstinence engenders maladies
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book, 297
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face? 301
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean
fire 304
Why, universal plodding poisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller 308
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study too, the causer of your vow,
For where is any author in the world 312
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are our learning likewise is
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes, 316
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O! we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out 321
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain, 324
And therefore, finding barren practisers
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil,
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain, 328
But, with the motion of all elements
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices 332
It adds a precious seeing to the eye,
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind,
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd
I love's feeling is more soft and sensible 337
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in
taste
For valour, is not Love a Hercules, 340
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx, as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the
gods 344
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's
sighs,
O! then his lines would ravish savage ears, 348
And plant in tyrants mild humility
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire,
They are the books, the arts, the academes, 352
That show, contain, and nourish all the world,
Else none at all in aught proves excellent
Then fools you were these women to forswear,
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove
fools 356
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men, 360
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfils the law, 364
And who can sever love from charity?
King Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the
field!
Ber Advance your standards, and upon
them, lords!
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them 369
Long Now to plain-dealing, lay these gloses
by,
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?
King And win them too therefore let us
devise 372
Some entertainment for them in their tents.
Ber First, from the park let us conduct them
thither,
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress in the afternoon 376
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape,
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Forerunfair Love, strewing her way with flowers

King Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will betime, and may by us be fitted
Ber Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no
corn,
And justice always whirls in equal measure
Light wenches may prove plagues to men for-
sworn, 385
If so, our copper buys no better treasure
[*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I—*The KING OF NAVARRE'S Park*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL

Hol Satis quod sufficit

Nath I praise God for you, sir, your reasons
at dinner have been sharp and sententious,
pleasant without scurrility, witty without affec-
tion, audacious without impudency, learned
without opinion, and strange without heresy. I
did converse this quondam day with a com-
panion of the king's, who is intituled, nomi-
nated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado 9

Hol *Novi hominem tanquam te* his humour
is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue
filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and
his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and
thrasomical. He is too picked, too spruce, too
affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as
I may call it 16

Nath A most singular and choice epithet

[*Draws out his table-book*]

Hol He draweth out the thread of his verbo-
sity finer than the staple of his argument. I
abhor such fanatical phantasies, such inscri-
bable and point-devise companions, such rackers
of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he
should say, doubt, det, when he should pro-
nounce, debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t. He clepeth a
calf, cauf, half; hauf, neighbour; vocatur neighbour,
neigh abbreviated ne. This is abominable,
which he would call abominable,—it insinuateth
me of insane *anne intelligis, domine?* To
make frantic, lunatic 29

Nath *Laus Deo bone intelligo*

Hol Bone? bone, for bene. Priscian a little
scratched, 'twill serve 32

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD

Nath *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol *Video, et gaudeo*

Arm [To *MOTH*] Chirrah!

Hol *Quare Chirrah, not sirrah?* 36

Arm Men of peace, well encountered

Hol Most military sir, salutation

Moth [*Aside to COSTARD*] They have been
at a great feast of languages, and stolen the
scraps 41

Cost O! they have lived long on the alms-
basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not
eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long
by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus* thou
art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon. 46

Moth Peace! the peal begins.

Arm [To *HOLOFERNES*] Monsieur, are you
not lettered?

Moth Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-
book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the
horn on his head? 52

Hol Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added

Moth Ba! most silly sheep with a horn. You
hear his learning

Hol *Quis, quis*, thou consonant? 56

Moth The third of the five vowels, if you
repeat them, or the fifth, if I

Hol I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth The sheep, the other two concludes
it,—o, u 61

Arm Now, by the salt wave of the Mediter-
ranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit!
snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my
intellect true wit! 65

Moth Offered by a child to an old man,
which is wit-old

Hol What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth Horns 69

Hol Thou dispurest like an infant, go, whip
thy gig

Moth Lend me your horn to make one, and
I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*. A
gig of a cuckold's horn 74

Cost An I had but one penny in the world,
thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread. Hold,
there is the very remuneration I had of thy
master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou
pigeon egg of discretion. O! an the heavens were
so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what
a joyful father wouldst thou make me. Go to,
thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as
they say 83

Hol O! I smell false Latin, dunghill for
unguem

Arm Arts-man, *præambula* we will be
singled from the barbarous. Do you noteducate
youth at the charge-house on the top of the
mountain? 89

Hol Or *mons*, the hill

Arm At your sweet pleasure, for the moun-
tain 92

Hol I do, sans question

Arm Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure
and affection to congratulate the princess at her
pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the
rude multitude call the afternoon 97

Hol The posterior of the day, most gene-
rous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable
for the afternoon the word is well culled,
chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do
assure 102

Arm Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and
my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend.
For what is inward between us, let it pass. I do
beseech thee, remember thy curtsy, I beseech
thee, apparel thy head—and among other im-
portunate and most serious designs, and of great
import indeed, too, but let that pass. For I must
tell thee, it will please his Grace, by the world,
sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and
with his royal finger, thus dally with my excre-
ment, with my mustachio but, sweet heart, let

that pass By the world, I recount no fable
some certain special honours it pleaseth his
greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man
of travel, that hath seen the world but let that
pass The very all of all is, but, sweet heart, I do
implore secrecy, that the king would have me
present the princess, sweet chuck, with some
delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or
antick, or fire-work Now, understanding that
the curate and your sweet self are good at such
eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as
it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end
to crave your assistance 126

Hol Sir, you shall present before her the
Nine Worthies Sir Nathaniel, as concerning
some entertainment of time, some show in the
posterior of this day, to be rendered by our
assistance, at the king's command, and this
most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,
before the princess, I say, none so fit as to pre-
sent the Nine Worthies

Nath Where will you find men worthy
enough to present them? 136

Hol Joshua, yourself, myself, or this gallant
gentleman, Judas Maccabæus, this swain, be-
cause of his great limb, or joint, shall pass
Pompey the Great, the page, Hercules,— 140

Arm Pardon, sir, error he is not quantity
enough for that Worthy's thumb he is not so
big as the end of his club

Hol Shall I have audience? he shall present
Hercules in minority his enter and exit shall be
strangling a snake, and I will have an apology
for that purpose 147

Moth An excellent device! so, if any of
the audience hiss, you may cry, 'Well done,
Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!' that is
the way to make an offence gracious, though
few have the grace to do it 152

Arm For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol I will play three myself

Moth Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm Shall I tell you a thing? 156

Hol We attend

Arm We will have, if this fadge not, an
antick I beseech you, follow

Hol Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken
no word all this while 161

Dull Nor understood none neither, sir

Hol Allons! we will employ thee

Dull I'll make one in a dance, or so, or I
will play the tabor to the Worthies, and let them
dance the hay 166

Hol Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport,
away! [Exeunt

SCENE II.—The same Before the PRINCESS'S
Pavilion

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE,
and MARIA

Prin Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we
depart,

If fairings come thus plentifully in
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

Look you what I have from the loving king. 4

Ros Madam, came nothing else along with
that?

Prin Nothing but this! yes, as much love in
rime

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all, 8
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name

Ros That was the way to make his godhead
wax

For he hath been five thousand years a boy
Kath Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too

Ros You'll ne'er be friends with him a'
kill'd your sister 13

Kath He made her melancholy, sad, and
heavy,

And so she died had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, numble, stirring spirit, 16

She might ha' been a grandam ere she died,
And so may you, for a light heart lives long

Ros What's your dark meaning, mouse, of
this light word?

Kath A light condition in a beauty dark 20

Ros We need more light to find your mean-
ing out

Kath You'll mar the light by taking it in
snuff,

Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument

Ros Look, what you do, you do it still! the
dark 24

Kath So do not you, for you are a light
wench.

Ros Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore
light

Kath You weigh me not O! that's you
care not for me

Ros Great reason, for, 'past cure is still
past care' 28

Prin Well bandied both, a set of wit well
play'd

But Rosaline, you have a favour too

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros I would you knew

An if my face were but as fair as yours, 32
My favour were as great, be witness this

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Berowne
The numbers true, and, were the numb'ring
too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground 36
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs

O! he hath drawn my picture in his letter

Prin Anything like? 39

Ros Much in the letters, nothing in the praise

Prin Beauteous as ink, a good conclusion.

Kath Fair as a text B in a copy-book

Ros 'Ware pencils! how? let me not die
your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter 44
O, that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath A pox of that jest! and beshrew all
shrows!

Prin But what was sent to you from fair
Dumaine?

Kath Madam, this glove

Prin Did he not send you twain? 48

Kath Yes, madam, and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover

A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity 52
Mar Thus, and these pearls to me sent
Longaville
The letter is too long by half a mile
Prin I think no less Dost thou not wish in
heart
The chain were longer and the letter short? 56
Mar Ay, or I would these hands might never
part
Prin We are wise girls to mock our lovers so
Ros They are worse fools to purchase mock-
ing so
That same Berowne I'll torture ere I go 60
O that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rimes,
And shape his service wholly to my hests, 65
And make him proud to make me proud that
jests!
So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state
That he should be my fool, and I his fate 68
Prin None are so surely caught, when they
are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool 72
Ros The blood of youth burns not with such
excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness
Mar Folly in fools bears not so strong a rote
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote, 76
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity

Enter BOYET

Prin Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his
face
Boyet O! I am stabb'd with laughter Where's
her Grace? 80
Prin Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace Love doth approach dis-
guis'd,
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpris'd 84
Muster your wits, stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence
Prin Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are
they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout,
say 88
Boyet Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address 92
The king and his companions warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear,
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here 96
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy
Action and accent did they teach him there
'Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear'

And ever and anon they made a doubt 101
Presence majestical would put him out,
'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see,
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously' 104
The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil,
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil'
With that all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the
shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder 108
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fear'd, and
swore
A better speech was never spoke before,
Another, with his finger and his thumb, 111
Cry'd 'Via! we will do't, come what will come,'
The third he caper'd and cried, 'All goes well,'
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound, 116
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears
Prin But what, but what, come they to visit
us?
Boyet They do, they do, and are apparell'd
thus, 120
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess
Their purpose is to parle to court and dance,
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow 125
Prin And will they so? the gallants shall be
task'd
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd,
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face 129
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me
thine. 132
So shall Berowne take me for Rosaline,
And change you favours too, so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes
Ros Come on, then, wear the favours most
in sight 136
Kath But in this changing what is your in-
tent?
Prin The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs
They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is only my intent 140
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet 144
Ros But shall we dance, if they desire us
to't?
Prin No, to the death, we will not move a
foot
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace,
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face 148
Boyet Why, that contempt will kill the
speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part
Prin Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out 152
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'er-
thrown,
To make theirs ours and ours none but our own

So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame

Boyet The trumpet sounds [Trumpets sound within]
maskers come [The Ladies mask]

Enter Blackamoors with music MOTH, the KING,
BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE in Rus-
sian habits, and masked

Moth All hail, the richest beauties on the
earth!

Boyet Beauties no richer than rich taffeta

Moth A holy parcel of the fairest dames, 160

[The Ladies turn their backs to him]

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

Ber 'Their eyes,' villain, 'their eyes'

Moth That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal
views!

Out— 164

Boyet True, 'out,' indeed

Moth 'Out of your favours, heavenly spirits,
vouchsafe

Not to behold!—

Ber 'Once to behold,' rogue 168

Moth 'Once to behold with your sun-beamed
eyes,

—with your sun-beamed eyes!—

Boyet They will not answer to that epithet,

You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes'

Moth They do not mark me, and that brings
me out 173

Ber Is this your perfectness? be gone, you
rogue! [Exit MOTH]

Ros What would these strangers know their
minds, Boyet

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will 176

That some plain man recount their purposes

Know what they would

Boyet What would you with the princess?

Ber Nothing but peace and gentle visitation

Ros What would they, say they? 181

Boyet Nothing but peace and gentle visita-
tion

Ros Why, that they have, and bid them so
be gone

Boyet She says, you have it, and you may
be gone 184

King Say to her, we have measur'd many
miles,

To tread a measure with her on this grass

Boyet They say, that they have measur'd
many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass 188

Ros It is not so Ask them how many inches
is in one mile if they have measur'd many,

The measure then of one is easily told

Boyet If to come hither you have measur'd
miles, 192

And many miles, the princess bids you tell

How many inches do fill up one mile

Ber Tell her we measure them by weary
steps

Boyet She hears herself

Ros How many weary steps,

Of many weary miles you have o'ergone, 197

Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Ber We number nothing that we spend for
you

Our duty is so rich, so infinite, 200

That we may do it still without accompt

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,

That we, like savages, may worship it

Ros My face is but a moon, and clouded too

King Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds
do! 205

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to
shine,

Those clouds remov'd, upon our wat'ry eyne

Ros O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter,

Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water

King Then, in our measure but vouchsafe
one change 210

Thou bid'st me beg, this begging is not strange

Ros Play, music, then! Nay, you must do
it soon [Music plays]

Not yet! no dance! thus change I like the moon

King Will you not dance? How come you
thus estrang'd? 214

Ros You took the moon at full, but now
she's chang'd

King Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays, vouchsafe some motion to it

Ros Our ears vouchsafe it

King But your legs should do it

Ros Since you are strangers, and come here
by chance,

We'll not be nice take hands we will not
dance 220

King Why take we hands then?

Ros Only to part friends

Curtsey, sweet hearts, and so the measure ends

King More measure of this measure be not
nice

Ros We can afford no more at such a price

King Prize you yourselves? what buys your
company? 225

Ros Your absence only

King That can never be

Ros Then cannot we be bought and so,
adieu,

Twice to your visor, and half once to you! 228

King If you deny to dance, let's hold more
chat

Ros In private, then

King I am best pleas'd with that
[They converse apart]

Ber White-handed mistress, one sweet word
with thee

Prin Honey, and milk, and sugar, there are
three 232

Ber Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so
nice,

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey well run, dice!

There's half a dozen sweets

Prin Seventh sweet, adieu

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Ber One word in secret

Prin Let it not be sweet. 237

Ber Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin Gall! bitter

Ber Therefore meet.

[They converse apart]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar Name it.
Dum Fair lady,—
Mar Say you so? Fair lord,
 Take that for your fair lady
Dum Please it you, 241
 As much in private, and I'll bid adieu
 [They converse apart
Kath What! was your visor made without a tongue?
Long I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath O! for your reason, quickly, sir, I long 245
Long You have a double tongue within your mask,
 And would afford my speechless visor half
Kath 'Veal,' quoth the Dutchman Is not 'veal' a calf? 248
Long A calf, fair lady!
Kath No, a fair lord calf
Long Let's part the word
Kath No, I'll not be your half
 Take all, and wean it it may prove an ox
Long Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks 252
 Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so
Kath Then die a calf, before your horns do grow
Long One word in private with you, ere I die
Kath Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry
 [They converse apart
Boyet The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen 257
 As is the razor's edge invisible,
 Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
 Above the sense of sense, so sensible 260
 Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings
 Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things
Ros Not one word more, my maids break off, break off
Ber By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff! 264
King Farewell, mad wenches you have simple wits
Prin Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits
 [Exeunt KING, LORDS, MUSIC, and ATTENDANTS
 Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Boyet Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out 268
Ros Well-liking wits they have, gross, gross, fat, fat
Prin O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
 Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
 Or ever, but in visors, show their faces? 272
 This pert Berowne was out of countenance quite
Ros O! they were all in lamentable cases
 The king was weeping-ripe for a good word
Prin Berowne did swear himself out of all suit. 276
Mar Dumaine was at my service, and his sword

'No point,' quoth I my servant straight was mute
Kath Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart,
 And trow you what he call'd me?
Prin Qualm, perhaps 280
Kath Yes, in good faith
Prin Go, sickness as thou art!
Ros Well, better wits have worn plain statutes-caps
 But will you hear? the king is my love sworn
Prin And quick Berowne hath plighted faith to me 284
Kath And Longaville was for my service born
Mar Dumaine is mine, as sure as bark on tree
Boyet Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear
 Immediately they will again be here 288
 In their own shapes, for it can never be
 They will digest this harsh indignity
Prin Will they return?
Boyet They will, they will, God knows,
 And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows 292
 Therefore change favours, and, when they repair,
 Blow like sweet roses in this summer air
Prin How blow? how blow? speak to be understood
Boyet Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud 296
 Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
 Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown
Prin Avaunt perplexity! What shall we do
 If they return in their own shapes to woo? 300
Ros Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
 Let's mock them still, as well known as disguis'd
 Let us complain to them what fools were here,
 Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear, 304
 And wonder what they were, and to what end
 Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
 And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
 Should be presented at our tent to us 308
Boyet Ladies, withdraw the gallants are at hand
Prin Whip to your tents, as roes run over land
 [Exeunt PRINCESS, ROS, KATH, and MARIA
 Enter the KING, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE in their proper habits.
King Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?
Boyet Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty, 312
 Command me any service to her thither?
King That she vouchsafe me audience for one word
Boyet I will, and so will she, I know, my lord [Exit
Ber This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons pease, 316
 And utters it again when God doth please.

He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
 At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs,
 And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show
 This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve,
 Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve
 He can carve too, and lisp why, this is he 324
 That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy,
 This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 In honourable terms nay, he can sing 328
 A mean most meanly, and in ushering
 Mend him who can the ladies call him, sweet,
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet
 This is the flower that smiles on every one, 332
 To show his teeth as white as whales-bone,
 And consciences, that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the due of honey-tongue'd Boyet

King A blister on his sweet tongue, with my
 heart, 336
 That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Re-enters the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET ROSA-
 LINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants*

Ber See where it comes! Behaviour, what
 wert thou,
 Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou
 now?

King All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of
 day! 340

Prin 'Fair,' in 'all hail,' is foul, as I conceive
King Construe my speeches better, if you may

Prin Then wish me better I will give you
 leave 343

King We came to visit you, and purpose now
 To lead you to our court vouchsafe it then

Prin This field shall hold me, and so hold your
 vow

Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.
King Rebuke me not for that which you pro-
 voke 348

The virtue of your eye must break my oath
Prin You nick-name virtue, vice you should
 have spoke,

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth
 Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure 352
 As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,
 I would not yield to be your house's guest,

So much I hate a breaking cause to be 356
 Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity

King O! you have liv'd in desolation here,
 Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame 359

Prin Not so, my lord, it is not so, I swear,
 We have had pastime here and pleasant game

A mess of Russians left us but of late
King How, madam! Russians?

Prin Ay, in truth, my lord,
 Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state 364

Ros Madam, speak true It is not so, my
 lord

My lady, to the manner of the days,
 In courtesy gives undeserving praise

We four, indeed confronted were with four 368
 In Russian habit here they stay'd an hour,
 And talk'd apace, and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word
 I dare not call them fools, but this I think, 372
 When they are thirsty, fools would fain have
 drink

Ber This jest is dry to me Fair gentle sweet,
 Your wit makes wise things foolish when we
 greet,

With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye, 376
 By light we lose light your capacity
 Is of that nature that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish and rich things but
 poor

Ros This proves you wise and rich, for in
 my eye— 380

Ber I am a fool, and full of poverty

Ros But that you take what doth to you be-
 long,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue
Ber O! I am yours, and all that I possess

Ros All the fool mine?

Ber I cannot give you less
Ros Which of the visors was it that you wore?

Ber Where? when? what visor? why de-
 mand you this?

Ros There, then, that visor, that superfluous
 case 388

That hid the worse, and show'd the better face
King We are descried they'll mock us now
 downright

Dum Let us confess, and turn it to a jest
Prin Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your
 highness sad? 392

Ros Help! hold his brows! he'll swoond
 Why look you pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy
Ber Thus pour the stars down plagues for
 perjury

Can any face of brass hold longer out?— 396
 Here stand I, lady, dart thy skill at me,
 Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a
 flout,

Thrust thy wit quite through my igno-
 rance,

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit, 400
 And I will wish thee never more to dance,
 Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
 Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue,

Nor never come in visor to my friend, 405
 Nor woo in rime, like a blind harper's song,
 Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
 Figures pedantical, these summer flies 409
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation

I do forswear them, and I here protest,
 By this white glove,—how white the hand,

God knows,— 412
 Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
 In russet yeas and honest kersey noes

And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
 My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw 416

Ros Sans 'sans,' I pray you.

Ber Yet I have a trick
 Of the old rage bear with me, I am sick,
 I'll leave it by degrees Soft! let us see

Write, 'Lord have-mercy on us' on those three,

They are infected, in their hearts it lies, 421
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes
 These lords are visited, you are not free,
 For the Lord's tokens on you do I see 424
Prin No, they are free that gave these tokens to us
Ber Our states are forfeit seek not to undo us
Ros It is not so For how can this be true,
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue? 428
Ber Peace! for I will not have to do with you
Ros Nor shall not, if I do as I intend
Ber Speak for yourselves my wit is at an end
King Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression 432
 Some fair excuse
Prin The fairest is confession
 Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?
King Madam, I was
Prin And were you well advis'd?
King I was, fair madam
Prin When you then were here,
 What did you whisper in your lady's ear? 437
King That more than all the world I did respect her
Prin When she shall challenge this, you will reject her
King Upon mine honour, no
Prin Peace! peace! forbear, 440
 Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear
King Despise me, when I break this oath of mine
Prin I will, and therefore keep it Rosaline,
 What did the Russian whisper in your ear? 444
Ros Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
 As precious eyesight, and did value me
 Above this world, adding thereto, moreover,
 That he would wed me, or else die my lover 448
Prin God gave thee joy of him! the noble lord
 Most honourably doth uphold his word
King What mean you, madam? by my life,
 my troth,
 I never swore this lady such an oath 452
Ros By heaven you did, and to confirm it plain,
 You gave me this but take it, sir, again
King My faith and thus the princess I did give
 I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve 456
Prin Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear,
 And Lord Berowne, I thank him, is my dear
 What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
Ber Neither of either I renit both twain
 I see the trick on't here was a consent, 461
 Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
 To dash it like a Christmas comedy
 Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany, 464
 Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight,
 some Dick,
 That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh when she's dispos'd,
 Told our intents before, which once disclos'd,
 The ladies did change favours, and then we, 469
 Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she
 Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
 We are again forsworn, in will and error 472
 Much upon this it is [To *BOYET*] and might not you
 Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
 Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye? 476
 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
 You put our page out go, you are allow'd,
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud
 You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye 481
 Wounds like a leaden sword
Boyet Full merrily
 Hath this brave manage, this career, been run
Ber Lo! he is tilting straight Peace! I have done 484

Enter COSTARD

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray
Cost O Lord, sir, they would know
 Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no
Ber What, are there but three?
Cost No, sir, but it is vara fine, 488
 For every one pursueth three
Ber And three times thrice is nine
Cost Not so, sir, under correction, sir, I hope, it is not so
 You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir,
 we know what we know
 I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Ber Is not nine 492
Cost Under correction, sir, we know where-
 until it doth amount
Ber By Jove, I always took three threes for nine
Cost O Lord, sir! it were pity you should get
 your living by reckoning, sir 497
Ber How much is it?
Cost O Lord, sir! the parties themselves, the
 actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount
 for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to per-
 fect one man in one poor man, Pompion the
 Great, sir
Ber Art thou one of the Worthies? 504
Cost It pleased them to think me worthy of
 Pompion the Great for mine own part, I know
 not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand
 for him 508
Ber Go, bid them prepare
Cost We will turn it finely off, sir, we will
 take some care [Exit
King Berowne, they will shame us, let them
 not approach.
Ber We are shame-proof, my lord, and 'tis
 some policy 512
 To have one show worse than the king's and
 his company
King I say they shall not come.
Prin Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule
 you now. 515
 That sport best pleases that doth least know how;

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of those which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in
mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their
birth 520
Ber A right description of our sport, my lord

Enter ARMADO

Arm Anointed, I implore so much expense
of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of
words 524

[*ARMADO converses with the KING, and delivers a paper to him*]

Prin Doth this man serve God?

Ber Why ask you?

Prin He speaks not like a man of God's
making 527

Arm That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey
monarch, for, I protest, the schoolmaster is
exceeding fantastical, too-too vain, too-too
vain but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna*
de la guerra I wish you the peace of mind,
most royal complement! [*Exit*]

King Here is like to be a good presence of
Worthies He presents Hector of Troy, the
swain, Pompey the Great, the parish curate,
Alexander, Armado's page, Hercules, the pen-
dant, Judas Maccabæus
And if these four Worthies in their first show
thrive,

These four will change habits and present the
other five 540

Ber There is five in the first show

King You are deceived, 'tis not so

Ber The pendant, the braggart, the hedge-
priest, the fool, and the boy — 544

Abate throw at novum, and the whole world
again

Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his
vein

King The ship is under sail and here she
comes amain

Enter COSTARD armed, for Pompey

Cost I Pompey am,—

Boyet You lie, you are not he 548

Cost I Pompey am,—

Boyet With libbard's head on knee

Ber Well said, old mocker. I must needs be
friends with thee

Cost I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the
Big,—

Dum 'The Great' 552

Cost It is 'Great,' sir, Pompey surnam'd
the Great

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make
my foe to sweat

And travelling along this coast, I here am come
by chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet
lass of France 556

If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,'
I had done.

Prin Great thanks, great Pompey

Cost 'Tis not so much worth, but I hope
I was perfect I made a little fault in 'Great'
Ber My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves
the best Worthly

Enter SIR NATHANIEL armed, for Alexander
Nath When in the world I liv'd, I was the
world's commander,

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my
conquering might 564

My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisan-
der,—

Boyet Your nose says, no, you are not, for
it stands too right

Ber Your nose smells 'no,' in this, most ten-
der-smelling knight

Prin The conqueror is dismay'd Proceed,
good Alexander 568

Nath When in the world I liv'd, I was the
world's commander,—

Boyet Most true, 'tis nght you were so,
Alisander

Ber Pompey the Great,—

Cost Your servant, and Costard 572

Ber Take away the conqueror, take away
Alisander

Cost [*To NATHANIEL*] O' sir, you have over-
thrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be
scraped out of the painted cloth for this your
lion, that holds his poll axe sitting on a close-
stool, will be given to Ajax he will be the ninth
Worthy A conqueror, and afraid to speak!
run away for shame, Alisander! [*NATHANIEL*
retires] There, an't shall please you a foolish
mild man, an honest man, look you, and soon
dashed! He is a marvellous good neighbour,
faith, and a very good bowler, but, for Alisan-
der,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted
But there are Worthies a-comeing will speak
their mind in some other sort

Prin Stand aside, good Pompey 588

Enter HOLOFERNES armed, for Judas, and
MOTH armed, for Hercules

Hol Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed
cans,

And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority, 593

Ergo, I come with this apology

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish —

[*MOTH retires*]

Judas I am —

Dum A Judas! 596

Hol Not Iscariot, sir

Judas I am, ycleped Maccabæus

Dum Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas

Ber A kissing traitor How art thou prov'd

Judas? 601

Hol Judas I am —

Dum The more shame for you, Judas

Hol What mean you, sir? 604

Boyet To make Judas hang himself

Hol Begin, sir, you are my elder

Ber Well follow'd Jucas was hanged on an elder
Hol I will not be put out of countenance 608
Ber Because thou hast no face
Hol What is this?
Boyet A cittern-head
Dum The head of a bodkin. 612
Ber A death's face in a ring
Long The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen
Boyet The pommel of Cæsar's falchion
Dum The carved-bone face on a flask 616
Ber Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch
Dum Ay, and in a brooch of lead
Ber Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer
 And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance 620
Hol You have put me out of countenance
Ber False we have given thee faces
Hol But you have outfaced them all
Ber An thou wert a lion, we would do so 624
Boyet Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go
 And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum For the latter end of his name
Ber For the ass to the Jude? give it him —
Jud-as, away! 628
Hol This is not generous, not gentle, not humble
Boyet A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble
Prin Alas! poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited.

Enter ARMADO armed, for Hector

Ber Hide thy head, Achilles here comes Hector in arms 633
Dum Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry
King Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this 637
Boyet But is this Hector?
King I think Hector was not so clean-timbered. 640
Long His calf is too big for Hector
Dum More calf, certain
Boyet No, he is best indued in the small
Ber This cannot be Hector 644
Dum He's a god or a painter, for he makes faces
Arm The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
 Gave Hector a gift,— 648
Dum A gilt nutmeg
Ber A lemon
Long Struck with cloves
Dum No, cloven 652
Arm Peace!
The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion,
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight
ye 656
From morn till night, out of his pavilion
I am that flower,—

Dum That mint
Long That columbine
Arm Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue
Long I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector 661
Dum Ay, and Hector's a greyhound
Arm The sweet war-man is dead and rotten, sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried, when he breathed, he was a man But I will forward with my device [To the PRINCESS] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing 667
Prin Speak, brave Hector, we are much delighted
Arm I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper
Boyet [Aside to DUMAINE] Loves her by the foot 672
Dum [Aside to BOYET] He may not by the yard
Arm This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—
Cost The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone, she is two months on her way 677
Arm What meanest thou?
Cost Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away she's quick, the child brags in her belly already 'tis yours
Arm Dost thou infamozize me among potentates? Thou shalt die 683
Cost Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him
Dum Most rare Pompey!
Boyet Renowned Pompey! 688
Ber Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Hugel!
Dum Hector trembles
Ber Pompey is moved More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on! 693
Dum Hector will challenge him
Ber Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea 696
Arm By the north pole, I do challenge thee
Cost I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man I'll slash, I'll do it by the sword I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again 701
Dum Room for the incensed Worthies!
Cost I'll do it in my shirt
Dum Most resolute Pompey! 704
Moth Master, let me take you a button-hole lower Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation 708
Arm Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt
Dum You may not deny it, Pompey hath made the challenge. 712
Arm Sweet bloods, I both may and will.
Ber What reason have you for't?
Arm The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt I go woolward for penance 716
Boyet True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen, since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour 720

Enter Monsieur MARCADE, a Messenger

Mar God save you, madam!

Prin Welcome, Marcade,

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment

Mar I am sorry, madam, for the news I bring 724

Is heavy in my tongue The king your father—

Prin Dead, for my life!

Mar Even so my tale is told

Ber Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud 729

Arm For my own part, I breathe free breath
I have seen the day of wrong through the little
hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a
soldier [Exeunt Worthies]

King How fares your majesty?

Prin Boyet, prepare I will away to-night

King Madam, not so I do beseech you,
stay 736

Prin Prepare, I say I thank you, gracious
lords,

For all your fair endeavours, and entreat,

Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe

In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide 740

The liberal opposition of our spirits,

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves

In the converse of breath, your gentleness

Was guilty of it Farewell, worthy lord! 744

A heavy heart bears not a numble tongue,

Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks

For my great suit so easily obtain'd

King The extreme part of time extremely
forms 748

All causes to the purpose of his speed,

And often, at his very loose, decides

That which long process could not arbitrate

And though the mourning brow of progeny 752

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love

The holy suit which faith it would convince,

Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,

Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it 756

From what it purpos'd, since, to wail friends lost

Is not by much so wholesome-profitable

As to rejoice at friends but newly found

Prin I understand you not my griefs are
double 760

Ber Honest plain words best pierce the ear
of grief,

And by these badges understand the king

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,

Play'd foul play with our oaths. Your beauty,
ladies, 764

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours

Even to the opposed end of our intents,

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—

As love is full of unbefitting strains, 768

All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,

Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,

Full of stray shapes, of habits and of forms,

Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll 772

To every varied object in his glance

Which parti-coated presence of loose love

Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,

Have misbecome our oaths and gravities, 776

Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,

Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,

Our love being yours, the error that love makes

Is likewise yours we to ourselves prove false,

By being once false for ever to be true 781

To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you

And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,

Thus purifies itself and turns to grace 784

Prin We have receiv'd your letters full of
love,

Your favours, the ambassadors of love,

And, in our maiden council, rated them

At courtship, pleasant just, and courtesy, 788

As bombast and as lining to the time

But more devout than this in our respects

Have we not been, and therefore met your
loves

In their own fashion, like a merriment 792

Dum Our letters, madam, show'd much
more than jest

Long So did our looks

Ros We did not quote them so

King Now, at the latest minute of the hour,

Grant us your loves

Prin A time, methinks, too short

To make a world-without-end bargain in. 797

No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,

Full of dear guiltness, and therefore this

If for my love,—as there is no such cause,— 800

You will do aught, thus shall you do for me

Your oath I will not trust, but go with speed

To some forlorn and naked hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world, 804

There stay, until the twelve celestial signs

Have brought about their annual reckoning

If this austere insociable life 807

Change not your offer made in heat of blood,

If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds,

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,

But that it bear this trial and last love,

Then, at the expiration of the year, 812

Come challenge me, challenge me by these de-
serts,

And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,

I will be thine, and, till that instant, shut

My woful self up in a mourning house, 816

Raming the tears of lamentation

For the remembrance of my father's death.

If this thou do deny, let our hands part,

Neither intitled in the other's heart. 820

King If this, or more than this, I would deny,

To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,

The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast 824

Ber And what to me, my love? and what to
me?

Ros You must be purged too, your sins are
rack'd

You are attaint with faults and perjury,

Therefore, if you my favour mean to get, 828

A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,

But seek the weary beds of people sick,

Dum But what to me, my love? but what to
me?

Kath A wife! A beard, fair health, and
honesty, 832

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum O! shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath Not so, my lord A twelvemonth and a day
 I'll mark no words that smooth fac'd wooers say 836
 Come when the king doth to my lady come,
 Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some
Dum I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then
Kath Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again 840
Long What says Maria?
Mar At the twelvemonth's end
 I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend
Long I'll stay with patience, but the time is long 843
Mar The liker you few taller are so young
Ber Studies my lady? mistress, look on me
 Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
 What humble suit attends thy answer there,
 Impose some service on me for thy love 848
Ros Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Berowne,
 Before I saw you, and the world's large tongue
 Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
 Full of comparisons and wounding flouts, 852
 Which you on all estates will execute
 That he within the mercy of your wit
 To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
 And therewithal to win me, if you please,— 856
 Without the which I am not to be won,—
 You shall thus twelvemonth term, from day to day,
 Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
 With groaning wretches, and your task shall be,
 With all the fierce endeavour of your wit 861
 To enforce the pained impotent to smile
Ber To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
 It cannot be, it is impossible 864
 Mirth cannot move a soul in agony
Ros Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
 Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
 Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools
 A jest's prosperity lies in the ear 869
 Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
 Of him that makes it then, if sickly ears,
 Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans, 872
 Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,
 And I will have you and that fault withal,
 But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
 And I shall find you empty of that fault, 876
 Right joyful of your reformation
Ber A twelvemonth! well, befall what will befall,
 I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital
Prin [To the KING] Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave 880
King No, madam, we will bring you on your way
Ber Our wooing doth not end like an old play,
 Jack hath not Jill, these ladies' courtesy
 Might well have made our sport a comedy 884

King Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
 And then 'twill end
Ber That's too long for a play
 Enter ARMADO
Arm Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—
Prin Was not that Hector? 888
Dum The worthy knight of Troy
Arm I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave
 I am a votary, I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years
 But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show 896
King Call them forth quickly, we will do so
Arm Holla! approach
 Re-enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and others
 This side is *Hiems*, Winter, this *Ver*, the Spring, the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo *Ver*, begin 901

SPRING
 I
 When daisies pied and violets blue
 And lady smocks all silver white
 And cuckoo buds of yellow hue 904
 Do paint the meadows with delight
 The cuckoo then on every tree
 Mocks married men for thus sings he Cuckoo 908
 Cuckoo cuckoo O, word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear!
 II
 When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks 912
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
 The cuckoo then on every tree
 Mocks married men for thus sings he, Cuckoo 916
 Cuckoo cuckoo O, word of fear
 Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER
 III
 When icicles hang by the wall
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail 920
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul, 924
 Then nightly sings the staring owl
 Tu who, Tu who,
 Tu whut tu who—a merry note
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot 928
 IV
 When all aloud the wind doth blow
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw, 932
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl
 Tu—who, Tu—who, 936
 Tu whut tu who—a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
Arm The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo You, that way we, this
 [Exeunt]

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS Duke of Athens
 EGEUS Father to Hermia
 LYSANDER, } in love with Hermia
 DEMETRIUS }
 PHILOSTRATE Master of the Revels to Theseus
 QUINCE, a Carpenter
 SNUG a Joiner
 BOTTOM a Weaver
 FLUTE a Bellows-mender
 SNOUT a Tinker
 STARVELING a Tailor

HIPPOLYTA Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus

HERMIA, Daughter to Egeus in love with Lysander
 HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, King of the Fairies
 TITANIA Queen of the Fairies
 PUCK or Robin Goodfellow
 PEASE BLOSSOM,
 COBWEB,
 MOTIL,
 MUSTARD-SEED } Fairies

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE — *Athens, and a Wood near it*

ACT I

SCENE I — *Athens The Palace of THESEUS*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants

The Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
 Draws on apace four happy days bring in
 Another moon, but O! methinks how slow
 This old moon wanes, she lingers my desires, 4
 Like to a step-dame, or a dowager
 Long withering out a young man's revenue
Hip Four days will quickly steep themselves
 in night;
 Four nights will quickly dream away the time, 8
 And then the moon, like to a silver bow
 New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
 Of our solemnities

The Go, Philostrate,
 Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments, 12
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
 The pale companion is not for our pomp

[Exit PHILOSTRATE]
 Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword, 16
 And won thy love doing thee injuries,
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS

Ege Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!
The Thanks, good Egeus what's the news
 with thee?

Ege Full of vexation come I, with complaint
 Against my child, my daughter Hermia 24
 Stand forth, Demetrius My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her
 Stand forth, Lysander and, my gracious duke,
 This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her runes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my child, 29
 Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,

And stol'n the impression of her fantasy 32
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nosebags, sweetmeats, messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth,
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart, 36

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness And, my gracious duke,
 Be it so she will not here before your Grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius, 40
 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her,
 Which shall be either to this gentleman,
 Or to her death, according to our law 44
 Immediately provided in that case

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid.

To you, your father should be as a god,
 One that compos'd your beauties, yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax 49
 By him imprinted, and within his power
 To leave the figure or disfigure it
 Demetrius is a worthy gentleman 52

Her So is Lysander

The In himself he is,
 But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
 The other must be held the worthier

Her I would my father look'd but with my eyes 56

The Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her I do entreat your Grace to pardon me
 I know not by what power I am made bold,
 Nor how it may concern my modesty 60
 In such a presence here to plead my thoughts,
 But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
 The worst that may befall me in this case,
 If I refuse to wed Demetrius 64

The Either to die the death, or to abjure
 For ever the society of men.
 Therefore, fair Hermia, question your dearest,
 Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
 You can endure the livery of a nun,
 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
 To live a barren sister all your life,
 Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon
 Thrice blessed they that master so their bloo'd,
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage,
 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
 Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
 Grows, lives, and dies, in single b'essedness
Her So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
 Unto his lordship, whose unwish'd yoke
 My soul consents not to give sovereignty
The Take time to pause, and, by the next
 new moon,—

The sealing-day betwixt my love and me 84
 For everlasting bond of fellowship,—
 Upon that day either prepare to die
 For disobedience to your father's will
 Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,
 Or on Diana's altar to protest
 For aye austerity and single life

Dem Relent, sweet Hermia, and, Lysander,
 yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right 92

Lys You have her father's love, Demetrius,
 Let me have Hermia's—do you marry him

Ege Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my
 love,

And what is mine my love shall render him, 96
 And she is mine, and all my right of her
 I do estate unto Demetrius

Lys I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
 As well possess'd, my love is more than his, 100
 My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd

If not with vantage, as Demetrius,

And, which is more than all these boasts can be,

I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia 104

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,

Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,

And won her soul, and she, sweet lady, dotes,

Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry, 109

Upon thus spotted and inconstant man

The I must confess that I have heard so
 much,

And with Demetrius thought to have spoke
 thereof; 112

But, being over-full of self-affairs,

My mind did lose it—But, Demetrius, come,

And come, Egeus, you shall go with me,

I have some private schooling for you both 116

For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself

To fit your fancies to your father's will,

Or else the law of Athens yields you up,

Which by no means we may extenuate, 120

To death, or to a vow of single life

Come, my Hippolyta—what cheer, my love?

Demetrius and Egeus, go along

I must employ you in some business 124

Against our nuptial, and confer with you

Of something nearly that concerns yourselves

Ege With duty and desire we follow you

[*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS,*

DEMETRIUS, and Train.

Lys How now, my love! Why is your cheek
 so pale? 128

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her Belike for want of rain, which I could
 well 132

Betwixt them from the tempest of mine eyes

Lys Ay me! for aught that ever I could
 read, 132

Could ever hear by tale or history,

The course of true love never did run smooth,

But, either it was different in blood,—

Her O cross! too high to be enthral'd to
 low, 136

Lys Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—

Her O spite! too old to be engag'd to young

Lys Or else it stood upon the choice of
 friends,— 139

Her O hell! to choose love by another's eye

Lys Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,

War, death, or sickness did lay's eye to it,

Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream, 144

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,

That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say, 'Behold!'

The jaws of darkness do devour it up 148

So quick bright things come to confusion

Her If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,

It stands as an edict in destiny

Then let us teach our trial patience, 152

Because it is a customary cross,

As due to love as thoughts and dreams and
 sighs,

Whines and tears, poor fancy's followers

Lys A good persuasion—therefore, hear me,
 Hermia 156

I have a widow aunt, a dowager

Of great revenue, and she hath no child

From Athens is her house remote seven leagues,

And she respects me as her only son 160

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,

And to that place the sharp Athenian law

Cannot pursue us—If thou lov'st me then,

Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,

And in the wood, a league without the town, 165

Where I did meet thee once with Helena,

To do observance to a morn of May,

There will I stay for thee

Her My good Lysander! 168

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,

By his best arrow with the golden head

By the simplicity of Venus' doves,

By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,

And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage
 queen, 173

When the false Trojan under sail was seen,

By all the vows that ever men have broke,—

In number more than ever women spoke,— 176

In that same place thou hast appointed me,

To-morrow truly will I meet with thee

Lys Keep promise, love. Look, here comes
 Helena.

Enter HELENA

Her God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay

Demetrius loves your fair O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars! and your tongue's
sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear, 184
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds
appear

Sickness is catching O! were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go,
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
melody 189

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated
O! teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius heart 193

Her I frown upon him, yet he loves me still
Hel O! that your frowns would teach my
smiles such skill.

Her I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel O! that my prayers could such affection
move 197

Her The more I hate, the more he follows
me

Hel The more I love, the more he hateth me
Her His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine

Hel None, but your beauty would that fault
were mine! 201

Her Take comfort he no more shall see my
face,

Lysander and myself will fly this place
Before the time I did Lysander see, 204

Secur'd Athens as a paradise to me
O! then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell

Lys Helen to you our minds we will untold
To-morrow night when Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass, 210

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,—
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,—
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal

Her And in the wood, were often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet, 217

And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies
Farewell, sweet playfellow pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! 221

Keep word, I ysander we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys I will my Hermia—[Exit HERMIA]
Helena, adieu 224

As you on him, Demetrius do on you! [Exit
Hel' How happy some o'er other some can
be!]

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she,
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so,
He will not know what all but he do know, 229

And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities
Things base and vile holding no quantity, 232

Love can transmute to form and dignity
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste,
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste 237

And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguill'd
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where, 241
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine,
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight 246
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her, and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense
But herein mean I to enrich my pain, 250
To have his sight thither and back again [Exit]

SCENE II—The Same A Room in QUINCE'S
House

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT,
and STARVELING

Quin Is all our company here?

Bot You were best to call them generally,
man by man, according to the scrip

Quin Here is the scroll of every man's name,
which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play
in our interlude before the duke and the duchess
on his wedding-day at night 7

Bot First, good Peter Quince, say what the
play treats on, then read the names of the
actors, and so grow to a point 10

Quin Marry, our play is, The most lament-
able comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus
and Thisby 13

Bot A very good piece of work, I assure you,
and a merry Now, good Peter Quince, call
forth your actors by the scroll Masters, spread
yourselves 17

Quin Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom,
the weaver

Bot Ready Name what part I am for, and
proceed 21

Quin You, Nick Bottom, are set down for
Pyramus

Bot What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin A lover, that kills himself most gal-
lantly for love 26

Bot That will ask some tears in the true per-
forming of it if I do it, let the audience look to
their eyes I will move storms, I will condole
in some measure To the rest yet my chief
humour is for a tyrant I could play Eracles
rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all
split 33

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks 36

Of prison gates
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar 40

The foolish Fates

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the
players This is Eracles' vein, a tyrant's vein, a
lover is more condoling 44

Quin Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu Here, Peter Quince
Quin You must take Thisby on you 47
Flu What is Thisby? a wandering knight?
Quin It is the lady that Pyramus must love
Flu Nay, faith, let not me play a woman, I
 have a beard coming 51
Quin That's all one you shall play it in a
 mask, and you may speak as small as you will
Bot An I may lude my face, let me play
 Thisby too I'll speak in a monstrous little
 voice, 'Thisne, Thisne!' 'Ah, Pyramus, my lover
 dear, thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!' 57
Quin No, no, you must play Pyramus, and
 Flute, you Thisby
Bot Well, proceed 60
Quin Robin Starveling, the tailor
Star Here, Peter Quince
Quin Robin Starveling, you must play This-
 by's mother Tom Snout, the tinker 64
Snout Here, Peter Quince
Quin You, Pyramus's father, myself, This-
 by's father, Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part
 and, I hope, here is a play fitted 68
Snug Have you the lion's part written? pray
 you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study
Quin You may do it extempore, for it is no-
 thing but roaring 72
Bot Let me play the lion too I will roar,
 that I will do any man's heart good to hear me,
 I will roar, that I will make the duke say, 'Let
 him roar again, let him roar again' 76
Quin An you should do it too terribly, you
 would fright the duchess and the ladies, that
 they would shneke, and that were enough to
 hang us all 80
All That would hang us, every mother's son
Bot I grant you, friends, if that you should
 fright the ladies out of their wits, they would
 have no more discretion but to hang us, but I
 will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you
 as gently as any sucking dove, I will roar you
 as 'twere any nightingale 87
Quin You can play no part but Pyramus,
 for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man, a proper
 man, as one shall see in a summer's day, a
 most lovely, gentleman-like man, therefore, you
 must needs play Pyramus 92
Bot Well, I will undertake it What beard
 were I best to play it in?
Quin Why, what you will
Bot I will discharge it in either your straw-
 colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your
 purple in grain beard, or your French-crown
 colour beard, your perfect yellow 99
Quin Some of your French crowns have no
 hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced
 But masters, here are your parts, and I am to
 entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con-
 tem by to-morrow night, and meet me in the
 palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-
 light there will we rehearse, for if we meet in
 the city, we shall be dogged with company, and
 our devices known In the meantime I will draw
 a bill of properties, such as our play wants I
 pray you, fail me not 110
Bot We will meet, and there we may re-

hearse more obscenely and courageously Take
 pains, be perfect, adieu
Quin At the duke's oak we meet
Bot Enough, hold, or cut bow-strings 115
 [Exeunt]

ACT II

SCENE I — A Wood near Athens

Enter a Fairy on one side, and PUCK on the other

Puck How now, spirit! wthther wander you?
Fai Over hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,
 I do wander every where,
 Swifter than the moone's sphere,
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
 In their gold coats spots you see,
 Those be rubies, fairy favours, 12
 In their freckles live their savours
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits I'll be gone 16
 Our queen and all her elves come here anon
Puck The king doth keep his revels here to-
 night
 Take heed the queen come not within his sight,
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, 20
 Because that she as her attendant hath
 A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king,
 She never had so sweet a changeling,
 And jealous Oberon would have the child 24
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild,
 But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all
 her joy
 And now they never meet in grove, or green, 28
 By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
 But they do square, that all their elves, for
 fear,
 Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there
Fai Either I mistake your shape and making
 quite, 32
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
 Call'd Robin Goodfellow are you not he
 That frights the maidens of the villagery,
 Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
 And bootless make the breathless housewife
 churn, 37
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
 Misdread night-wanderers, laughing at their
 harm?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
 You do their work, and they shall have good
 luck 41
 Are you not he?
Puck Fairy, thou speak'st aright,
 I am that merry wanderer of the night
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

In very likeness of a roasted crab, 48
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob
 And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me, 52
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough,
 And then the whole quire hold their hips and
 loff,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and
 swear 56
 A merrier hour was never wasted there
 But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon
Fai And here my mistress Would that he
 were gone!

*Enter OBERON from one side, with his Train,
 and TITANIA from the other, with hers*

Obe Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania 60

Tita What! jealous Oberon. Fairies, skip
 hence

I have forsworn his bed and company

Obe Tarry, rash wanton! am not I thy lord?

Tita Then, I must be thy lady, but I know

When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land, 65

And in the shape of Corin sat all day,

Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love

To amorous Phillida Why art thou here, 68

Come from the furthest steppe of India?

But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,

Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,

To Theseus must be wedded, and you come 72

To give their bed joy and prosperity

Obe How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,

Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,

Knowing I know thy love to Theseus? 76

Didst thou not lead him through the glimmer-

ing night

From Perigouna, whom he ravished?

And make him with fair *Egle* break his faith,

With *Ariadne*, and *Antiope*? 80

Tita These are the forgeries of jealousy

And never, since the middle summer's spring,

Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,

By paved fountain, or by rushy brook, 84

Or in the beached margin of the sea,

To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,

But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our

sport

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain, 88

As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea

Contagious fogs, which, falling in the land,

Have every pelted river made so proud

That they have overborne their continents 92

The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,

The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn

Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard

The fold stands empty in the drowned field, 96

And crows are fatted with the murrion flock,

The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green

For lack of tread are undistinguishable 100

The human mortals want their winter here

No night is now with hymn or carol blest

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,

Pale in her anger, washes all the air, 104

That rheumatic diseases do abound
 And thorough this distemperature we see
 The seasons alter hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose, 108
 And on old *Hiems'* thin and icy crown
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set The spring, the summer,
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change 112
 Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which
 And this same progeny of evil comes
 From our debate, from our dissension 116
 We are their parents and original

Obe Do you amend it then, it lies in you.
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy, 120
 To be my henchman

Tita Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy land buys not the child of me
 His mother was a votaress of my order
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night, 124
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood,
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind,
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
 Following,—her womb then rich with my young
 squire,—

Would imitate, and sail upon the land, 132
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die,
 And for her sake I do rear up her boy, 136
 And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe How long within this wood intend you
 stay?

Tita Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-
 day

If you will patiently dance in our round, 140
 And see our moonlight revels, go with us,

If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts

Obe Give me that boy, and I will go with
 thee

Tita Not for thy fairy kingdom Fairies,
 away! 144

We shall chide downright, if I longer stay
 [Exit TITANIA with her Train

Obe Well, go thy way thou shalt not from
 this grove

Till I torment thee for this injury

My gentle Puck, come hither Thou remem-
 ber'st 148

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song, 152
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
 To hear the sea-maid's music

Puck I remember

Obe That very time I saw, but thou couldst
 not,

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

Cupid all arm'd a certain aim he took 157

At a fair vestal throned by the west,

And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft 161
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry
moon,

And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free 164
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's
wound,

And maidens call it, Love-in-idleness 168
Fetch me that flower, the herb I show'd thee
once

The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees 172
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league

Puck I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes [Exit

Obe Having once this juice 176
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, 180
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
As I can take it with another herb, 184
I'll make her render up her page to me
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will overhear their conference

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him

Dem I love thee not, therefore pursue me not
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia? 189
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood, 192
Because I cannot meet my Hermia
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more

Hel You draw me, you hard-hearted adaman-
tant

But yet you draw not iron, for my heart 196
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you

Dem Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth 200
Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you?

Hel And even for that do I love you the more
I am your spaniel, and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you 204
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me, only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you,
What worse place can I beg in your love, 208
And yet a place of high respect with me,
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem Tempt not too much the hatred of my
spirit,

For I am sick when I do look on you. 212

Hel And I am sick when I look not on you

Dem You do impeach your modesty too
much,

To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not, 216

To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity

Hel Your virtue is my privilege for that 220
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world 224
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem I'll run from thee and hide me in the
brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts 228
Hel The wildest hath not such a heart as you
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd,
Apollo fies, and Daphne holds the chase,

The dove pursues the griffin, the mild hind 232
Makes speed to catch the tiger: bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour fies

Dem I will not stay thy questions: let me go,
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe 236
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood

Hel Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief: Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex 240

We cannot fight for love, as men may do,
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo

[Exit DEMETRIUS
I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well [Exit

Obe Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
this grove, 245
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer
Puck Ay, there it is

Obe I pray thee, give it me 248
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine 252

There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight,
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in 256

And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies
Take thou some of it, and seek through this
grove

A sweet Athenian lady is in love 260
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on 264

Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow

Puck Fear not, my lord, your servant shall
do so

[Exit

SCENE II — Another Part of the Wood

Enter TITANIA, with her Train

Tita Come, now a roundel and a fairy song,
Then, for the third of a minute, hence,

Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern
wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep
back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and
wonders
At our quaint spirits Sing me now asleep,
Then to your offices, and let me rest

The Fairies sing

I

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge hogs be not seen
Newts, and blind worms do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen
Phylomel with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby,
Lulla lulla lullaby lulla, lulla, lullaby
Never harm
Nor spell, nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh
So, good night with lullaby

II

Waving spiders come not here
Hence, you long leg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black approach not near
Worm nor snail do no offence
Phylomel, with melody &c

Fai Hence away! now all is well
One aloof stand sentinel

[Exeunt Fairies TITANIA sleeps]

Enter OBERON, and squeezes the flower on
TITANIA'S eyelids

Obe What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take,
Love and languish for his sake
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear
Wake when some vile thing is near

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA

Lys Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
wood,

And to speak troth, I have forgot our way
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day

Her Be it so, Lysander find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head

Lys One turf shall serve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth

Her Nay, good Lysander, for my sake, my
dear,

Lie further off yet, do not lie so near

Lys O! take the sense, sweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.

I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it

Two bosoms interchained with an oath,
So then two bosoms and a single troth

Then by your side no bed-room me deny,
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie

Her Lysander riddles very prettily
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off, in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant, and, good night, sweet friend
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
Lys Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I,
And then end life when I end loyalty!

[Retires a little distance]

Here is my bed sleep give thee all his rest!

Her With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
press'd!

[They sleep]

Enter PUCK

12 Puck Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love

16 Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid,

20 And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy

24 *[Squeezes the flower on LYSANDER'S
eyelids]*
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid

76 So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon

[Exit]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running

Hel Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Deme-
trius

84 Dem I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt
me thus

Hel O! wilt thou darkling leave me? do
not so

Dem Stay, on thy peril I alone will go

[Exit DEMETRIUS]

Hel O! I am out of breath in this fond chase

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace

89 Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt
tears

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers

93 No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
For beasts that meet me run away for fear,

Therefore no marvel though Demetrius

96 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's spherish eye?

But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!

100 Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake

Lys *[Awaking]* And run through fire I will
for thy sweet sake

52 Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O! how fit a word

Is that vile name to perish on my sword.

Hel Do not say so, Lysander, say not so
What though he love your *Hermia*? Lord!
what though?

Yer *Hermia* still loves you then be content
Lys Content with *Hermia*? No I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I love

Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,

And reason says you are the worthier maid
Things growing are not ripe until their season,

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason,
And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook

Love's stories written in *love's* richest book
Hel Wherefore was I to this keen mockery

born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from *Demetrius*' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth,
you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo
But fare you well perforce I must confess

I thought you lord of more true gentleness
O! that a lady of one man refus'd,

Should of another therefore be abus'd [Exit
Lys She sees not *Hermia* *Hermia*, sleep

thou there,
And never mayst thou come *Lysander* near

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,

Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive

So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!

And, all my powers, address your love and
might

To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight [Exit
Her [Awaking] Help me, *Lysander*, help

me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast

Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear

Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey

Lysander! what! remov'd?—*Lysander*! lord!
What! out of hearing? gone? no sound, no

word?
Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear,

Speak of all loves! I wound almost with fear
No! then I well perceive you are not nigh

Either death or you I'll find immediately [Exit

ACT III

SCENE I—A Wood *TITANIA* lying asleep

Enter *QUINCE*, *SNUG*, *BOTTOM*, *FLUTE*, *SNOUT*,
and *STARVELING*

Bot Are we all met?

Quin Pat, pat, and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal This green plot

shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our
tiring-house, and we will do it in action as we
will do it before the duke

Bot Peter Quince,—

Quin What sayst thou, bully *Bottom*?

Bot There are things in this comedy of
Pyramus and *Thusby* that will never please

First, *Pyramus* must draw a sword to kill him-
self, which the ladies cannot abide How answer

you that?
Snout By'r lakin, a parlous fear

Star I believe we must leave the killing out,
when all is done

Bot Not a whit I have a device to make all
well Write me a prologue, and let the prologue

seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords,
and that *Pyramus* is not killed indeed, and,

for the more better assurance, tell them that I,
Pyramus, am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the

weaver this will put them out of fear
Quin Well, we will have such a prologue, and

it shall be written in eight and six
Bot No, make it two more let it be written

in eight and eight
Snout Will not the ladies be afeard of the

lion?
Star I fear it, I promise you

Bot Masters, you ought to consider with
yourselves to bring in,—God's shield us!—a lion

among ladies, is a most dreadful thing, for there
is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion

living, and we ought to look to it
Snout Therefore, another prologue must tell

he is not a lion
Bot Nay, you must name his name and half

his face must be seen through the lion's neck,
and he himself must speak through, saying thus,

or to the same defect, 'Ladies,' or, 'Fair ladies,'
'I would wish you,' or, 'I would request you,' or,

'I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble
my life for yours If you think I come hither as

a lion, it were pity of my life no, I am no such
thing I am a man as other men are,' and there

indeed let him name his name, and tell them
plainly he is *Snug* the joiner

Quin Well, it shall be so But there is two
hard things, that is, to bring the moonlight

into a chamber, for, you know, *Pyramus* and
Thusby meet by moonlight

Snug Doth the moon shine that night we
play our play?

Bot A calendar, a calendar! look in the
almanack, find out moonshine, find out moon-

shine
Quin Yes, it doth shine that night

Bot Why, then may you leave a casement
of the great chamber-window, where we play,

open, and the moon may shine in at the case-
ment

Quin Ay, or else one must come in with a
bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes

to disfigure, or to present, the person of *Moon-*
shine Then, there is another thing we must

have a wall in the great chamber, for *Pyramus*
and *Thusby*, says the story, did talk through the

chink of a wall

Snug You can never bring in a wall What say you, Bottom?

Bot Some man or other must present Wall, and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall, and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper 76

Quin If that may be, then all is well Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts Pyramus, you begin when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake, and so every one according to his cue 81

Enter PUCK, behind

Puck What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What! a play toward, I'll be an auditor, 84
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause

Quin Speak, Pyramus—Thusby, stand forth
Bot Thusby, the flowers have odious savours sweet,—

Quin Odorous, odorous 88

Bot—odours savours sweet

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thusby dear But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile, And by and by I will to thee appear [Exit

Puck A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [Exit

Flu Must I speak now?

Quin Ay, marry, must you, for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again 97

Flu Most radiant Pyramus, most hly-white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier, Most briskly juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew, As true as truest horse that yet would never tire, 101

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Nunny's tomb

Quin 'Ninus' tomb, man Why, you must not speak that yet, that you answer to Pyramus you speak all your part at once, cues and all Pyramus, enter your cue is past, it is 'never tire'

Flu O!—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire 108

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head

Bot If I were, fair Thusby, I were only thine

Quin O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted

Pray, masters! fly, masters!—Help!

[Exeunt Clowns]

Puck I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round, 112

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire,

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn, 116

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[Exit

Bot Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOOT

Snout O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I see on thee? 121

Bot What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [Exit SNOOT

Re-enter QUINCE

Quin Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated [Exit

Bot I see their knavery this is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could But I will not stir from this place, do what they can I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid

The ouzel-cock, so black of hue,

With orange tawny bill 124

The throble with his note so true,

The wren with little quill

Tita [Awaking] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? 136

Bot The finch the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain song cuckoo gray

Whose note full many a man doth mark

And dares not answer nay, 140

for indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

Tita I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note, 145

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,

And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me,

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee

Bot Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends Nay, I can gleek upon occasion 154

Tita Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful

Bot Not so, neither, but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn

Tita Out of this wood do not desire to go Thou shalt remain here, where thou wilt or no I am a spirit of no common rate, 161

The summer still doth tend upon my state,

And I do love thee therefore, go with me,

I'll give thee faeries to attend on thee, 164

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go 168

Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter Four Fairies.

Peas Ready

Cob And I

Moth.

And I.

Mus.

And I.

All Four

Where shall we go?

Tita Be kind and courteous to this gentleman,

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes, 172
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries
The honey-bags s'eal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise,
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes
Nod to him elves, and do him courtesies 181

Peas Hail, mortal!

Cob Hail!

Moth Hail!

Mus Hail!

Bot I cry your worships mercy, heartily I
beseech your worship's name

Cob Cobweb

Bot I shall desire you of more acquaintance,
good Master Cobweb if I cut my finger, I shall
make bold with you Your name, honest gentle-
man? 192

Peas Pease-blossom

Bot I pray you, commend me to Mistress
Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod,
your father Good Master Pease-blossom, I
shall desire you of more acquaintance too
Your name, I beseech you, sir? 198

Mus Mustard-seed

Bot Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your
patience well that same cowardly, giant-like
ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of
your house I promise you, your kindred hath
made my eyes water ere now I desire you of
more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

Tita Come, wait upon him, lead him to my
bower 206
The moon methinks, looks with a watery eye,
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently 210
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — Another Part of the Wood

Enter OBERON

Obe I wonder if Titania be awak'd,
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity
Here comes my messenger

Enter PUCK

How now, mad spirit! 4
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
Puck My mistress with a monster is in love
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour, 8
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day 12
The shallowest thick-skinn of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take, 16
An ass's now! I fixed on his head,
Anon his Thusbe must be answered,

And forth my mumick comes When they hum
spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, 20
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly, 24
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls,
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus
strong, 27

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong,
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch,
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things
catch

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there, 32
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass

Obe Thus falls out better than I could devise
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love juice, as I did bid thee do? 37

Puck I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd
too,—

And the Athenian woman by his side,
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA

Obe Stand close this is the same Athenian

Puck This is the woman, but not this the
man

Dem O! why rebuke you him that loves
you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe 44

Her Now I but chide, but I should use thee
worse,

For thou, I fear hast given me cause to curse
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee deep,
And kill me too 49

The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon 52
Thus whole earth may be bor'd, and that the
moon

May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him, 56
So should a murderer look, so dead so grim

Dem So should the murder'd look, and so
should I

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern
cruelty

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere 61

Her What's this to my Lysander? where
is he?

Ah! good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem I had rather give his carcass to my
hounds 64

Her Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past
the bounds

Of maiden's patience Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake; 68
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue 72
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung

Dem You spend your passion on a mis-
pris'd mood

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell 76

Her I pray thee, tell me then that he is well
Dem An if I could, what should I get there-
fore?

Her A privilege never to see me more
And from thy hated presence part I so, 80
See me no more, wh'er he be dead or no [*Exit*]

Dem There is no following her in this fierce
vein

Here therefore for awhile I will remain
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow 84

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay

[*Lies down and sleeps*]
Obe What hast thou done? thou hast mis-
taken quite, 88

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's
sight

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd

Puck Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man
holding troth, 92

A million fail, confounding oath on oath
Obe About the wood go swifter than the
wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find.
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer 96

With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood
dear

By some illusion see thou bring her here
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear

Puck I go, I go, look how I go, 100
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow

[*Exit*]

Obe Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery, 104

Sink in apple of his eye
When his love he doth espy,

Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky

When thou wak'st, if she be by, 108
Beg of her for remedy

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,

And the youth, mistook by me, 112
Pleading for a lover's fee

Shall we their fond pageant see?
I ord, what fools these mortals be! 116

Obe Stand aside the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake

Puck Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone,

And those things do best please me 120
That befall preposterously

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA

Lys Why should you think that I should woo
in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears
Look, when I vow, I weep and vows so born,

In their nativity all truth appears 125
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,

Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?
Hel You do advance your cunning more and

more 128
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fr!

These vows are Hermia's will you give her
o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales 133

Lys I had no judgment when to her I swore
Hel Nor none, in my mind, now you give

her o'er
Lys Demetrius loves her, and he loves not

you 136
Dem [*Awaking*] O Helen! goddess, nymph,

perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Crystal is muddy O! how ripe in show 139
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow,

Thus pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow

When thou hold'st up thy hand O! let me
kiss 143

That princess of pure white, this seal of bliss
Hel O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent

To set against me for your merriment
If you were civil and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury 148
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so, 152
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,

And now both rivals, to mock Helena 156
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort

Would so offend a virgin, and extort 160
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys You are unkind, Demetrius, be not so;
For you love Hermia, this you know I know

And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part, 165

And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel Never did mockers waste more idle
breath

Dem Lysander, keep thy Hermia, I will
none

If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone
My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,

And now to Helen it is home return'd, 172
There to remain.

Lys Helen, it is not so
Dem Disparage not the faith thou dost not
know,

Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear
Look! where thy love comes yonder is thy
dear 176

Enter HERMIA.

Her Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense 180
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found,
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys Why should he stay, whom love doth
press to go? 184

Her What love could press Lysander from
my side?

Lys Lysander's love, that would not let him
bide,

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light 188

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee
know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her You speak not as you think it cannot
be

Hel Lo! she is one of this confederacy 192
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport in spite of me

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these con-
triv'd 196

To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sister-vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time 200
For parting us, O! is it all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood inno-
cence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods, 203
Have with our needls created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted, 209
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem,
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry, 213
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly 217
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury

Her I am amazed at your passionate words
I scorn you not it seems that you scorn me

Hel Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face,
And made your other love, Demetrius,— 224
Who even but now did spurn me with his
foot,—

To call me goddess, nymph divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander

Deny your love, so rich within his soul, 229

And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?

What though I be not so in grace as you, 232
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most to love unlov'd?

This you should pity rather than despise
Her I understand not what you mean by
this 236

Hel Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other hold the sweet jest up
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled 240

If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument
But, fare ye well 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy 244

Lys Stay, gentle Helena! hear my excuse
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel O excellent!

Her Sweet, do not scorn her so
Dem If she cannot entreat, I can compel

Lys Thou canst compel no more than she
entreat 249

Thy threats have no more strength than her
weak prayers

Helen, I love thee, by my life, I do
I swear by that which I will lose for thee, 252
To prove him false that says I love thee not

Dem I say I love thee more than he can
do

Lys If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it
too

Dem Quick, come!

Her Lysander whereto tends all this?

Lys Away, you Ethiop!

Dem No, no, he'll 257
Seem to break loose, take on, as you would
follow,

But yet come not you are a tame man, go!

Lys [To HERMIA] Hang off, thou cat, thou
burr! vile thing, let loose, 260

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent

Her Why are you grown so rude? what
change is this,

Sweet love,—

Lys Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated poison, hence!

Her Do you not jest?

Hel Yes, sooth, and so do you

Lys Demetrius, I will keep my word with
thee

Dem I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you I'll not trust your
word 268

Lys What! should I hurt her, strike her, kill
her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so

Her What! can you do me greater harm
than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my
love? 272

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile

Since might you lov'd me, yet, since might you
left me

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys Ay, by my life, 277
And never did desire to see thee more
Therefore be out of nope, of question, doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer tis no jest, 280
That I do hate thee and love Helena

Her Ome! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what! have you come by
night

And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel Fine, I' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame, 285
No touch of bashfulness? What! will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie! fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you! 288

Her Puppet! why, so ay, that way goes the
game

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage her tall personage, 292
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with
him

And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak,
How low am I? I am not yet so low 297
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes

Hel I pray you, though you mock me,
gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me I was never curst, 300
I have no gift at all in shrewishness,
I am a right maid for my cowardice
Let her not strike me You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than my-
self, 304

Than I can match her

Her Lower! hark, again
Hel Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with
me

I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd
you, 308

Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you for love I follow'd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd
me 312

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further let me go 316
You see how simple and how fond I am

Her Why, get you gone Who is't that
hinders you?

Hel A foolish heart, that I leave here be-
hind

Her What! with Lysander?

Hel With Demetrius
Lys Be not afraid she shall not harm thee,
Helena 321

Dem No, sir, she shall not, though you take
her part.

Hel O! when she's angry, she is keen and
shrewd

She was a vixen when she went to school 324

And though she be but little, she is fierce
Her 'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and
'little!'

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her

Lys Get you gone, you dwarf, 328
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made,
You bead, you acorn!

Dem You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services

Let her alone, speak not of Helena, 332

Take not her part, for, if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it

Lys Now she holds me not,

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena 337

Dem Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek
by jole

[*Exeunt* LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS

Her You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of
you

Nay, go not back

Hel I will not trust you, I, 340

Nor longer stay in your curst company

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,

My legs are longer though, to run away [*Exit*

Her I am amaz'd, and know not what to
say [*Exit*

Obe This is thy negligence still thou mis-
tak'st, 345

Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully

Puck Believe me, king of shadows, I mis-
took

Did not you tell me I should know the man

By the Athenian garments he had on? 349

And so far blameless proves my enterprise,

That I have 'mounted an Athenian's eyes,

And so far am I glad it so did sort, 352

As thus their jangling I esteem a sport

Obe Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to
fight

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night,

The starry welkin cover thou anon 356

With drooping fog as black as Acheron,

And lead these testy rivals so astray,

As one come not within another's way

Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,

Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong, 361

And sometime rail thou like Demetrius,

And from each other look thou lead them thus,

Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep

Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,

Whose liquor hath this virtuous property, 367

To take from thence all error with his might,

And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this dervision

Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,

And back to Athens shall the lovers wend, 372

With league whose date till death shall never end,

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,

I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy,

And then I will her charmed eye release 376

From monster's view, and all things shall be
peace

Puck My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger, 380
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards damned spirits all,

That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone, 384
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night

Obe But we are spirits of another sort 388
I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red, 391
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams
But, notwithstanding, haste, make no delay
We may effect this business yet ere day

[*Exit OBERON*]
Puck Up and down, up and down, 396
I will lead them up and down
I am fear'd in field and town,
Goblin, lead them up and down
Here comes one 400

Re-enter LYSANDER

Lys Where art thou, proud Demetrius?
speak thou now

Puck Here, villain! drawn and ready Where art thou?

Lys I will be with thee straight
Puck Follow me, then,
To plainer ground

[*Exit LYSANDER as following the voice*]

Re-enter DEMETRIUS

Dem Lysander! speak again 404
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant, come, thou child, 409
I'll whup thee with a rod he is devil'd
That draws a sword on thee

Dem Yea, art thou there?
Puck Follow my voice we'll try no manhood here [Exeunt.]

Re enter LYSANDER.

Lys He goes before me and still dares me on
When I come where he calls, then he is gone
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I.
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly, 416
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me [*Lies down*] Come, thou gentle day!

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite 420
[Sleeps]

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS

Puck Ho! ho! ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem Abide me, if thou dar'st for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face 424

Where art thou now?

Puck Come hither I am here
Dem Nay then, thou mock'st me Thou shalt buy this dear,

If ever I thy face by daylight see 427
Now, go thy way Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed
By day's approach look to be visited
[*Lies down and sleeps*]

Re-enter HELENA

Hel O weary night! O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! shine, comforts, from the east! 432

That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,

Steal me awhile from mine own company 436
[*Lies down and sleeps*]

Puck Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kinds make up four
Here she comes, curst and sad
Cupid is a knavish lad, 440
Thus to make poor females mad

Re-enter HERMIA

Her Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go, 444
My legs can keep no pace with my desires
Here will I rest me till the break of day
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down and sleeps*]

Puck On the ground
Sleep sound
I'll apply
To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy 452
[*Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER's eyes*]
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight 456

Of thy former lady's eye
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown 460
Jack shall have Jill,
Nought shall go ill,
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well. [Exit.]

ACT IV

SCENE I—*A Wood* LISANDER, DEMETRIUS,
HELENA and HERMIA lying asleep

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending,
Oberon behind unseen

Tita Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy 4
Bot Where's Pease-blossom?
Peas Ready
Bot Scratch my head, Pease-blossom Where's
Mounsieur Cobweb? 8

Cob Ready
Bot Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get
your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-
hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle, and,
good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag Do
not fret yourself too much in the action, moun-
sieur, and, good mounsieur, have a care the
honey-bag break not, I would be loath to have
you overflown with a honey-bag, signior Where's
Mounsieur Mustard-seed? 18

Must Ready
Bot Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustard-
seed Pray you, leave your curtsy, good moun-
sieur

Must What's your will? 23
Bot Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help
Cavalery Cobweb to scratch I must to the
barber s, mounsieur, for methinks I am marvel-
lous hairy about the face, and I am such a
tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must
scratch. 29

Tita What, wilt thou hear some music, my
sweet love?

Bot I have a reasonable good ear in music
let us have the tongs and the bones 33

Tita Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st
to eat

Bot Truly, a peck of provender I could
munch your good dry oats Methinks I have
a great desire to a bottle of hay good hay, sweet
hay, hath no fellow 39

Tita I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new
nuts

Bot I had rather have a handful or two of
dried pease But, I pray you, let none of your
people stir me I have an exposition of sleep
come upon me 45

Tita Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my
arms

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away
[*Exeunt Fairies*]

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist, the female ivy so 49

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm
O' how I love thee, how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep*]

Enter PUCK.

Obe [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin.
See'st thou this sweet sight? 52
Her dotage now I do begin to pity

For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her, 56
For she his hary temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers,
And that same dew, which sometime on the
buds

Was wont to swell like round and orient
pearls, 60

Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience, 64
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy
sent

To bear him to my bower in fairy land
And now I have the boy, I will undo 68
This hateful imperfection of her eyes
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That he, awaking when the other do, 72
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream
But first I will release the fairy queen. 76

[*Touching her eyes with an herb*
Be as thou wast wont to be,
See as thou wast wont to see
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power 80

Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen
Tita My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass

Obe There lies your love
Tita How came these things to pass?

O! how mine eyes do loathe his visage now 85

Obe Silence, awhile. Robin, take off this
head

Titania, music call, and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense

Tita Music, ho! music! such as charmeth
sleep [Music]

Puck When thou wak'st, with thine own
fool's eyes peep

Obe Sound, music! [*Still, music*] Come, my
queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers
be

Now thou and I are new in amity, 93
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly

Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity 96

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity

Puck Fairy king, attend, and mark
I do hear the morning lark. 100

Obe Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade,

We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon

Tita Come, my lord, and in our flight 105
Tell me how it came this night

That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground 108

[*Exeunt Horns winded within.*]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGESUS, and Train

The Go, one of you, find out the forester,
For now our observation is perform'd,
And since we have the vaward of the day, 111
My love shall hear the music of my hounds
Uncouple in the western valley, let them go
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion 116
Of hounds and echo in conjunction

Hip I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta never did I hear 120
Such gallant chiding, for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder 124

The My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind,

So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew,
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian
bulls, 128
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like
bells,

Each under each A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly 132
Judge, when you hear But, soft! what nymphs
are these?

Ege My lord, this is my daughter here asleep,
And this, Lysander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena 136
I wonder of their being here together

The No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity 140
But speak, Egeus, is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege It is, my lord

The Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with
their horns 144

[*Horns and shout within* LYSANDER,
DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA, wake and
start up

Good morrow, friends Saint Valentine is past
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys Pardon, my lord [*He and the rest kneel*

The I pray you all, stand up
I know you two are rival enemies 148
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys My lord, I shall reply amazedly, 152
Half sleep, half waking but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here,
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is,— 156
I came with Hermia hither our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law—

Ege Enough, enough, my lord, you have
enough 160

I beg the law, the law upon his head
They would have stol'n away, they would,
Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife, and me of my consent, 164
Of my consent that she should be your wife

Dem My lord, fair Helen told me of their
stealth,

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,
And I in fury hither follow'd them, 168

Fair Helena in fancy following me
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—

But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now 172

As the remembrance of an idle gaud
Which in my childhood I did dote upon,

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye, 176

Is only Helena To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia

But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food,
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,

Now do I wish it, love it, long for it, 181
And will for evermore be true to it

The Fair lovers, you are fortunately met
Of this discourse we more will hear anon 184

Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by with us,

These couples shall eternally be knit
And, for the morning now is something worn,

Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside 189
Away with us, to Athens three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity

Come, Hippolyta 192

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGESUS,
and Train

Dem These things seem small and un-
distinguishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds

Her Methinks I see these things with parted
eye,

When everything seems double

Hel So methinks
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel, 197

Mine own, and not mine own

Dem Are you sure

That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream Do you not think

The duke was here, and bid us follow him? 201

Her Yea, and my father

Hel And Hippolyta.

Lys And he did bid us follow to the temple

Dem Why then, we are awake Let's fol-
low him, 204

And by the way let us recount our dreams

[*Exeunt*

Bot [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call
me, and I will answer my next is, 'Most fair

Pyramus' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the
bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling!

God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep!
I have had a most rare vision I have had a

dream, past the wit of man to say what dream
it was man is but an ass, if he go about to ex-

pound this dream Methought I was—there is
no man can tell what Methought I was,—and

methought I had,—but man is but a patched
fool if he will offer to say what methought I had

The eye of man hath not heard the ear of man

hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom, and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death 226
[Exit

SCENE II.—*Athens A Room in QUINCE'S House*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING

Quin Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star He cannot be heard of Out of doubt he is transported. 4

Flu If he come not, then the play is marred it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin It is not possible you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he 9

Flu No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens

Quin Yea, and the best person too and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice 13

Flu You must say, 'paragon' a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG

Snuq Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men 19

Flu O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life, he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged he would have deserved it sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing 25

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour! 29

Bot Masters, I am to discourse wonders but ask me not what, for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out 33

Quin Let us hear, sweet Bottom

Bot Not a word of me All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps, meet presently at the palace, every man look o'er his part, for the short and the long is, our play is preferred In any case, let Thisby have clean linen, and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws And, most dear actors eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy No more words away! go, away [Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I — *Athens An Apartment in the Palace of THESEUS*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants

Hip 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of

The More strange than true I never may believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend 5 More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover and the poet, Are of imagination all compact 8

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold, That is, the madman, the lover, all as frantic, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, 12 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth

to heaven, And, as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name 17 Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That, if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy, 20

Or in the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

Hip But all the story of the night told over, And all their minds transfigur'd so together, 24

More witnesseth than fancy's images, And grows to something of great constancy,

But, howsoever, strange and admirable

The Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth. 28

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love Accompany your hearts!

Lys More than to us Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed! 32

The Come now, what masques, what dances shall we have, 32

To wear away this long age of three hours Between our after-supper and bed time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth? What revels are in hand? Is there no play, 36

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour? Call Philostrate

Philostr Here, mighty Theseus

The Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?

What masque? what music? How shall we beguile 40

The lazy time, if not with some delight? Philostr There is a brief how many sports are ripe

Make choice of which your highness will see first

The The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung 44

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast,
 And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
 His dagger drew, and died For all the rest,
 Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
 At large discourse, while here they do remain
 [Exeunt PROLOGUE, PYRAMUS, THISBE,
 LION, and MOONSHINE

The I wonder, if the lion be to speak
 Dem No wonder, my lord one lion may,
 When many asses do 156

Wall In this same interlude it doth befall
 That I, one Snout by name, present a wall
 And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 That had in it a crannied hole or chunk, 160
 Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 Did whisper often very secretly

This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth
 show

That I am that same wall the truth is so, 164
 And this the cranny is, right and sunster,
 Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper

The Would you desire lime and hair to speak
 better? 168

Dem It is the whitest partition that ever I
 heard discourse, my lord

The Pyramus draws near the wall silence!

Re-enter PYRAMUS

Pyr O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so
 black! 172

O night, which ever art when day is not!
 O night! O night! alack, alack, alack!

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot
 And thou, O wall! O sweet, O lovely wall! 176

That stand'st between her father's gown and
 mine

Thou wall, O wall! O sweet, and lovely wall!
 Show me thy chunk to blink through with
 mine eye [WALL holds up his fingers

Thanks, courteous wall Jove shield thee well
 for this! 180

But what see I? No Thisby do I see
 O wicked wall! through whom I see no bliss

Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!
 The The wall, methinks, being sensible,

should curse again 185

Pyr No, in truth, sir, he should not 'De-
 ceiving me,' is Thisby's cue she is to enter now,

and I am 'o spy her through the wall You
 shall see, it will fall pat as I told you Yonder
 she comes

Re-enter THISBE.

This O wall! full often hast thou heard my
 moans,

For parting my fair Pyramus and me 192
 My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee
 Pyr I see a voice now will I to the chunk,

To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face 196
 Thisby!

This My love! thou art my love, I think
 Pyr Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
 grace

And, like Limander am I trusty still 200
 This And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill

Pyr Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true
 This As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you

Pyr O! kiss me through the hole of this vile
 wall 204

This I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at
 all

Pyr Wilt thou at Nunny's tomb meet me
 straightway?

This 'Tide life, 'tide death I come without
 delay [Exeunt PYRAMUS and THISBE

Wall Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged
 so 208

And, being done, thus Wall away doth go [Exit
 The Now is the mural down between the two
 neighbours

Dem No remedy, my lord, when walls are so
 wilful to hear without warning 213

Hip This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard
 The The best in this kind are but shadows,

and the worst are no worse, if imagination
 amend them 217

Hip It must be your imagination then, and
 not theirs

The If we imagine no worse of them than
 they of themselves, they may pass for excellent
 men Here come two noble beasts in, a man
 and a lion.

Re-enter LION and MOONSHINE

Lion You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do
 fear 224

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on
 floor,

May now perchance both quake and tremble
 here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar
 Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am 228

A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam
 For, if I should as lion come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pity on my life
 The A very gentle beast, and of a good con-
 science 233

Dem The very best at a beast, my lord, that
 e'er I saw

Lys This lion is a very fox for his valour
 The True, and a goose for his discretion 237

Dem Not so, my lord, for his valour cannot
 carry his discretion, and the fox carries the
 goose 240

The His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry
 his valour, for the goose carries not the fox It
 is well leave it to his discretion, and let us
 listen to the moon. 244

Moon This lanthorn doth the horned moon
 present —

Dem He should have worn the horns on his
 head

The He is no crescent, and his horns are in-
 visible within the circumference. 249

Moon This lanthorn doth the horned moon
 present

Myself the man is the moon do seem to be
 The This is the greatest error of all the rest.

The man should be put into the lanthorn how
 is it else the man is the moon?

Dem He dares not come there for the candle,
for, you see, it is already in snuff 256

Hip I am awary of this moon would he
would change!

The It appears, by his small light of discre-
tion, that he is in the wane but yet, in courtesy,
in all reason, we must stay the time 261

Lys Proceed, Moon

Moon All that I have to say, is, to tell you
that the lanthorn is the moon, I, the man in
the moon, this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush, and
this dog, my dog

Dem Why, all these should be in the lant-
horn, for all these are in the moon. But,
silence! here comes Thisbe 269

Re-enter THISBE

This This is old Nunny's tomb Where is my
love?

Lion [Roaring] Oh— [THISBE runs off]

Dem Well roared, Lion 272

The Well run, Thisbe

Hip Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon
shines with a good grace

[The LION tears THISBE'S mantle, and exit

The Well moused, Lion 276

Dem And then came Pyramus

Lys And so the lion vanished

Re-enter PYRAMUS

Pyr Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny
beams 279

I thank thee, moon, for shuning now so bright,
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight

But stay, O spite!

But mark, poor knight, 284

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear! 288

Thy mantle good,

What! stain'd with blood!

Approach, ye Furies fell! 292

O Fates, come, come,

Cut thread and thrum

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The This passion, and the death of a dear
friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr O! wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions
frame?

Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear?
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame

That lov'd, that lov'd, that lov'd, that look'd
with cheer 301

Come tears, confound

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus 304

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus

[Stabs himself

Now am I dead, 308

Now am I fled,

My soul is in the sky
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight! 312

[Exit MOONSHINE

Now die, die, die, die, die [Dies

Dem No die, but an ace, for him, for he is
but one

Lys Less than an ace, man, for he is dead
he is nothing 317

The With the help of a surgeon, he might
yet recover, and prove an ass

Hip How chance Moonshine is gone before
Thisbe comes back and finds her lover? 321

The She will find him by starlight Here
she comes, and her passion ends the play

Re-enter THISBE

Hip Methinks she should not use a long or
for such a Pyramus I hope she will be brief

Dem Amotewill turn the balance, which Pyra-
mus, which Thisbe, is the better he for a man,
God warrant us, she for a woman, God bless us

Lys She hath spied him already with those
sweet eyes

Dem And thus she moans, videlicet —
This Asleep, my love? 332

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise!

Speak, speak! Quite dumb?

Dead, dead! A tomb 336

Must cover thy sweet eyes

These lily lips,

Thy cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks, 340

Are gone, are gone

Lovers, make moan!

His eyes were green as leeks

O, Sisters Three, 344

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk,

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore 348

With shears his thread of silk

Tongue, not a word

Come, trusty sword

Come, blade, my breast imbrue 352

[Stabs herself

And farewell, friends,

Thus Thisbe ends [Dies

Adieu, adieu, adieu 357

The Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the
dead

Dem Ay, and Wall too

Bot No, I assure you, the wall is down that
parted their fathers Will it please you to see
the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance
between two of our company? 362

The No epilogue, I pray you, for your play
needs no excuse Never excuse, for when the
players are all dead, there need none to be
blamed Marry, if he that writ it had played
Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's gar-
ter, it would have been a fine tragedy and
so it is, truly, and very notably discharged
But come, your Bergomask let your epilogue
alone [A dance.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve,
 Lovers, to bed, 'tis almost fairy time 373
 I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
 As much as we this night have overwatch'd
 This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd 376
 The heavy gait of night Sweet friends, to bed
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
 In nightly revels, and new jollity [Exeunt

SCENE II

Enter PUCK

Puck Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf howls the moon,
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores
 All with weary task fordone 4
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe
 In remembrance of a shroud 8
 Now it is the time of night
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the church-way paths to glide 12
 And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecate's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream, 16
 Now are frolic, not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house
 I am sent with broom before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door 20

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their Train

Obe Through the house give glimmering light
 By the dead and drowsy fire,
 Every elf and fairy sprite
 Hop as light as bird from brier, 24
 And this ditty after me
 Sing and dance it trippingly
Tita First, rehearse your song by rote,
 To each word a warbling note 28

Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
 Will we sing, and bless this place

[Song and dance

Obe Now, until the break of day,
 Through this house each fairy stray 32
 To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be,
 And the issue there create
 Ever shall be fortunate 36
 So shall all the couples three
 Ever true in loving be,
 And the blots of Nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand 40
 Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be 44
 With this field-dew consecrate,
 Every fairy take his gait,
 And each several chamber bless,
 Through this palace, with sweet peace, 48
 Ever shall in safety rest,
 And the owner of it blest

Trip away,

Make no stay, 52

Meet me all by break of day

[Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and Train

Puck If we shadows have offended,
 Think but this, and all is mended,
 That you have but slumber'd here 56
 While these visions did appear
 And this weak and idle theme,
 No more yielding but a dream,
 Gentles, do not reprehend 60
 If you pardon, we will mend
 And, as I'm an honest Puck,
 If we have unearned luck
 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue, 64
 We will make amends ere long,
 Else the Puck a har call
 So, good night unto you all
 Give me your hands, if we be friends, 68
 And Robin shall restore amends [Exit

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE
PRINCE OF MOROCCO } Sutors to Portia
PRINCE OF ARRAGON }
ANTONIO a Merchant of Venice
BASSANIO his Friend
GRATIANO } Friends to Antonio and Bassanio
SALARINO }
SALARINO }
LORENZO in love with Jessica
SHYLOCK, a rich Jew
TUBAL, a Jew his Friend

LAUNCELOT GOBBO a Clown Servant to Shylock
OLD GOBBO Father to Launcelot
LEONARDO Servant to Bassanio
BALTHAZAR } Servants to Portia
STEPHANO }

PORTIA a rich Heiress
NERISSA, her Waiting maid
JESSICA, Daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice Officers of the Court of Justice,
Gaoler Servants to Portia and other Attendants

SCENE—*Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent*

ACT I

SCENE I—*Venice A Street*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO

Ant In sooth, I know not why I am so sad
It wearies me, you say it wearies you,
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born, 4
I am to learn,
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself

Salar Your mind is tossing on the ocean, 8
There, where your argosies with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers, 12
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings
Salar Believe me, sir, had I such venture
forth,

The better part of my affections would 16
Be with my hopes abroad I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads,
And every object that might make me fear 20
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad

Salar My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea. 24
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs 28
To kiss her burial Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous
rocks,

Which touching but my gentle vessel's side 32
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the
thought 36
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought

That such a thing bechanc'd would make me
sad?

But tell not me I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise 40
Ant Believe me, no I thank my fortune
for it,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place, nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year 44
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad
Salar Why, then you are in love

Ant Fie, fie!
Salar Not in love neither? Then let's say
you are sad,

Because you are not merry and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say you are
merry, 49
Because you are not sad Now, by two headed
Janus,

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper, 53
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable 56

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO

Salar Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo Fare ye well
We leave you now with better company

Salar I would have stay'd till I had made
you merry, 60

If worthier friends had not prevented me
Ant Your worth is very dear in my regard
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart. 64

Salar Good morrow, my good lords
Bass Good signiors both, when shall we
laugh? say when?

You grow exceeding strange must it be so?
Salar We'll make our leasures to attend on
yours [Exit SALARINO and SALANIO]
Lor My Lord Bassanio, since you have found
Antonio, 69

We too will leave you, but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet

Bass I will not fail you 72

Gra You look not well, Signior Antonio,
You have too much respect upon the world
They lose it that do buy it with much care
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd 76

Ant I hold the world but as the world,
Gratiano,

A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one

Gra Let me play the fool
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine 81
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? 84
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visages 88
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit, 92
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise 96
For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools

I'll tell thee more of this another time 100
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion
Come, good Lorenzo Fare ye well awhile
I'll end my exhortation after dinner 104

Lor Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time

I must be one of these same dumb-wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak

Gra Well, keep me company but two years more, 108

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue

Ant Farewell I'll grow a talker for this gear
Gra Thanks, I' faith, for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible
[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO*]

Ant Is that anything now? 113

Bass Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff you shall seek all day ere you find them, and, when you have them, they are not worth the search

Ant Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, 121
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate, 124
By something showing a more swelling port

Than my faint means would grant continuance
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my chief care 128
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love, 132
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe

Ant I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it, 136

And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions 140

Bass In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost, but if you please 148
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again, 152
And thankfully rest debtor for the first

Ant You know me well, and herein spend but time

To wind about my love with circumstance,
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost 157
Than if you had made waste of all I have
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done, 160
And I am prest unto it therefore speak.

Bass In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages 165
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth, 168
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchus' 172
strand,

And many Jasons come in quest of her
O my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift, 176
That I should questionless be fortunate

Ant Thou knowest that all my fortunes are at sea,

Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum therefore go forth, 180
Try what my credit can in Venice do
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I, 184
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — *Belmont A Room in PORTIA'S House*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA

Por By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is
away of this great world

Ner You would be, sweet madam, if your
muses were in the same abundance as your
good fortunes are and yet, for aught I see, they
are as sick that surfeit with too much as they
that starve with nothing It is no mean happi-
ness therefore, to be seated in the mean
superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but
competency lives longer 70

Por Good sentences and well pronounced.
Ner They would be better if well followed

Por If to do were as easy as to know what
were good to do, chapels had been churches, and
poor men's cottages princes' palaces It is a
good divine that follows his own instructions I
can easier teach twenty what were good to be
done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine
own teaching The brain may devise laws for
the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold
decree such a hare is madness the youth, to
skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple
But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose
me a husband O me, the word 'choose!' I may
neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom
I dislike, so is the will of a living daughter
curbed by the will of a dead father Is it not
hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor
refuse none? 79

Ner Your father was ever virtuous, and holy
men at their death have good inspirations,
therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these
three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof
who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no
doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one
who you shall rightly love But what warmth
is there in your affection towards any of these
principally suitors that are already come? 88

Por I pray thee, over-name them, and as
thou namest them, I will describe them, and,
according to my description, level at my affection

Ner First, there is the Neapolitan prince 42

Por Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth
nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a
great appropriation to his own good parts that
he can shoe him himself I am much afraid
my lady his mother played false with a smith

Ner Then is there the County Palatine 48

Por He doth nothing but frown, as who
should say, 'An you will not have me, choose'
He hears merry tales, and smiles not I fear he
will prove the weeping philosopher when he
grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness
in his youth I had rather be married to a
death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to
either of these God defend me from these two!

Ner How say you by the French lord,
Monsieur Le Bon? 58

Por God made him and therefore let him pass
for a man In truth, I know it is a sin to be a
mock, but, he! why, he hath a horse better
than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of

frowning than the Count Palatine, he is every
man in no man, if a throstle sing, he falls
straight a-capering, he will fence with his own
shadow if I should marry him, I should marry
twenty husbands If he would despise me, I
would forgive him, for if he love me to madness,
I shall never requite him 69

Ner What say you, then, to Falconbridge,
the young baron of England?

Por You know I say nothing to him, for he
understands not me, nor I him he hath neither
Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come
into the court and swear that I have a poor
pennyworth in the English He is a proper
man's picture, but, alas! who can converse with
a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think
he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in
France, his bonnet in Germany, and his be-
haviour every where 81

Ner What think you of the Scottish lord, his
neighbour?

Por That he hath a neighbourly charity in
him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the
Englishman, and swore he would pay him again
when he was able I think the Frenchman be-
came his surety and sealed under for another

Ner How like you the young German, the
Duke of Saxony's nephew? 90

Por Very vilely in the morning, when he is
sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he
is drunk when he is best, he is a little worse
than a man, and when he is worst, he is little
better than a beast An the worst fall that ever
fell I hope I shall make shift to go without him

Ner If he should offer to choose, and choose
the right casket, you should refuse to perform
your father's will, if you should refuse to accept
him 100

Por Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray
thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the
contrary casket, for, if the devil be within and
that temptation without, I know he will choose
it I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be
married to a sponge 106

Ner You need not fear, lady, the having any
of these lords they have acquainted me with
their determinations, which is, indeed, to return
to their home and to trouble you with no more
suit, unless you may be won by some other sort
than your father's imposition depending on the
caskets 113

Por If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die
as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the
manner of my father's will I am glad this
parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there
is not one among them but I dote on his very
absence, and I pray God grant them a fair
departure 120

Ner Do you not remember, lady, in your
father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier,
that came hither in the company of the Marquis
of Montferrat? 124

Por Yes, yes it was Bassanio, as I think, he
was so called

Ner True, madam he, of all the men that

ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best
deserving a fair lady 129

Por I remember him well, and I remember
him worthy of thy praise

Enter a Servant

How now! what news? 132

Serv The four strangers seek for you, madam,
to take their leave, and there is a forerunner
come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who
brings word the prince his master will be here
to-night 137

Por If I could bid the fifth welcome with so
good heart as I can bid the other four farewell,
I should be glad of his approach if he have the
condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil,
I had rather he should reveal than wive me
Come, Nerissa Sir ah, go before 143
Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another
knocks at the door [Exeunt]

SCENE III—Venice A public Place

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy Three thousand ducats, well?

Bass Ay, sir, for three months

Shy For three months, well?

Bass For the which, as I told you, Antonio
shall be bound 5

Shy Antonio shall become bound well?

Bass May you stead me? Will you pleasure
me? Shall I know your answer? 8

Shy Three thousand ducats, for three
months, and Antonio bound

Bass Your answer to that

Shy Antonio is a good man 12

Bass Have you heard any imputation to the
contrary?

Shy Ho, no, no, no, no, my meaning in saying
he is a good man is to have you understand me
that he is sufficient Yet his means are in sup-
position he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis,
another to the Indies, I understand moreover
upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a
fourth for England and other ventures he hath,
squandered abroad But ships are but boards,
sailors but men there be land-rats and water-
rats, land-thieves, and water-thieves,—I mean
pirates,—and then there is the peril of waters,
winds, and rocks The man is, notwithstanding,
sufficient Three thousand ducats, I think, I
may take his bond 28

Bass Be assured you may

Shy I will be assured I may, and, that I may
be assured, I will bethink me May I speak with
Antonio? 32

Bass If it please you to dine with us

Shy Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habita-
tion which your prophet the Nazarene conjured
the devil into I will buy with you sell with you,
talk with you, walk with you, and so following,
but I will not eat with you drink with you, nor
pray with you What news on the Rialto? Who
is he comes here? 40

Enter ANTONIO

Bass This is Signior Antonio

Shy [Aside] How like a fawning publican
he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity 44

He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice

If I can catch him once upon the hip,

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him 48

He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congre-
gate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,

Which he calls interest Cursed be my tribe, 52

If I forgive him!

Bass Shylock, do you hear?

Shy I am debating of my present store,

And, by the near guess of my memory,

I cannot instantly raise up the gross 56

Of full three thousand ducats What of that?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

Will furnish me But soft! how many months

Do you desire? [To ANTONIO] Rest you fair,

good signior, 60

Your worship was the last man in our mouths

Ant Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow

By taking nor by giving of excess,

Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend, 64

I'll break a custom [To BASSANIO] Is he yet

possess'd?

How much ye would?

Shy Ay, ay, three thousand ducats

Ant And for three months

Shy I had forgot, three months, you told

me so 68

Well then, your bond, and let me see But hear

you,

Me thought you said you neither lend nor borrow

Upon advantage

Ant I do never use it

Shy When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's

sheep,— 72

This Jacob from our holy Abram was,

As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,

The third possessor ay, he was the third,—

Ant And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy No, not take interest, not, as you would

say, 77

Directly interest mark what Jacob did

When Laban and himself were compromis'd,

That all the earnings that were streak'd and

pie'd 80

Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,

In end of autumn turned to the rams,

And, when the work of generation was

Between these woolly breeders in the act, 84

The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,

And, in the doing of the deed of kind,

He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,

Who, then conceiving, did in coming time 88

Fall parti-colour'd lambs and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not

Ant This was a venture, sir, that Jacob

serv'd for, 92

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams? 96

Shy I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast
But note me, signior

Ant Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose
An evil soul, producing holy witness, 100
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good
round sum 104

Three months from twelve, then let me see the
rate

Ant Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to
you?

Shy Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me 108

About my moneys and my usances
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For surffrance is the badge of all our tribe

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog, 112
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own

Will then, it now appears you need my help
Go to then, you come to me, and you say, 116

'Shylock, we would have moneys, you say so,
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold moneys is your suit 120

What should I say to you? Should I not say,
'Hath a dog money? Is it possible

A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key, 124

With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this —

'Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last,
You spurn'd me such a day, another time 128

You call'd me dog, and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?'

Ant I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too 132

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends,—for when did friendship take

A breed for barren metal of his friend?—
But lend it rather to thine enemy, 136

Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty

Shy Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,

Forget the shames that you have stain'd me
with, 140

Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear

me
This is kind I offer

Ant This were kindness

Shy This kindness will I show
Go with me to a notary, seal me there 145

Your single bond, and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum or sums as are 148
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound

Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me 152

Ant Content, I' faith I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew

Bass You shall not seal to such a bond for
me

I'll rather dwell in my necessity 156

Ant Why, fear not, man, I will not forfeit it
Within these two months, that's a month before

This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond 160

Shy O father Abram! what these Christians
are,

Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others Pray you, tell me this,

If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture? 165

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,

As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats I say, 168
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship
If he will take it, so, if not, adieu,

And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not
Ant Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy Then meet me forthwith at the notary's,
Give him direction for this merry bond,

And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house left in the fearful guard 176

Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you

Ant Hie thee, gentle Jew [Exit SHYLOCK
This Hebrew will turn Christian he grows kind

Bass I like not fair terms and a villain's
mood 180

Ant Come on in this there can be no dis-
may,

My ships come home a month before the day
[Exit

ACT II

SCENE I—Belmont A Room in PORTIA'S
House

*Flourish of Cornets Enter the PRINCE OF MO-
ROCCO, and his Followers, PORTIA, NERISSA,
and Others of her Train*

Mor Mislake me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,

To whom I am a neighbour and near bred
Bring me the fairest creature northward born, 4

Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,

To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine 8

Hath fear'd the valiant by my love I swear
The best regarded virgins of our clime

Have lov'd it too I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen

Por In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes,

Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing 16

But if my father had not scanted me
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself

His wife who wins me by that means I told you,

Yoursel, renowned prince, then stood as fair 20
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor Even for that I thank you
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune By this scimitar,— 24
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,—
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth, 28
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice 32
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand
So is Alcides beaten by his page,
And so may I, blind fortune leading me, 36
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving

Por You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward 41
In way of marriage therefore be advis'd

Mor Nor will not come, bring me unto my chance

Por First, forward to the temple after dinner 44
Your hazard shall be made

Mor Good fortune then!
To make me blest or curs'd 'st among men!
[*Cornets, and exeunt*]

SCENE II — Venice A Street

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO

Laun Certainly my conscience will serve me
to run from this Jew my master The fiend is
at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me,
'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or
'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use
your legs, take the start, run away' My con-
science says, 'No take heed, honest Launcelot,
take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest
Launcelot Gobbo, do not run, scorn running
with thy heels' Well, the most courageous fiend
bids me pack '*Via*' says the fiend, 'away!'
says the fiend, 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave
mind,' says the fiend, 'and run' Well, my con-
science, hanging about the neck of my heart, says
very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot,
be an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest
woman's son,—for, indeed, my father did some-
thing smack, something grow to, he had a kind
of taste,—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot,
budge not' 'Budge,' says the fiend 'Budge
not,' says my conscience 'Conscience,' say I,
'you counsel well,' fiend, say I, 'you counsel well'
to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with
the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark!
is a kind of devil, and, to run away from the Jew,
I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your
reverence, is the devil himself Certainly, the
Jew is the very devil incarnate, and, in my con-

science, my conscience is but a kind of hard con-
science, to offer to counsel me to stay with the
Jew The fiend gives the more friendly counsel
I will run, fiend, my heels are at your command-
ment, I will run 33

Enter Old GOBBO, with a basket

Gob Master young man, you, I pray you,
which is the way to Master Jew's?

Laun [Aside] O heavens! this is my true-
begotten father, who, being more than sand-
blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not I will
try confusions with him

Gob Master young gentleman, I pray you,
which is the way to Master Jew's? 41

Laun Turn up on your right hand at the
next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on
your left, marry, at the very next turning, turn
of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's
house

Gob By God's sonnes, 'twill be a hard way to
hit Can you tell me whether one Launcelot,
that dwells with him, dwell with him or no? 49

Laun Talk you of young Master Launcelot?
[Aside] Mark me now, now will I raise the
waters Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob No master, sir, but a poor man's son
his father, though I say it, is an honest, exceed-
ing poor man, and, God be thanked, well to
live 56

Laun Well, let his father be what a' will, we
talk of young Master Launcelot

Gob Your worship's friend, and Launcelot,
sir 60

Laun But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I be-
seech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob Of Launcelot, an't please your master-
ship 64

Laun *Ergo*, Master Launcelot Talk not of
Master Launcelot, father, for the young gentle-
man,—according to Fates and Destinies and such
odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches
of learning,—is, indeed deceased, or, as you
would say in plain terms, gone to heaven

Gob Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very
staff of my age, my very prop 72

Laun [Aside] Do I look like a cudgel or a
hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me,
father?

Gob Alack the day! I know you not, young
gentleman but I pray you, tell me, is my boy,—
God rest his soul!—alive or dead?

Laun Do you not know me, father?

Gob Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you
not 81

Laun Nay, indeed if you had your eyes,
you might fail of the knowing me it is a wise
father that knows his own child Well, old man,
I will tell you news of your son Give me your
blessing, truth will come to light, murder can-
not be hid long, a man's son may, but, in the
end, truth will out 88

Gob Pray you, sir, stand up I am sure you
are not Launcelot, my boy

Laun Pray you let's have no more fooling
about it, but give me your blessing I am

Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is,
your child that shall be 94

Gob I cannot think you are my son
Laun I know not what I shall think of that,
but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am
sure Margery your wife is my mother 98

Gob Her name is Margery, indeed I'll be
sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own
flesh and blood Lord worshipped might he be!
what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more
hair on thy chin than Dobbin my thill-horse has
on his tail 104

Laun It should seem then that Dobbin's tail
grows backward I am sure he had more hair on
his tail than I have on my face, when I last saw
him 108

Gob Lord! how art thou changed How dost
thou and thy master agree? I have brought him
a present How 'gree you now?

Laun Well, well but, for mine own part, as
I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not
rest till I have run some ground My master's a
very Jew give him a present! give him a halter
I am famished in his service, you may tell every
finger I have with my ribs Father, I am glad
you are come give me your present to one
Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new
liveries If I serve not him, I will run as far
as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here
comes the man to him, father, for I am a Jew,
if I serve the Jew any longer 123

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other
Followers

Bass You may do so, but let it be so hasted
that supper be ready at the very furthest by five
of the clock. See these letters delivered, put
the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to
come anon to my lodging [Exit a Servant]

Laun To him, father 129

Gob God bless your worship!
Bass Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with
me? 134

Gob Here's my son, sir, a poor boy —
Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich
Jew's man, that would, sir,—as my father shall
specify,— 136

Gob He hath a great infection, sir, as one
would say, to serve—
Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve
the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall
specify,— 141

Gob His master and he, saving your wor-
ship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins,—
Laun To be brief, the very truth is that the
Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—
as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall
frutify unto you,— 147

Gob I have here a dish of doves that I
would bestow upon your worship, and my suit
is,—

Laun In very brief, the suit is impertinent
to myself, as your worship well knoweth; this
honest old man, and, though I say it though
old man, yet poor man, my father
Bass One speak for both. What would you?

Laun Serve you sir 156
Gob That is the very defect of the matter,
sir

Bass I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd
thy suit

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day, 160
And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman

Laun The old proverb is very well parted
between my master Shylock and you, sir you
have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough

Bass Thou speak'st it well Go, father, with
thy son

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire 168
My lodging out [To his followers] Give him a
livery

More guarded than his fellows' see it done

Laun Father, in I cannot get a service, no,
I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, [Look-
ing on his palm] if any man in Italy have a
fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a
book, I shall have good fortune Go to, here's
a simple line of life here's a small trifle of wives
alas! fifteen wives is nothing a leaven widows and
nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man,
and their to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in
peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed,
here's a simple scapes Well if Fortune be a
woman, she is a good wench for this gear Father,
come I'll take my leave of the Jew in the
twinking of an eye 184

[Exit LAUNCELOT and Old GOBBO]
Bass I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on
this

These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best esteem'd acquaintance here thee, go

Leon My best endeavours shall be done here-
in 189

Enter GRATIANO

Gra Where is your master?
Leon Yonder, sir, he walks
[Exit]

Gra Signior Bassanio!—
Bass Gratiano! 192

Gra I have a suit to you
Bass You have obtain'd it

Gra You must not deny me I must go with
you to Belmont

Bass Why, then you must. But hear thee,
Gratiano,

Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough, 197
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults,
But where thou art not known, why, there they
show

Something too liberal Pray thee, take pain too
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild be-
haviour,

I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes

Gra Signior Bassanio, hear me 204
If I do not put on a sober habit,

Talk with respect, and swear but no and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes

Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say 'amen,'
Use all the observance of civility,

Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more

Bass Well, we shall see your bearing
Gra Nay, but I bar to-night, you shall not gauge me

By what we do to-night.
Bass No, that were pity

I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends

That purpose merriment But fare you well
I have some business

Gra And I must to Lorenzo and the rest,
But we will visit you at supper-time [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III —The Same A Room in SHYLOCK'S House

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jes I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,

Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee

And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest

Give him this letter, do it secretly,
And so farewell I would not have my father

See me in-talk with thee
Laun Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue

Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! If a Christian
did not play the knave and get thee, I am much

deceived But, adieu! these foolish drops do
somewhat drown my manly spirit adieu!

Jes Farewell, good Launcelot.
[*Exit LAUNCELOT*]

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!

But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners O Lorenzo!

If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife [*Exit*]

SCENE IV —The Same A Street

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO

Lor Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return

All in an hour
Gra We have not made good preparation

Salar We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers
Salan 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly

order'd,
And better, in my mind, not undertook

Lor 'Tis now but four o'clock we have two
hours

To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun An it shall please you to break up this,
it shall seem to signify

Lor I know the hand in faith, 'tis a fair
hand,

And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ

Gra Love news, in faith
Laun By your leave, sir

Lor Whither goest thou?
Laun Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the

Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the
Christian

Lor Hold here, take this tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her, speak it privately

Go, gentlemen, [*Exit LAUNCELOT*]
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer
Salar Ay, marry, I'll begone about it straight.

Salan And so will I
Lor Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence
Salar 'Tis good we do so

[*Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO*]
Gra Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor I must needs tell thee all. She hath
directed

How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,

What page's suit she hath in readiness
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake,
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew

Come, go with me peruse this as thou goest
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V —The Same Before SHYLOCK'S House.

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT

Shy Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be
thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio —
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,

As thou hast done with me,—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out—

Why, Jessica, I say!
Laun Why, Jessica!

Shy Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee
call.

Laun Your worship was wont to tell me that
I could do nothing without bidding

Enter JESSICA.

Jes Call you? What is your will?
Shy I am bid forth to supper, Jessica

There are my keys But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love, they flatter me

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house. I am right loath to go.
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night

Laun I beseech you, sir, go my young master doth expect your reproach

Sh. So do I mis

Laun And they have conspired together I will not say you shall see a masque, but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fe'll a-bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock 't' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon

Shy What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica

Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum,

And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife, Clamber not you up to the casements then, Nor thrust your head into the public street To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces, But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements,

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter My sober house By Jacob's staff I swear I have no mind of feasting forth to-night But I will go Go you before me, sirrah, Say I will come

Laun I will go before, sir Mistress, look out at window, for all this,

There will come a Christian by, Will be worth a Jewess' eye

[Exit LAUNCELOT

Shy What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes His words were, 'Farewell, mistress,' nothing else

Shy The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder,

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day More than the wild cat drones live not with me,

Therefore I part with him, and part with him To one that I would have him help to waste His borrow'd purse Well, Jessica, go in Perhaps I will return immediately

Do as I bid you, shut doors after you 'Fast bind, fast find,'

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind [Exit *Jes* Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost, I have a father, you a daughter, lost [Exit

SCENE VI —The Same

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued

Gra This is the penthouse under which Lorenzo

Desir'd us to make stand

Salar His hour is almost past

Gra And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour, For lovers ever run before the clock

Salar O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont

To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra That ever holds who riseth from a feast With that keen appetite that he sits down? Where is the horse that doth untread again His tedious measures with the unbated fire

That he did pace them first? All things that are, Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd How like a younker or a prodigal

The scarfed bark puts from her native bay, Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind! How like the prodigal doth she return, With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails, Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salar Here comes Lorenzo more of this hereafter

Enter LORENZO

Lor Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode,

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait When you shall please to play the thieves for wives, I'll watch as long for you then Approach, Here dwells my father Jew Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes

Jes Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,

Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue *Lor* Lorenzo, and thy love

Jes Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed, For whom love I so much? And now who knows But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art

Jes Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me, For I am much ashamed of my exchange, But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit, For if they could, Cupid himself would blush To see me thus transformed to a boy

Lor Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer

Jes What! must I hold a candle to my shame?

They in themselves, goodsooth, are too too light Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love, And I should be obscur'd

Lor So are you, sweet, Even in the lovely garnish of a boy

But come at once, For the close night doth play the runaway, And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast

Jes I will make fast the doors, and gild myself

With some more ducats, and be with you straight

Gra Now, by my hood, a Gentle, and no Jew *Lor* Beshrew me, but I love her heartily,

For she is wise, if I can judge of her, And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true, And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself, And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true, Shall she be placed in my constant soul

Enter JESSICA.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen, away! Our masquing mates by this time for us stay

[Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO

Enter ANTONIO

Ant Who's there?
 Gra Signior Antonio!
 Ant Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
 'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you
 No masque to-night the wind is come about,
 Bassanio presently will go aboard
 I have sent twenty out to seek for you
 Gra I am glad on't I desire no more delight
 Than to be under sail and gone to-night

[Exeunt

SCENE VII — Belmont A Room in PORTIA'S House

Flourish of Cornets Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and their Trains

Por Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover

The several caskets to this noble prince
Now make your choice

Mor The first, of gold, which this inscription bears

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire

The second, silver, which this promise carries
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deservesThis third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por The one of them contains my picture, prince

If you choose that, then I am yours withal
Mor Some god direct my judgment! Let me see

I will survey the inscriptions back again

What says this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath

Must give For what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantagesA golden mind stoops not to shows of dross, so
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead

What says the silver with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves

As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even handIf thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enoughMay not extend so far as to the lady
And yet to be afraid of my deservingWere but a weak disabling of myself
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the ladyI do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes, so
In graces, and in qualities of breeding,But more than these, in love I do deserve
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

Why, that's the lady all the world desires her,
 From the four corners of the earth they come,
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint
 The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
 Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now
 For princes to come view fair Portia
 The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture
 Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation

To think so base a thought it were too gross

To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,Being ten times undervalu'd to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem

Was set in worse than gold They have in England

A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon,But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within Deliver me the keyHere do I choose, and thrive I as I may!
Por There, take it, prince, and if my formlie there,
Then I am yours[He unlocks the golden casket
Mor O hell! what have we here?A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll I'll read the writingAll that glisters is not gold
Often have you heard that toldMany a man his life hath sold
But my outside to beholdGilded tombs do worms infold
Had you been as wise as boldYoung in limbs in judgment old
Your answer had not been inscroll'dFare you well, your suit is cold.
Cold, indeed, and labour lostThen, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu I have too griev'd a heartTo take a tedious leave thus losers part
[Exit with his Train Flourish of CornetsPor A gentle riddance Draw the curtains
goLet all of his complexion choose me so
[Exeunt

SCENE VIII — Venice A Street

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO

Salar Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail
With him is Gratiano gone along,And in their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not
Salar The villain Jew with outcries rais'dthe duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship

Salar He came too late, the ship was under sail

But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen togetherLorenzo and his amorous Jessica
Besides, Antonio certified the duke

They were not with Bassanio in his ship

Salan I never heard a passion so confus'd, 12
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
 As the dog Jew did utter in the streets
 'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
 Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
 Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
 Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!

And jewels! two stones, two rich and precious
 stones, 20
 Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
 She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!

Salan Why, all the boys in Venice follow
 him,

Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats
Salan Let good Antonio look he keep his
 day, 25

Or he shall pay for this

Salan Marry, well remember'd
 I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
 Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part 28
 The French and English,—there miscarried
 A vessel of our country richly fraught
 I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
 And wish'd in silence that it were not his 32

Salan You were best to tell Antonio what
 you hear,

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him
Salan A kinder gentleman treads not the
 earth

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part 36
 Bassanio told him he would make some speed
 Of his return he answer'd 'Do not so,
 Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
 But stay the very upping of the time, 40
 And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your mind of love
 Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship and such fair ostents of love 44
 As shall conveniently become you there
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection wondrous sensible 48
 He wrung Bassanio's hand and so they parted

Salan I think he only loves the world for
 him

I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
 And quicken his embraced heaviness 52
 With some delight or other

Salan Do we so
 [Exeunt]

SCENE IX—*Belmont* A Room in PORTIA'S House

Enter NERISSA, with a Servitor

Ner Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the
 curtain straight
 The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
 And comes to his election presently

Flourish of Cornets *Enter the PRINCE OF
 ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their Trains*

Por Behold, there stand the caskets, noble
 prince 4

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
 Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd
 But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
 You must be gone from hence immediately 8
Ar I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three
 things

First, never to unfold to any one
 Which casket 'twas I chose, next, if I fail
 Of the right casket, never in my life 12
 To woo a maid in way of marriage,
 Lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
 Immediately to leave you and be gone 16

Por To these injunctions every one doth
 swear

That comes to hazard for my worth-less self
Ar And so have I address'd me Fortune
 now

To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base
 lead 20

*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he
 hath*

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard
 What says the golden chest? ha! let me see
*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
 desire* 24

What many men desire! that 'many' may be
 meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
 Which pries not to the interior, but, like the
 marilet 28

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
 Even in the force and road of casualty
 I will not choose what many men desire,
 Because I will not jump with common spirits 32
 And rank me with the barbarous multitude
 Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house,
 Tell me once more what title thou dost bear

*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
 serves* 36

And well said too, for who shall go about
 To cozen fortune and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit? Let none pre-
 sume

To wear an undeserved dignity 40
 O! that estates, degrees, and offices
 Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear
 honour

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer
 How many then should cover that stand bare,
 How many be commanded that command, 45
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour, and how much
 honour

Pick'd from the chaff and run of the times 48
 To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice
*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
 serves*

I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here 52

[*He opens the silver casket*
Por Too long a pause for that which you
 find there.

Ar What's here? the portrait of a blinking
 idiot,

Presenting me a schedule! I will read it
How much unlike art thou to Portia! 56
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
Who chooseth me shall have as much as he de-
serves

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better? 60
Por To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures

Ar What is here?

The fire seven times tried this
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss
Some there be that shadows kiss
Such have but a shadow's bliss
There be fools alive I wis,
Silver d o e r, and so was this
Take what wife you will to bed
I will ever be your head
So be gone sir you are sped

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[Exit ANTONIO with his Train]
Por Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose 81

Ner The ancient saying is no heresy
'Hanging and wiving goes by destiny'
Por Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa 84

Enter a Servant.

Ser Where is my lady?

Por Here, what would my lord?

Ser Madam there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord, 88
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,
To wit,—besides commends and courteous
breath,—

Gifts of rich value Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love 92
A day in April never can be so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord

Por No more, I pray thee I am half afraid
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee, 97
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising
him

Come, come Nerissa, for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly 100
Ner Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Venice A Street*

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO

Salar Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar Why, yet it lives there unchecked that
Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on
the narrow seas, the Goodwins I think they call

the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where
the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as
they say, if my gossip Report be an honest
woman of her word 8

Salar I would she were as lying a gossip in
that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neigh-
bours believe she wept for the death of a third
husband But it is true,—without any slips of
prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk,
—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—
O, that I had a title good enough to keep his
name company!— 16

Salar Come, the full stop
Salar H^a! what sayst thou? Why, the end
is, he hath lost a ship

Salar I would it might prove the end of his
losses 21

Salar Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the
devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the
likeness of a Jew 24

Enter SHYLOCK

How now, Shylock! what news among the
merchants? 76

Sny You knew, none so well, none so well as
you, of my daughter's flight 28

Salar That's certain I, for my part, knew
the tailor that made the wings she flew withal

Salar And Shylock, for his own part, knew
the bird was fledged, and then it is the com-
plexion of them all to leave the dam. 33

Shy She is damned for it

Salar That's certain, if the devil may be her
judge 36

Shy My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salar Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at
these years—

Shy I say my daughter is my flesh and
blood 41

Salar There is more difference between thy
flesh and hers than between jet and ivory, more
between your bloods than there is between red
wine and Rhenish But tell us, do you hear
whether Antonio have had any loss at sea
or no? 47

Shy There I have another bad match a
bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his
head on the Rialto, a beggar, that used to come
so smug upon the mart, let him look to his bond
he was wont to call me usurer, let him look to
his bond he was wont to lend money for a
Christian courtesy, let him look to his bond 54

Salar Why, I am sure, if he forfeit thou
wilt not take his flesh what's that good for?

Shy To bait fish withal if it will feed nothing
else, it will feed my revenge He hath disgraced
me, and hindered me half a million, laughed at
my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my
nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends,
heated mine enemies, and what's his reason? I
am a Jew Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a
Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affec-
tions, passions? fed with the same food, hurt
with the same weapons, subject to the same dis-
eases, healed by the same means, warmed and
cooled by the same winter and summer, as a

Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction 78

Enter a Servant

Serv Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both

Salar We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL

Salar Here comes another of the tribe a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew 85

[Exeunt SALARIO, SALARINO and Servant]
Shy How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tub I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her 89

Shy Why there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now, I never felt it till now two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so and I know not what's spent in the search. Why thou—loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders, no sighs but of my breathing, no tears but of my shedding 104

Tub Yes, other men have ill luck too Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis 109

Shy I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack 113

Shy I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news! ha, ha! Where? in Genoa?

Tub Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats 117

Shy Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats! 120

Tub There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break

Shy I am very glad of it. I'll plague him, I'll torture him. I am glad of it. 125

Tub One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey

Shy Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my turquoise, I had it of Leah

when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys

Tub But Antonio is certainly undone 132

Shy Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit, for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue, go, good Tubal, at our synagogue, Tubal *[Exeunt]*

SCENE II —Belmont A Room in PORTIA'S House

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants

Por I pray you, tarry pause a day or two. Before you hazard, for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company therefore, forbear awhile. There's something tells me, but it is not love, I would not lose you, and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality. But lest you should not understand me well,—And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—I would detain you here some month or two. Before you venture for me. I could teach you how to choose right, but then I am forsworn, So will I never be. So may you miss me, But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'erlook'd me and divided me. One half of me is yours, the other half yours, Mine own, I would say, but if mine, then yours, And so all yours. O! these naughty times. Put bars between the owners and their rights, And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, Let fortune go to hell for it, not I. I speak too long, but 'tis to please the time, To eke it and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Bass Let me choose, 24

For as I am, I live upon the rack.
Por Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess. What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass None but that ugly treason of mistrust, Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love. There may as well be amity and life 30

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.
Por Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,

Where men enforced do speak anything 33

Bass Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por Well then, confess, and live

Bass 'Confess' and 'love' Had been the very sum of my confession 36

O happy torment, when my torturer Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets

Por Away then! I am lock'd in one of them. If you do love me, you will find me out 41

Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof. Let music sound while he doth make his choice,

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end, 44 Fading in music that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream

And watery death-bed for him He may win,
 And what is music then? then music is 48
 Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
 To a new-crowned monarch such it is
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
 And summon him to marriage Now he goes, 53
 With no less presence, but with much more love,
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy 56
 To the sea-monster I stand for sacrifice,
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian waves,
 With bleared visages, come forth to view
 The issue of the exploit Go, Hercules! 60
 Live thou, I live with much, much more dismay
 I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray

[A Song, whilst BASSANIO comments on
 the caskets to himself]

Tell me where is fancy bred
 Or in the heart or in the head? 64
 How begot, how nourished?
 Reply reply
 It is engender'd in the eyes
 With gazing fed and fancy dies 68
 In the cradle where it lies
 Let us all ring fancy's knell
 I'll begin it—Ding dong bell.

All Ding dong bell 72

Bass So may the outward shows be least
 themselves

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice, 76
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? 80
 There is no vice so simple but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins 84
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
 Who inward search'd have livers white as milk,
 And these assume but a colour's excrement
 To render them redoubt'd! Look on beauty, 88
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
 Which therein works a miracle in nature
 Making them lightest that wear most of it
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks 92
 Which make such wanton gambols with the
 wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre 96
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty, 'n a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest Therefore, thou gaudy 100
 gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee,
 Nor none of thee that's pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man but thou, thou meagre 104
 lead,

Which rather threat'nest than dost promise
 aught,

Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
 And here choose I joy be the consequence!
 Por [Aside] How all the other passions fleet 108
 to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embac'd de-
 spair,
 And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy
 O love! be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
 In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess, 112
 I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
 For fear I surfeit!

Bass

What find I here?

[Opening the leaden casket]

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine, 117
 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
 Parted with sugar breath, so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends Here, in her 120
 hairs

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs but her eyes!— 68
 How could he see to do them? having made one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his
 And leave itself unfurnish'd yet look, how far
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this
 shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow 128
 Doth limp behind the substance Here's the
 scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune

You that choose not by the view,
 Chance as fair and choose as true! 132
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content and seek no new
 If you be well pleas'd with this
 And hold your fortune for your bliss, 136
 Turn you where your lady is
 And claim her with a loving kiss

A gentle scroll Fair lady, by your leave,

[Kissing her]

I come by note, to give and to receive 140
 Like one of two contending in a prize,
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
 Hearing applause and universal shout,
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt 144
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no,
 So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so,
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,
 Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you 148
 Por You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I
 stand,

Such as I am though for myself alone
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,
 To wish myself much better yet, for you 152
 I would be trebled twenty times myself,
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
 More rich,
 That only to stand high in your account, 156
 I might in virtues beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account but the full sum of me
 Is sum of nothing which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd, 161
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn, happier than this,

She is not bred so dull but she can learn,
 Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours to be directed, 164
 As from her lord, her governor, her king
 Myself and what is mine to you and yours
 Is now converted but now I was the lord 168
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
 Queen o'er myself, and even now, but now,
 This house, these servants, and this same myself 171

Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring,
 Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
 Let it presage the ruin of your love,
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you

Bass Madam, you have bereft me of all words, 176

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins,
 And there is such confusion in my powers,
 As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear 180
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
 Where every something being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
 Express'd and not express'd But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from
 hence 185

O! then be bold to say Bassanio's dead
Ner My lord and lady, it is now our time,
 That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
 To cry, good joy Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
 For I am sure you can wish none from me 192
 And when your honours mean to solemnize
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
 Even at that time I may be marr'd too

Bass With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife 196

Gra I thank your lordship, you have got me one

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours
 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid,
 You lov'd, I lov'd for intermission. 200
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you
 Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
 And so did mine too, as the matter falls,
 For wooing here until I sweat again, 204
 And swearing till my very roof was dry
 With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
 I got a promise of this fair one here 207
 To have her love, provided that your fortune
 Achiev'd her mistress

Por Is this true, Nerissa?
Ner Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal
Bass And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra Yes, faith, my lord 212
Bass Our feast shall be much honour'd in
 your marriage

Gra We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner What! and stake down? 216
Gra No, we shall ne'er win at that sport,
 and stake down

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
 What! and my old Venetian friend, Salanio? 220

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALANIO

Bass Lorenzo, and Salanio, welcome hither,
 If that the youth of my new interest here
 Have power to bid you welcome By your leave,
 I bid my very friends and countrymen, 224
 Sweet Portia, welcome

Por So do I, my lord

They are entirely welcome
Lor I thank your honour For my part, my
 lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here, 228
 But meeting with Salanio by the way,
 He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
 To come with him along

Salan I did, my lord,
 And I have reason for it Signior Antonio 232
 Commends him to you [*Gives* BASSANIO a letter

Bass Ere I ope his letter,
 I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth
Salan Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind,
 Nor well, unless in mind his letter there 236
 Will show you his estate

Gra Nerissa, cheer yon stranger, bid her
 welcome

Your hand, Salanio What's the news from
 Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
 I know he will be glad of our success, 241
 We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece

Salan I would you had won the fleece that
 he hath lost

Por There are some shrewd contents in yon
 same paper, 244

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek
 Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
 Could turn so much the constitution
 Of any constant man What, worse and worse!

With leave, Bassanio, I am half yourself, 249
 And I must freely have the half of anything
 That this same paper brings you

Bass O sweet Portia!
 Here are a few of the unpleasant st words 252

That ever blotted paper Gentle lady,
 When I did first impart my love to you,
 I freely told you all the wealth I had

Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman 256
 And then I told you true, and yet, dear lady,
 Rating myself at nothing, you shall see

How much I was a braggart When I told you
 My state was nothing, I should then have told
 you 260

That I was worse than nothing, for, indeed,
 I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
 Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,

To feed my means Here is a letter, lady, 264
 The paper as the body of my friend,
 And every word in it a gaping wound,
 Issuing life-blood But is it true, Salanio?

Hath all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
 From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England, 269
 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?

And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
 Of merchant-marring rocks?

Salan Not one, my lord 272
 Besides, it should appear, that if he had
 The present money to discharge the Jew,

He would not take it Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man, 276
So keen and greedy to confound a man
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice twenty merchants, 280
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of great'st port, have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture of justice, and his bond 284

Jes When I was with him, I have heard him
swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum 288
That he did owe him, and I know, my lord,
If law authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio

Por Is it your dear friend that is thus in
trouble? 292

Bass The dearest friend to me, the kindest
man

The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears 296
Than any that draws breath in Italy

Por What sum oves he the Jew?
Bass For me, three thousand ducats

Por What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond, 300
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault
First go with me to church and call me wife, 304
And then away to Venice to your friend,
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over 308
When it is paid, bring your true friend along
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime,
Will live as maids and widows Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day 312
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer,
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear
But let me hear the letter of your friend 315

Bass Sweet Bassanio my ships have all mis-
carried my creditors grow cruel my estate is very
low my bond to the Jew is forfeit and since in
paying it it is impossible I should live all debts
are cleared between you and I if I might but see
you at my death Notwithstanding use your
pleasure if your love do not persuade you to come,
let not my letter

Por O love, dispatch all business, and be
gone! 324

Bass Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste but, till I come again,
No bed shall I be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — Venice A Street

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler

Shy Gaoler, look to him tell not me of
mercy,

This is the fool that lent out money gratis

Gaoler, look to him

Ant Hear me yet, good Shylock
Shy I'll have my bond, speak not against
my bond

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond,
Thou call'st me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs
The duke shall grant me justice I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond 9
To come abroad with him at his request

Ant I pray thee, hear me speak
Shy I'll have my bond, I will not hear thee
speak 12

I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors Follow not, 16
I'll have no speaking, I will have my bond

[*Exit*]

Salar It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men

Ant Let him alone
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers
He seeks my life, his reason well I know 21
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me,
Therefore he hates me

Salar I am sure the duke 24
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold

Ant The duke cannot deny the course of law
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied, 28
'Twill much impeach the justice of the state,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations Therefore, go
These griefs and losses have so bated me, 32
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor
Well, gaoler, on Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! 36
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV — Belmont A Room in PORTIA'S House

*Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA
and BALTHAZAR*

Lor Madam, although I speak it in your
presence,

You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord 4
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work 8
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love, 13
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit,
Which makes me think that this Antonio, 16
Being the bosom lover of my lord,

Must needs be like my lord If it be so,
 How little is the cost I have bestow'd
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul 20
 From out the state of hellish cruelty!
 This comes too near the praising of myself,
 Therefore, no more of it hear other things
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands 24
 The husbandry and manage of my house
 Until my lord's return for mine own part,
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
 To live in prayer and contemplation, 28
 Only attended by Nerissa here,
 Until her husband and my lord's return
 There is a monastery two miles off,
 And there will we abide I do desire you 32
 Not to deny this imposition,
 The which my love and some necessity
 Now lays upon you.

Lor Madam, with all my heart
 I shall obey you in all fair commands 36
Por My people do already know my mind,
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica
 In place of Lord Bassanio and myself
 So fare you well till we shall meet again. 40
Lor Fair thoughts and happy hours attend
 on you!
Jes I wish your ladyship all heart's content
Por I thank you for your wish, and am well
 pleas'd

To wish it back on you fare you well, Jessica
 [Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO]

Now, Balthazar, 45
 As I have ever found thee honest-true,
 So let me find thee still Take this same letter,
 And use thou all the endeavour of a man 48
 In speed to Padua see thou render this
 Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario,
 And, look, what notes and garments he doth
 give thee,
 Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed 52
 Unto the trajet, to the common ferry
 Which trades to Venice Waste no time in words,
 But get thee gone I shall be there before thee
Balth Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[Exit
Por Come on, Nerissa I have work in hand
 That you yet know not of we'll see our husbands
 Before they think of us

Ner Shall they see us?
Por They shall, Nerissa, but in such a habit
 That they shall think we are accomplished 61
 With that we lack I'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both account'd like young men,
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two, 64
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
 And speak between the change of man and boy
 With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride, and speak of frays 68
 Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
 How honourable ladies sought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died
 I could not do without, then I'll repent, 72
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell
 That men shall swear I have discontinu'd school
 Above a twelvemonth I have within my mind

A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
 Which I will practise

Ner Why, shall we turn to men?
Por Fie, what a question's that,
 If thou wert near a lewd interpreter! 80
 But come I'll tell thee all my whole device
 When I am in my coach, which stays for us
 At the park gate, and therefore haste away,
 For we must measure twenty miles to-day 84
 [Exeunt]

SCENE V—The Same A Garden

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun Yes, truly, for, look you, the sins of
 the father are to be laid upon the children, there-
 fore, I promise you, I fear you I was always
 plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation
 of the matter therefore be of good cheer, for,
 truly, I think you are damned There is but one
 hope in it that can do you any good, and that is
 but a kind of bastard hope neither 8

Jes And what hope is that, I pray thee?
Laun Marry, you may partly hope that your
 father got you not, that you are not the Jew's
 daughter 12

Jes That were a kind of bastard hope, in-
 deed so the sins of my mother should be visited
 upon me

Laun Truly then I fear you are damned both
 by father and mother thus when I shun Scylla,
 your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother
 well, you are gone both ways

Jes I shall be saved by my husband, he hath
 made me a Christian 21

Laun Truly the more to blame he we were
 Christians enow before, e'en as many as could
 well live one by another Thus making of Chris-
 tians will raise the price of hogs if we grow all
 to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a
 rasher on the coals for money 27

Jes I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you
 say here he comes

Enter LORENZO

Lor I shall grow jealous of you shortly,
 Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into cor-
 ners 32

Jes Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo
 Launcelot and I are out He tells me flatly,
 there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I
 am a Jew's daughter and he says you are no
 good member of the commonwealth, for, in con-
 verting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of
 pork 39

Lor I shall answer that better to the com-
 monwealth than you can the getting up of the
 negro's belly the Moor is with child by you,
 Launcelot 43

Laun It is much that the Moor should be
 more than reason, but if she be less than an
 honest woman, she is indeed more than I took
 her for 47

Lor How every fool can play upon the word!
 I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn
 into silence, and discourse grow commendable

in none only but parrots Go in, surrah bid
them prepare for dinner 52

Laun That is done, sir, they have all
stomachs

Lor Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are
you! then bid them prepare dinner 56

Laun That is done too, sir, only, 'cover' is
the word.

Lor Will you cover, then, sir? 59

Laun Not so, sir, neither, I know my duty

Lor Yet more quarrelling with occasion!
Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in
an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man
in his plain meaning go to thy fellows, bid
them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we
will come in to dinner 66

Laun For the table, sir, it shall be served in,
for the meat, sir, it shall be covered, for your
coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as hu-
mours and conceits shall govern. [Exit]

Lor O dear discretion, how his words are
suted!

The fool hath planted in his memory 72

An army of good words and I do know

A many fools, that stand in better place,

Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word

Defy the matter How cheer'st thou, Jessica?

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion, 77

How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes Past all expressing It is very meet,

The Lord Bassanio live an upright life, 80

For, having such a blessing in his lady,

He finds the joys of heaven here on earth,

And if on earth he do not mean it, then

In reason he should never come to heaven 84

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly

match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,

And Portia one, there must be something else

Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world

Hath not her fellow

Lor Even such a husband 89

Hast thou of me as she is for a wife

Jes Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor I will anon, first, let us go to dinner 92

Jes Nay, let me praise you while I have a

stomach

Lor No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk,

Then howsoever thou speak'st, 'mong other

things

I shall digest it

Jes Well, I'll set you forth [Exeunt]

ACT IV

SCENE I—Venice A Court of Justice

Enter the DUKE the Magnificoes, ANTONIO,
BASSANTIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO,
and Others

Duke What, is Antonio here?

Ant Ready, so please your Grace

Duke I am sorry for thee, thou art come to
answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty 4

From any dram of mercy

Ant

I have heard

Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course, but since he stands ob-
durate, 8

And that no lawful means can carry me

Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose

My patience to his fury, and am arm'd

To suffer with a quietness of spirit 12

The very tyranny and rage of his

Duke Go one, and call the Jew into the

court

Salar He's ready at the door he comes,

my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke Make room, and let him stand before
our face 16

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice

To the last hour of act, and then 'tis thought

Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more 20

strange

Than is thy strange-apparent cruelty,

And where thou now exact'st the penalty,—

Which is a pound of this poor merchant's

flesh,—

Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture, 24

But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,

Forgive a moiety of the principal,

Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,

That have of late so huddled on his back, 28

Enow to press a royal merchant down,

And pluck commiseration of his state

From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,

From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd

To offices of tender courtesy 33

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew

Shy I have possess'd your Grace of what I

purpose,

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn 36

To have the due and forfeit of my bond

If you deny it, let the danger light

Upon your charter and your city's freedom

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have 40

A weight of carrion flesh than to receive

Three thousand ducats I'll not answer that

But say it is my humour is it answer'd?

What if my house be troubled with a rat, 44

And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats

To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig,

Some, that are mad if they behold a cat, 48

And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,

Cannot contain their urine for affection,

Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood

Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your

answer 52

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,

Why he, a harmless necessary cat,

Why he, a wailing bagpipe, but of force 56

Must yield to such inevitable shame

As to offend, himself being offended,

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,

More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus 61
 A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
Bass This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty 64
Shy I am not bound to please thee with my
 answer
Bass Do all men kill the things they do not
 love?
Shy Hates any man the thing he would not
 kill?
Bass Every offence is not a hate at first 68
Shy What! wouldst thou have a serpent
 sting thee twice?
Ant I pray you, think you question with the
 Jew
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height, 72
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb,
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise 76
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven,
 You may as well do anything most hard,
 As seek to soften that—than which what's
 harder?—
 His Jewish heart therefore, I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no further means, 81
 But with all brief and plain conveyency,
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will
Bass For thy three thousand ducats here
 is six 84
Shy If every ducat in six thousand ducats
 Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
 I would not draw them, I would have my bond
Duke How shalt thou hope for mercy, render-
 ing none? 88
Shy What judgment shall I dread, doing no
 wrong?
 You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
 Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish parts, 92
 Because you bought them shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
 Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
 Be season'd with such viands? You will an-
 swer 97
 'The slaves are ours' so do I answer you
 The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
 Is dearly bought, 'tis mine and I will have it.
 If you deny me, fie upon your law! 101
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice
 I stand for judgment answer, shall I have it?
Duke Upon my power I may dismiss this
 court, 104
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,
 Come here to-day
Salar My lord, here stays without
 A messenger with letters from the doctor, 108
 New come from Padua.
Duke Bring us the letters call the messenger
Bass Good cheer, Antonio! What, man,
 courage yet!
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones,
 and all, 112

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood
Ant I am a tainted wether of the flock
 Meetest for death the weakest kind of fruit
 Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me 116
 You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
 Than to live still, and write mine epitaph
Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk
Duke Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner From both, my lord Bellario greets
 your Grace [Presents a letter
Bass Why dost thou whet thy knife so
 earnestly? 121
Shy To cut the forfeiture from that bank-
 rupt there
Gra Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh
 Jew,
 Thou mak'st thy knife keen, but no metal can,
 No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keen-
 ness 125
 Of thy sharp envy Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy No, none that thou hast wit enough to
 make
Gra O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog! 128
 And for thy life let justice be accus'd
 Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
 That souls of animals infuse themselves 132
 Into the trunks of men thy currish spirit
 Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaugh-
 ter,
 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
 And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
 Infus'd itself in thee, for thy desires 137
 Are wolnsh, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous
Shy Till thou canst rail the seal from off my
 bond,
 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud
 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall 142
 To cureless ruin I stand here for law
Duke This letter from Bellario doth com-
 mend
 A young and learned doctor to our court 144
 Where is he?
Ner He attendeth here hard by,
 To know your answer, whether you'll admit
 him
Duke With all my heart some three or four
 of you 147
 Go give him courteous conduct to this place
 Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter
Clerk Your Grace shall understand that at the
 receipt of your letter I am very sick, but in the
 instant that your messenger came in loving visita-
 tion was with me a young doctor of Rome his
 name is Balthazar I acquainted him with the
 cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio
 the merchant we turned o'er many books toge-
 ther he is furnished with my opinion which
 bettered with his own learning—the greatness
 whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with
 him at my importunity to fill up your Grace's
 request in my stead I beseech you, let his lack
 of years be no impediment to let him lack a re-
 verend estimation for I never knew so young a
 body with so old a head I leave him to your
 gracious acceptance whose trial shall better pub-
 lish his commendation. 166

Duke You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes
And here, I take it, is the doctor come

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws
Give me your hand Came you from old Bellario?

Por I did, my lord

Duke You are welcome take your place
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por I am informed thoroughly of the cause
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth

Por Is your name Shylock?

Shy Shylock is my name 176

Por Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed

[*To ANTONIO*] You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant Ay, so he says

Por Do you confess the bond?

Ant I do

Por Then must the Jew be merciful

Shy On what compulsion must I? tell me that

Por The quality of mercy is not strain'd, 184
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath it is twice bless'd,
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest it becomes 188
The throned monarch better than his crown

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute of awe and majesty

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings,
But mercy is above this sceptred sway, 193

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,

And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this 198
That in the course of justice none of us

Should see salvation we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to

tender 201
The deeds of mercy I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there 205

Shy My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond
Por Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass Yes, here I tender it for him in the court, 209

Yea, twice the sum if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart 212
If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority
To do a great right, do a little wrong, 216
And curb this cruel devil of his will
Por It must not be There is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established
'Twill be recorded for a precedent, 220

And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state It cannot be

Shy A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!

O wise young judge how I do honour thee! 224

Por I pray you let me look upon the bond
Shy Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here

Por Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee

Shy An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven 228

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No not for Venice

Por Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh to be by him cut off 232
Nearest the merchant's heart Be merciful

Take thrice thy money bid me tear the bond
Shy When it is paid according to the tenour

It doth appear you are a worthy judge, 236
You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment by my soul I swear 240
There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me I stay here on my bond
Ant Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgment
Por Why then, thus it is 244

You must prepare your bosom for his knife
Shy O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por For, the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty, 248

Which here appeareth due upon the bond
Shy 'Tis very true! O wise and upright

judge!

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por Therefore lay bare your bosom
Shy Ay his breast

So says the bond—doth it not, noble judge?—
'Nearest his heart' those are the very words

Por It is so Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh? 256

Shy I have them ready
Por Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your

charge
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death

Shy Is it so nominated in the bond? 260

Por It is not so express'd but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity

Shy I cannot find it 'tis not in the bond
Por You, merchant, have you anything to

say? 264

Ant But little I am arm'd and well prepar'd
Give me your hand, Bassanio fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you,
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind 268
Than is her custom it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty, from which lingering pen-
ance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off
Commend me to your honourable wife
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death, 276
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt, 280
For it the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself, 284
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
Here to this devil, to deliver you 288

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks
for that,

If she were by to hear you make the offer
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love
I would she were in heaven, so she could 292
Entreat some power to change this curish Jew

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wish would make else an unquiet house

Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I have
a daughter, 296

Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
We trifle time, I pray thee, pursue sentence

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh
is thine 300

The court awards it, and the law doth give it
Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his
breast

The law allows it, and the court awards it 304

Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! come,
prepare!

Por. Tarry a little there is something else
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood,
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh' 308
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and
goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate 312
Unto the state of Venice

Gra. Oupright judge! Mark, Jew O learned
judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act,
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd 316
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew a learned
judge!

Shy. I take this offer then pay the bond
thrice,

And let the Christian go
Bass. Here is the money 320

Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice, soft! no haste —
He shall have nothing but the penalty

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned
judge! 324

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the
flesh.

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound, be it but so much 328
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair, 332
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy for-
feiture 336

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go
Bass. I have it ready for thee, here it is

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court
He shall have merely justice, and his bond 340

Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the for-
feiture, 344

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question

Por. Tarry, Jew

The law hath yet another hold on you 348

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien

That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen, 352

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods, the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state,
And the offender's life lies in the mercy 350

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st,

For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too 360

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant, and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd

Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke 364

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang
thyself

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,

Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's
charge 368

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of
our spirits,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's,

The other half comes to the general state, 372
Which humbleness may drive into a fine

Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not
that

You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house, you take my life

When you do take the means whereby I live
Por. What mercy can you render him, An-
tonio?

Gra A halter gratis, nothing else, for God's sake!
Ant So please my lord the duke, and all the court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
 I am content, so he will let me have
 The other half in use, to render it,
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman
 That lately stole his daughter
 Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
 He presently become a Christian,
 The other, that he do record a gift,
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
 Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter

Duke He shall do this, or else I do recant
 The pardon that I late pronounced here
Por Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy I am content

Por Clerk, draw a deed of gift

Shy I pray you give me leave to go from hence
 I am not well Send the deed after me,
 And I will sign it

Duke Get thee gone, but do it

Gra In christening thou shalt have two god-fathers,
 Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
 To bring thee to the gallows, not the font

[Exit SHYLOCK]
Duke Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner

Por I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon
 I must away this night toward Padua,
 And it is meet I presently set forth

Duke I am sorry that your leisure serves you not

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
 For, in my mind, you are much bound to him

[Exit DUKE, MAGNIFICOS, and TRAM]
Bass Most worthy gentleman land my friend
 Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
 Of grievous penalties in lieu whereof,
 Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
 We freely cope your courteous pains withal

Ant And stand indebted, over and above,
 In love and service to you evermore

Por He is well paid that is well satisfied,
 And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
 And therein do account myself well paid
 My mind was never yet more mercenary
 I pray you, know me when we meet again
 I wish you well, and so I take my leave

Bass Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
 Not as a fee Grant me two things, I pray you,
 Not to deny me, and to pardon me

Por You press me far, and therefore I will yield

[To ANT] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake,

[To BASS] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you

Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more,
 And you in love shall not deny me this

Bass This ring, good sir? alas! it is a trifle,
 I will not shame myself to give you this

Por I will have nothing else but only this,
 And now methinks I have a mind to it

Bass There's more depends on this than on the value

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
 And find it out by proclamation

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me
Por I see, sir you are liberal in offers

You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
 You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd

Bass Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife,
 And, when she put it on, she made me vow

That I should never sell nor give nor lose it

Por That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts

An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
 And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,
 She would not hold out enemy for ever,
 For giving it to me Well, peace be with you

[Exit PORTIA and NERISSA]
Ant My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring

Let his deservings and my love withal
 Bevalu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment

Bass Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
 Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
 Unto Antonio's house Away! make haste

[Exit GRATIANO]
 Come, you and I will thither presently,
 And in the morning early will we both

Fly toward Belmont Come, Antonio [Exit]

SCENE II—The Same A Street

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA

Por Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,

And let him sign it We'll away to-night,
 And be a day before our husbands home

This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo

Enter GRATIANO

Gra Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
 My Lord Bassanio upon more advice

Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
 Your company at dinner

Por That cannot be
 His ring I do accept most thankfully,

And so, I pray you, tell him furthermore,
 I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house

Gra That will I do
Ner Sir, I would speak with you

[Aside to PORTIA] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever

Por Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing

That they did give the rings away to men,
 But we'll outface them, and outswear them too

Away! make haste thou know'st where I will
tarry
Ner Come, good sir, will you show me to
this house? *[Exeunt]*

ACT V

SCENE I — *Belmont The Avenue to PORTIA'S
House*

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA

Lor The moon shines bright in such a night
as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls, 4
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night

Jes In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself, 8
And ran dismay'd away

Lor In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage

Jes In such a night 12
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont

Jes In such a night 17
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one

Lor In such a night 20
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her

Jes I would out-night you, did no body come,
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man 24

Enter STEPHANO

Lor Who comes so fast in silence of the
night?

Steph A friend

Lor A friend! what friend? your name, I
pray you, friend

Steph Stephano is my name, and I bring
word 28

My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours

Lor Who comes with her? 32
Steph None, but a holy hermit and her maid
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor He is not, nor we have not heard from
him

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica, 36
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT

Laun Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor Who calls? 40

Laun Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo?
Master Lorenzo! sola, sola!

Lor Leave hollaing, man, here

Laun Sola! where? where? 44

Lor Here

Laun Tell him there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news my
master will be here ere morning *[Exit]*

Lor Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect
their coming 49

And yet no matter, why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand, 52
And bring your music forth into the air

[Exit STEPHANO]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears soft stillness and the night 56
Become the touches of sweet harmony

Sit, Jessica look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold
There's not the smallest orb which thou be-
hold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings, 61
Still quining to the young-eyed cherubins,
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay 64
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music *[Music]*

Jes I am never merry when I hear sweet
music 69

Lor The reason is, your spirits are attentive
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, 72
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing
loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears, 76
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods, 80

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, 85
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus
Let no such man be trusted Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance

Por That light we see is burning in my hall
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world

Ner When the moon shone, we did not see
the candle 92

Por So doth the greater glory dim the less
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state

Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters Music! hark!

Ner It is your music, madam, of the house
Por Nothing is good, I see, without respect
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day

Ner Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam
Por The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

[Music ceases]
Lor That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia

Por He knows me, as the blind man knows
the cuckoo,
By the bad voice

Lor Dear lady, welcome home
Por We have been praying for our husbands'
welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words
Are they return'd?

Lor Madam, they are not yet,
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming

Por Go in, Nerissa
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you, Lorenzo, Jessica, nor you

[A tucket sounds]
Lor Your husband is at hand, I hear his
trumpet

We are no tell-tales, madam, fear you not
Por This night methinks is but the daylight
sick,

It looks a little paler 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid

Enter BASSANTIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and
their Followers

Bass We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun

Por Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me

But God sort all! You are welcome home, my
lord

Bass I thank you, madam. Give welcome
to my friend

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound

Por You should in all sense be much bound
to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant No more than I am well acquainted of
Por Sir, you are very welcome to our house
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy

Gra [To NERISSA] By yonder moon I swear
you do me wrong,

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por Aquarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose poesy was

For all the world like cutlers' poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'

Ner What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,

That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respectful and have kept

it

Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that

had it

Gra He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner Ay, if a woman live to be a man

Gra Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee
I could not for my heart deny it him

Por You were to blame,—I must be plain
with you,—

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift,
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh

I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it, and here he stands,
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it

Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters Now, in faith, Gra-

tiano,

You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it

Bass [Aside] Why, I were best to cut my
left hand off,

And swear I lost the ring defending it

Gra My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed

Deserv'd it too, and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd

mine,
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings

Por What ring gave you, my lord?

Not that, I hope, that you receiv'd of me
Bass If I could add a lie unto a fault,

I would deny it, but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone

Por Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring

Ner Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine

Bass Sweet Portia,

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,

And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,

When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your dis-

pleasure
Por If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,

You would not then have parted with the ring
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it 204
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe

I'll die for't but some woman had the ring 208
Bass No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away, 213
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend What should I say, sweet
lady?

I was enforc'd to send it after him, 216
I was beset with shame and courtesy,
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessed candles of the night, 220
Had you been there, I think you would have
begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor

Por Let not that doctor e'er come near my
house

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd, 224
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you,
I'll not deny him anything I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed 228
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it
Lie not a night from home, watch me like Argus
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour, which is yet mine own, 232
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow

Ner And I his clerk, therefore be well ad-
vis'd

How you do leave me to mine own protection
Gra Well, do you so let me not take him,
then, 236

For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen

Ant I am the unhappy subject of these
quarrels

Por Sir, grieve not you, you are welcome
notwithstanding

Bass Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these many friends, 241
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself, 244
In each eye, one swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit

Bass Nay, but hear me
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee 248

Ant I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's
ring,

Had quite miscarried I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord 252
Will never more break faith advisedly

Por Then you shall be his surety Give him
this,

And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant Here, Lord Bassanio, swear to keep
this ring 256

Bass By heaven! it is the same I gave the
doctor!

Por I had it of him pardon me, Bassanio,
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me 259

Ner And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me

Gra Why, this is like the mending of high-
ways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough 264
What! are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

Por Speak not so grossly You are all
amaz'd

Here is a letter, read it at your leisure,
It comes from Padua, from Bellario 268

There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa, there, her clerk Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you
And even but now return'd, I have not yet 272
Enter'd my house Antonio, you are welcome,
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect unseal this letter soon,
There you shall find three of your argosies 276
Are richly come to harbour suddenly
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter

Ant I am dumb

Bass Were you the doctor and I knew you
not? 280

Gra Were you the clerk that is to make me
cuckold?

Ner Ay, but the clerk that never means to
do it,

Unless he live until he be a man

Bass Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-
fellow 284

When I am absent, then, he with my wife

Ant Sweet lady, you have given me life and
living,

For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road

Por How now, Lorenzo! 288
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner Ay, and I'll give them him without a
fee

There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift, 292
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of

Lor Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people

Por It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied 296

Of these events at full Let us go in,
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully

Gra Let it be so the first inter'gatory 300
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,

Wher'till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,

That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing 306
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring [Exeunt

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE living in exile
 FREDERICK his Brother Usurper of his Dominions
 AMIENS } Lords attending upon the banished Duke
 JACQUES, }
 LE BEAU a Courtier attending upon Frederick
 CHARLES, a Wrestler
 OLIVER, } Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys
 JACQUES }
 ORLANDO }
 ADAM } Servants to Oliver
 DENNIS }
 TOUCHSTONE a Clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT a Vicar
 CORIN }
 SILVIUS } Shepherds
 WILLIAM, a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey
 A person representing Hymen.
 ROSALIND Daughter to the banished Duke
 CELIA, Daughter to Frederick
 PHOEBE a Shepherdess
 AUDREY, a Country Wench
 Lords Pages, Foresters and Attendants.

SCENE—First, OLIVER'S Orchard near his House afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden

ACT I

SCENE I—An Orchard near OLIVER'S House

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM

Orl As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother on his blessing, to breed me well and there begins my sadness My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept, for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better, for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education This is it Adam, that grieves me, and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me begins to munny against this servitude I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it 27

Adam Yonder comes my master, your brother
 Orl Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up

Enter OLIVER

Ol Now, sir! what make you here? 31
 Orl Nothing I am not taught to make anything
 Ol What mar you then, sir?
 Orl Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness 37

Ol Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile

Orl Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Ol Know you where you are, sir?

Orl O! sir, very well here in your orchard

Ol Know you before whom, sir? 45

Orl Ay, better than he I am before knows me I know you are my eldest brother, and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence

Ol What, boy! 56

Orl Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this

Ol Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain? 59

Orl I am no villain, I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so thou hast railed on thyself 66

Adam [Coming forward] Sweet masters, be patient for your father's remembrance, be at accord

Ol Let me go, I say 70

Orl I will not, till I please you shall hear me My father charged you in his will to give me good education you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it, therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will go buy my fortunes 80

Ol. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you, you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me. 84

Orl. I will not further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Ol. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM]

Ol. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS

Den. Calls your worship? 95

Ol. Was not Charles the duke's wrestler here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you. 99

Ol. Call him in. [Exit DENNIS] 'Twill be a good way, and to-morrow the wrestling is

Enter CHARLES

Cha. Good-morrow to your worship. 102

Ol. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander. 111

Ol. Can you tell if Rosalind the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no, for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her—being ever from their cradles bred together—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter, and never two ladies loved as they do. 120

Ol. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him, and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Ol. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke? 129

Cha. Marry, do I, sir, and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him as I must, for my own honour, if he come in therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intentment, or brook such disgrace well as he

shall run into in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will. 144

Ol. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to it, for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath taken thy life by some indirect means or other, for, I assure thee,—and almost with tears I speak it,—there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him, but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 167

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more, and so God keep your worship! [Exit]

Ol. Farewell good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him, for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled, and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and, indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long, this wrestler shall clear all, nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

SCENE II.—A Lawn before the DUKE'S Palace

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 7

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee. 15

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have, and, truly, when he

dies, thou shalt be his heir for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection, by mine honour, I will, and when I break that oath, let me turn monster Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry 25

Ros From henceforth I will coze, and devise sports Let me see, what think you of falling in love? 28

Cel Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again 33

Ros What shall be our sport then?

Cel Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally 37

Ros I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women

Cel 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favour'dly 43

Ros Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature

Enter TOUCHSTONE

Cel No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? 51

Ros Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit

Cel Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's, who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits How now, wit! whither wander you? 61

Touch Mistress, you must come away to your father

Cel Were you made the messenger?

Touch No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you 66

Ros Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn 73

Cel How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros Ay, marry now unmuzzle your wisdom

Touch Stand you both forth now stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave 79

Cel By our beards, if we had them, thou art

Touch By my knavery, if I had it, then I were, but if you swear by that that is not, you

are not forsworn no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any, or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard 86

Cel Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch One that old Frederick, your father, loves

Cel My father's love is enough to honour him Enough! speak no more of him, you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days 92

Touch The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly

Cel By my troth, thou sayest true, for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show Here comes Monsieur Le Beau 98

Ros With his mouth full of news

Cel Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young

Ros Then we shall be news-cramm'd

Cel All the better, we shall be more marketable 104

Enter LE BEAU

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau what's the news?

Le Beau Fair princess, you have lost much good sport

Cel Sport! Of what colour? 108

Le Beau What colour, madam! How shall I answer you?

Ros As wit and fortune will

Touch Or as the Destinies decree 112

Cel Well said that was laid on with a trowel

Touch Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros Thou lovest thy old smell

Le Beau You amaze me, ladies I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of 118

Ros Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling

Le Beau I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do, and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it 123

Cel Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried

Le Beau There comes an old man and his three sons,— 127

Cel I could match this beginning with an old tale

Le Beau Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence,—

Ros With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents' 133

Le Beau The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him so he served the second, and so the third Yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping 141

Ros Alas!

Touch But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost? 144

Le Beau Why, this that I speak of

Touch Thus men may grow wiser every day

it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies 148

Cel Or I, I promise thee

Ros But is there any else longs to feel thus broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin? 153

Le Beau You must, if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it 156

Cel Yonder, sure, they are coming let us now stay and see it

Flourish Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants

Duke F Come on since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness 161

Ros Is yonder the man?

Le Beau Even he, madam

Cel Alas! he is too young yet he looks successfully 165

Duke F How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave 169

Duke F You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man in pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated Speak to him, ladies, see if you can move him

Cel Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau

Duke F Do so I'll not be by 176

[DUKE goes apart]

Le Beau Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you

Orl I attend them with all respect and duty

Ros Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler? 181

Orl No, fair princess, he is the general challenger I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth 184

Cel Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt. 192

Ros Do, young sir your reputation shall not therefore be misprised We will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward 196

Orl I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious, if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing, only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty 208

Ros The little strength that I have, I would it were with you

Cel And mine, to eke out hers

Ros Fare you well Pray heaven I be deceived in you! 213

Cel Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth? 216

Orl Ready, sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working

Duke F You shall try but one fall 219

Cha No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first

Orl You mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before but come your ways 223

Ros Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg 228

[CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle]

Ros O excellent young man!

Cel If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down

[CHARLES is thrown Shout]

Duke F No more, no more 232

Orl Yes, I beseech your Grace I am not yet well breathed

Duke F How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau He cannot speak, my lord 236

Duke F Bear him away What is thy name, young man? [CHARLES is borne out]

Orl Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys 240

Duke F I would thou hadst been son to some man else

The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed, 244

Hadst thou descended from another house But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth

I would thou hadst told me of another father [Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK, Train, and LE BEAU]

Cel Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son, 249

His youngest son, and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick

Ros My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind 253

Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventur'd

Cel Gentle cousin, 256

Let us go thank him and encourage him My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart Sir, you have well deserv'd If you do keep your promises in love 260

But justly, as you have exceeded all promise, Your mistress shall be happy

Ros Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain from her neck] Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune

That could give more, but that her hand lacks
means 264

Shall we go, coz?

Cel Ay Fare you well, fair gentleman

Orl Can I not say, I thank you? My better
parts

Are all thrown down, and that which here
stands up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block 268

Ros He calls us back my pride fell with my
fortunes,

I'll ask him what he would Did you call, sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown

More than your enemies

Cel Will you go, coz? 272

Ros Have with you. Fare you well

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA*]

Orl What passion hangs these weights upon
my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown! 276

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee

Re-enter LE BEAU

Le Beau Good sir, I do in friendship counsel
you

To leave this place Albeit you have deserv'd

High commendation, true applause and love,

Yet such is now the duke's condition 281

That he misconstrues all that you have done

The duke is humorous what he is indeed,

More suits you to conceive than I to speak of

Orl I thank you, sir, and pray you, tell me
this, 285

Which of the two was daughter of the duke,

That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau Neither his daughter, if we judge

by manners 288

But yet, indeed the smaller is his daughter

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,

To keep his daughter company, whose loves 292

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters

But I can tell you that of late this duke

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,

Grounded upon no other argument 296

But that the people praise her for her virtues,

And pity her for her good father's sake

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady

Will suddenly break forth Sir, fare you well

Hereafter, in a better world than this, 301

I shall all desire more love and knowledge of you

Orl I rest much bounden to you fare you
well [Exit LE BEAU]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,

From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother 305

But heavenly Rosalind! [Exit]

SCENE III —A Room in the Palace

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND

Cel Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid
have mercy! Not a word?

Ros Not one to throw at a dog

Cel No, thy words are too precious to be cast

away upon curs, throw some of them at me,
come, lame me with reasons

Ros Then there were two cousins laid up,
when the one should be lamed with reasons and
the other mad without any 9

Cel But is all this for your father?

Ros No, some of it is for my child's father

O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon

thee in holiday foolery if we walk not in the

trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch
them 16

Ros I could shake them off my coat these

burrs are in my heart

Cel Hem them away

Ros I would try, if I could cry 'hem,' and
have him 21

Cel Come, come, wrestle with thy affections

Ros O! they take the part of a better wrestler

than myself! 24

Cel O, a good wish upon you! you will try in

time, in despite of a fall But, turning these

jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest

is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall

into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's

youngest son? 26

Ros The duke my father loved his father

dearly 32

Cel Doth it therefore ensue that you should

love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I

should hate him, for my father hated his father

dearly, yet I hate not Orlando 36

Ros No, faith, hate him not, for my sake

Cel Why should I not? doth he not deserve
well? 42

Ros Let me love him for that, and do you

love him, because I do Look, here comes the
duke 42

Cel With his eyes full of anger

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords

Duke F Mistress, dispatch you with your

safest haste, 44

And get you from our court

Ros Me, uncle?

Duke F You, cousin

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found

So near our public court as twenty miles,

Thou diest for it

Ros I do beseech your Grace, 48

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me,

If with myself I hold intelligence,

Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,

If that I do not dream or be not frantic,— 52

As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,

Never so much as in a thought unborn

Did I offend your highness

Duke F Thus do all traitors

If their purgation did consist in words, 56

They are as innocent as grace itself

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not

Ros Yet your mistrust cannot make me a

traitor

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends 60

Duke F Thou art thy father's daughter,

there's enough

Ros So was I when your highness took his dukedom,
 So was I when your highness banish'd him
 Treason is not inherited, my lord, 64
 Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
 What's that to me? my father was no traitor
 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
 To think my poverty is treacherous 68

Cel Dear sovereign, hear me speak
Duke F Ay, Celia, we stay'd her for your sake

Else had she with her father rang'd along
Cel I did not then entreat to have her stay
 It was your pleasure and your own remorse 73
 I was too young that time to value her,
 But now I know her if she be a traitor,
 Why so am I, we still have slept together, 76
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
 And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we were coupled and inseparable

Duke F She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothness, 80

Her very silence and her patience,
 Speak to the people, and they pity her
 Thou art a fool she robs thee of thy name,
 And thou wilt show more bright and seem
 more virtuous 84

When she is gone Then open not thy lips
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom
 Which I have pass'd upon her, she is banish'd

Cel Pronounce that sentence then, on me,
 my liege 88

I cannot live out of her company

Duke F You are a fool You, niece, provide yourself

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
 And in the greatness of my word, you die 92

[*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and Lords*]
Cel O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine
 I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am

Ros I have more cause

Cel Thou hast not, cousin, 96
 Prithce, be cheerful, know'st thou not, the duke
 Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros That he hath not

Cel No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love 99

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one
 Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?

No let my father seek another heir
 Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us 104
 And do not seek to take your change upon you,
 To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out,
 For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
 Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee 108

Ros Why, whither shall we go?

Cel To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden

Ros Alas, what danger will it be to us,
 Maids as we are, to travel forth so far! 112
 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold

Cel I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umber smurgh my face,
 The like do you so shall we pass along 116
 And never stir assailants

Ros Were it not better,
 Because that I am more than common tall,
 That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh, 120
 A boar-spear in my hand, and,—in my heart
 Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,—
 We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
 As many other mannish cowards have 124

That do outface it with their semblances
Cel What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
 And therefore look you call me Ganymede 128
 But what will you be call'd?

Cel Something that hath a reference to my state

No longer Celia, but Aliena

Ros But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal 132

The clownish fool out of your father's court?
 Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel He'll go along o'er the wide world with me,

Leave me alone to woo him Let's away, 136
 And get our jewels and our wealth together,
 Devise the fittest time and safest way

To hide us from pursuit that will be made
 After my flight Now go we in content 140

To liberty and not to banishment [*Exeunt*]

ACT II

SCENE I—*The Forest of Arden*

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and other Lords, like Foresters

Duke S Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods

More free from peril than the envious court? 4
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference, as, the icy fang

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say 9
 'This is no flattery these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am'

Sweet are the uses of adversity, 12
 Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head,

And thus our life exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running

brooks, 16
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing
 I would not change it

Am Happy is your Grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune

Into so quiet and so sweet a style 20

Duke S Come, shall we go and kill us venison?

And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd

First Lord Indeed, my lord, 25
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself 29
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag, 33
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern 37
coat

Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase, and thus the hairy fool, 40
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears

Duke S But what said Jaques?
Did I e not moralize this spectacle? 44

First Lord O, yes, into a thousand smiles
First, for his weeping into the needless stream,
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more 48
To that which had too much ' then, being there
alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
'Tis right,' quoth he, 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company; anon a careless herd, 52
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him, 'Ay,' quoth
Jaques,

'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,
'Tis just the fashion, wherefore do you look 56
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we 60
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place

Duke S And did you leave him in this con-
templation? 64

Sec Lord We did, my lord, weeping and
commenting

Upon the sobbing deer

Duke S Show me the place
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter 68

Sec Lord I'll bring you to him straight
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — A Room in the Palace

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F Can it be possible that no man saw
them?

It cannot be some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this

First Lord I cannot hear of any that did see
her 4

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and, in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress

Sec Lord My lord, the roynish clown, at
whom so oft 8

Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler 13
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles,
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company 16

Duke F Send to his brother, fetch that
gallant hither,

If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him Do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail 20
To bring again these foolish runaways

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — Before OLIVER's House

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting

Orl Who's there?

Adam What! my young master? O my
gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and
valiant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony praiser of the humorous duke? 8
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you 13
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl Why, what's the matter?

Adam O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors, within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives

Your brother,—no, no brother, yet the son,—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son 20
Of him I was about to call his father,—

Hath heard your praises, and thus might he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,

And you within it if he fail of that, 24
He will have other means to cut you off

I overheard him and his practices
This is no place, this house is but a butchery

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it. 28

Orl Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have
me go?

Adam No matter whither, so you come not
here

Orl What! wouldst thou have me go and beg
my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce 32
A thievish living on the common road?

Thus I must do, or know not what to do
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood and bloody brother
Adam But do not so I have five hundred
 crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
 Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 And unregarded age in corners thrown
 Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold,
 All this I give you Let me be your servant
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility,
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly Let me go with you,
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities

Orl O good old man! how well in thee ap-
 pears

The constant service of the antique world,
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion,
 And having that, do choke their service up
 Even with the having it is not so with thee
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content

Adam Master, go on, and I will follow thee
 To the last gasp with truth and loyalty
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
 Here lived I, but now live here no more
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
 But at fourscore it is too late a week
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
 Than to die well and not my master's debtor

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV — *The Forest of Arden*

*Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed
 like a shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE*

Ros O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits
 — *Touch* I care not for my spirits if my legs
 were not weary

Ros I could find it in my heart to disgrace my
 man's apparel and to cry like a woman, but I
 must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and
 hose ought to show itself courageous to petti-
 coat therefore, courage, good *Athena*

Cel I pray you, bear with me I cannot go
 no further

Touch For my part, I had rather bear with
 you than bear you, yet I should bear no cross if
 I did bear you, for I think you have no money
 in your purse

Ros Well, this is the forest of Arden!

Touch Ay, now am I in Arden, the more
 fool I when I was at home, I was in a better
 place but travellers must be content
Ros Ay, beseech you, good Touchstone Look you,
 who comes here, a young man and an old in
 solemn talk

Enter CORIN and SILVUS

Cor That is the way to make her scorn you
 still

Sil O *Corin*, that thou knew'st now I do love
 her!

Cor I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now
Sil No, *Corin*, being old, thou canst not
 guess,

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
 As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow
 But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
 As sure I think did never man love so,—

How many actions most ridiculous
 Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor Into a thousand that I have forgotten

Sil O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily
 If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,
 Thou hast not lov'd

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
 Wearing thy hearer with thy mistress' praise,
 Thou hast not lov'd

Or if thou hast not broke from company
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
 Thou hast not lov'd O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*!

[*Exit*]

Ros Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy
 wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own
Touch And I mine I remember, when I was
 in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid
 him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile,
 and I remember the kissing of her batler, and
 the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands
 had milked, and I remember the wooing of a
 peascod instead of her, from whom I took two
 cods, and giving her them again, said with weep-
 ing tears, 'Wear these for my sake' We that are
 true lovers run into strange capers, but as all is
 mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal
 in folly

Ros Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware
 of

Touch Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own
 wit till I break my shins against it

Ros Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
 Is much upon my fashion

Touch And mine, but it grows something
 stale with me

Cel I pray you, one of you question yond
 man,

If he for gold will give us any food
 I faint almost to death

Touch Holla, you clown!
Ros Peace, fool he's not thy kinsman.

Cor Who calls? *68*

Touch Your betters, sir

Cor Else are they very wretched.

Ros Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Cor And to you, gentle sir, and to you all
Ros I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
 Can in this desert place buy entertainment,⁷³
 Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed
 Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
 And fants for succour

Cor Fair sir, I pity her, 76
 And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
 My fortunes were more able to relieve her,
 But I am shepherd to another man,
 And do not shear the fleeces that I graze 80
 My master is of churlish disposition
 And little reckes to find the way to heaven
 By doing deeds of hospitality

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
 Are now on sale, and at our shee-cote now, 85
 By reason of his absence, there is nothing
 That you will feed on, but what is, come see,
 And in my voice most welcome shall you be 88

Ros What is he that shall buy his flock and
 pasture?

Cor That young swain that you saw here but
 erewhile,

That little cares for buying anything

Ros I pray thee, if it stand with honesty, 92
 Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
 And thou shalt have to pay for it of us

Cel And we will mend thy wages I like this
 place,

And willingly could waste my time in it 96

Cor Assuredly the thing is to be sold
 Go with me if you like upon report
 The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
 I will your very faithful feeder be, 100
 And buy it with your gold right suddenly

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter AMIENS, JACQUES, and Others

SONG

Ami Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat 4
 Come hither come hither come hither
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather

Jaq More, more, I prithee, more

Ami It will make you melancholy, Monsieur
 Jaques 11

Jaq I thank it More! I prithee, more I
 can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel
 sucks eggs More! I prithee, more

Ami My voice is ragged, I know I cannot
 please you 16

Jaq I do not desire you to please me, I do
 desire you to sing Come, more, another stanza
 call you them stanzas?

Ami What you will, Monsieur Jaques 20

Jaq Nay, I care not for their names, they
 owe me nothing Will you sing?

Ami More at your request than to please
 myself 24

Jaq Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank
 you but that they call compliment is like the en-
 counter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks
 me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny
 and he renders me the beggarly thanks Come,
 sing, and you that will not, hold your tongues

Ami Well, I'll end the song Sirs, cover the
 while, the duke will drink under this tree He
 hath been all this day to look you. 33

Jaq And I have been all this day to avoid him
 He is too disputable for my company I think of
 as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks,
 and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come

SONG

Ami Who doth ambition shun [*All together here*
 And loves to live the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats 40
 And pleas'd with what he gets

Come hither come hither come hither
 Here shall he see
 No enemy 44
 But winter and rough weather

Jaq I'll give you a verse to this note, that I
 made yesterday in despite of my invention

Ami And I'll sing it 48

Jaq Thus it goes

If it do come to pass
 That any man turn ass
 Leaving his wealth and ease 52
 A stubborn will to please
 Duce-dame duc-dame duc-dame
 Here shall he see
 Gross fools as he, 56
 An if he will come to me

Ami What's that 'ducdame'?

Jaq 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into
 a circle I'll go sleep if I can, if I cannot, I'll
 rail against all the first-born of Egypt 61

Ami And I'll go seek the duke his banquet
 is prepared. [*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE VI—Another Part of the Forest

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM

Adam Dear master, I can go no further O!
 I die for food Here lie I down, and measure
 out my grave Farewell, kind master 3

Orl Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart
 in thee? Live a little, comfort a little cheer
 thyself a little If this uncouth forest yield any-
 thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring
 it for food to thee Thy concert is nearer death
 than thy powers For my sake be comfortable,
 hold death awhile at the arm's end, I will here
 be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not
 something to eat, I will give thee leave to die,
 but if thou diest before I come, thou art a
 mocker of my labour Well said! thou lookest
 cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly Yet thou
 liest in the bleak air come, I will bear thee to
 some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of
 a dinner, if there live anything in this desert
 Cheerly, good Adam. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII — *Another Part of the Forest*
A table set out Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS,
Lords like Outlaws

Duke S I think he be transform'd into a
 beast,
 For I can nowhere find him like a man
First Lord My lord, he is but even now gone
 hence
 Here was he merry, hearing of a song
Duke S If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
 We shall have shortly discord in the spheres
 Go, seek him tell him I would speak with him
First Lord He saves my labour by his own
 approach

Enter JAQUES

Duke S Why, how now, monsieur! what a
 life is this,
 That your poor friends must woo your com-
 pany?
 What, you look merrily!
Jaq A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
 A motley fool, a miserable world!
 As I do live by food, I met a fool,
 Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
 And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms, 16
 In good set terms, and yet a motley fool
 'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I 'No, sir,' quoth
 he,
 'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me
 fortune'
 And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20
 And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock,
 Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world
 wags
 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine, 24
 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven,
 And so, from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale' When I did hear 28
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
 And I did laugh sans intermission 32
 An hour by his dial O noble fool!
 A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear
Duke S What fool is this?
Jaq O worthy fool! One that hath been a
 courtier,
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair, 36
 They have the gift to know it, and in his
 brain,—
 Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
 After a voyage,—he hath strange places 40
 cramm'd
 With observation, the which he vents
 In mangled forms O that I were a fool!
 I am ambitious for a motley coat
Duke S Thou shalt have one
Jaq It is my only suit, 44
 Provided that you weed your better judgments
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them
 That I am wise I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charmer as the wind, 48
 To blow on whom I please, for so fools have

And they that are most galled with my folly,
 They must must laugh And why, sir, must
 they so?
 The 'why' is plain as way to parish church 52
 He that a fool doth very wisely hit
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob, if not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd 56
 Even by the squandering glances of the fool
 Invest me in my motley, give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and
 through
 Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world, 60
 If they will patiently receive my medicine
Duke S Fie on thee! I can tell what thou
 wouldst do
Jaq What, for a counter, would I do, but
 good?
Duke S Most mischievous foul sin, in chid-
 ing sin 64
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself
 And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
 That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world
Jaq Why, who cries out on pride,
 That can therein tax any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea, 72
 Till that the weary very means do ebb?
 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say the city-woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders? 76
 Who can come in and say that I mean her,
 When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
 Or what is he of basest function,
 That says his bravery is not on my cost,— 80
 Thinking that I mean him,—but therein suits
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?
 There then, how then? what then? Let me see
 wherein
 My tongue hath wrong'd him if it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himself, if he be free, 85
 Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
 Unclamd of any man But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn

Orl Forbear, and eat no more
Jaq Why, I have eat none yet
Orl Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd 89
Jaq Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke S Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy
 distress,
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners, 92
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl You touch'd my vein at first the thorny
 point
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
 Of smooth civility, yet I am inland bred 96
 And know some nurture But forbear, I say
 He dies that touches any of this fruit
 Till I and my affairs are answered
Jaq An you will not be answered with reason,
 I must die 101
Duke S What would you have? Your gentle-
 ness shall force
 More than your force move us to gentleness

Orl I almost die for food, and let me have it
Duke S Sit down and feed, and welcome to
 our table 105
Orl Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray
 you

I thought that all things had been savage here,
 And therefore put I on the countenance 108
 Of stern commandment But whate'er you are
 That in this desert inaccessible,
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time, 112
 If ever you have look'd on better days,
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
 If ever sat at any good man's feast,
 If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear, 116
 And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be
 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword
Duke S True is it that we have seen better
 days, 120

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
 And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our
 eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd,
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness 124
 And take upon command what help we have
 That to your wanting may be minister'd

Orl Then but forbear your food a little while,
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn 128
 And give it food There is an old poor man,
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Lump'd in pure love till he be first suffic'd,
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
 I will not touch a bit

Duke S Go find him out, 133
 And we will nothing waste till you return

Orl I thank ye, and be bless'd for your good
 comfort! [Exit 136]

Duke S Thou seest we are not all alone un-
 happy 136

This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woful pageants than the scene
 Wherein we play in

Jaq All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players
 They have their exits and their entrances, 141
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms 144
 And then the whining school-boy, with his
 satchel,

And shuning morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad 148
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation 152
 Even in the cannon's mouth And then the
 justice,

In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances, 156
 And so he plays his part The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloan,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side, 159

His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history, 164
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-
 thing

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM

Duke S Welcome Set down your venerable
 burden,

And let him feed

Orl I thank you most for him 168
Adam So had you need

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself
Duke S Welcome, fall to I will not trouble
 you 171

As yet, to question you about your fortunes
 Give us some music, and, good cousin, sing

SONG

Am. Blow blow thou winter wind
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude 176
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen

Although thy breath be rude
 Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly 180
 Most friendship is feigning most loving mere folly
 Then heigh ho! the holly!
 This life is most jolly

Freeze freeze thou bitter sky
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot
 Though thou the waters warp
 Thy sting is not so sharp 188
 As friend remember'd not

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly
 Most friendship is feigning most loving mere folly
 Then heigh ho! the holly! 192
 This life is most oily

Duke S If that you were the good Sir Row-
 land's son,
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness 196
 Most truly himn'd and living in your face,
 Be truly welcome hither I am the duke
 That lov'd your father the residue of your
 fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me Good old man, 200
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is
 Support him by the arm Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand
 [Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE I—A Room in the Palace

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and
 Attendants*

Duke F Not seen him since! Sir, sir, that
 cannot be
 But were I not the better part made mercy,
 I should not seek an absent argument
 Of my revenge, thou present But look to it 4
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is,

Seek him with candle, bring him, dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory 8
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call
thine

Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee 12

Oh! O that your highness knew my heart in
this!

I never lov'd my brother in my life
Duke F More villain thou Well, push him
out of doors,

And let my officers of such a nature 16
Make an extent upon his house and lands
Do this expediently and turn him going
[Exeunt

SCENE II — *The Forest of Arden*

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper

Orl Hang there, my verse, in witness of my
love.

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,
survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth
sway 4

O Rosahnd! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,

Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere 8
Run, run, Orlando carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she
[Exit

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE

Cor And how like you this shepherd's life,
Master Touchstone? 12

Touch Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself,
it is a good life, but in respect that it is a shep-
herd's life, it is naught In respect that it is
solitary, I like it very well, but in respect that
it is private, it is a very vile life Now, in respect
it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well, but in
respect it is not in the court, it is tedious As
it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour
well, but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes
much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy
in thee, shepherd? 23

Cor No more but that I know the more one
sickens the worse at ease he is, and that he that
wants money, means, and content, is without
three good friends, that the property of rain is
to wet, and fire to burn, that good pasture
makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the
night is lack of the sun, that he that hath
learned no wit by nature nor art may com-
plain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull
kindred 33

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.
Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor No, truly 36

Touch Then thou art damned.

Cor Nay, I hope

Touch Truly, thou art damned like an ill-
roasted egg, all on one side 40

Cor For not being at court? Your reason

Touch Why, if thou never wast at court, thou
never sawest good manners, if thou never sawest
good manners, then thy manners must be wick-
ed, and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation.
Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd 46

Cor Not a whit, Touchstone those that are
good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in
the country as the behaviour of the country is
most mockable at the court You told me you
salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands,
that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers
were shepherds 53

Touch Instance, briefly, come, instance

Cor Why, we are still handling our ewes, and
they fells, you know are greasy 56

Touch Why, do not your courtier's hands
sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as
wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow,
shallow A better instance, I say, come 60

Cor Besides, our hands are hard

Touch Your lips will feel them the sooner
shallow again. A moresounder instance, come

Cor And they are often tarred over with the
surgery of our sheep, and would you have us
kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed
with civet 67

Touch Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat,
in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn
of the wise, and perpend civet is of a baser
birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat
Mend the instance, shepherd 72

Cor You have too courtly a wit for me I'll
rest

Touch Wilt thou rest damned? God help
thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!
thou art raw 77

Cor Sir, I am a true labourer I earn that I
eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no
man's happiness, glad of other men's good, con-
tent with my harm, and the greatest of my pride
is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. 82

Touch That is another simple sin in you, to
bring the ewes and the rams together, and to
offer to get your living by the copulation of
cattle, to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to be-
tray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-
pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable
match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the
devil himself will have no shepherds I cannot
see else how thou shouldst 'scape

Cor Here comes young Master Ganymede,
my new mistress's brother. 93

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind, 96
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind. 100

Touch. I'll rime you so, eight years together,
dinners and suppers and sleeping hours ex-

cepted it is the right butter-women's rank to market

Ros Out, fool!

Touch For a taste —

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind
If the cat will after kind
So be sure will Rosalind
Winter garments must be linn'd
So must slender Rosalind
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros Peace! you dull fool I found them on a tree

Touch Truly, the tree yields bad fruit

Ros I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar then it will be the earliest fruit in the country, for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar

Touch You have said, but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge

Enter CELIA, reading a paper

Ros Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading stand aside

Cel Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show
Some how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age
Some of violated vows
Twixt the souls of friend and friend
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros O most gentle pulpitier! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people!'

Cel How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little go with him, surrah

Touch Come, shepherd, let us make an ho-

nourable retreat, though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage

[*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE*]

Cel Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros O, yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear

Cel That's no matter the feet might bear the verses

Ros Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse

Cel But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came, for look here what I found on a palm-tree I was never so be-rimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember

Cel Trow you who hath done this?

Ros Is it a man?

Cel And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck Change you colour?

Ros I prithee, who?

Cel O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet, but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter

Ros Nay, but who is it?

Cel Is it possible?

Ros Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is

Cel O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and after that, out of all whooping!

Ros Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery, I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle, either too much at once, or none at all I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings

Cel So you may put a man in your belly

Ros Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel Nay, he hath but a little beard

Ros Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin

Cel It is young Orlando that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both, in an instant.

Ros Nay, but the devil take mocking speak, sad brow and true maid

Cel I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros Orlando?

Cel Orlando

Ros Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did

he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word 238

Cel You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism 242

Ros But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled? 245

Cel It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover, but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn

Ros It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit 252

Cel Give me audience, good madam.

Ros Proceed

Cel There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight 256

Ros Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground

Cel Cry 'holla!' to thy tongue, I prithee, it curvets unseasonably He was furnish'd like a hunter 261

Ros O, ommonus! he comes to kill my heart

Cel I would sing my song without a burthen thou bringest me out of tune 264

Ros Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on

Cel You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here? 268

Ros 'Tis he slink by, and note him.

Enter ORLANDO and JAUQUES.

Jaq I thank you for your company, but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone

Orl And so had I, but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society 273

Jaq God be wi' you let's meet as little as we can

Orl I do desire we may be better strangers

Jaq I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks

Orl I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favourably 280

Jaq Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl Yes, just

Jaq I do not like her name

Orl There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened. 285

Jaq What stature is she of?

Orl Just as high as my heart

Jaq You are full of pretty answers Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and comm'd them out of rings?

Orl Not so, but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions. 293

Jaq You have a numble wit I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery 297

Orl I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq The worst fault you have is to be in love 301

Orl 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue I am weary of you

Jaq By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you 305

Orl He is drowned in the brook look but in, and you shall see him

Jaq There I shall see mine own figure 308

Orl Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher

Jaq I'll tarry no longer with you Farewell, good Signior Love 312

Orl I am glad of your departure Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy [Exit JAUQUES]

Ros I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him Do you hear, forester? 317

Orl Very well what would you?

Ros I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl You should ask me, what time o' day, there's no clock in the forest 321

Ros Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock. 325

Orl And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros By no means, sir Time travels in divers paces with divers persons I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal 332

Orl I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized, if the interim be but a se'n'might, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year 338

Orl Who ambles Time withal?

Ros With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain, the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury These Time ambles withal

Orl Who doth he gallop withal? 348

Ros With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as softly as foot can fall he thinks himself too soon there

Orl Who stays it still withal? 352

Ros With lawyers in the vacation, for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves

Orl Where dwell you, pretty youth? 356

Ros With this shepherdess, my sister, here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat

Orl Are you native of this place? 360

Ros As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling 364

Ros I have been told so of many: but indeed

an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal

Orl Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros There were none principal, they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it

Orl I prithee, recount some of them

Ros No, I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks, hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles, all forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him

Orl I am he that is so love-shaked I pray you, tell me your remedy

Ros There is none of my uncle's marks upon you he taught me how to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner

Orl What were his marks?

Ros A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue Then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation But you are no such man you are rather point-device in your accountments, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other

Orl Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love

Ros Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it, which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does, that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he

Ros But are you so much in love as your rimes speak?

Orl Neither mine nor reason can express how much

Ros Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do, and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too Yet I profess curing it by counsel

Orl Did you ever cure any so?

Ros Yes, one, and in this manner He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour, would now like him, now loathe him, then entertain him, then forswear him, now weep for him, then spit at him, that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness, which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic And thus I cured him, and thus way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't

Orl I would not be cured, youth

Ros I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me

Orl Now, by the faith of my love, I will tell me where it is

Ros Go with me to it and I'll show it you, and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live Will you go?

Orl With all my heart, good youth.

Ros Nay, you must call me Rosalind Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt]

SCENE III — Another Part of the Forest

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY, JAKES behind

Touch Come apace, good Audrey I will fetch up your goats, Audrey And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths

Jaq [Aside] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Touch When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical

Aud I do not know what 'poetical' is Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning, and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign

Aud Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch I do, truly, for thou swearest to me

thou art honest now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign 29

Aud Would you not have me honest?

Touch No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd, for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar 33

Jaq [*Aside*] A material fool

Aud Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest 36

Touch Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish

Aud I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul 41

Touch Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! slut-tishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us

Jaq [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting

Aud Well, the gods give us joy! 49

Touch Amen! A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt, for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods' right, many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no, the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No. As a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor and by how much defence is better than no skull, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver 67

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli Is there none here to give the woman? 72

Touch I will not take her on gift of any man

Sir Oli Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful 76

Jaq [*Coming forward*] Proceed, proceed. I'll give her

Touch Good even, good Master. What-yecall't? how do you, sir? You are very well met. God 'ild you for your last company. I am very glad to see you even a toy in hand here, sir nay, pray be covered

Jaq Will you be married, motley? 84

Touch As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires, and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling 88

Jaq And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good

priest that can tell you what marriage is. This fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot, then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green tumber, warp, warp 95

Touch [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife 100

Jaq Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee

Touch Come, sweet Audrey. We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good Master Oliver. not 104

O sweet Oliver!
O brave Oliver!
Leave me not behind thee

but,—

Wind away
Begone I say
I will not to wedding with thee

108

[*Exeunt JAQES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY*
Sir Oli 'Tis no matter ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling
[*Exit*]

SCENE IV — Another Part of the Forest

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA

Ros Never talk to me. I will weep

Cel Do, I prithee, but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man

Ros But have I not cause to weep? 4

Cel As good cause as one would desire, therefore weep

Ros His very hair is of the dissembling colour

Cel Something browner than Judas's, marry, his kisses are Judas's own children 9

Ros I' faith, his hair is of a good colour

Cel An excellent colour. Your chesnut was ever the only colour 12

Ros And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread

Cel He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana. A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously, the very vice of chastity is in them

Ros But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him

Ros Do you think so? 21

Cel Yes. I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut 25

Ros Not true in love?

Cel Yes, when he is in, but I think he is not in 28

Ros You have heard him swear downright he was

Cel 'Was' is not 'is' besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster, they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father 35

Ros I met the duke yesterday and had much

question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was, I told him, of as good as he, so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse athwart the heart of his lover, as a pusny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter CORIN

Cor Mistress and master, you have oft inquired.

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel Well, and what of him? *2*
Cor If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, *56*
If you will mark it.

Ros O! come, let us remove
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V—Another Part of the Forest

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE

Sil Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me, do not,
Phebe
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death
makes hard, *4*
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind

Phe I would not be thy executioner *8*
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frailest and softest
things, *12*
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee, *16*
Now counterfeit to swoond, why now fall down,
Or, if thou canst not, O! for shame for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in
thee, *20*
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it, lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps, but now mine
eyes, *24*

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,— *28*
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of
fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe But, till that time
Come not thou near me, and, when that time
comes, *32*
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As, till that time I shall not pity thee.
Ros [*Advancing*] And why, I pray you?
Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult and all at once, *36*
Over the wretched? What though you have no
beauty,—

As by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? *40*
Why, what means this? Why do you look on
me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. O! 's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too. *44*
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it.
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship. *48*
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow
her,

Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you *52*
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her,
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her. *56*
But, mistress, know yourself down on your
knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's
love.

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer. *61*
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.
Phe Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year
together. *64*

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.
Ros He's fallen in love with her foulness and
she'll fall in love with my answer. If it be so, as
fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll
saUCE her with bitter words. Why look you so
upon me?

Phe For no ill will I bear you.
Ros I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falsest than words made in wine. *73*
Besides, I like you no. If you will know my
house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard. *76*
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,

And be not proud though all the world could
see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he
Come, to our flock 80

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN*
Phe Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of
might

'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'

Sil Sweet Phebe,—

Phe Ha! what sayst thou, Silvius?

Sil Sweet Phebe, pity me 84

Phe Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius

Sil Wherever sorrow is, relief would be

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love your sorrow and my grief 88

Were both exterrmin'd
Phe Thou hast my love is not that neigh-
bourly?

Sil I would have you

Phe Why, that were covetousness

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee, 92

And yet it is not that I bear thee love

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure, and I'll employ thee too, 96

But do not look for further recompense

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace, 100

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps loose now and

then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon 104

Phe Know'st thou the youth that spoke to

me erewhile?

Sil Not very well, but I have met him oft,

And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds

That the old carlot once was master of 108

Phe Think not I love him, though I ask for

him.

'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well,

But what care I for words? yet words do well,

When he that speaks them pleases those that

hear 112

It is a pretty youth not very pretty

But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride be-

comes him

He'll make a proper man the best thing in him

Is his complexion, and faster than his tongue

Did make offence his eye did heal it up 117

He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall

His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well

There was a pretty redness in his lip, 120

A little riper and more lustrous red

Than that mix'd in his cheek, 'twas just the

difference

Between the constant red and mingled damask

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd 124

him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him, but, for my part,

I love him not nor hate him not, and yet

Have more cause to hate him than to love him

For what had he to do to chide at me? 129

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black,

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me
I marvel why I answer'd not again 132

But that's all one, omittance is no quittance

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil Phebe, with all my heart

Phe I'll write it straight,

The matter's in my head and in my heart

I will be bitter with him and passing short

Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I —The Forest of Arden

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JACQUES

Jaq I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better
acquainted with thee

Ros They say you are a melancholy fellow

Jaq I am so, I do love it better than laugh-
ing 5

Ros Those that are in extremity of either are

abominable fellows, and betray themselves to

every modern censure worse than drunkards 8

Jaq Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing

Ros Why, then, 'tis good to be a post

Jaq I have neither the scholar's melancholy,

which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is

fantastical nor the courtier's, which is proud,

nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the

lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is

nice, nor the lover's, which is all these but it is

a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many

samples, extracted from many objects, and in-
deed the sundry contemplation of my travels,

which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most

humorous sadness 21

Ros A traveller! By my faith, you have great

reason to be sad I fear you have sold your own

lands to see other men's, then, to have seen

much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes

and poor hands 26

Jaq Yes, I have gained my experience

Ros And your experience makes you sad I

had rather have a fool to make me merry than

experience to make me sad and to travel for it

too! 31

Enter ORLANDO

Orl Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk

in blank verse [*Exit*

Ros Farewell, Monsieur Traveller look you

hup, and wear strange suits, disable all the

benefits of your own country, be out of love with

your nativity, and almost chide God for making

you that countenance you are, or I will scarce

think you have swam in a gondola Why, how

now, Orlando! where have you been all this

while? You a lover! An you serve me such

another trick never come in my sight more

Orl My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour

of my promise 45

Ros Break an hour's promise in love! He

that will divide a minute into a thousand parts,

and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole

Orl Pardon me, dear Rosalind 52

Ros Nay, any ou be so tardy, come no more in my sight I had as lief be wooed of a snail

Orl Of a snail!

Ros Ay, of a snail, for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head, a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman besides, he brings his destiny with him

Orl What's that? 60

Ros Why, horrors, that such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife 64

Orl Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous

Ros And I am your Rosalind?

Cel It pleases him to call you so, but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you 69

Ros Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind? 73

Orl I would kiss before I spoke

Ros Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit, and for lovers lacking,—God warn us!—matter, the cleanest shift is to kiss 80

Orl How if the kiss be denied?

Ros Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter

Orl Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress? 85

Ros Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit 88

Orl What, of my suit?

Ros Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her 93

Ros Well, in her person I say I will not have you

Orl Then in mine own person I die 96

Ros No, faith, die by attorney The poor world is almost six thousand years old and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night, for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was drowned, and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos' But these are all lies men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. 112

Orl I would not have my right Rosalind of

this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me

Ros By this hand, it will not kill a fly But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it

Orl Then 'ove me, Rosalind 120

Ros Yes, faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all

Orl And wilt thou have me?

Ros Ay, and twenty such 124

Orl What sayest thou?

Ros Are you not good?

Orl I hope so

Ros Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us—Give me your hand, Orlando What do you say, sister?

Orl Pray thee, marry us 132

Cel I cannot say the words

Ros You must begin,—'Will you, Orlando,'—*Cel* Go to—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind? 136

Orl I will

Ros Ay but when?

Orl Why now as fast as she can marry us

Ros Then you must say, 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife' 141

Orl I take thee, Rosalind, for wife

Ros I might ask you for your commission, but, I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband there's a girl goes before the priest, and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions

Orl So do all thoughts, they are winged 148

Ros Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her?

Orl For ever and a day

Ros Say 'a day,' without the 'ever' No, no, Orlando, men are April when they woo, December when they wed maids are May when they are maids but the sky changes when they are wives I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more newfangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry, I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep

Orl But will my Rosalind do so? 164

Ros By my life, she will do as I do

Orl O! but she is wise

Ros Or else she could not have the wit to do this the wiser, the waywarder make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement, shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole, stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney 172

Orl A man that hath a wife with such a wit, he might say, 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Ros Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed 177

Orl And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros Marry, to say she came to seek you there
You shall never take her without her answer,
unless you take her without her tongue. O!
that woman that cannot make her fault her
husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child
herself, for she will breed it like a fool. 185
Orl For these two hours, Rosalind, I will
leave thee

Ros Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two
hours. 189

Orl I must attend the duke at dinner by
two o'clock I will be with thee again

Ros Ay, go your ways, go your ways, I knew
what you would prove, my friends told me as
much, and I thought no less that flattering
tongue of yours won me 'tis but one cast away,
and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl Ay, sweet Rosalind. 197

Ros By my troth, and in good earnest, and
so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that
are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your
promise or come one minute behind your hour,
I will think you the most pathological break-
promise, and the most hollow lover, and the
most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that
may be chosen out of the gross band of the
unfaithful. Therefore, beware my censure, and
keep your promise

Orl With no less religion than if thou wert
indeed my Rosalind so, adieu. 209

Ros Well, Time is the old justice that ex-
amines all such offenders, and let Time try
Adieu. [Exit ORLANDO]

Cel You have simply misused our sex in your
love-prate we must have your doublet and hose
plucked over your head, and show the world
what the bird hath done to her own nest. 216

Ros O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that
thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in
love! But it cannot be sounded my affection hath
an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal

Cel Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you
pour affection in, it runs out. 222

Ros No, that same wicked bastard of Venus,
that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen,
and born of madness, that blind rascally boy
that abuses every one's eyes because his own
are out, let him be judge how deep I am in
love. I'll tell thee, Athena, I cannot be out of
the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow and
sigh till he come. 230

Cel And I'll sleep

[Exeunt]

SCENE II — Another Part of the Forest

Enter JACQUES, Lords, and Foresters

Jaq Which is he that killed the deer?

First Lord Sir, it was I

Jaq Let's present him to the duke, like a
Roman conqueror, and it would do well to set the
deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory.
Have you no song, forester, for this purpose? 6

Second Lord Yes, sir

Jaq Sing it 'tis no matter how it be in tune
so it make noise enough

SONG

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear
Then sung him home. 12

[The rest shall bear this burden

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn
It was a crest ere thou wast born
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it. 16
The horn the horn the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn

[Exeunt]

SCENE III — Another Part of the Forest

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA

Ros How say you now? Is it not past two
o'clock? And here much Orlando!

Cel I warrant you, with pure love and a
troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and ar-
rows, and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who
comes here

Enter SILVIUS

Sil My errand is to you, fair youth
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this. 8

[Giving a letter]
I know not the contents, but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me, 12
I am but as a guiltless messenger

Ros Patience herself would startle at this
letter,

And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners, 16
She calls me proud, and that she could not love
me

Were man as rare as phoenix 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device. 21

Sil No, I protest, I know not the contents
Phebe did write it

Ros Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love. 24
I saw her hand she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand, I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands
She has a housewife's hand, but that's no
matter. 28

I say she never did invent this letter,
This is a man's invention, and his hand

Sil Sure, it is hers

Ros Why 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers, why, she defies me, 33
Like Turk to Christian woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude inven-
tion.

Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect. 36
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the
letter?

Sil So please you, for I never heard it yet,
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty

Ros She Phebes me Mark how the tyrant
writes [*Reads*]

Art thou god to shepherd turn d
That a maiden's heart hath burn d?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil Call you this railing?

Ros [*reads*]

Whv thy godhead laid apart,
Warr st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me
That could do no vengeance to me

Meaning me a beast

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect.
Whiles you chid me I did love
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me
And by him seal up thy mind
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make,
Or else by him my love deny
And then I'll study how to die

Sil Call you this chiding?

Cel Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros Do you pity him? no, he deserves no
pity Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to
make thee an instrument and play false strains
upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your
way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame
snake, and say this to her that if she love me,
I charge her to love thee if she will not, I will
never have her, unless thou entreat for her If
you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for
here comes more company [*Exit SILVIUS*]

Enter OLIVER

Ol Good morrow, fair ones Pray you if
you know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel West of this place, down in the neigh-
bour bottom

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within

Ol If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such years 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself'
Like a ripe sister but the woman low,
And browner than her brother' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are

Ol Orlando doth commend him to you
both,

And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin Are you he?

Ros I am what must we understand by
this?

Ol Some of my shame, if you will know of
me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd

Cel I pray you, tell it.

Ol When last the young Orlando parted
from you

He left a promise to return again

Within an hour, and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,

Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,

And mark what object did present itself

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with
age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity,

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,

Lay sleeping on his back about his neck

A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,

Who with her head nuzzle in threats approach'd

The opening of his mouth, but suddenly,

Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,

And with indentèd ghdes did slip away

Into a bush, under which bush's shade

A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike

watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir, for 'tis

The royal disposition of that beast

To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,

And found it was his brother, his elder brother

Cel O! I have heard him speak of that same

brother,

And he did render him the most unnatural

That liv'd 'mongst men

Ol And well he might so do,

For well I know he was unnatural

Ros But, to Orlando did he leave him there,

Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Ol Twice did he turn his back and pur-
pos'd so,

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,

And nature, stronger than his just occasion,

Made him give battle to the lioness,

Who quickly fell before him in which hurtling

From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel Are you his brother?

Ros Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel Was't you that did so oft contrive to
kill him?

Ol 'Twas I, but 'tis not I I do not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion

So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am

Ros But, for the bloody napkin?

Ol By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,

Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,

As how I came into that desert place —

In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,

Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,

Committing me unto my brother's love,

Who led me instantly unto his cave,

There stripp'd himself, and here, upon his arm

The lioness had torn some flesh away,

Which all this while had bled, and now he
fainted,

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound, 152
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth 157
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind

Cel [ROSALIND swoons] Why, how now,
Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oh Many will swoon when they do look on
blood 160

Cel There is more in it Cousin! Ganymede!
Oh Look, he recovers

Ros I would I were at home

Cel We'll lead you thither
I pray you, will you take him by the arm? 164

Oh Be of good cheer, youth You a man!
You lack a man's heart

Ros I do so, I confess it Ah, sirrah! a body
would think this was well counterfeited I pray
you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited
Heigh-ho!

Oh. This was not counterfeited there is too
great testimony in your complexion that it was
a passion of earnest 173

Ros Counterfeit, I assure you

Oh Well then, take a good heart and coun-
terfeit to be a man 176

Ros So I do, but, 'faith, I should have been
a woman by right

Cel Come, you look paler and paler pray
you, draw homewards Good sir, go with us 180

Oh That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind

Ros I shall devise something But, I pray
you, commend my counterfeiting to him Will
you go? [Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I—The Forest of Arden

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

Touch We shall find a time, Audrey patience,
gentle Audrey

Aud Faith, the priest was good enough, for
all the old gentleman's saying 4

Touch A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a
most vile Martext But, Audrey, there is a youth
here in the forest lays claim to you

Aud Ay, I know who 'tis he hath no interest
in me in the world Here comes the man you
mean, 10

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch It is meat and drink to me to see a
lown By my troth, we that have good wits have
nuch to answer for we shall be flouting, we
annot hold.

Will Good even, Audrey

Aud God ye good even, William. 16

Will And good even to you, sir

Touch Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy

head, cover thy head, nay, prithee, be covered
How old are you, friend? 20

Will Five-and-twenty, sir

Touch A ripe age Is thy name William?

Will William, sir

Touch A fair name Wast born i' the forest
here? 25

Will Ay, sir, I thank God

Touch 'Thank God,' a good answer Art
rich? 28

Will Faith, sir, so so

Touch 'So so,' is good, very good, very excel-
lent good and yet it is not, it is but so so Art
thou wise? 32

Will Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit

Touch Why, thou sayest well I do now re-
member a saying, 'The fool doth think he is
wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a
fool' The heathen philosopher, when he had a
desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when
he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby that
grapes were made to eat and lips to open You
do love this maid? 41

Will I do, sir

Touch Give me your hand Art thou learned?
Will No, sir 44

Touch Then learn this of me to have, is to
have, for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink,
being poured out of a cup into a glass, by fill-
ing the one doth empty the other, for all your
writers do consent that *ipse* is he now, you are
not *ipse*, for I am he 50

Will Which he, sir?

Touch He, sir, that must marry this woman
Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the
vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish
is, company,—of this female,—which in the com-
mon is, woman, which together is, abandon the
society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest,
or, to thy better understanding, diest, or, to wit,
I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life
into death, thy liberty into bondage I will deal
in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel,
I will bandy with thee in faction, I will o'errun
thee with policy, I will kill thee a hundred and
fifty ways therefore tremble, and depart 64

Aud Do, good William

Will God rest you merry, sir [Exit

Enter CORIN

Cor Our master and mistress seek you
come, away, away! 68

Touch Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend,
I attend [Exeunt

SCENE II—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Or! Is't possible that on so little acquaint-
ance you should like her? that, but seeing, you
should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing,
she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy
her? 5

Oh Neither call the giddiness of it in ques-
tion, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance,

my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting, but say with me, I love Aliena, say with her, that she loves me, consent with both, that we may enjoy each other it shall be to your good, for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd 14

Orl You have my consent Let your wedding be to-morrow thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers Go you and prepare Aliena, for, look you, here comes my Rosalind

Enter ROSALIND

Ros God save you, brother 20

Orl And you, fair sister [*Exit*]

Ros O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf

Orl It is my arm 24

Ros I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion

Orl Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady 28

Ros Did your brother tell you how I counterfeted to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl Ay, and greater wonders than that 32

Ros O! I know where you are Nay, 'tis true there was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame' for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together clubs cannot part them 46

Orl They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for 53

Ros Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl I can live no longer by thinking 56

Ros I will weary you then no longer with idle talking Know of me then,—for now I speak to some purpose,—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch I say I know you are, neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her

I know into what straits of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger 76

Orl Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros By my life, I do, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends, for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE

Phe Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, 84

To show the letter that I write to you

Ros I care not if I have it is my study

To seem despitelful and ungentle to you

You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd

Look upon him, love him, he worships you 89

Phe Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love

Sil It is to be all made of sighs and tears, And so am I for Phebe 92

Phe And I for Ganymede

Orl And I for Rosalind

Ros And I for no woman

Sil It is to be all made of faith and service, And so am I for Phebe 97

Phe And I for Ganymede

Orl And I for Rosalind

Ros And I for no woman 100

Sil It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all made of wishes, All adoration, duty, and observance, All humbleness, all patience, and impatience, All purity, all trial, all obeisance, 105

And so am I for Phebe

Phe And so am I for Ganymede

Orl And so am I for Rosalind 108

Ros And so am I for no woman

Phe [*To ROSALIND*] If this be so, why blame you me to love you? 113

Sil [*To PHEBE*] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros Why do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?' 117

Orl To her that is not here, nor doth not hear

Ros Pray you, no more of this 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon [*To SILVIUS*] I will help you, if I can [*To PHEBE*] I would love you, if I could To-morrow meet me all together [*To PHEBE*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow [*To ORLANDO*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow [*To SILVIUS*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow [*To ORLANDO*] As you love Rosalind, meet [*To SILVIUS*] As you love Phebe, meet and as I love no woman, I'll

meet So, fare you well I have left you commands 134

Sil I'll not fail, if I live

Phe Nor I

Orl Nor I

[Exeunt

SCENE III—Another Part of the Forest

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

Touch To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey, to-morrow will we be married

Aud I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world Here come two of the banished duke's pages 6

Enter two Pages

First Page Well met, honest gentleman

Touch By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song 9

Sec Page We are for you sit r' the middle

First Page Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec Page I' faith, r' faith, and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse 17

SONG

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonno,

That o'er the green corn field did pass

In the spring time the only pretty ring time 20

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,

Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye

With a hey and a ho and a hey nonno,

These pretty country folks would be

In the spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour

With a hey and a ho and a hey nonno,

How that a life was but a flower

In the spring time, &c

And therefore take the present time

With a hey and a ho and a hey nonno;

For love is crowned with the prime

In the spring time, &c.

Touch Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable

First Page You are deceived, sir we kept time, we lost not our time 40

Touch By my troth, yes, I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song God be wi' you, and God mend your voices! Come, Audr-y

[Exeunt

SCENE IV—Another Part of the Forest

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, JACQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA

Duke S Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not,

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear 4

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE

Ros Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd

[To the DUKE] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her 8

Ros [To ORLANDO] And you say, you will have her when I bring her?

Orl That would I, were I of all kingdoms king

Ros [To PHEBE] You say, that you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe That will I, should I die the hour after

Ros But if you do refuse to marry me, 13

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe So is the bargain

Ros [To SILVIUS] You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will? 16

Sil Though to have her and death were both one thing

Ros I have promis'd to make all this matter even

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter,

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter, 20

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me, Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd,

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her, If she refuse me and from hence I go, 24

To make these doubts all even

[Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.]

Duke S I do remember in this shepherd boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, 28

Methought he was a brother to your daughter, But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, 32

Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

Jaq There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools 38

Touch Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq Good my lord, bid him welcome This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest. he hath been a courtier, he swears 43

Touch If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation I have trod a measure, I have flattered a lady, I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy, I have undone three tailors, I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one 49

Jaq And how was that ta'en up?
Touch Faith, we met, and found the quarrel
 was upon the seventh cause

Jaq How seventh cause? Good my lord,
 like this fellow

Duke S I like him very well
Touch God 'ld you, sir, I desire you of the
 like I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of
 the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear,
 according as marriage binds and blood breaks
 A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but
 mine own a poor humour of mine, sir, to take
 that that no man else will Rich honesty dwells
 like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl
 in your foul oyster

Duke S By my faith, he is very swift and
 sententious

Touch According to the fool's bolt, sir, and
 such dulcet diseases

Jaq But, for the seventh cause, how did you
 find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch Upon a he seven times removed —
 beary your body more seeming, Audrey — as thus,
 sir I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's
 beard he sent me word, if I said his beard was
 not cut well, he was in the mind it was this is
 called 'the retort courteous' If I sent him word
 again, it was not well cut, he would send me
 word, he cut it to please himself this is called
 the 'quip modest' If again, it was not well cut,
 he disabled my judgment this is called the
 'reply churlish' If again, it was not well cut, he
 would answer, I spake not true this is called
 the 'reproof valiant' if again, it was not well
 cut, he would say, I lie this is called the
 'countercheck quarrelsome' and so to the 'lie
 circumstantial,' and the 'lie direct'

Jaq And how oft did you say his beard was
 not well cut?

Touch I durst go no further than the 'lie
 circumstantial,' nor he durst not give me the 'lie
 direct,' and so we measured swords and parted

Jaq Can you nominate in order now the de-
 grees of the lie?

Touch O sir, we quarrel in print, by the
 book, as you have books for good manners I
 will name you the degrees The first, the 'retort
 courteous,' the second, the 'quip modest,' the
 third, the 'reply churlish,' the fourth, the 're-
 proof valiant,' the fifth, the 'countercheck
 quarrelsome,' the sixth, the 'lie with circum-
 stance,' the seventh, the 'lie direct' All these
 you may avoid but the lie direct, and you may
 avoid that too, with an 'if' I knew when seven
 justices could not take up a quarrel, but when
 the parties were met themselves, one of them
 thought but of an 'if,' as 'If you said so, then I
 said so,' and they shook hands and swore
 brothers Your 'if' is the only peace-maker,
 much virtue in 'if'

Jaq Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's
 as good at any thing, and yet a fool

Duke S He uses his folly like a stalking-
 horse, and under the presentation of that he
 shoots his wit.

*Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in woman's
 clothes, and CELIA*

Still Music

Hym Then is there mirth in heaven,
 When earthly things made even 116
 Atone together

*Good duke, receive thy daughter,
 Hymen from heaven brought her,
 Yea, brought her hither, 120*

*That thou mightst join her hand with his,
 Whose heart within her bosom is*

Ros [To DUKE S] To you I give myself, for
 I am yours

[To ORLANDO] To you I give myself, for I am
 yours 124

Duke S If there be truth in sight, you are
 my daughter

Orl If there be truth in sight, you are my
 Rosalind

Phe If sight and shape be true,
 Why then, my love adieu! 128

Ros [To DUKE S] I'll have no father, if you
 be not he

[To ORLANDO] I'll have no husband, if you be
 not he

[To PHEBE] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not
 she

Hym Peace, ho! I bar confusion 132
 'Tis I must make conclusion

*Of these most strange events
 Here s eight that must take hands*

To join in Hymen's bands, 136
 If truth holds true contents

[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND] You and
 you no cross shall part

[To OLIVER and CELIA] You and you are
 heart in heart

[To PHEBE] You to his love must accord,
 Or have a woman to your lord 141

[To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY] You and
 you are sure together,

*As the winter to foul weather
 Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing, 144*

*Feed yourselves with questioning,
 That reason wonder may diminish,*

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG

Wedding is great Juno's crown 148
 O ble sed bond of board and bed!

*'Tis Hymen peoples every town,
 High wedlock then be honoured.*

Honour high honour and renown. 152
 To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S O my dear niece! welcome thou art
 to me

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree

Phe [To SILVIUS] I will not eat my word,
 now thou art mine, 156

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAKUES DE BOYS.

Jaq de B Let me have audience for a word
 or two

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,

That bring these tidings to this fair assembly
 Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day 161
 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
 Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot
 In his own conduct, purposely to take 164
 His brother here and put him to the sword
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
 Where, meeting with an old religious man,
 After some question with him, was converted 168
 Both from his enterprise and from the world,
 His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
 And all their lands restor'd to them again
 That were with him exil'd This to be true, 172
 I do engage my life

Duke S Welcome, young man,
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding
 To one, his lands withheld, and to the other
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom 176
 First, in this forest, let us do those ends
 That here were well begun and well begot,
 And after, every of this happy number
 That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with

us, 180
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
 According to the measure of their states
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
 And fall into our rustic revelry 184
 Play, music! and you, brides and bridegrooms
 all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall
 Jaq Sir, by your patience If I heard you
 rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life, 188
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq de B He hath
 Jaq To him will I out of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd
 [To DUKE S] You to your former honour I be-
 queath, 193

Your patience and your virtue well deserve it
 [To ORLANDO] You to a love that your true
 faith doth merit

[To OLIVER] You to your land, and love, and
 great allies 196

[To SILVIUS] You to a long and well-deserved
 bed

[To TOUCHSTONE] And you to wrangling, for
 thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd So, to your
 pleasures

I am for other than for dancing measures 200
 Duke S Stay, Jaques, stay

Jaq To see no pastime, I what you would
 have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave [Exit
 Duke S Proceed, proceed we will begin
 these rites, 204

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights
 [A dance Exeunt

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY ROSALIND

*It is not the fashion to see the lady the
 epilogue, but it is no more unhandsome than
 to see the lord the prologue If it be true that
 good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good
 play needs no epilogue yet to good wine they
 do use good bushes, and good plays prove the
 better by the help of good epilogues What a
 case am I in then, that am neither a good epi-
 logue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the be-
 half of a good play! I am not furnished like a
 beggar, therefore to beg will not become me my
 way is, to conjure you and I'll begin with the
 women I charge you, O women! for the love
 you bear to men, to like as much of this play as
 please you and I charge you, O men! for the
 love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your
 simpering none of you hate them,—that between
 you and the women, the play may please If I
 were a woman I would kiss as many of you as
 had beards that pleased me, complexions that
 liked me, and breaths that I defied not, and,
 I am sure, as many as have good beards, or
 good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind
 offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell*
 [Exeunt

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A Lord			
CHRISTOPHER SLY a Tinker	} Persons in the Induction.	TRANIO	} Servants to Lucentio
Hostess Page Players Huntsmen and Servants		BIONDELLO	
BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.		GRUMIO	
VINCENTIO an old Gentleman of Pisa		CURTIS	} Servants to Petruchio
LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio in love with Bianca		Pedant, set up to personate Vincentio	
PETRUCHIO a Gentleman of Verona Suitor to Katharina.		KATHARINA the Shrew	} Daughters to Baptista
GREMIO		BIANCA	
HORTENSIO, } Suitors to Bianca.		Widow	
		Tailor Haberdasher and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio	

SCENE — Sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in PETRUCHIO'S House in the Country

INDUCTION

SCENE I — Before an Alehouse on a Heath

Enter Hostess and SLY

Sly I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Host A pair of stools, you rogue!

Sly Y'are a baggage the Slys are no rogues, look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror Therefore, *paucas pallabris*, let the world slide Sessa!

Host You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly No, not a denier Go by, Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee

Host I know my remedy I must go fetch the third-borough [Exit]

Sly Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law I'll not budge an inch, boy let him come, and kindly

[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep]

Horns wind Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants

Lord Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds

Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd, And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound

First Hunt Why, Bellman is as good as he, my lord,

He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent

Trust me, I take him for the better dog

Lord Thou art a fool if Echo were as fleet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such

But sup them well, and look unto them all

To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hunt. I will, my lord

Lord [Sees sly] What's here? one dead, or

drunk? See, doth he breathe?

Sec Hunt He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly

Lord O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,

Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

First Hunt Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose

Sec Hunt It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd

Lord Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy

Then take him up and manage well the jest

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures,

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet

Procure me music ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound,

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,

And with a low submissive reverence

Say, 'What is it your honour will command?'

Let one attend him with a silver basin

Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers,

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say, 'Will't please your lordship cool your hands?'

Some one be ready with a costly suit,

And ask him what apparel he will wear,

Another tell him of his hounds and horse,

And that his lady mourns at his disease

Persuade him that he hath been lunatic,

And, when he says he is — say that he dreams,

For he is nothing but a mighty lord

This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs.

It will be pastime passing excellent,

If it be husbanded with modesty

First Hunt My lord, I warrant you we will
play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is
Lord Take him up gently, and to bed with
him, 72

And each one to his office when he wakes
[*Sly is borne out A trumpet sounds*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds

[*Exit Servant*
Behike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here 76

Re-enter Servant

How now! who is it?
Serv An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship
Lord Bid them come near

Enter Players

Now, fellows, you are welcome

Players We thank your honour 80

Lord Do you intend to stay with me to-
night?

A Player So please your lordship to accept
our duty

Lord With all my heart This fellow I re-
member,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son 84
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so
well

I have forgot your name, but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd

A Player I think 'twas Soto that your honour
means 88

Lord 'Tis very true thou didst it excellent
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much 92
There is a lord will hear you play to-night,
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,—
For yet his honour never heard a play,— 96
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him, for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient

A Player Fear not, my lord we can con-
tain ourselves 100

Were he the veriest antick in the world

Lord Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one
Let them want nothing that my house affords

[*Exeunt one with the Players*

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page, 105
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's
chamber,

And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance 108
Tell him from me,—as he will win my love,—
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished 112
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy;
And say, 'What is't your honour will com-
mand,

Wherein your lady and your humble wife 116
May show her duty, and make known her
love?'

And then, with kind embracements, tempting
kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd 120

To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar
And if the boy have not a woman's gift 124

To ram a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,

Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye 128

See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst.
Anon I'll give thee more instructions

[*Exit Servant.*

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman 132

I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from
laughter

When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them haply, my presence 136

May well abate the over merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II —A Bedchamber in the Lord's House

*Sly is discovered in a rich nightgown, with
Attendants some with apparel, others with
basin, ewer, and other appurtenances, and
Lord, dressed like a servant*

Sly For God's sake! a pot of small ale

First Serv Will't please your lordship drink
a cup of sack?

Sec Serv Will't please your honour taste of
these conserves?

Thrd Serv What raiment will your honour
wear to-day? 4

Sly I am Christophero Sly, call not me ho-
nour, nor lordship I ne'er drank sack in my
life, and if you give me any conserves, give me
conserves of beef Ne'er ask me what raiment
I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than
backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more
shoes than feet nay, sometime more feet than
shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through
the overleather 13

Lord Heaven cease this idle humour in your
honour!

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem, 16
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly What! would you make me mad? Am
not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-
heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-
maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now
by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian
Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know
me not if she say I am not fourteen pence on
the score for sheer ale, score me up for the
lyngest knave in Christendom. What! I am
not bestraught here's—

First Serv O! this it is that makes your lady
mourn 28

Sec Serv O! this it is that makes your servants
droop

Lord Hence comes it that your kindred
shuns your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth, 32

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck 36

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,

[*Music*]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed 40

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis

Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will

soar 45

Above the morning lark or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth 48

First Serv Say thou wilt course, thy grey-

hounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe

Sec Serv Dost thou love pictures? we will

fetch thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook, 52

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her

breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind

Lord We'll show thee 10 as she was a maid,

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd, 57

As lively painted as the deed was done

Third Serv Or Daphne roaming through a

thorny wood,

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she

bleeds, 60

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn

Lord Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful 64

Than any woman in this waning age

First Serv And till the tears that she hath

shed for thee

Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world, 68

And yet she is inferior to none

Sly Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?

Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?

I do not sleep, I see, I hear, I speak, 72

I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things

Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,

And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight, 76

And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Sec Serv Will't please your mightiness to

wash your hands?

[*Servants present a ewer, basin, and napkin*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!

O, that once more you knew but what you are!

These fifteen years you have been in a dream, 81

Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept

Sly These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly

nap

But did I never speak of all that time? 84

First Serv O! yes, my lord, but very idle

words,

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,

Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,

And rail upon the hostess of the house, 88

And say you would present her at the leet,

Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd

quarts

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly Ay, the woman's maid of the house 92

Third Serv Why, sir, you know no house,

nor no such maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,

And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell, 96

And twenty more such names and men as these,

Which never were nor no man ever saw

Sly Now, Lord be thanked for my good

amends! 100

All Amen

Sly I thank thee, thou shalt not lose by it

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants

Page How fares my noble lord?

Sly Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer

enough 104

Where is my wife?

Page Here, noble lord what is thy will with

her? 108

Sly Are you my wife, and will not call me

husband?

My men should call me lord I am your good-

man

Page My husband and my lord, my lord

and husband, 108

I am your wife in all obedience

Sly I know it well. What must I call her?

Lord Madam

Sly Al'ce madam, or Joan madam? 112

Lord Madam, and nothing else so lords

call ladies

Sly Madam wife, they say that I have

dream'd

And slept above some fifteen year or more

Page Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed 117

Sly 'Tis much Servants, leave me and her

alone

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you

to pardon me yet for a night or two, 121

Or, if not so, until the sun be set

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

In peril to incur your former malady, 124

That I should yet absent me from your bed

I hope this reason stands for my excuse

Sly Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry

so long, but I would be loath to fall into my

dreams again. I will therefore tarry, in spite of

the flesh and the blood

Enter a Servant

Serv Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
 Are come to play a pleasant comedy, 132
 For so your doctors hold it very meet,
 Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
 And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy
 Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
 And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
 Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life
Sly Marry, I will, let them play it Is not
 a commony a Christmas gambold or a tum-
 bling-trick? 141

Page No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff

Sly What! household stuff?

Page It is a kind of history 144

Sly Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife,
 sit by my side,
 And let the world slip we shall ne'er be younger
 [Flourish.]

ACT I

SCENE I—Padua A public Place

Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO

Luc Tranio, since for the great desire I had
 To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
 I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
 The pleasant garden of great Italy, 4
 And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
 With his good will and thy good company,
 My trusty servant well approv'd in all,
 Here let us breathe, and haply institute
 A course of learning and ingenious studies
 Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
 Gave me my being and my father first,
 A merchant of great traffic through the world,
 Vincentio, come of the Bentivoli 13
 Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
 It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds 16
 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
 Virtue and that part of philosophy
 Will I apply that treats of happiness
 By virtue specially to be achiev'd

Tell me thy mind, for I have Pisa left
 And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
 A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst 24

Tra *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
 I am in all affected as yourself,
 Glad that you thus continue your resolve
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy
 Only, good master, while we do admire
 This virtue and this moral discipline,
 I et's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray,
 Or so devote to Aristotle's checks 32
 As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd
 Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk,

Music and poesy use to quicken you, 36
 The mathematics and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves
 you,
 No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en,
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect 40

Luc Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise

If Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readiness,
 And take a lodging fit to entertain 44
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget
 But stay awhile what company is this?
Tra Master, some show to welcome us to town

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside

Bap Gentlemen, importune me no further,
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know, 49
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
 Before I have a husband for the elder
 If either of you both love Katharina, 52
 Because I know you well and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure

Gre To cart her rather she's too rough for me

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife? 56
Kath [To BAPTISTA.] I pray you, sir, is it your will

To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
Hor Mates, maid! how mean you that? no
 mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould 60
Kath I faith, sir, you shall never need to fear

I wis it is not half way to her heart,
 But if it were, doubt not her care should be
 To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
 And paint your face, and use you like a fool 65

Hor From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gre And me too, good Lord!

Tra Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward 68

That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward

Luc But in the other's silence do I see
 Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety

Peace, Tranio! 72

Tra Well said, master, mum! and gaze your fill

Bap Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
 What I have said,—Bianca, get you in
 And let it not displease thee, good Bianca, 76
 For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath A pretty peat! it is best

Put finger in the eye, an she knew why
Bian Sister, content you in my discontent.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe 81
 My books and instruments shall be my company,

On them to look and practise by myself
Luc Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak. 84

Hor Signior Baptista, will you beso strange?
 Sorry am I that our good will effects
 Bianca's grief

Gre Why will you mew her up,
 Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell, 88
 And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap Gentlemen, content ye, I am resolv'd
 Go in, Bianca [Exit BLANCA

And for I know she taketh most delight 92
 In music, instruments, and poetry,
 Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
 Fit to instruct her youth If you, Hortensio,
 Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such, 96
 Prefer them hither, for to cunning men
 I will be very kind, and liberal
 To mine own children in good bringing up,
 And so, farewell Katharina, you may stay, 100
 For I have more to commune with Bianca

[Exit
Kath Why, and I trust I may go too, may I
 not?

What! shall I be appointed hours, as though,
 belike, 103

I knew not what to take, and what to leave?
 Ha! [Exit

Gre You may go to the devil's dam your
 gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.
 Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we
 may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly
 out our cake's dough on both sides Farewell
 yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I
 can by any means light on a fit man to teach
 her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to
 her father 113

Hor So will I, Signior Gremio but a word,
 I pray Though the nature of our quarrel yet
 never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it
 toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have
 access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals
 in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one
 thing specially 120

Gre What's that, I pray?

Hor Marry, sir, to get a husband for her
 sister

Gre A husband! a devil 124

Hor I say, a husband

Gre I say, a devil Thinkest thou, Hortensio,
 though her father be very rich, any man is so
 very a fool to be married to hell? 128

Hor Tush, Gremio! though it pass your
 patience and mine to endure her loud alarms,
 why, man, there be good fellows in the world,
 an a man could light on them, would take her
 with all faults, and money enough 133

Gre I cannot tell, but I had as lief take her
 dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the
 high-cross every morning 136

Hor Faith, as you say, there's small choice
 in rotten apples But, come, since this bar in
 law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth
 friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's
 eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest
 free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh
 Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He
 that runs fastest gets the ring How say you,
 Signior Gremio? 145

Gre I am agreed and would I had given him
 the best-horse in Padua to begin his wooing,
 that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and
 bed her, and rid the house of her Come on 149

[Exit GREMIO and HORTENSIO

Tra I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
 That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc O Tranio! till I found it to be true, 152
 I never thought it possible or likely,

But see, while idly I stood looking on,
 I found the effect of love in idleness,
 And now in plainness do confess to thee, 156

That art to me as secret and as dear
 As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
 If I achieve not this young modest girl 160

Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst
 Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt

Tra Master, it is no time to chide you now,
 Affection is not rated from the heart 164

If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum, quam queas minimo

Luc Gramercies, lad, go forward this con-
 tents 167

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra Master, you look'd so longly on the
 maid,

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all

Luc O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
 Such as the daughter of Agenor had, 172

That made great Jove to humble him to her
 hand,

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand

Tra Saw you no more? mark'd you not how
 her sister

Began to scold and raise up such a storm 176
 That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
 And with her breath she did perfume the air,

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her 180

Tra Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his
 trance

I pray, awake, sir if you love the maid,
 Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her Thus it
 stands

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd, 184
 That till the father rids his hands of her,

Master, your love must live a maid at home,
 And therefore has he closely mew'd her up, 187

Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors

Luc Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
 But art thou not advs'd he took some care

To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct
 her?

Tra Ay, marry, am I, sir, and now 'tis
 plotted 192

Luc I have it, Tranio

Tra Master, for my hand,
 Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc Tell me thine first.

Tra You will be schoolmaster,
 And undertake the teaching of the maid 196

That's your device

Luc It is may it be done?

Tra Not possible, for who shall bear your
 part,

And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
 Keep house and ply his book, welcome his
 friends, 200
 Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc Basta content thee, for I have it full
 We have not yet been seen in any house,
 Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces 204
 For man, or master then, it follows thus
 Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
 Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should
 I will some other be, some Florentine, 208
 Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa
 'Tis natch'd and shall be so Tranio, at once
 Uncase thee, take my colour'd hat and cloak
 When Biondello comes, he waits on thee, 212
 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue
[They exchange habits]

Tra So had you need
 In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
 And I am tied to be obedient, 216
 For so your father charg'd me at our parting,
 'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
 Although I think 'twas in another sense
 I am content to be Lucentio, 220
 Because so well I love Lucentio
Luc Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves,
 And let me be a slave to achieve that maid
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded
 eye 224
 Here comes the rogue

Enter BIONDELLO

Sirrah, where have you been?
Bion Where have I been! Nay, how now!
 where are you?
 Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your
 clothes,
 Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the
 news? 228
Luc Sirrah, come hither 'tis no time to jest,
 And therefore frame your manners to the time
 Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my countenance on, 232
 And I for my escape have put on his,
 For in a quarrel since I came ashore
 I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes, 236
 While I make way from hence to save my life
 You understand me?

Bion I, sir! ne'er a whit
Luc And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth
 Tranio is changed to Lucentio 240
Bion The better for him would I were so
 too!
Tra So would I, faith, boy, to have the next
 wish after,
 That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
 daughter
 But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's,
 I advise 244
 You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
 companies

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio,
 But in all places else your master, Lucentio
Luc Tranio, let's go One thing more rests,
 that thyself execute, to make one among these

wooters if thou ask me why, sufficeth my rea-
 sons are both good and weighty *[Exeunt]*

The Presenters above speak

First Serv My lord, you nod, you do not
 mind the play 252
Sly Yes, by Saint Anne, I do A good matter,
 surely comes there any more of it?
Page My lord, 'tis but begun
Sh 'Tis a very excellent piece of work,
 madam lady would 'twere done! 257
[They sit and mark.]

SCENE II — *The Same Before HORTENSIO'S House*

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO

Pet Verona, for awhile I take my leave,
 To see my friends in Padua, but, of all
 My best beloved and approved friend,
 Hortensio, and I trow this is his house 4
 Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say
Gru Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is
 there any man has rebused your worship?
Pet Villain, I say, knock me here soundly 8
Gru Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am
 I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?
Pet Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
 And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's
 pate 12
Gru My master is grown quarrelsome I
 should knock you first,
 And then I know after who comes by the worst
Pet Will it not be?
 Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it,
 I'll try how you can *sol fa*, and sing it 17
[He wrings GRUMIO by the ears]
Gru Help, masters, help! my master is mad
Pet Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah
 villain!

Enter HORTENSIO

Hor How now! what's the matter? My old
 friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!
 How do you all at Verona?
Pet Signior Hortensio, come you to part the
 fray?
Con tutto il cuore ben trovato, may I say 24
Hor *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto*
onorato signor mio Petruchio
 Rise, Grumio, rise we will compound this
 quarrel
Gru Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in
 Latin If this be not a lawful cause for me to
 leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock
 him and rap him soundly, sir well, was it fit for
 a servant to use his master so, being, perhaps,
 for aught I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out? 33
 Whom would to God, I had well knock'd at
 first,
 Then had not Grumio come by the worst
Pet A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
 I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, 37
 And could not get him for my heart to do it
Gru Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake

you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly? And come you now with 'knocking at the gate?' 43

Pet Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you
Hor Petruchio, patience, I am Grumio's pledge 45

Why, this 's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua here from old Verona? 49

Pet Such wind as scatters young men through the world

To seek their fortunes further than at home, Where small experience grows But in a few, 52 Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,

And I have thrust myself into this maze, Haply to wive and thrive as best I may 56 Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world

Hor Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? 60 Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel, And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich, And very rich but thou 'rt too much my friend, And I'll not wish thee to her 64

Pet Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,

Few words suffice, and therefore, if thou know One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,

As wealth is burden of my wooing dance, 68 Be she as foul as was Florentius' love, As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd

As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse, She moves me not, or not removes, at least, 72

Affection's edge in me, were she as rough As are the swelling Adriatic seas

I come to wive it wealthily in Padua, If wealthily, then happily in Padua, 76

Gru Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is why, give him gold enough

and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head,

though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal

Hor Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in, 84

I will continue that I broach'd in jest. I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife

With wealth enough, and young and beauteous, Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman 88

Her only fault,—and that is faults enough,—Is, that she is intolerable curst

And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure, That, were my state far worse than it is, 92

I would not wed her for a mine of gold

Pet Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough, For I will board her, though she chide as loud

As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack

Hor Her father is Baptista Minola, 98 An affable and courteous gentleman,

Her name is Katharina Minola, 100

Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue

Pet I know her father, though I know not her,

And he knew my deceased father well. I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her, 104

And therefore let me be thus bold with you, To give you over at this first encounter,

Unless you will accompany me thither

Gru I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts O my word, an she knew him as

well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him She may, perhaps, call

him half a score knaves or so why, that's nothing an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-

tricks I'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face,

and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You

know him not, sir

Hor Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee, For in Baptista's keep my treasure is, 120

He hath the jewel of my life in hold, His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,

And her withholds from me and other more, Suitors to her and rivals in my love, 124

Supposing it a thing impossible, For those defects I have before rehears'd,

That ever Katharina will be woo'd Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en, 128

That none shall have access unto Bianca, Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru Katharine the curst! A title for a maid of all titles the worst. 132

Hor Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,

And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes, To old Baptista as a schoolmaster

Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca, 136 That so I may, by this device, at least

Have leave and leisure to make love to her, And unsuspected court her by herself

Gru Here's no knavery! See to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

Enter GRUMIO, and LUCENTIO disguis'd, with books under his arm.

Master, master, look about you who goes there, ha? 144

Hor Peace, Grumio! 'tis the rival of my love

Petruchio, stand by awhile.

Gru A proper stripling, and an amorous! *Gre* O! very well, I have perus'd the note

Hark you, sir, I'll have them very fairly bound All books of love, see that at any hand,

And see you read no other lectures to her You understand me Over and beside 152

Signior Baptista's liberality, I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too,

And let me have them very well perfum'd, For she is sweeter than perfume itself 156

To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Luc Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for
you,
 As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
 As firmly as yourself were still in place, 160
 Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
 Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir
Gre O! this learning, what a thing it is
Gru O! this woodcock, what an ass it is 164
Pet Peace, sirrah!
Hor Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior
 Gremio!
Gre And you're well met, Signior Hortensio
 Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista
 Minola 168
 I promis'd to inquire carefully
 About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca,
 And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
 On this young man, for learning and behaviour
 Fit for her turn, well read in poetry 173
 And other books, good ones, I warrant ye
Hor 'Tis well and I have met a gentleman
 Hath promis'd me to help me to another, 176
 A fine musician to instruct our mistress
 So shall I no whit be behind in duty
 To fair Bianca, so below'd of me
Gre Below'd of me, and that my deeds shall
 prove 180
Gru [*Aside*] And that his bags shall prove
Hor Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our
 love
 Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
 I'll tell you news indifferent good for either 184
 Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
 Upon agreement from us to his liking,
 Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,
 Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please 188
Gre So said, so done, is well
 Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet I know she is an irksome, brawling
 scold
 If that be all, masters, I hear no harm 192
Gre No, sayst me so, friend? What country-
 man?
Pet Born in Verona, old Antonio's son
 My father dead, my fortune lyes for me,
 And I do hope good days and long to see 196
Gre O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
 strange!
 But if you have a stomach, to't i' God's name
 You shall have me assisting you in all
 But will you woo this wild-cat?
Pet Will I live? 200
Gru Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her
Pet Why came I hither but to that intent?
 Think you a little dun can daunt mine ears?
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar? 204
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
 Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies? 208
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'
 clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
 That gives not half so great a blow to hear 212
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs
Gru [*Aside*] For he fears none
Gre Hortensio, hark
 This gentleman is happily arriv'd, 216
 My mind presumes, for his own good and ours
Hor I promis'd we would be contributors,
 And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er
Gre And so we will, provided that he win
 her 220
Gru [*Aside*] I would I were as sure of a good
 dinner
Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled, and
 BIONDELLO
Tra Gentlemen, God save you! If I may
 be bold,
 Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
 To the house of Signior Baptista Minola? 224
Bion He that has the two fair daughters
 is't he you mean?
Tra Even he, Biondello!
Gre Hark you, sir, you mean not her to—
Tra Perhaps, him and her, su what have
 you to do? 228
Pet Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I
 pray
Tra I love no chiders, sir Biondello, let's
 away
Luc [*Aside*] Well begun, Tranio
Hor Sir, a word ere you go
 Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea
 or no? 232
Tra And if I be, sir, is it any offence?
Gre No, if without more words you will get
 you hence
Tra Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as
 free
 For me as for you?
Gre But so is not she 236
Tra For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre For this reason, if you'll know,
 That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio
Hor That she's the chosen of Signior Hor-
 tensio 240
Tra Softly, my masters! if you be gentle-
 men,
 Do me this right, hear me with patience
 Baptista is a noble gentleman,
 To whom my father is not all unknown, 244
 And were his daughter fairer than she is,
 She may more suitors have, and me for one
 Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers,
 Then well one more may fair Bianca have, 248
 And so she shall, Lucentio shall make one,
 Though Paris came in hope to speed alone
Gre What! this gentleman will out-talk us
 all.
Luc Sir, give him head. I know he'll prove
 a jade 252
Pet Hortensio, to what end are all these
 words?
Hor Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
 Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
Tra No, sir, but hear I do that he hath two,
 The one as famous for a scolding tongue 257
 As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet Sir, the first's for me, let her go by
Gre Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules,
 And let it be more than Alcides' twelve

Pet Sir, understand you this of me in sooth
 The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
 Her father keeps from all access of suitors, 264
 And will not promise her to any man
 Until the elder sister first be wed,
 The younger then is free, and not before

Tra If it be so, sir, that you are the man 268
 Must stand us all, and me among the rest,
 And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
 Achieve the elder, set the younger free
 For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
 Will not so graceless be to be ingrate 273

Hor Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive,

And since you do profess to be a suitor,
 You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman, 276
 To whom we all rest generally beholding

Tra Sir, I shall not be slack in sign wherof,
 Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health, 280
 And do as adversaries do in law,
 Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends

Gru } O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be
Bian } gone

Hor The motion's good indeed, and be it
 so — 284

Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto* [Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I — Padua A Room in BAPTISTA'S House

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me,
 That I disdain but for these other gawds,
 Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself, 4
 Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,
 Or what you will command me will I do,
 So well I know my duty to my elders

Kath Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
 Whom thou lov'st best see thou dissemble not

Bian Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
 I never yet beheld that special face

Which I could fancy more than any other 12

Kath Mimon, thou best. Is't not Hortensio?

Bian If you affect him, sister, here I swear
 I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath O! then, belike, you fancy riches more
 You will have Gremio to keep you fair 17

Bian Is it for him you do envy me so?

Nay, then you jest, and now I well perceive
 You have but jested with me all this while 20

I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands

Kath If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
 [Strikes her

Enter BAPTISTA

Bap Why, how now, dame! whence grows
 this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside Poor girl! she weeps. 24
 Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her

For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
 Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong
 thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word? 28

Kath Her silence flouts me, and I'll be re-
 veng'd [Flies after BIANCA.

Bap What! in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.
 [Exit BIANCA.

Kath What! will you not suffer me? Nay,
 now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband,
 I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day, 33
 And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell

Talk not to me I will go sit and weep

Till I can find occasion of revenge [Exit

Bap Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
 But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a
 mean man, PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as
 a Musician, and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO
 bearing a lute and books

Gre Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap Good morrow, neighbour Gremio God
 save you, gentlemen! 41

Pet And you, good sir Pray, have you not a
 daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina

Gre You are too blunt go to it orderly 45

Pet You wrong me, Signior Gremio give
 me leave

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
 That, hearing of her beauty and her wit, 48

Her affability and bashful modesty,

Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,

Am bold to show myself a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the wit-
 ness 52

Of that report which I so oft have heard

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

I do present you with a man of mine,
 [Presenting HORTENSIO

Cunning in music and the mathematics, 56

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof I know she is not ignorant.

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong

His name is Licio, born in Mantua 60

Bap You're welcome, sir, and he, for your
 good sake

But for my daughter Katharina, this I know,

She is not for your turn, the more my grief

Pet I see you do not mean to part with her,

Or else you like not of my company 65

Bap Mistake me not, I speak but as I find

Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son,

A man well known throughout all Italy 69

Bap I know him well you are welcome for
 his sake

Gre Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,

Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too 72

Backward! you are marvellous forward.

Pet O, pardon me, Signior Gremio, I would
 fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir, but you will curse your wooing
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar, [*Presenting LUCENTIO*] that has been long studying at Rheims, as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics His name is Cambio, pray accept his service 84

Bap A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio, welcome, good Cambio — [*To TRANIO*] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming? 88

Tra Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own, That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous 92
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister This liberty is all that I request, That, upon knowledge of my parentage, 96
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo, And free access and favour as the rest And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument, 100
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap Lucentio is your name, of whence, I pray?

Tra Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio 104

Bap A mighty man of Pisa; by report I know him well you are very welcome, sir [*To HORTENSIO.*] Take you the lute, [*To LUCENTIO*] and you the set of books, You shall go see your pupils presently 108
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen To my two daughters, and then tell them both These are their tutors bid them use them well

[*Exit Servant, with HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, and BIONDELLO*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard, 112
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome, And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,

And every day I cannot come to woo 116
You knew my father well, and in him me, Left solely heir to all his lands and goods, Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, 120
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap After my death the one half of my lands, And in possession twenty thousand crowns

Pet And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of Her widowhood, be it that she survive me, 125
In all my lands and leases whatsoever Let specialness be therefore drawn between us, That covenants may be kept on either hand. 128

Bap Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

That is, her love, for that is all in all.

Pet Why, that is nothing, for I tell you, father,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded, 132
And where two raging fires meet together They do consume the thing that feeds their fury
Though little fire grows great with little wind, Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all, 136
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough and woo not like a babe

Bap Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words 140

Pet Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,

That shake not, though they blow perpetually

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale
Bap What, will my daughter prove a good musician? 145

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier! Iron may hold with her, but never lutes

Bap Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute? 148

Hor Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to me

I did but tell her she mistook her frets, And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering, When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, 152
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she, 'I'll fume with them.'

And, with that word, she struck me on the head, And through the instrument my pate made way, And there I stood amazed for a while, 156

As on a pillory, looking through the lute, While she did call me rascal fiddler, And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms As she had studied to misuse me so 160

Pet Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench! I love her ten times more than e'er I did
O! how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap [*To HORTENSIO*] Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited 164

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter, She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns. Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,

Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you? 168

Pet. I pray you do, I will attend her here,

[*Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, and HORTENSIO*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale 172

Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear As morning roses newly wash'd with dew
Say she be mute and will not speak a word, 176
Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say she uttereth piercing eloquence If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day 180
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married

But here she comes, and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA

Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear

Kath Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing 184

They call me Katharine that do talk of me

Pet You he, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst,

But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate, 189

For dainties are all cates and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation,

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town, 192

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,—

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,—

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife

Kath Mov'd! in good time let him that mov'd you hither 196

Remove you hence I knew you at the first,

You were a moveable

Pet Why, what's a moveable?

Kath A joint-stool

Pet Thou hast hit it come, sit on me

Kath Asses are made to bear, and so are you

Pet Women are made to bear, and so are you. 201

Kath No such jade as bear you, if me you mean.

Pet Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee,

For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath Too light for such a swan as you to catch, 205

And yet as heavy as my weight should be

Pet Should be! should buz!

Kath Well ta'en, and like a buzzard

Pet O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee? 208

Kath Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet Come, come, you wasp, I' faith you are too angry

Kath If I be waspish, best beware my sting

Pet My remedy is, then, to pluck it out. 212

Kath Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies

Pet Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail

Kath In his tongue

Pet Whose tongue?

Kath Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell. 216

Pet What! with my tongue in your tail?

nay, come again

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath That I'll try [Striking him

Pet I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again 220

Kath So may you lose your arms

If you strike me, you are no gentleman,

And if no gentleman, why then no arms

Pet A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy books

Kath What is your crest? a coxcomb? 224

Pet A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet Nay, come, Kate, come, you must not look so sour

Kath It is my fashion when I see a crab 228

Pet Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour

Kath There is, there is.

Pet Then show it me

Kath Had I a glass, I would.

Pet What, you mean my face?

Kath Well am'd of such a young one

Pet Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you. 233

Kath Yet you are wither'd

Pet 'Tis with cares

Kath I care not

Pet Nay, hear you, Kate in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath I chafe you, if I tarry let me go 236

Pet No, not a whit I find you passing gentle

'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar,

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous, 240

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk, 244

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twigs,

Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue 249

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels

O! let me see thee walk thou dost not halt

Kath Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command 252

Pet Did ever Dian so become a grove

As Kate this chamber with her princely gaze?

O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath Where did you study all this goodly speech? 257

Pet It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet Am I not wise?

Kath Yes, keep you warm. 260

Pet Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed.

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife, your dowry 'greed on, 264

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn,

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,—

Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,—

Thou must be married to no man but me 269

For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable as other household Kates 272

Here comes your father never make denial,

I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO
Bap Now, Signior Petruccio, how speed you with my daughter?
Pet How but well, sir? how but well? 276
It were impossible I should speed amiss
Bap Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?
Kath Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
 You have show'd a tender fatherly regard, 280
 To wish me wed to one half lunatic,
 A mad cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out
Pet Father, 'tis thus yourself and all the world, 284
 That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her
 If she be curst, it is for policy,
 For she's not froward, but modest as the dove,
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn, 288
 For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity,
 And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day 292
Kath I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first
Gre Hark, Petruccio she says she'll see thee hang'd first
Tra Is thus your speeding? nay then, good night our part!
Pet Be patient, gentlemen, I choose her for myself 296
 If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 That she shall still be curst in company
 I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe 300
 How much she loves me O! the kindest Kate
 She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
 She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
 That in a twink she won me to her love 304
 O! you are novices 'tis a world to see,
 How tame, when men and women are alone,
 A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew
 Give me thy hand, Kate I will unto Venice 308
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests,
 I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine
Bap I know not what to say, but give me your hands 312
 God send you joy, Petruccio! 'tis a match.
Gre } Amen, say we we will be witnesses
Tra }
Pet Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu
 I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace 316
 We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
 And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday
day [Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA, severally
Gre Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
Bap Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part, 320
 And venture madly on a desperate mart
Tra 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you
 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas
Bap The gam I seek is, quiet in the match.
Gre No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter
 Now is the day we long have looked for
 I am your neighbour, and was suitor first 328
Tra And I am one that love Bianca more
 Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess
Gre Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I 331
Tra Greybeard, thy love doth freeze
Gre But thine doth fry
 Skipper, stand back 'tis age that nourisheth
Tra But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap Content you, gentlemen, I'll compound this strife
 'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he, of both,
 That can assure my daughter greatest dower 337
 Shall have my Bianca's love
 Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre First, as you know, my house within the city 340
 Is richly furnished with plate and gold
 Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands,
 My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry,
 In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns, 344
 In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
 Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
 Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
 Valance of Venice gold in needle-work, 348
 Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
 To house or housekeeping then, at my farm
 I have a hundred mulch-kine to the pail,
 Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls, 352
 And all things answerable to this portion
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess,
 And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
 If whilst I live she will be only mine 356
Tra That 'only' came well in Sir, list to me
 I am my father's heir and only son
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good, 360
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
 Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year
 Of fruitful land, all of which shall be her jointure 364
 What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?
Gre Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
 My land amounts not to so much in all
 That she shall have, besides an argosy 368
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road
 What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?
Tra Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less 371
 Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses,
 And twelve tight galleys, these I will assure her,
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.
Gre Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more,
 And she can have no more than all I have 376
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.
Tra Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
 By your firm promise Gremio is out-vied.
Bap I must confess your offer is the best,
 And, let your father make her the assurance, 381
 She is your own, else, you must pardon me
 If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra That's but a cavi! he is old, I young
Gre And may not young men die as well as old? 385
Bar Well, gentlemen,
 I am thus resolv'd On Sunday next, you know,
 My daughter Katharine is to be married 388
 Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
 Be bride to you, if you make this assurance,
 If not, to Signior Gremio
 And so, I take my leave, and thank you both 392
Gre Adieu, good neighbour [*Exit BAPTISTA*]
Tra Now I fear thee not
 Surrah young gamester, your father were a fool
 To give thee all, and in his waning age
 Set foot under thy table Tut! a toy! 396
 An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy [*Exit*]
Tra A vengeance on your crafty wither'd
 hide!
 Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten
 'Tis in my head to do my master good 400
 I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
 Must get a father, call'd 'suppos'd Vincentio,'
 And that's a wonder fathers, commonly
 Do get their children, but in this case of woo-
 ing, 404
 A child shall get a sure, if I fail not of my cunning
 [*Exit*]

ACT III

SCENE I — Padua A Room in BAPTISTA'S House

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA

Luc Fiddler, forbear, you grow too forward, sir
 Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
 Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
Hor But, wrangling pedant, this is 4
 The patroness of heavenly harmony
 Then give me leave to have prerogative,
 And when in music we have spent an hour,
 Your lecture shall have leisure for as much 8
Luc Preposterous ass, that never read so far
 To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
 Was it not to refresh the mind of man
 After his studies or his usual pain? 12
 Then give me leave to read philosophy,
 And while I pause, serve in your harmony
Hor Surrah, I will not bear these braves of
 thine
Bian Why, gentlemen, you do me double
 wrong, 16
 To strive for that which resteth in my choice
 I am no breaching scholar in the schools,
 I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
 But learn my lessons as I please myself 20
 And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down
 Take you your instrument, play you the
 whiles,
 His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd
Hor You'll leave his lecture when I am in
 tune? [*Retires*]
Luc That will be never, tune your instru-
 ment. 25

Bian Where left we last?
Luc Here, madam —
Hic ibat Simois hic est Sigeia tellus 28
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis
Bian Construe them
Luc *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*,
 I am Lucentio, *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of
 Pisa, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your
 love, *Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes
 a wooing, *Priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*,
 bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might be-
 guile the old pantaloon. 37
Hor [*Returning*] Madam, my instrument's
 in tune
Bian Let's hear — [*HORTENSIO plays*]
O fie! the treble jars 40
Luc Spit in the hole, man, and tune again
Bian Now let me see if I can construe it
Hic ibat Simois, I know you not, *hic est Sigeia*
tellus, I trust you not, *Hic steterat Priami*,
 take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not,
celsa senis, despair not
Hor Madam, 'tis now in tune
Luc All but the base
Hor The base is right, 'tis the base knave
 that jars 48
 How fiery and forward our pedant is!
 [*Aside*] Now, for my life, the knave doth court
 my love
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet
Bian In time I may believe, yet I mistrust
Luc Mistrust it not, for, sure, *Æacides* 53
 Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather
Bian I must believe my master, else, I pro-
 mune you,
 I should be arguing still upon that doubt 56
 But let it rest Now, Licio, to you
 Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
 That I have been thus pleasant with you both
Hor [*To LUCENTIO*] You may go walk, and
 give me leave a while 60
 My lessons make no music in three parts
Luc Are you so formal, sir? [*Aside*] Well,
 I must wait,
 And watch withal, for, but I be deceiv'd,
 Our fine musician groweth amorous 64
Hor Madam, before you touch the instru-
 ment,
 To learn the order of my fingering,
 I must begin with rudiments of art,
 To teach you gamut in a briefer sort, 68
 More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
 Than hath been taught by any of my trade
 And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian Why, I am past my gamut long ago 72
Hor Yet read the gamut of Hortensio
Bian
 'Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,
 'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion,
 'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord, 76
 'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection
 'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have'd
 'E la mi,' show pity, or I die
 Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not 80
 Old fashions please me best I am not so nice,
 To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant

Serv Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up 84
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day
Bian Farewell, sweet masters both I must be gone. [*Exeunt BIANCA and Servant*]
Luc Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay [*Exit*]
Hor But I have cause to pry into this pedant 88
Methinks he looks as though he were in love
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list if once I find thee ranging, 92
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing [*Exit*]

SCENE II — *The Same Before BAPTISTA'S House*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants

Bap [*To TRANIO*] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law
What will be said? what mockery will it be 4
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?
Kath No shame but mine I must, forsooth, 8
be forc'd

To give my hand oppos'd against my heart
Unto a mad-bram rudesby, full of spleen,
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool, 12
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour,
And to be neted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,

Make friends invite, and proclaim the banns, 16
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, 'Lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her' 20
Tra Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest. 25
Kath Would Katharine had never seen him
though! [*Exit weeping, followed by BIANCA and others*]

Bap Go, girl I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For such an injury would vex a very saint, 28
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour

Enter BONDELLO.

Bion Master, master! news! old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap Is it new and old too? how may that be? 32

Bion Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap Is he come? 36

Bion Why, no, sir

Bap What then?

Bion He is coming

Bap When will he be here? 40

Bion When he stands where I am and sees you there

Tra But, say, what to thine old news? 43

Bion Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred, besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten, near-legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots, one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread 65

Bap Who comes with him?

Bion O, sir! his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse, with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list, an old hat, and the 'humour of forty fancies' pricked in't for a feather a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey

Tra 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion,

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd 76

Bap I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes

Bion Why, sir, he comes not

Bap Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion Who? that Petruchio came? 80

Bap Ay, that Petruchio came

Bion No, sir, I say his horse comes, with him on his back

Bap Why, that's all one 84

Bion Nay, by Saint Jany,

I hold you a penny,

A horse and a man

Is more than one, 88

And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GREMIO.

Pet Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap You are welcome, sir.

Pet And yet I come not well.

Bap And yet you halt not.

Tra Not so well apparell'd 92
As I wish you were
Pet Were it better, I should rush in thus.
 But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
 How does my father? Gentles, methinks you
 frown 95
 And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
 As if they saw some wondrous monument,
 Some comet, or unusual prodigy?
Bap Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-
 day 100
 First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
 Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
 Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
 An eye-sore to our solemn festival. 104
Tra And tell us what occasion of import
 Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
 And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
Pet Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear
 Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, 109
 Though in some part enforced to digress,
 Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
 As you shall well be satisfied withal 112
 But where is Kate? I stay too long from her
 The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
Tra See not your bride in these unreverent
 robes
 Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine 116
Pet Not I, believe me thus I'll visit her
Bap But thus, I trust, you will not marry her
Pet Good sooth, even thus, therefore ha'
 done with words
 To me she's married, not unto my clothes 120
 Could I repair what she will wear in me
 As I can change these poor accoutrements,
 'Twere well for Kate and better for myself
 But what a fool am I to chat with you 124
 When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
 And seal the title with a lovely kiss!
[Exeunt PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, and BIONDELLO]
Tra He hath some meaning in his mad attire
 We will persuade him, be it possible, 128
 To put on better ere he go to church.
Bap I'll after him, and see the event of this
[Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and Attendants]
Tra But to her love concerneth us to add
 Her father's liking which to bring to pass, 132
 As I before imparted to your worship,
 I am to get a man,—whate'er he be
 It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
 And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa, 136
 And make assurance here in Padua,
 Of greater sums than I have promised
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
 And marry sweet Bianca with consent. 140
Luc Were it not that my fellow school-
 master
 Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
 'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage,
 Which once perform'd, let all the world say
 no, 144
 I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
Tra That by degrees we mean to look into,
 And watch our vantage in this business
 We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio, 148
 The narrow-prying father, Minola,

The quaint musician, *Amorus Licio*,
 All for my master's sake, *Lucentio*

Re-enter GREMIO

Signior Gremio, came you from the church? 152
Gre As willingly as e'er I came from school
Tra And is the bride and bridegroom com-
 ing home?
Gre A bridegroom say you? 'Tis a groom
 indeed, 155
 A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
Tra Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.
Gre Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's
 dam
Gre Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
 I'll tell you, *Sir Lucentio* when the priest 161
 Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
 'Ay, by gogs-wouns!' quoth he, and swore so
 loud,
 That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book, 164
 And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
 The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a
 cuff
 That down fell priest and book and book and
 priest
 'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.' 168
Tra What said the wench when he arose
 again?
Gre Trembled and shook, for why he stamp'd
 and swore,
 As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
 But after many ceremonies done, 172
 He calls for wine 'A health!' quoth he, as if
 He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
 After a storm, quaff'd off the muscadell,
 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face, 176
 Having no other reason
 But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
 And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking
 This done, he took the bride about the neck, 180
 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
 That at the parting all the church did echo:
 And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame,
 And after me, I know, the rout is coming 184
 Such a mad marriage never was before.
 Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. *[Music.]*
*Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAP-
 TISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Tran.*
Pet Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for
 your pains
 I know you think to dine with me to-day, 188
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap Is't possible you will away to-night? 192
Pet I must away to-day, before night come.
 Make it no wonder if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go than stay
 And, honest company, I thank you all, 196
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all. 200

Tra Let us entreat you stay till after dinner
Pet It may not be
Gre Let me entreat you
Pet It cannot be
Kath Let me entreat you
Pet I am content
Kath Are you content to stay? 204
Pet I am content you shall entreat me stay,
 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath Now, if you love me, stay
Pet Grumio, my horse!
Gru Ay, sir, they be ready the oats have
 eaten the horses 209

Kath Nay, then,
 Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day,
 No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself 212
 The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
 You may be jogging whiles your boots are green,
 For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself
 'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom, 216
 That take it on you at the first so roundly

Pet O Kate! content thee prithe, be not
 angry

Kath I will be angry what hast thou to do?
 Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure 220

Gre Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work
Kath Gentlemen, forward to the bridal
 dinner

I see a woman may be made a fool,
 If she had not a spirit to resist 224

Pet They shall go forward, Kate, at thy
 command

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her,
 Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
 Carouse full measure to her mardenhead, 228
 Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves
 But for my bonny Kate, she must with me
 Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
 I will be master of what is mine own 232
 She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
 My household stuff, my field, my barn,
 My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything,
 And here she stands, touch her whoever dare,
 I'll bring mine action on the proudest he 237
 That stops my way in Padua Grumio,
 Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with
 thieves,

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man 240
 Fear not sweet wench, they shall not touch
 thee, Kate

I'll buckler thee against a million

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO

Bap Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet
 ones

Gre Went they not quickly I should die
 with laughing 244

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like
Luc Mistress, what's your opinion of your
 sister?

Bian That, being mad herself, she's madly
 mated.

Gre I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated 248

Bap Neighbours and friends, though bride
 and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,
 'You know there wants no junkets at the feast

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's
 place, 252

And let Bianca take her sister's room

Tra Shall sweet Bianca practise how to
 bride it?

Bap She shall, Lucentio Come, gentlemen,
 let's go [Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I—A Hall in PETRUCHIO'S Country
 House

Enter GRUMIO

Gru Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad
 masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so
 beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man
 so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and
 they are coming after to warm them Now,
 were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very
 lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to
 the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly,
 ere I should come by a fire to thaw me, but I,
 with blowing the fire, shall warm myself, for,
 considering the weather, a taller man than I
 will take cold Holla, ho! Curtis 12

Enter CURTIS

Curt Who is that calls so coldly?
Gru A piece of ice if thou doubt it, thou
 mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with
 no greater a run but my head and my neck A
 fire good Curtis 17

Curt Is my master and his wife coming,
 Grumio?

Gru O! ay, Curtis, ay, and therefore fire,
 fire, cast on no water 21

Curt Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru She was, good Curtis, before this frost,
 but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman,
 and beast, for it hath tamed my old master, and
 my new mistress, and myself fellow Curtis

Curt Away, you three-nch-fool! I am no
 beast 28

Gru Am I but three inches? why, thy horn
 is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But
 wilt thou rake a fire, or shall I complain
 on thee to our mistress, whose hand—she being
 now at hand,—thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold
 comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt I prithe, good Grumio, tell me, how
 goes the world? 36

Gru A cold world, Curtis, in every office but
 thine, and therefore, fire Do thy duty, and
 have thy duty, for my master and mistress are
 almost frozen to death 40

Curt There's fire ready, and therefore, good
 Grumio, the news?

Gru Why, 'Jack, boy! ho, boy!' and as
 much news as thou wilt 44

Curt Come, you are so full of cony-catching.
Gru Why therefore fire for I have caught
 extreme cold Where's the cook? is supper
 ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cob-
 webs swept, the serving-men in their new fust-
 ian, their white stockings, and every officer has

wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, and carpets laid, and everything in order? 53

Curt All ready, and therefore, I pray thee, news? 54

Gru First, know, my horse is tired, my master and mistress fallen out 57

Curt How?

Gru Out of their saddles into the dirt, and thereby hangs a tale 60

Curt Let's ha't, good Grumio

Gru Lend thine ear

Curt Here

Gru [Striking him] There 64

Curt This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale

Gru And therefore it is called a sensible tale, and this cuff was but to knock at your ear and beseech listening. Now I begin *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt Both of one horse?

Gru What's that to thee? 72

Curt Why, a horse

Gru Tell thou the tale but hadst thou not crossed me thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse, thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemolled how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave

Curt By this reckoning he is more shrew than she 88

Gru Ay, and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horsetail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready? 97

Curt They are

Gru Call them forth

Curt Do you hear? ho! you must meet my master to countenance my mistress 101

Gru Why, she hath a face of her own

Curt Who knows not that?

Gru Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her 105

Curt I call them forth to credit her

Gru Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them. 108

Enter several Servants

Nath Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil How now, Grumio?

Jos What, Grumio!

Nich Fellow Grumio! 112

Nath How now, old lad!

Gru Welcome, you, how now, you, what,

you, fellow, you, and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat? 117

Nath All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru E'en at hand, alighted by this, and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA

Pet Where be these knaves? What! no man at door

To hold my sturup nor to take my horse? 124

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv Here, here, sir, here, sir

Pet Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms! 128

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolsh knave I sent before?

Gru Here, sir, as foolish as I was before

Pet You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge! 132

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel, 136

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing,

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory,

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly, 140

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you

Pet Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in

[*Exeunt some of the Servants*]

Where is the life that late I led?

Where are those?— Sit down, Kate, and welcome 144

Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants with supper

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry—

Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains! When?

It was the friar of orders grey, 148

As he forth walked on his way

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry

[*Strikes him*]

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here, what, ho!

Where's my spaniel Troilus? Surrah, get you hence 153

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither

[*Exit Servant*]

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water? 156

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily—

[*Servant lets the ewer fall* PETRUCHIO strikes him.

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

Kath Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave! 160
Come, Kate, sit down, I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I—

What's this? mutton?

First Serv

Ay

Pet

Who brought it?

First Serv

I

Pet 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat 164
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not? 167

[*Throws the meat, &c. at them*]

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What! do you grumble? I'll be with you straight

Kath I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet
The meat was well if you were so contented 172

Pet I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did fast, 176
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh
Be patient, to-morrow't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company 180

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and CURTIS*]

Nath Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter He kills her in her own humour

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru Where is he? 184

Curt In her chamber, making a sermon of
continency to her,
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor
soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream 189
Away, away! for he is coming hither [*Exeunt*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO

Pet Thus have I politically begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully 192
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure
Another way I have to man my haggard, 196
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat, 200
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall
not

As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed, 203
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And in conclusion she shall watch all night 208
'And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,

And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
humour 212
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak 'tis charity to show [*Exit*]

SCENE II.—*Padua Before BAPTISTA'S House*

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO

Tra Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand

Hor Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said, 4
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching
[*They stand aside*]

Enter BLANCA and LUCENTIO

Luc Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian What, master, read you? first resolve me that

Luc I read that I profess, the Art to Love. 8
Bian And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart 10

Hor Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio 13

Tra O despitful love! unconstant woman-kind!

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful

Hor Mistake no more I am not Licio, 16
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scorns to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a culion 20

Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio
Tra Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

I will with you, if you be so contented, 25
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever

Hor See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow 28
Never to woo her more, but I do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal

Tra And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat. 33

Fie on her! see how beastly she doth court him
Hor Would all the world, but he had quite
forsworn!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath, 36
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. 40

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before

[Exit HORTENSIO LUCENTIO and BIANCA advance]

Tra Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

As longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,

And have forsworn you with Hortensio

Bian Tranio, you jest But have you both forsworn me?

Tra Mistress, we have

Luc Then we are rid of Licio

Tra I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day

Bian God give him joy!

Tra Ay, and he'll tame her

Bian He says so, Tranio

Tra Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school

Bian The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue

[Enter BIONDELLO, running]

Bion O master, master! I have watch'd so long

That I'm dog-weary, but at last I spied

An ancient angel coming down the hill
Will serve the turn

Tra What is he, Biondello?

Bion Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what, but formal in apparel,

In gait and countenance surely like a father

Luc And what of him, Tranio?

Tra If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,

And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio

Take in your love, and then let me alone

[Exit LUCENTIO and BIANCA.]

[Enter a Pedant.]

Ped God save you, sir!

Tra And you, sir! you are welcome

Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?

Ped Sir, at the furthest for a week or two;

But then up further, and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra What countryman, I pray?

Ped Of Mantua

Tra Of Mantua, sir! marry, God forbid!

And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra 'Tis death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?

Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the duke,—
For private quarrel, 'twixt your duke and him,—
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly

'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so,

For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra Well, sir, to do you courtesy,

This will I do, and thus I will advise you

First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens

Tra Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped I know him not, but I have heard of him,
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra He is my father, sir, and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you

Bion [Aside] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one

Tra To save your life in this extremity,

This favour will I do you for his sake,

And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio

His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd,

Look that you take upon you as you should!

You understand me, sir, so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city

If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped O sir, I do, and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty

Tra Then go with me to make the matter good

This, by the way, I let you understand

My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage

'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you

Go with me to clothe you as becomes you

[Exit]

SCENE III — A Room in PETRUCHIO'S House

[Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.]

Gru No, no, forsooth, I dare not, for my life.

Kath The more my wrong the more his spite appears

What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon entreaty have a present alms,

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:

But I, who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat,

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love,

As who should say, if I should sleep or eat

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.

I prithee go and get me some repast,

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath 'Tis passing good I prithee let me have it

Gru I fear it is too choleric a meat

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Kath I like it well good Grumio, fetch it me

Gru I cannot tell, I fear 'tis choleric

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon. 24
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest
Gru. Nay, then I will not you shall have the mustard.
 Or else you get no beef of Grumio 28
Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.
Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [Beats him]
 That feed'st me with the very name of meat 32
 Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,
 That triumph thus upon my misery!
 Go, get thee gone, I say

Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat and
HORTENSIO

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all am I? 36
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. Faith, as cold as can be
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me
 Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am,
 To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee 40
 [Sets the dish on a table]
 I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
 What! not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not,
 And all my pains is sorted to no proof
 Here, take away this dish
Kath. I pray you, let it stand. 44
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
 And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
 Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company 49
Pet. [Aside] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.
 Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
 Kate, eat apace and now, my honey love, 52
 Will we return unto thy father's house,
 And revel it as bravely as the best,
 With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
 With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things,
 With scarfs and fans and double change of
 bravery, 57
 With amber bracelets, beads and all this
 knavery
 What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy
 leisure,
 To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure. 60

Enter Tailor
 Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments,
 Lay forth the gown.—

Enter Haberdasher
 What news with you, sir?
Hob. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
 A velvet dish, fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy 65
 Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap
 Away with it! come, let me have a bigger 68
Kath. I'll have no bigger this doth fit the time,
 And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
 And not till then
Hor. [Aside] That will not be in haste.
Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak. 73
 And speak I will, I am no child, no babe
 Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,
 And if you cannot, best you stop your ears 76
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
 Or else my heart, concealing it, will break
 And rather than it shall, I will be free
 Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words 80
Pet. Why, thou sayst true, it is a paltry cap,
 A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie
 I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.
Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap,
 And it I will have, or I will have none 85
 [Exit Haberdasher]
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay come, tailor, let us see't.
 O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
 What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon
 What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
 Here's snp and nip and cut and shish and slash,
 Like to a censer in that thou lik'st it not.
 Why, what, I' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this? 92
Hor. [Aside] I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.
Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
 According to the fashion and the time
Pet. Marry, and did but if you be remember'd, 96
 I did not bid you mar it to the time.
 Go, hop me over every kennel home,
 For you shall hop without my custom, sir
 I'll none of it hence! make your best of it 100
Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
 More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable
 Belike you mean to make a puppet of me
Pet. Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee 104
Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her
Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou heest, thou thread, 108
 Thou thumble,
 Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
 Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
 Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
 Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard 113
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
 I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd the gown is made 116
 Just as my master had direction.
 Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff
Tai But how did you desire it should be made? 120
Gru Marry, sir, with needle and thread
Tai But did you not request to have it cut?
Gru Thou hast faced many things
Tai I have 124
Gru Face not me thou hast braved many men, brave not me I will neither be faced nor braved I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces *ergo*, thou hest 129
Tai Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify
Pet Read it. 132
Gru The note lies in's throat if he say I said so
Tai *Imprimis* A loose-bodied gown
Gru Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said, a gown.
Pet Proceed
Tai With a small compassed cape
Gru I confess the cape 140
Tai With a trunk sleeve
Gru I confess two sleeves
Tai The sleeves curiously cut
Pet Ay, there's the villany 144
Gru Error i' the bill, sir, error i' the bill I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again, and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble
Tai This is true that I say an I had thee in place where thou shouldst know it 150
Gru I am for thee straight take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me
Hor God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds
Pet Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me 156
Gru You are i' the right, sir, 'tis for my mistress
Pet Go take it up unto thy master's use
Gru Villain, not for thy life! take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use! 161
Pet Why sir what's your conceit in that?
Gru O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for
 Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
 O, fie, fie, fie! 165
Pet [*Aside*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid
 [To Tailor] Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more
Hor [*Aside to Tailor*] Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow 168
 Take no unkindness of his hasty words
 Away! I say, commend me to thy master
 [Exit Tailor]
Pet Well, come, my Kate, we will unto your father's,
 Even in these honest mean habiliments 172
 Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich,
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honour peereth in the meanest habit. 176

What is the jay more precious than the lark
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?
 Or is the adder better than the eel
 Because his painted skin contents the eye? 180
 O, no, good Kate, neither art thou the worse
 For this poor furniture and mean array
 If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me,
 And therefore frolic we will hence forthwith,
 To feast and sport us at thy father's house 185
 Go, call my men, and let us straight to him,
 And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
 Let's see, I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
 And well we may come there by dinner-time
Kath I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two,
 And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there 192
Pet It shall be seven ere I go to horse.
 Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
 You are still crossing it. Sirs, let's alone
 I will not go to-day, and ere I do, 196
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is
Hor Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
 [Exeunt]

SCENE IV — Padua Before BAPTISTA'S House

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO

Tra Sir, this is the house please it you that I call?
Ped Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived, Signior Baptista may remember me, Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, 4
 Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus
Tra 'Tis well, and hold your own, in any case,
 With such austerity as 'longeth to a father
Ped I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy, 8
 'Twere good he were school'd.

Enter BIONDELLO

Tra Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello, Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you
 Imagine twere the right Vincentio 12
Bion Tut! fear not me
Tra But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion I told him that your father was at Venice,
 And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Tra Thou'rt a tall fellow hold thee that to drink 17
 Here comes Baptista Set your countenance, sir

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.
 [To the Pedant] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of 20
 I pray you, stand good father to me now,
 Give me Bianca for my patrimony
Ped Soft, son!
 Sir, by your leave. having come to Padua 24

To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
 Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
 Of love between your daughter and himself
 And,—for the good report I hear of you, 28
 And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
 And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
 I am content, in a good father's care,
 To have him match'd, and, if you please to like
 No worse than I, upon some agreement 33
 Me shall you find ready and willing
 With one consent to have her so bestow'd,
 For curious I cannot be with you, 36
 Signor Baptista, of whom I hear so well
Bap Sir, pardon me in what I have to say
 Your plainness and your shortness please me
 well

Right true it is, your son Lucentio here 40
 Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,
 Or both dissemble deeply their affections
 And therefore, if you say no more than this,
 That like a father you will deal with him 44
 And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
 The match is made, and all is done
 Your son shall have my daughter with consent
Tra I thank you, sir Where, then, do you
 know best 48

We be affied and such assurance ta'en
 As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap Not in my house, Lucentio, for, you
 know,

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants. 52
 Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,
 And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra Then at my lodging an it like you
 There doth my father lie, and there this night
 We'll pass the business privately and well 57
 Send for your daughter by your servant here,
 My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently
 The worst is this, that, at so slender warning, 60
 You're like to have a thin and slender pittance

Bap It likes me well. Cambio, hie you
 home.

And bid Bianca make her ready straight,
 And, if you will, tell what hath happened 64
 Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
 And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc I pray the gods she may with all my
 heart!

Tra Dally not with the gods, but get thee
 gone 68

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
 Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer
 Come, sir we will better it in Pisa.

Bap I follow you. 72
 [Exit TRANIO, PEDANT, and BAPTISTA.]

Bion Cambio!

Luc What sayst thou, Biondello?

Bion You saw my master wink and laugh
 upon you? 76

Luc Biondello, what of that?

Bion Faith, nothing, but he has left me
 here behind to expound the meaning or moral
 of his signs and tokens. 80

Luc I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion Then thus Baptista is safe, talking
 with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc And what of him? 84

Bion His daughter is to be brought by you
 to the supper

Luc And then?

Bion The old priest at Saint Luke's church
 is at your command at all hours 89

Luc And what of all this?

Bion I cannot tell, expect they are busied
 about a counterfeit assurance take you assur-

ance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum
 solum* To the church! take the priest, clerk,

and some sufficient honest witnesses
 If this be not that you look for, I have no more

to say, 96

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day
 [Going]

Luc Hearest thou, Biondello?

Bion I cannot tarry I knew a wench mar-
 ried in an afternoon as she went to the garden
 for parsley to stuff a rabbit, and so may you,
 sir, and so, adieu, sir My master hath ap-
 pointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the
 priest be ready to come against you come with
 your appendix [Exit]

Luc I may, and will, if she be so contented
 She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I
 doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her
 It shall go hard if Cambio go without her 109

[Exit]

SCENE V—A public Road

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO,
 and Servants.

Pet Come on, I' God's name, once more to-
 ward our father's

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the
 moon!

Kath The moon! the sun it is not moon-
 light now

Pet I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath I know it is the sun that shines so
 bright. 5

Pet Now, by my mother's son, and that's
 myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
 Or ere I journey to your father's house 8

Go one and fetch our horses back again
 Evermore cross'd and cross'd, nothing but
 cross'd!

Hor Say as he says, or we shall never go

Kath Forward, I pray, since we have come
 so far, 12

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please
 An if you please to call it a rush-candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet I say it is the moon.

Kath I know it is the moon 16

Pet Nay, then you lie, it is the blessed
 sun.

Kath Then God be bless'd, it is the blessed
 sun

But sun it is not when you say it is not,
 And the moon changes even as your mind. 20

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so, it shall be so for Katharine

Hor Petruchio, go thy ways, the field is won

Pet Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run, 24

And not unluckily against the bias
But soft! what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress

[*To* VINCENTIO] Good morrow, gentle mistress where away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too, 28
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face? 32
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake
Hor A' will make the man mad, to make a

woman of him. 36
Kath Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child,

Happier the man, whom favourable stars 40
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou sayst he is 44

Kath Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun

That everything I look on seemeth green
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father, 48

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking
Pet Do, good old grandsire, and withal

make known
Which way thou travellest if along with us,

We shall be joyful of thy company 52
Vin Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,

That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,

My name is called Vincentio, my dwelling, Pisa,

And bound I am to Padua, there to visit 56
A son of mine, which long I have not seen

Pet What is his name?
Vin Lucentio, gentle sir

Pet Happily met, the happier for thy son
And now by law, as well as reverend age, 60

I may entitle thee my loving father
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd she is of good esteem, 64

Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth,
Beside, so qualified as may beseeem

The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio, 68

And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous

Vin But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest

Upon the company you overtake?
Hor I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet Come, go along, and see the truth
hereof,

For our first merriment hath made thee jealous
[*Exeunt all but* HORTENSIO

Hor Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart 77

Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then 't is thou taught Hortensio to be unto-ward [*Exit*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Padua Before* LUCENTIO'S House

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and
BIANCA, GREMIO *walking on the other side*

Bion Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready

Luc I fly, Biondello! but they may chance
to need thee at home therefore leave us 4

Bion Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your
back, and then come back to my master as soon

as I can
[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO

Gre I marvel Cambio comes not all this while 8

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO,
and Attendants

Pet Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house

My father's bears more toward the market-
place,

Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir
Vin You shall not choose but drink before

you go 12
I think I shall command your welcome here,

And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward
[*Knocks*

Gre They're busy within, you were best
knock louder 16

Enter Pedant *above, at a window*
Ped What's he that knocks as he would beat

down the gate?
Vin Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped He's within, sir, but not to be spoken
withal. 21

Vin What if a man bring him a hundred
pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped Keep your hundred pounds to yourself
he shall need none so long as I live 25

Pet Nay, I told you your son was well beloved
in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous

circumstances, I pray you tell Signior Lucentio
that his father is come from Pisa, and is here

at the door to speak with him
Ped Thou liest his father is come from

Padua, and here looking out at the window 32
Vin Art thou his father?

Ped Ay, sir, so his mother says, if I may
believe her

Pet [*To* VINCENTIO] Why, how now, gentle-
man! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon

you another man's name.
Ped Lay hands on the villain! I believe, a'

means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance

41

Re-enter BIONDELLO

Bion I have seen them in the church together. God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing

45

Vin. [Seeing BIONDELLO] Come hither, crack-hemp

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir
Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

48

Bion Forgot you! no, sir. I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life
Vin What, you notorious villain! didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

52

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir. see where he looks out of the window

57

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [Beats BIONDELLO]
Bion Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me

[Exit

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

61

Pet Prithce, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy

[They retire

Re-enter Pedant below, BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants

Tra Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

65

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

72

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?
Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo

80

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name. I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio

85

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio, and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio

88

Vin. Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his master. Lay hold on him, I charge you in the duke's name. O my son, my son! tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

92

Tra. Call forth an officer

Enter one with an Officer

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

96

Gre Stay, officer. he shall not go to prison.
Bap Talk not, Signior Gremio. I say he shall go to prison

99

Gre Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio

Ped Swear, if thou darest

Gre Nay, I dare not swear it

104

Tra Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio

Gre Yes. I know thee to be Signior Lucentio

Bap Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

109

Vin Thus strangers may be haied and abused. O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA

Bion. O! we are spoiled, and yonder he is deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone

114

Luc [Kneeling] Pardon, sweet father

Vin Lives my sweetest son?

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out.

Bian [Kneeling] Pardon, dear father

Bap How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc Here's Lucentio,

117

Right son to the right Vincentio, That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfet supposes blear'd thine eyne

Gre Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio, That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

124

Bap Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio

Luc Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town,

And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to,

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake

Vin I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol

Bap [To LUCENTIO] But do you hear, sir?

Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

138

Vin Fear not, Baptista, we will content you, go to. But I will in, to be revenged for this villany

[Exit

Bap And I, to sound the depth of this knavery

[Exit

Luc Look not pale, Bianca, thy father will not frown.

[Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA

Gre My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest,

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

[Exit

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance

Kath Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado

149

Pet First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath What! in the midst of the street?
Pet What! art thou ashamed of me? 152
Kath No, sir, God forbid, but ashamed to
 kiss
Pet Why, then let's home again. Come,
 sirrah, let's away
Kath Nay, I will give thee a kiss now pray
 thee, love, stay
Pet Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate
 Better once than never, for never too late 157
 [Exeunt]

SCENE II — A Room in LUCENTIO'S House

*A Banquet set out Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO,
 GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA,
 PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and
 Widow TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and
 Others, attending*
Luc At last, though long, our jarring notes
 agree
 And time it is, when raging war is done,
 To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
 My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome, 4
 While I with self-same kindness welcome thine
 Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
 And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house
 My banquet is to close our stomachs up, 9
 After our great good cheer Pray you, sit down,
 For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

[They sit at table]

Pet Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and
 eat! 12
Bap Padua affords this kindness, son Pe-
 truchio
Pet Padua affords nothing but what is kind
Hor For both our sakes I would that word
 were true
Pet Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his
 widow 16
Wid Then never trust me, if I be afraid
Pet You are very sensible, and yet you miss
 my sense
 I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.
Wid He that is giddy thinks the world turns
 round 20
Pet Roundly replied
Kath Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid Thus I conceive by him
Pet Conceive by me! How likes Hortensio
 that?
Hor My widow says, thus she conceives her
 tale 24
Pet Very well mended. Kiss him for that,
 good widow
Kath 'He that is giddy thinks the world
 turns round'
 I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid Your husband, being troubled with a
 shrew, 28
 Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe
 And now you know my meaning.
Kath A very mean meaning
Wid Right, I mean you.

Kath And I am mean, indeed, respecting
 you 32
Pet To her, Kate
Hor To her, widow!
Pet A hundred marks, my Kate does put her
 down
Hor That's my office 36
Pet Spoke like an officer ha' to thee, lad.
 [Drinks to HORTENSIO]
Bap How likes Gremio these quick-witted
 folks?
Gre Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
Bian Head and butt! a hasty-witted body
 Would say your head and butt were head and
 horn. 41
Vin Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd
 you?
Bian Ay, but not frighted me, therefore I'll
 sleep again.
Pet Nay, that you shall not, since you have
 begun, 44
 Have at you for a bitter jest or two
Bian Am I your bird? I mean to shift my
 bush,
 And then pursue me as you draw your bow
 You are welcome all 48
 [Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow]
Pet She hath prevented me Here, Signior
 Tranio,
 This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not
 Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tra O sir! Lucentio shipp'd me, like his
 greyhound, 52
 Which runs himself, and catches for his master
Pet A good swift simile, but something cur-
 rish.
Tra 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for your-
 self 55
 'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay
Bap O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now
Luc I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio
Hor Confess, confess, hath he not hit you
 here?
Pet A' has a little gall'd me, I confess, 60
 And, as the jest did glance away from me,
 'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
 I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all. 64
Pet Well, I say no and therefore, for as-
 surance,
 Let's each one send unto his wife,
 And he whose wife is most obedient
 To come at first when he doth send for her, 68
 Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor Content What is the wager?
Luc Twenty crowns
Pet Twenty crowns!
 I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound, 72
 But twenty times so much upon my wife
Luc A hundred then
Hor Content.
Pet A match! 'tis done.
Hor Who shall begin?
Luc That will I.
 Go, Brondello, bid your mistress come to me. 76
Bion I go [Exit]

Bap Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes
Luc I'll have no halves, I'll bear it all myself

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion Sir, my mistress sends you word
 That she is busy and she cannot come 81
Pet How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
 Is that an answer?

Gre Ay and a kind one too
 Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse
Pet I hope, better 85
Hor Surrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife

To come to me forthwith [*Exit BIONDELLO*]
Pet O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come
Hor I am afraid, sir, 88
 Do what you can, yours will not be entreated

Re-enter BIONDELLO

Now, where's my wife?

Bion She says you have some goodly jest in hand

She will not come she bids you come to her 92

Pet Worse and worse, she will not come! O vile,
 Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Surrah Grumio, go to your mistress, say,
 I command her come to me [*Exit GRUMIO*]

Hor I know her answer 96

Pet What?

Hor She will not.

Pet The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Re-enter KATHARINA.

Bap Now, by my holdame, here comes
 Katharina! 100

Kath What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath They sit conferring by the parlour fire

Pet Go, fetch them hither. If they deny to come, 104

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit KATHARINA*]
Luc Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder

Hor And so it is I wonder what it bodes

Pet Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life, 109

An awful rule and right supremacy,
 And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy

Bap Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
 The wager thou hast won, and I will add 113

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
 Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she had never been. 116

Pet Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
 And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience

See where she comes, and brings your froward wives 120

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not
 Off with that bauble, throw it under foot

[*KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws it down*]

Wid Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh, 124

Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc I would your duty were as foolish too

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, 128
 Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time

Bian The more fool you for laying on my duty

Pet Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands 132

Wid Come, come, you're mocking we will have no telling

Pet Come on, I say, and first begin with her

Wid She shall not

Pet I say she shall and first begin with her 136

Kath Fie, fie! unknot that threatening unkind brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor

It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
 Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds, 141

And in no sense is meet or amiable

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubl'd,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty, 144

And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign, one that cares for thee, 148

And for thy maintenance commits his body

To painful labour both by sea and land,

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe, 152

And craves no other tribute at thy hands

But love, fair looks, and true obedience,

Too little payment for so great a debt

Such duty as the subject owes the prince, 156

Even such a woman oweth to her husband,

And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foul contending rebel, 160

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—

I am asham'd that women are so simple

To offer war where they should kneel for peace,

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway, 164

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions and our hearts 168

Should well agree with our external parts?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great, my reason haply more, 172
 To bandy word for word and frown for frown,
 But now I see our lances are but straws,
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past com-
 pare,
 That seeming to be most which we indeed least
 are 176
 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
 And place your hands below your husband's
 foot
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease 180
Pet Why, there's a wench! Come on, and
 kiss me, Kate

Luc Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou
 shalt ha't
Vin 'Tis a good hearing when children are
 toward
Luc But a harsh hearing when women are
 froward 184
Pet Come, Kate, we'll to bed
 We three are married, but you two are sped.
 'Twas I won the wager, [*To LUCENTIO*] though
 you hit the white,
 And, being a winner, God give you good
 night! 188
 [*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.*]
Hor Now, go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a
 curst shrew
Luc 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will
 be tam'd so [*Exeunt.*]

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old Lord
PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram
Steward to the Countess of Rousillon.
LAVACHE, a Clown in her household.
A Page.

COUNTRESS OF ROUSILLON Mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
An Old Widow of Florence
DIANA, Daughter to the Widow
VIOLENTA, } Neighbours and Friends to the Widow
MARIANA, }
 Lords, Officers Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE —Rousillon, Paris, Florence, Marseilles

ACT I

SCENE I.—Rousillon A Room in the COUNTESS'S Palace

*Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON,
HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black*

Count In delivering my son from me, I bury
a second husband

Ber And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my
father's death anew, but I must attend his
majesty's command, to whom I am now in
ward, evermore in subjection

Laf You shall find of the king a husband,
madam, you, sir, a father He that so generally
is at all times good, must of necessity hold his
virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up
where it wanted rather than lack it where there
is such abundance

Count What hope is there of his majesty's
amendment?

Laf He hath abandoned his physicians,
madam, under whose practices he hath per-
secuted time with hope, and finds no other
advantage in the process but only the losing of
hope by time

Count This young gentlewoman had a fa-
ther,—O, that 'had! how sad a passage 'tis!—
whose skill was almost as great as his honesty,
had it stretched so far, would have made na-
ture immortal, and death should have play for
lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he
were living! I think it would be the death of
the king's disease.

Laf How called you the man you speak of,
madam?

Count He was famous, sir, in his profession,
and it was his great right to be so Gerard de
Narbon.

Laf He was excellent indeed, madam the
king very lately spoke of him admiringly and
mourningly He was skilful enough to have
lived still, if knowledge could be set up against
mortality

Ber What is it, my good lord, the king
languishes of?

Laf A fistula, my lord

Ber I heard not of it before

Laf I would it were not notorious. Was

this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de
Narbon?

Count His sole child, my lord, and be-
queathed to my overlooking I have those hopes
of her good that her education promises her
dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts
fairer, for where an unclean mind carries vir-
tuous qualities, there commendations go with
pity, they are virtues and traitors too in her
they are the better for their simpleness, she de-
rives her honesty and achieves her goodness

Laf Your commendations, madam, get from
her tears

Count 'Tis the best brine a maiden can sea-
son her praise in. The remembrance of her
father never approaches her heart but the
tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelhood from
her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no
more, lest it be rather thought you affect a
sorrow, than have it

Hel I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have
it too

Laf Moderate lamentation is the right of
the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Hel If the living be enemy to the grief, the
excess makes it soon mortal

Ber Madam, I desire your holy wishes

Laf How understand we that?

Count Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed
thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech What heaven more
will

That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck
down,

Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord,

'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my lord,

Advise him.

Laf He cannot want the best

That shall attend his love

Count Heaven bless him! Farewell, Ber-
tram

Ber. [To HELENA.] The best wishes that can

be forged in your thoughts be servants to you!
 Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress,
 and make much of her
Laf Farewell, pretty lady you must hold
 the credit of your father

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU*]

Hel O! were that all I think not on my
 father,
 And these great tears grace his remembrance
 more

Than those I shed for him What was he like?
 I have forgot him my imagination
 Carries no favour in't but Bertram's
 I am undone there is no living, none,
 If Bertram be away It were all one
 That I should love a bright particular star
 And think to wed it, he is so above me
 In his bright radiance and collateral light
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself
 The hind that would be mated by the lion
 Must die for love 'Twas pretty, though a
 plague,

To see him every hour, to sit and draw
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
 In our heart's table heart too capable
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favour
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
 Must sanctify his reliques Who comes here?
 One that goes with him I love him for his sake,
 And yet I know him a notorious liar,
 Think him a great way fool, solely a coward,
 Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
 That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
 Look bleak in the cold wind withal, full oft we
 see
 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly

Enter PAROLLES

Par Save you, fair queen!

Hel And you, monarch!

Par No

Hel And no

Par Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel Ay You have some stain of soldier in
 you, let me ask you a question Man is enemy
 to virginity, how may we barricado it against
 him?

Par Keep him out

Hel But he assails, and our virginity, though
 valiant in the defence, yet is weak Unfold to
 us some war-like resistance

Par There is none man, sitting down before
 you, will undermine you and blow you up

Hel Bless our poor virginity from under-
 miners and blowers up! Is there no military
 policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par Virginity being blown down, man will
 quicklier be blown up marry in blowing him
 down again, with the breach yourselves made,
 you lose your city It is not politic in the com-
 monwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss
 of virginity is rational increase, and there was
 never virgin got till virginity was first lost
 That you were made of is metal to make virgins

Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times
 found by being ever kept, it is ever lost 'Tis
 too cold a companion away with't!

Hel I will stand for't a little, though there-
 fore I die a virgin

Par There's little can be said in't, 'tis
 against the rule of nature To speak on the part
 of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which
 is most infallible disobedience He that hangs
 himself is a virgin virginity murders itself, and
 should be buried in highways, out of all sancti-
 fied limit, as a desperate offensiveness against na-
 ture Virginity breeds mates, much like a cheese,
 consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies
 with feeding his own stomach Besides, virginity
 is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which
 is the most inhibited sin in the canon Keep it
 not, you cannot choose but lose by't! Out with't!
 within the year it will make itself two, which is
 a goodly increase, and the principal itself not
 much the worse Away with't!

Hel How might one do, sir, to lose it to her
 own liking?

Par Let me see marry, ill, to like him that
 ne'er it likes 'Tis a commodity that will lose
 the gloss with lying, the longer kept, the less
 worth off with't, while 'tis vendible, answer the
 time of request Virginity, like an old courtesan,
 wears her cap out of fashion, richly suited, but
 unsuitable just like the brooch and the tooth-
 pick, which wear not now Your oats are better in
 your pie and your porridge than in your cheek
 and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one
 of our French withered pears, it looks ill, it eats
 drily, marry, 'tis a withered pear, it was for-
 merly better, marry, yet 'tis a withered pear
 Will you anything with it?

Hel Not my virginity yet
 There shall your master have a thousand loves,
 A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
 A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
 A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
 A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear,
 His humble ambition, proud humility,
 His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
 His faith, his sweet disaster, with a world
 Of pretty, fond, adoptive christendoms,
 That blinking Cupid gossips Now shall he—
 I know not what he shall God send him well!
 The court's a learning-place, and he is one—

Par What one, i' faith?

Hel That I wish well 'Tis pity—

Par What's pity?

Hel That wishing well had not a body in't,
 Which might be felt, that we, the poorer born,
 Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
 Might with effects of them follow our friends,
 And show what we alone must think, which
 never

Returns us thanks

Enter a Page.

Page Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for
 you

Par Little Helen farewell if I can remem-
 ber thee I will think of thee at court.

Hel Monsieur Parolles, you were born under
a charitable star 208

Par Under Mars, I

Hel I especially think, under Mars

Par Why under Mars?

Hel The wars have so kept you under that
you must needs be born under Mars 213

Par When he was predominant

Hel When he was retrograde, I think rather

Par Why think you so? 216

Hel You go so much backward when you
fight

Par That's for advantage

Hel So is running away, when fear proposes
the safety but the composition that your valour
and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing,
and I like the wear well 223

Par I am so full of businesses I cannot
answer thee acutely I will return perfect cour-
tier, in the which, my instruction shall serve to
naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a
courtier's counsel, and understand what advice
shall thrust upon thee, else thou diest in thine
unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee
away farewell When thou hast leisure, say thy
prayers, when thou hast none, remember thy
friends Get thee a good husband, and use him
as he uses thee so, farewell [Exit 223]

Hel Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to heaven the fated sky 236
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space fortune nature brings 241
To join like likes and kiss like native things
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be who ever strove 245
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease,—my project may deceive
me,

But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me

[Exit

SCENE II.—Paris A Room in the KING'S
Palace

Flourish of Cornets Enter the KING OF FRANCE,
with letters, Lords and Others attending

King The Florentines and Senoys are by the
ears,

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war

First Lord. So 'tis reported, sir

King Nay, 'tis most credible we here re-
ceive it 4

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid, wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem 8
To have us make denial

First Lord His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes 12
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part

Sec Lord It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick 16
For breathing and exploit

King What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES

First Lord It is the Count Rousillon, my
good lord,

Young Bertram

King You'h, thou bear'st thy father's face,
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, 20
Hath well compos'd thee Thy father's moral
parts

Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris

Ber My thanks and duty are your majesty's

King I would I had that corporal soundness
now, 24

As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time and was

Discipled of the bravest he lasted long, 28

But on us both did haggish age steal on,

And wore us out of act It much repairs me

To talk of your good father In his youth

He had the wit which I can well observe 32

To-day in our young lords, but they may jest

Till their own scorn return to them unnoted

Ere they can hide their levity in honour

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness 36

Were in his pride or sharpness, if they were,

His equal had awak'd them, and his honour,

Clock to itself, knew the true minute when

Exception bid him speak, and at this time 40

His tongue obey'd his hand who were below
him

He us'd as creatures of another place,

And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,

Making them proud of his humility, 44

In their poor praise he humbled Such a man

Might be a copy to these younger times,

Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them
now

But goes backward

Ber His good remembrance, sir, 48

Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb,

So in approof lives not his epitaph

As in your royal speech.

King Would I were with him! He would
always say,— 52

Methinks I hear him now his plausible words

He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,

To grow there and to bear 'Let me not live,'—

Thus his good melancholy oft began, 56

On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,

When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,

'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff' 59

Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses

All but new things disdain, whose judgments are

Mere fathers of their garments, whose con-
stances

Expire before their fashions' This he wish'd
I, after him, do after him wish too, 64
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room

Sec Lord You are lov'd, sir,
They that least lend it you shall lack you first, 68
King I fill a place, I know't How long is't,
count,

Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd

Ber Some six months since, my lord.

King If he were living, I would try him yet
Lend me an arm the rest have worn me out 73
With several applications nature and sick-
ness

Debate it at their leisure Welcome, count,
My son's no dearer

Ber Thank your majesty 76
[*Exeunt Flourish*]

SCENE III —Rousillon A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown

Count I will now hear what say you of this
gentlewoman?

Stew Madam, the care I have had to even
your content, I wish might be found in the
calendar of my past endeavours for then we
wound our modesty and make foul the clearness
of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish
them 8

Count What does this knave here? Get you
gone, sirrah the complaints I have heard of you
I do not all believe 'tis my slowness that I do
not for I know you lack not folly to commit
them, and have ability enough to make such
knaveries yours

Clo 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am
a poor fellow 16

Count Well, sir

Clo No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am
poor, though many of the rich are damned But, if
I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the
world, Isabel the woman and I will do as we may

Count Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo I do beg your good will in this case

Count In what case? 24

Clo In Isabel's case and mine own. Service is
no heritage, and I think I shall never have the
blessing of God till I have issue o' my body, for
they say barnes are blessings 28

Count Tell me thy reason why thou wilt
marry

Clo My poor body, madam, requires it I
am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs
go that the devil drives 33

Count Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons,
such as they are. 36

Count May the world know them?

Clo I have been, madam, a wicked creature,
as you and all flesh and blood are, and, indeed,
I do marry that I may repent 40

Count Thy marriage, sooner than thy
wickedness

Clo I am out o' friends, madam, and I hope
to have friends for my wife's sake 44

Count Such friends are thine enemies, knave

Clo You're shallow, madam, in great friends,
for the knaves come to do that for me which I
am aware of He that ears my land spares my
team, and gives me leave to in the crop if I be
his cuckold, he's my drudge He that comforts
my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood,
he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my
flesh and blood, he that loves my flesh and
blood is my friend *ergo*, he that kisses my wife
is my friend If men could be contented to be
what they are, there were no fear in marriage,
for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam
the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed
in religion, their heads are both one, they may
jowl horns together like any deer i' the herd 60

Count Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and
calumnious knave?

Clo A prophet I, madam, and I speak the
truth the next way 64

For I the ballad will repeat,

Which men full true shall find
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind. 68

Count Get you gone, sir I'll talk with you
more anon.

Stew May it please you, madam, that he bid
Helen come to you of her I am to speak 72

Count Sirrah tell my gentlewoman I would
speak with her, Helen I mean

Clo Was this fair face the cause quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy? 76

Fond done done fond

Was this King Priam's joy?

With that she sigh'd as she stood,

With that she sigh'd as she stood, 80

And gave this sentence then

Among nine bad if one be good,

Among nine bad if one be good

There's yet one good in ten 84

Count What! one good in ten? you corrupt
the song, sirrah

Clo One good woman in ten, madam, which
is a purifying o' the song Would God would
serve the world so all the year! we'd find no
fault with the tithe-woman if I were the parson
One in ten, quoth a'! An we might have a good
woman born but for every blazing star, or at an
earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery with a
man may draw his heart out ere a' pluck one

Count You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I
command you! 96

Clo That man should be at woman's com-
mand, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty
be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt, it will wear
the surplice of humility over the black gown of a
big heart. I am going forsooth the business is
for Helen to come hither [Exit.]

Count Well, now

Stew I know, madam, you love your gentle-
woman entirely 105

Count Faith, I do her father bequeathed her to me, and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand 111

Stew Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears, she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger's sense. Her matter was, she loved your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates, Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level, Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in, which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, since in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it 128

Count You have discharged this honesty keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you leave me stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Steward]

Enter HELENA

Even so it was with me when I was young 136
If ever we are nature's, these are ours, this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong,
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born
It is the show and seal of nature's truth, 140
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth

By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none

Her eye is sick on't. I observe her now 144

Hel What is your pleasure, madam?

Count You know, Helen, I am a mother to you

Hel Mine honourable mistress

Count Nay, a mother
Why not a mother? When I said, 'a mother,'
Methought you saw a serpent what's in 'mother' 149

That you start at it? I say, I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those

That were enwombed mine 'tis often seen 152
Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds,
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care 156

God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye? 160
Why? that you are my daughter?

Hel

That I am not.

Count I say, I am your mother

Hel

Pardon, madam,

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother
I am from humble, he from honour'd name, 164
No note upon my parents, his all noble
My master my dear lord he is, and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die
He must not be my brother

Count

Nor I your mother? 168

Hel

You are my mother, madam would

you were,—

So that my lord your son were not my brother,—
Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for than I do for heaven, 172
So I were not his sister Can't no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count

Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law

God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother 176

So strive upon your pulse What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness now I see

The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son invention is asham'd, 181
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not therefore tell me true,
But tell me then, 'tis so, for, look, thy cheeks 184
Confess it, th' one to th' other, and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours
That in their kind they speak it only sin

And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue 188
That truth should be suspected Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew,
If it be not, forswear't howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, 192
To tell me truly

Hel

Good madam, pardon me!

Count

Do you love my son?

Hel

Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count

Love you my son?

Hel

Do not you love him, madam?

Count

Go not about, my love hath in't a bond 196

Whereof the world takes note come, come, disclose

The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd

Hel

Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you 200

That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son

My friends were poor, but honest, so's my love
Be not offended, for it hurts not him 204

That he is lov'd of me I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit,

Nor would I have him till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be 208

I know I love in vain, strive against hope,
Yet, in this captious and intemperate sieve

I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still Thus, Indian-like, 212
Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love 216
For loving where you do but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking 219
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love, O! then, give pity
To her, whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose,
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies 225

Count Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel Madam, I had
Count Wherefore? tell true

Hel I will tell truth, by grace itself I swear
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty, and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them, 233
As notes whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note Amongst the
rest,

There is a remedy, approv'd, set down 236
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak

Hel My lord your son made me to think of
this, 240

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Happily been absent then

Count But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid, 244
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind, he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help How shall they
credit

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools, 248
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel There's something in't,
More than my father's skill, which was the
great'st

Of his profession, that his good receipt 252
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven and, would
your honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture 255
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour

Count Dost thou believe't?

Hel Ay, madam, knowingly

Count Why, Helen, thou shalt have my
leave and love,

Means, and attendants, and my loving greet-
ings 260

To those of mine in court, I'll stay at home
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.

Be gone to-morrow, and be sure of this, 263
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I — Paris A Room in the KING's
Palace

Flourish Enter the KING, with divers young
Lords taking leave for the Florentine war,
BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants

King Farewell, young lords these war-like
principles

Do not throw from you and you, my lords,
farewell

Share the advice betwixt you, if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd, 4
And is enough for both

First Lord 'Tis our hope, sir,

After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health

King No, no, it cannot be, and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady 9

That doth my life besiege Farewell, young
lords,

Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen let higher Italy— 12

Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy—see that you come

Not to woo honour, but to wed it, when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you
seek 16

That fame may cry you loud I say, farewell.

Sec Lord Health, at your bidding, serve
your majesty!

King Those girls of Italy, take heed of them
They say, our French lack language to deny 20

If they demand beware of being captives,
Before you serve

Both Lords Our hearts receive your warn-
ings

King Farewell Come hither to me
[*Exit attended*]

First Lord O my sweet lord, that you will
stay behind us! 24

Par 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

Sec Lord O! 'tis brave wars

Par Most admirable I have seen those wars

Ber I am commanded here, and kept a coil
with

'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and 'tis too
early' 28

Par An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away
bravely

Ber I shall stay here the forehorse to a
smock,

Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up and no sword worn 32

But one to dance with! By heaven! I'll steal
away

First Lord There's honour in the theft.

Par Commit it, count.

Sec Lord I am your accessary, and so fare-
well

Ber I grow to you, and our parting is a tor-
tured body 37

First Lord Farewell, captain.

Sec Lord Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Par Noble heroes, my sword and yours are

kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good

metals you shall find in the regiment of the
Spurio, ore Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice,
an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek it
was this very word entrenched it say to him,
I live, and observe his reports for me 46

Sec Lord We shall, noble captain

[*Exeunt Lords*]

Par Mars dote on you for his novices!
What will ye do?

Ber Stay, the king 50

Re enter KING, PAROLLES and BERTRAM retire

Par Use a more spacious ceremony to the
noble lords, you have restrained yourself within
the list of too cold an adieu be more expressive
to them, for they wear themselves in the cap of
the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak,
and move under the influence of the most re-
ceived star, and though the devil lead the mea-
sure, such are to be followed After them, and
take a more dilated farewell

Ber And I will do so 60

Par Worthy fellows, and like to prove
most sinewy swordmen

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES*]

Enter LAFEU

Laf [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me
and for my tidings

King I'll see thee to stand up 64

Laf Then here's a man stands that has
brought his pardon

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me
mercy,

And that at my bidding you could so stand up
King I would I had, so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't 69

Laf Good faith, across but, my good lord,
'tis thus,

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King No 72

Laf O' will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes an if

My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a
medicine

That's able to breathe life into a stone, 76
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary

With spritely fire and motion, whose simple
touch

Is powerful to arise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand 80

And write to her a love-line

King What 'her' is this?

Laf Why, Doctor She My lord, there's one
arriv'd

If you will see her now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts 84

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,

Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see 88

her,
For that is her demand, and know her business?

That done, laugh well at me

King Now, good Lafeu,

Bring in the admiration, that we with thee

May spend our wonder too, or take off thine 92
By word ring how thou took'st it

Laf Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither [*Exit*]

King Thus he his special nothing ever pro-
logues

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA

Laf Nay, come your ways
King This haste hath wings indeed 97

Laf Nay, come your ways,
This is his majesty say your mind to him

A traitor you do look like but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears I am Cressid's uncle,

That dare leave two together Fare you well 101
[*Exit*]

King Now, fair one, does your business
follow us?

Hel Ay, my good lord
Gerard de Narbcn was my father 104

In what he did profess well found

King I knew him.
Hel The rather will I spare my praises to-
wards him,

Knowing him is enough On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one, 108

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,

He bade me store up as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two more dear I have so,

And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd 113
With that malignant cause wherein the honour

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance, 116

With all bound humbleness

King We thank you, maiden,
But may not be so credulous of cure,

When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded 120

That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her maidable estate, I say we must not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady 124

To empirics, or to disserve so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem

A senseless help when help past sense we deem
Hel My duty then, shall pay me for my pains

I will no more enforce mine office on you, 129
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts

A modest one, to bear me back again
King I cannot give thee less, to be call'd 132

grateful
Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks
I give

As one near death to those that wish him live,
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,

I knowing all my peril, thou no art 136

Hel What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy

He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister 140

So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes, great floods have
flow'd

From simple sources, and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been demed.

Of expectation fails, and most oft there 145
Where most it promises, and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits
King I must not hear thee fare thee well,
kind maid. 148

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward
Hel Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd
It is not so with Him that all things knows, 152
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows,
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent, 156
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment
I am not an impostor that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim,
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power nor you past cure 161

King Art thou so confident? Within what space

Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring 164
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass 168
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die

King Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel Tax of impudence, 173
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise, nay worse—if worse—ex-
tended 176

With vilest torture let my life be ended
King Methinks in thee some blessed spirit
doth speak,

His powerful sound within an organ weak,
And what impossibility would slay 180
In common sense, sense saves another way
Thy life is dear for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all 184
That happiness and prime can happy call
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try, 188
That ministers thine own death if I die

Hel If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my
fee, 192

But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King Make thy demand.

Hel But will you make it even?
King Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of
heaven.

Hel Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly
hand 196

What husband in thy power I will command
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate 200

With any branch or image of thy state,
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow

King Here is my hand, the premises ob-
serv'd, 204

Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to
trust 209

From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but
rest

Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed 212
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed
[*Flourish* *Exeunt*

SCENE II — *Rousillon A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace*

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count Come on, sir, I shall now put you to
the height of your breeding

Clo I will show myself highly fed and lowly
taught I know my business is but to the
court 5

Count To the court! why what place make
you special, when you put off that with such
contempt? 'But to the court!' 8

Clo Truly, madam, if God have lent a man
any manners, he may easily put it off at court
he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his
hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands,
lip, nor cap, and indeed such a fellow, to say
precisely, were not for the court But, for me, I
have an answer will serve all men

Count Marry, that's a bountiful answer
that fits all questions 17

Clo It is like a barber's chair that fits all
buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock,
the brawn-buttock, or any buttock 20

Count Will your answer serve fit to all
questions?

Clo As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an
attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta
punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a
pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-
day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his
horn, as a scolding queen to a wrangling knave,
as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as
the pudding to his skin.

Count Have you, I say, an answer of such
fitness for all questions? 32

Clo From below your duke to beneath your
constable, it will fit any question.

Count It must be an answer of most mon-
strous size that must fit all demands 36

Clo But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the
learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and
all that belongs to't ask me if I am a courtier,
it shall do you no harm to learn. 40

Count To be young again, if we could. I will
be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by
your answer I pray you, sir, are you a court-
tier? 44

Clo O Lord, sir! there's a simple putting off
More, more, a hundred of them.

Count Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that
loves you.

Clo O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not
me

Count I think, sir, you can eat none of this
homely meat.

Clo O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to't, I war-
rant you

Count You were lately whipped, sir, as I
think.

Clo O Lord sir! Spare not me

Count Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your
whipping and 'Spare not me' Indeed your
'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping
you would answer very well to a whipping, if
you were but bound to t

Clo I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my
'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but
not serve ever

Count I play the noble housewife with the
time,

To entertain't so merrily with a fool
Clo O Lord, sir! why, there't serves well
again

Count An end, sir to your business Give
Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son.

This is not much

Clo Not much commendation to them
Count Not much employment for you you
understand me?

Clo Most fruitfully I am there before my
legs

Count Haste you again [Exeunt severally]

SCENE III.—Paris A Room in the KING'S Palace

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES

Laf They say miracles are past, and we have
our philosophical persons, to make modern and
familiar, things supernatural and causeless
Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, en-
sconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when
we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear

Par Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder
that hath shot out in our latter times

Ber And so 'tis.

Laf To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par So I say

Laf Both of Galen and Paracelsus

Par So I say

Laf Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par Right, so I say

Laf That gave him out incurable,—

Par Why, there 'tis, so say I too

Laf Not to be helped,—

Par Right, as 'twere, a man assured of a—

Laf Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par Just, you say well so would I have
said

Laf I may truly say it is a novelty to the
world

Par It is, indeed if you will have it in
showing, you shall read it in—what do you call
there—

Laf A showing of a heavenly effect in an
earthly actor

Par That's it I would have said, the very
same

Laf Why, your dolphin is not luster 'fore
me, I speak in respect—

Par Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that
is the brief and the tedious of it, and he is of a
most facinorous spirit, that will not acknow-
ledge it to be the—

Laf Very hand of heaven—

Par Ay, so I say

Laf In a most weak and debile minister,
great power, great transcendence which should,
indeed, give us a further use to be made than
alone the recovery of the king, as to be gener-
ally thankful.

Par I would have said it, you say well
Here comes the king

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants

Laf Lustig, as the Dutchman says I'll like
a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my
head Why, he's able to lead her a coranto

Par *Mort du vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf 'Fore God, I think so

King Go, call before me all the lords in
court [Exit an Attendant]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side

And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd
sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive

The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye this youthful
parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sov'reign power and father's
voice

I have to use thy frank election make,

Thou hast power to choose, and they none to
forsake

Hel To each of you one fair and virtuous
mistress

8 Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but
one

Laf I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these
boys'

12 And wint as little beard.

King Peruse them well
Not one of those but had a noble father

68 *Hel* Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to
health

All We understand it, and thank heaven
for you.

Hel I am a simple maid, and therein
wealthiest

That I protest I simply am a maid
 Please it your majesty, I have done already
 The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
 'We blush, that thou shouldst choose, but, be
 refus'd,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,
 We'll ne'er come there again

King Make choice, and see,
 Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in
 me

Hel Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly, 80
 And to imperial Love, that god most high,
 Do my sighs stream Sir, will you hear my suit?

First Lord And grant it

Hel Thanks, sir, all the rest is mute

Laf I had rather be in this choice than
 throw ames-ace for my life 85

Hel The honour, sir, that flames in your fair
 eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies
 Love make your fortunes twenty times above 88
 Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

Sec Lord No better, if you please

Hel My wish receive,
 Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave

Laf Do all they deny her? An they were
 sons of mine, I'd have them whipp'd or I would
 send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of

Hel [To third Lord] Be not afraid that I
 your hand should take,

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake 96
 Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
 Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf These boys are boys of ice, they'll none
 have her sure they are bastards to the Eng-
 lish the French ne'er got 'em 100

Hel You are too young, too happy, and too
 good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood
Fourth Lord Fair one, I think not so 104

Laf There's one grape yet I am sure thy
 father drunk wine But if thou be'st no an ass,
 I am a youth of fourteen I have known thee
 already 108

Hel [To BERTRAM] I dare not say I take you,
 but I give

Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
 Into your guiding power This is the man

King Why then, young Bertram, take her,
 she's thy wife 112

Ber My wife, my hege! I shall beseech your
 highness

In such a business give me leave to use
 The help of mine own eyes

King Know'st thou not, Bertram,
 What she has done for me?

Ber Yes, my good lord; 116
 But never hope to know why I should marry her

King Thou know'st she has rais'd me from
 my sickly bed.

Ber But follows it, my lord, to bring me
 down

Must answer for your raising? I know her well
 She had her breeding at my father's charge 120

A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
 Rather corrupt me ever!

King 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her,
 the which 124

I can build up Strange is it that our bloods,
 Of colour weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
 Would quite confound distinction yet stand off
 In differences so mighty If she be 128

All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,
 A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st
 Of virtue for the name, but do not so
 From lowest place when virtuous things pro-
 ceed, 132

The place is dignified by the doer's deed
 Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
 It is a dropsied honour Good alone
 Is good without a name vileness is so 136

The property by what it is should go,
 Not by the title She is young wise, fair,
 In these to nature she's immediate heir,
 And these breed honour that is honour's scorn
 Which challenges itself as honour's born, 140

And is not like the sire honours thrive
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our foregoers The mere word's a slave,
 Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave 145

A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb
 Where dust and darn'd oblivion is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones indeed What should be
 said? 148

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
 I can create the rest virtue and she
 Is her own dower, honour and wealth from
 me

Ber I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.
King Thou wrong'st thyself if thou shouldst
 strive to choose 153

Hel That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm
 glad

Let the rest go
King My honour's at the stake, which to
 defeat 156

I must produce my power Here, take her hand,
 Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up
 My love and her desert, thou canst not dream
 We, pouring us in her defective scale, 160

Shall weigh thee to the beam, that wilt not
 know,

It is in us to plant thine honour where
 We please to have it grow Check thy contempt
 Obey our will, which travels in thy good 165

Believe not thy disdain, but presently
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
 Which both thy duty owes and our power
 claims, 168

Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
 Into the staggers and the careless lapse
 Of youth and ignorance, both my revenge and
 hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice, 172
 Without all terms of pity Speak, thine answer

Ber Pardon, my gracious lord, for I submit
 My fancy to your eyes. When I consider 175
 What great creation and what dole of honour
 Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which
 late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now

The praised of the king, who, so ennobled,
Is, as t were, born so

King Take her by the hand 180
And tell her she is thine to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
A balance more replete

Ber I take her I ard
King Good fortune and the favour of the
king 184

Smile upon this contract, whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night the solemn feast
Shall n ore attend upon the coming space, 188
Expecting absent friends As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious, else, does err

[*Exeunt KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords,
and Attendants*]

Laf Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you
Par Your pleasure, sir? 192

Laf Your lord and master did well to make
his recantation

Par Recantation! My lord! my master!

Laf Ay, is it not a language I speak? 196

Par A most harsh one, and not to be under-
stood without bloody succeeding My master!

Laf Are you companion to the Count
Rousillon? 200

Par To any count, to all counts, to what is
man

Laf To what is count's man count's master
is of another style 204

Par You are too old, sir, let it satisfy you,
you are too old

Laf I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man, to
which title age cannot bring thee 208

Par What I dare too well do, I dare not do
Laf I did think thee, for two ordinarities,

to be a pretty wise fellow thou didst make
tolerable vent of thy travel, it might pass yet
the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did
manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a
vessel of too great a burden I have now found
thee, when I lose thee again, I care not, yet art
thou good for nothing but taking up, and that
thou'rt scarce worth.

Par Hadst thou not the privilege of an-
tiquity upon thee,— 220

Laf Do not plunge thyself too far in anger,
lest thou hasten thy trial, which if—Lord have
mercy on thee for a hen! So my good window
of lattice, fare thee well thy casement I need
not open, for I look through thee Give me thy
hand.

Par My lord, you give me most egregious
indignity 228

Laf Ay, with all my heart, and thou art
worthy of it.

Par I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf Yes, good faith, every dram of it, and I
will not bate thee a scruple. 233

Par Well, I shall be wiser

Laf E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou
hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary If ever
thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou
shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage
I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with

thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in
the default, he is a man I know 241

Par My lord, you do me most insupportable
 vexation

Laf I would it were hell-pains for thy sake,
and my poor doing eternal for doing I am past,
as I will by thee, in what motion age will give
me leave [Exit]

Par Well, thou hast a son shall take this
disgrace off me, scurvy old, filthy, scurvy lord!
Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of
authority I'll beat him, by my life, if I can
meet him with any convenience, an he were
double and double a lord I'll have no more pity
of his age than I would have of—I'll beat him,
an if I could but meet him again! 255

Re-enter LAFEU

Laf Sirrah, your lord and master's married,
there's news for you you have a new mistress

Par I most unfeignedly beseech your lord-
ship to make some reservation of your wrongs
he is my good lord whom I serve above is my
master 261

Laf Who? God?

Par Ay, sir

Laf The devil it is that's thy master Why
dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion?
dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants
so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy
nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two
hours younger, I'd beat thee methinks thou art
a general offence, and every man should beat
thee I think thou wast created for men to
breathe themselves upon thee 272

Par This is hard and undeserved measure,
my lord

Laf Go to, sir, you were beaten in Italy for
picking a kernel out of a pomegranate, you are
a vagabond and no true traveller you are more
sancy with lords and honourable personages
than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives
you commission. You are not worth another
word, else I'd call you knave I leave you [Exit]

Par Good, very good, it is so then good,
very good. Let it be concealed awhile

Re-enter BERTRAM

Ber Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par What is the matter, sweet heart? 285

Ber Although before the solemn priest I
have sworn,

I will not bed her

Par What, what, sweet heart? 288

Ber O my Parolles, they have married me!

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her

Par France is a dog-hole, and it no more
merits

The tread of a man's foot. To the wars! 292

Ber There's letters from my mother what
the import is

I know not yet

Par Ay, that would be known. To the wars,
my boy! to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box, unseen, 296
That hugs his kiddy-wicky here at home,

Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed To other regions! 300
France is a stable, we that dwell in t'jades,
Therefore, to the war!

Ber It shall be so I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, 304
And wherefore I am fled, write to the king
That which I durst not speak his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike War is no strife 308
To the dark house and the detested wife

Par Will this capriccio hold in thee? art
sure?

Ber Go with me to my chamber, and advise
me
I'll send her straight away to-morrow 312
I'll to the wars she to her single sorrow

Par Why, these balls bound, there's noise
in it 'Tis hard

A young man married is a man that's married
Therefore away, and leave her bravely go 316
The king has done you wrong but, hush! 'tis
so [Exeunt]

SCENE IV—Same Another Room in the
Palace

Enter HELENA and Clown

Hel My mother greets me kindly is she well?
Clo She is not well, but yet she has her
health she's very merry, but yet she is not
well but thanks be given she's very well, and
wants nothing in the world, but yet she is not
well

Hel If she be very well what does she ail
that she's not very well? 8

Clo Truly she's very well indeed, but for
two things

Hel What two things? 11

Clo One that she's not in heaven, whither
God send her quickly! the other, that she's in
earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES

Par Bless you my fortunate lady!
Hel I hope sir I have your good will to
have mine own good fortunes 17

Par You had my prayers to lead them on,
and to keep them on, have them still O! my
knave, how does my old lady? 20

Clo So that you had her wrinkles, and I her
money, I would she did as you say

Par Why, I say nothing

Clo Marry, you are the wiser man, for many
a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing
To say nothing to do nothing, to know nothing,
and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your
title, which is within a very little of nothing. 28

Par Away! thou'rt a knave

Clo You should have said, sir, before a knave
thou'rt a knave, that is, before me thou'rt a
knave this had been truth sir 32

Par Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have
found thee.

Clo Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were
you taught to find me? The search sir, was
profitable, and much fool may you find in you,
even to the world's pleasure and the increase of
laughter

Par A good knave, a faith, and well fed 40
Madam, my lord will go away to-night,
A very serious business calls on him
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due time claims, he does ac-
knowledge 44

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with
sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour overflow with joy, 48
And pleasure drown the brim

Hel What's his will else?

Par That you will take your instant leave
of the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceed-
ing

Strengthen'd with what apology you think 52
May make it probable need

Hel What more commands he?

Par That having thus obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure

Hel In everything I wait upon his will. 56

Par I shall report it so

Hel I pray you. Come sirrah
[Exeunt]

SCENE V—Another Room in the Same

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf But I hope your lordship thinks not
him a soldier

Ber Yes my lord and of very valiant proof

Laf You have it from his own deliverance 4

Ber And by other warranted testimony

Laf Then my dial goes not true I took this
lark for a bunting

Ber I do assure you, my lord, he is very
great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant 9

Laf I have then sinned against his experience
and transgressed against his valour, and my
state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet
find in my heart to repent Here he comes, I
pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the
amity

Enter PAROLLES

Par [To BERTRAM] These things shall be
done, sir 17

Laf Pray you, sir who's his tailor?

Par Sir?

Laf O! I know him well Ay, sir he sir, is
a good workman, a very good tailor 21

Ber [Aside to PAROLLES] Is she gone to the
king?

Par She is 24

Ber Will she away to-night?

Par As you'll have her

Ber I have writ my letters, casketed my
treasure,

Given orders for our horses, and to-night, 28
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Laf A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner, but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain 35

Ber Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure 39

Laf You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard, and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence

Ber It may be you have mistaken him, my lord. 45

Laf And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut, the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence, I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur. I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand, but we must do good against evil. [Exit

Par An idle lord, I swear

Ber I think not so 56

Par Why, do you not know him?

Ber Yes, I do know him well, and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog

Enter HELENA.

Hel I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, 60
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave

For present parting, only, he desires
Some private speech with you

Ber I shall obey his will
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, 64
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular prepar'd I was not
For such a business, therefore am I found 68
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you

That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you,
For my respects are better than they seem, 72
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother

[Giving a letter]
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so 76
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber Come, come, no more of that.

Hel And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that 80
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune

Ber Let that go
My haste is very great. Farewell, his home.

Hel Pray sir, your pardon

Ber Well, what would you say?

Hel I am not worthy of the wealth I owe, 85
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is,
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber What would you have?

Hel Something, and scarce so much nothing indeed 89

I would not tell you what I would, my lord —
Faith, yes,

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss 92

Ber I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse

Hel I shall not break your bidding, good my lord

Ber [To PAROLLES] Where are my other men, monsieur? [To HELENA] Farewell

[Exit HELENA.]
Go thou toward home, where I will never come
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum,
Away! and for our flight

Par Bravely, coragio! 98
[Exit]

ACT III

SCENE I — Florence. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace

Flourish Enter the DUKE, attended, two French Lords, and Soldiers

Duke So that from point to point now have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after

First Lord Holy seems the quarrel 4
Upon your Grace's part, black and fearful
On the opposer

Duke Therefore we marvel much our cousin France

Would in so just a business shut his bosom 8
Against our borrowing prayers

First Lord Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames 12
By self-unable motion therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke Be it his pleasure 16

Sec Lord But I am sure the younger of our nature,

That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke Welcome shall they be,
And all the honours that can fly from us 20
Shall on them settle. You know your places well

When better fall, for your avails they fell.

To-morrow to the field [Flourish. Exit]

SCENE II — *Rousillon A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace**Enter COUNTESS and Clown.**Count* It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her*Clo* By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man*Count* By what observance, I pray you?*Clo* Why he will look upon his boot and sing, mend the ruff and sing, ask questions and sing, pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song*Count* [Opening a letter] Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come*Clo* I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court. Our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court. The brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach*Count* What have we here?*Clo* E'en that you have there [Exit]*Count* I have sent you a daughter-in-law she hath recovered the king, and undone me I have wedded her, not bedded her and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am run away know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you*Your unfortunate son,**BERTRAM*This is not well rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king!
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire!*Re-enter Clown**Clo* O madam! yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady*Count* What is the matter?*Clo* Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort, your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would*Count* Why should he be killed?*Clo* So say I madam, if he run away, as I hear he does the danger is in standing to't, that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more, for my part, I only hear your son was run away

[Exit]

*Enter HELENA and Gentlemen**First Gen* Save you, good madam*Hel* Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone*Sec. Gen* Do not say so*Count* Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen,I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't where is my son, I pray you?*Sec. Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence

We met him thitherward, for thence we came,

And, after some dispatch in hand at court, 56

Thither we bend again

Hel Look on his letter, madam, here's my passport*When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,
which never shall come off, and show me a child
begotten of thy body that I am father to, then
call me husband but in such a 'then' I write
a 'never'*

This is a dreadful sentence 64

Count Brought you this letter, gentlemen?*First Gen* Ay, madam,

And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains

Count I prithee, lady, have a better cheer,
If thou engrossed all the griefs are thine, 68Thou robbst me of a moiety he was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Toward Florence
is he?*Sec. Gen* Ay, madam*Count* And to be a soldier? 72*Sec. Gen* Such is his noble purpose, and, believe't,The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims*Count* Return you thither?*First Gen* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing
of speed 76*Hel* Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
France

'Tis bitter

Count Find you that there?*Hel* Ay, madam*First Gen* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand,
happily, which his heart was not consenting to 80*Count* Nothing in France until he have no wife!There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she, and she deserves a lord

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, 84

And call her hourly mistress. Who was with
him?*First Gen* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known*Count* Parolles, was it not?*First Gen* Ay, my good lady, he 88*Count* A very tainted fellow, and full of
wickednessMy son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.*First Gen* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much, 92

Which holds him much to have

Count Y are welcome, gentlemen
I will entreat you, when you see my son,

To tell him that his sword can never win 96

The honour that he loses more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.*Sec. Gen* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs*Count* Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near? 101[Exeunt COUNTESS and Gentlemen.]
Hel 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
France.

Nothing in France until he has no wife!
 Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in
 France, 104
 Then hast thou all again Poor lord! is't I
 That chase thee from thy country, and expose
 Those tender limbs of thine to the event
 Of the non-sparing war? and is it I 108
 That drive thee from the sportive court, where
 thou
 Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
 Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
 That ride upon the violent speed of fire, 112
 Fly with false aim, move the still-piecing air
 That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
 Whoever snoots at him, I set him there,
 Whoever charges on his forward breast, 116
 I am the catfish that do hold him to t,
 And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
 His death was so effected better 'twere
 I met the ravin lion when he roared 120
 With sharp constraint of hunger, better 'twere
 That all the miseries which nature owes
 Were mine at once No, come thou home,
 Rousillon,
 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar, 124
 As oft it loses all I will be gone,
 My being here it is that holds thee hence
 Shalt I stay here to do t? no, no, although
 The air of paradise did fan the house, 128
 And angels offic'd all I will be gone,
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
 To console thine ear Come, night, end, day!
 For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away 132
 [Exit]

SCENE III—*Florence Before the DUKE'S
 Palace*

*Flourish Enter DUKE, BERTRAM, PAROLLES,
 Soldiers Drum and Trumpets*

Duke The general of our horse thou art,
 and we,
 Great in our hope lay our best love and credence
 Upon thy promising fortune

Ber Sir, it is
 A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet 4
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
 To the extreme edge of hazard

Duke Then go thou forth,
 And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm
 As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber This very day, 8
 Great Mars, I put myself into thy file
 Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall
 prove
 A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exeunt]

SCENE IV—*Rousillon A Room in the
 COUNTESS'S Palace*

Enter COUNTESS and Steward

Count Alas! and would you take the letter
 of her?
 Might you not know she would do as she has
 done
 By sending me a letter? Read it again

Stew I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone
 Ambitious love hath so in me offended 5
 That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon
 With santed vow my faults to have amended
 Write, write, that from the bloody course of war,
 My dearest master, your dear son, may hue
 Bless him at home in peace whilst I from far
 His name with zealous fervour sanctify 12
 His taken labours bid him me forgive,
 I, his despitful Juno, sent him forth
 From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
 Where death and danger dog the heels of
 worth
 He is too good and fair for Death and me 16
 Whom I myself embrace, to set him free
Count Ah, what sharp stings are in her
 mildest words!
 Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
 As letting her pass so had I spoke with her, 20
 I could have well diverted her intents,
 Which thus she hath prevented
Stew Pardon me, madam
 If I had given you this at over-night
 She might have been contented, and yet she
 writes, 24
 Pursuit would be but vain
Count What angel shall
 Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
 Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to
 hear,
 And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
 Of greatest justice Write write Rinaldo, 29
 To this unworthy husband of his wife,
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
 That he does weigh too light my greatest grief
 Though little he do feel it set down sharply 33
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger
 When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
 He will return, and hope I may that she, 36
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
 Led hither by pure love Which of them both
 Is dearest to me I have no skill in sense
 To make distinction Provide this messenger
 My heart is heavy and mine age is weak, 41
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me
 speak [Exeunt]

SCENE V—*Without the Walls of Florence*

*A tucket afar off Enter a Widow of Florence,
 DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citi-
 zens*

Wid Nay, come for if they do approach the
 city we shall lose all the sight

Dia They say the French Count has done
 most honourable service 4

Wid It is reported that he has taken their
 greatest commander, and that with his own
 hand he slew the duke's brother We have lost
 our labour, they are gone a contrary way
 hark! you may know by their trumpets 9

Mar Come, let's return again, and suffice
 ourselves with the report of it Well, Diana, take
 heed of this French earl the honour of a maid
 is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty

Wid I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion. 15

Mar I know that knave, hang him! one Parolles a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana, their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under many a maid hath been seduced by them, and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wrack of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further, but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost. 29

Dia You shall not need to fear me

Wid I hope so. Look, here comes a pilgrim. I know she will lie at my house, thither they send one another. I'll question her. 33

Enter HELENA in the dress of a Pilgrim

God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel To Saint Jaques le Grand

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid At the Saint Francis, here beside the port. 37

Hel Is this the way?

Wid Ay, marry, is't. Hark you!

[*A march afar off*]

They come this way. If you will tarry, holy

pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd. 40

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself

Hel Is it yourself?

Wid If you shall please so, pilgrim. 44

Hel I thank you, and will stay upon your

leisure

Wid You came, I think, from France?

Hel I did so. I did so.

Wid Here you shall see a countryman of

yours

That has done worthy service

Hel His name I pray you. 48

Dia The Count Rousillon know you such

a one?

Hel But by the ear, that hears most nobly of

him,

His face I know not.

Dia Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,

As 'tis reported, for the king had married him. 53

Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel Ay, surely, mere the truth. I know his

lady

Dia There is a gentleman that serves the

count. 56

Reports but coarsely of her

Hel What's his name?

Dia Monsieur Parolles

Hel O! I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great count himself, she is too mean. 60

To have her name repeated all her deserving

Is a reserved honesty, and that

I have not heard examin'd.

Dia

Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife. 64

Of a detesting lord

Wid Ay, right, good creature, wheresoe'er

she is,

Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might

do her

A shrewd turn if she pleas'd

Hel

How do you mean? 68

May be the amorous count solicits her

In the unlawful purpose

Wid

He does, indeed,

And brokes with all that can in such a suit

Corrupt the tender honour of a maid. 72

But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard

In honestest defence

Mar

The gods forbid else!

Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the

Florentine army, BERTRAM and PAROLLES.

Wid So, now they come

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son, 76

That, Escalus

Hel Which is the Frenchman?

Dia

He,

That with the plume 'tis a most gallant fellow,

I would he lov'd his wife. If he were honest,

He were much goodlier, is't not a handsome

gentleman? 80

Hel I like him well

Dia 'Tis pity he is not honest. Yond's that

same knave

That leads him to these places were I his lady

I would poison that vile rascal

Hel

Which is he? 84

Dia That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is

he melancholy?

Hel Perchance he's hurt i' the battle

Par Lose our drum! well. 88

Mar He's shrewdly vexed at something

Look, he has spied us

Wid Marry, hang you!

Mar And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers,*

and Soldiers.]

Wid The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I

will bring you. 93

Where you shall host of enjoin'd penitents

There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,

Already at my house

Hel

I humbly thank you. 96

Please it this matron and this gentle maid

To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking

Shall be for me, and, to requite you further,

I will bestow some precepts of this virgin. 100

Worthy the note

Both We'll take your offer kindly

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI—Camp before Florence

Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords

First Lord Nay, good my lord, put b

to't let him have his way

Sec Lord If your lordship find him not a hiding, hold me no more in your respect. 4

First Lord On my life, my lord, a bubble
Ber Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

First Lord Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman he is a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment. 12

Sec Lord It were fit you knew him, lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you. 16

Ber I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Sec Lord None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do. 21

First Lord I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything. 34

Sec Lord O! for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum: he says he has a stratagem for it. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes. 41

First Lord O! for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand. 44

Enter PAROLLES

Ber How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

Sec Lord A pox on't! let it go 'tis but a drum. 48

Par 'But a drum!' Is't 'but a drum?' A drum so lost! There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to read our own soldiers! 52

Sec Lord That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Caesar himself could not have prevented if he had been there to command. 56

Ber Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum, but it is not to be recovered. 60

Par It might have been recovered.

Ber It might, but it is not now.

Par It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*. 65

Ber Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur,

if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into its native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on, I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it. 76

Ber But you must not now slumber in it.

Par I'll about it this evening, and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it? 84

Par I know not what the success will be, my lord, but the attempt I vow.

Ber I know thou'rt valiant, and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee Farewell. 89

Par I love not many words. [Exit]

First Lord No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done, damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do it? 95

Sec Lord You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries, but when you find him out you have him ever after. 100

Ber Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

First Lord None in the world, but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night, for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect. 108

Sec Lord We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafew when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night. 113

First Lord I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber Your brother he shall go along with me.

First Lord As't please your lordship I'll leave you. [Exit]

Ber Now will I lead you to the house, and show you.

The lass I spoke of.

Sec Lord But you say she's honest. 120

Ber That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once.

And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her,

By this same coxcomb that we have: the wind, Tokens and letters which she did re-send, 124 And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature, Will you go see her?

Sec Lord With all my heart, my lord. [Exeunt]

SCENE VII.—*Florence A Room in the Widow's House**Enter HELENA and Widow*

Hel If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon

Wid Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,

Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act

Hel Nor would I wish you
First, give me trust, the county is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word, and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it

Wid I should believe you
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You're great in fortune

Hel Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again
When I have found it The county woos your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty
Resolv'd to carry her let her in fine consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it
Now, his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it this ring he holds
In most rich choice yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after

Wid Now I see
The bottom of your purpose

Hel You see it lawful then It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter,
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent After this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already

Wid I have yielded
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists
As if his life lay on't

Hel Why then to-might
Let us assay our plot, which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it. [Exeunt]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Without the Florentine Camp*

Enter First French Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush

First Lord He can come no other way but

by this hedge-corner When you sally upon
him, speak what terrible language you will
though you understand it not yourselves, no
matter, for we must not seem to understand
him unless some one among us, whom we must
produce for an interpreter

First Lord Good captain, let me be the interpreter

First Lord Art not acquainted with him?
knows he not thy voice?

First Lord No, sir, I warrant you

First Lord But what linsey woolsey hast
thou to speak to us again?

First Lord Even such as you speak to me

First Lord He must think us some band
of strangers; the adversary's entertainment Now,
he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages,
therefore we must every one be a man of his
own fancy, not to know what we speak one to
another, so we seem to know, is to know
straight our purpose though's language, gabble
enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter,
you must seem very politic But couch, ho!
here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep,
and then to return and swear the lies he forges

Enter PAROLLES

Par Ten o'clock within these three hours
'twill be time enough to go home What shall
I say I have done? It must be a very plausible
invention that carries it They begin to smoke
me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often
at my door I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but
my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of
his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

First Lord This is the first truth that e'er
thine own tongue was guilty of

Par What the devil should move me to un-
dertake the recovery of this drum, being not ig-
norant of the impossibility, and knowing I had
no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts
and say I got them in exploit Yet slight ones
will not carry it they will say, 'Came you off
with so little?' and great ones I dare not give
Wherefore, what's the instance? Tongue, I must
put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy
myself another of Bajazet's mute, if you prattle
me into these perils

First Lord Is it possible he should know
what he is, and be that he is?

Par I would the cutting of my garments
would serve the turn or the breaking of my
Spanish sword

First Lord We cannot afford you so

Par Or the baring of my beard, and to say
it was in stratagem

First Lord 'Twould not do

Par Or to drown my clothes, and say I was
stripped

First Lord Hardly serve

Par Though I swore I leaped from the
window of the citadel—

First Lord How deep?

Par Thirty fathom.

First Lord Three great oaths would scarce
make that be believed.

Par I would I had any drum of the enemy's
I would swear I recovered it.

First Lord Thou shalt hear one anon 68

Par A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within*

First Lord *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo,*
cargo

All *Cargo, cargo, villanda par corbo, cargo*
[*They seize and blindfold him*

Par O! ransom, ransom! Do not hide mine
eyes 72

First Sold *Boskos thromuldo boskos*

Par I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language

If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, 76

Italian, or French, let him speak to me

I will discover that which shall undo

The Florentine

First Sold *Boskos vauvado*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue

Kerelybonto Sir, 81

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards

Are at thy bosom

Par O!

First Sold O! pray, pray, pray

Manka revama dulce

First Lord *Oscorbudulchos volvorco*

First Sold The general is content to spare 85

thee yet,

And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on

To gather from thee haply thou may'st inform

Something to save thy life

Par O! let me live, 88

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,

Their force, their purposes, nay, I'll speak that

Which you will wonder at

First Sold But wilt thou faithfully? 9

Par If I do not, damn me

First Sold *Acordo linta* 92

Come on, thou art granted space

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded*

A short alarum within

First Lord Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and

my brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep

him muffled

Till we do hear from them.

Sec Sold Captain, I will 96

First Lord A' will betray us all unto our-
selves

Inform on that.

Sec Sold So I will, sir

First Lord Till then, I'll keep him dark and
safely lock'd. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*Florence. A Room in the Widow's
House*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA

Ber They told me that your name was

Fontibell

Dia No, my good lord, Diana

Ber Titled goddess,

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality? 4

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument

When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now for you are cold and stern, 8

And now you should be as your mother was

When your sweet self was got

Dia She then was honest

Ber

So should you be

Dia

No

My mother did but duty, such, my lord, 12

As you owe to your wife

Ber

No more o' that!

I prithee do not strive against my vows

I was compell'd to her, but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service

Dia

Ay, so you serve us 17

Till we serve you, but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves

And mock us with our bareness

Ber

How have I sworn! 20

'Tis not the many oaths that make the

truth,

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.

What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the Highest to witness then, pray you, 24

tell me,

If I should swear by God's great attributes

I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,

When I did love you ill? this has no holding,

To swear by him whom I protest to love, 28

That I will work against him therefore your

oaths

Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,

At least in my opinion

Ber

Change it, change it.

Be not so holy-cruel love is holy, 32

And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts

That you do charge men with. Stand no more

off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,

Who then recover say thou art mine, and ever

My love as it begins shall so persevere 37

Dia

I see that men make ropes in such a

scarr

That we'll forsake ourselves Give me that ring

Ber

I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no

power 40

To give it from me

Dia

Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors,

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world 44

In me to lose.

Dia

Mine honour's such a ring.

My chastity's the jewel of our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors,

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world 48

In me to lose Thus your own proper wisdom

Brings in the champion honour on my part

Against your vain assault.

Ber.

Here, take my ring

My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine, 52

And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia.

When midnight comes, knock at my

chamber-window

I'll order take my mother shall not hear
Now will I charge you in the band of truth, 56
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me
My reasons are most strong, and you shall
know them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd 60
And on your finger in the night I'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds

Adieu, till then, then, fail not You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done 65
Ber A heaven on earth I have won by woo-
ing thee [Exit

Dia For which live long to thank both
heaven and me!

You may so in the end 68
My mother told me just how he would woo
As if she sat in s heart, she says all men
Have the like oaths he had sworn to marry
me

When his wife's dead, therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried Since Frenchmen are so
braid, 73

Marry that will, I live and die a maid
Only in this disguise I think't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Exit

SCENE III—The Florentine Camp

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three
Soldiers

First Lord You have not given him his
mother's letter?

Sec Lord I have delivered it an hour since
there is something in't that stings his nature,
for on the reading it he changed almost into
another man

First Lord He has much worthy blame laid
upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so
sweet a lady 9

Sec Lord Especially he hath incurred the
everlasting displeasure of the king, who had
even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him.
I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell
darkly with you

First Lord When you have spoken it, 'tis
dead, and I am the grave of it 16

Sec Lord He hath perverted a young gentle-
woman here in Florence, of a most chaste re-
nown, and this night he fleshes his will in the
spoil of her honour he hath given her his
monumental ring, and thinks himself made in
the unchaste composition.

First Lord Now, God delay our rebellion!
as we are ourselves, what things are we! 24

Sec Lord Merely our own traitors and as
in the common course of all treasons, we still
see them reveal themselves, till they attain to
their abhorred ends, so he that in this action
contrives against his own nobility, in his proper
stream o'erflows himself 30

First Lord Is it not most damnable in us,
to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We
shall not then have his company to-night?

Sec Lord Not till after midnight, for he is
dieted to his hour 35

First Lord That approaches apace I would
gladly have him see his company anatomized,
that he might take a measure of his own judg-
ments, wherein so curiously he had set this
counterfeit 40

Sec Lord We will not meddle with him till
he come, for his presence must be the whip of
the other

First Lord In the meantime what hear you
of these wars? 45

Sec Lord I hear there is an overture of peace

First Lord Nay, I assure you, a peace con-
cluded 48

Sec Lord What will Count Rousillon do
then? will he travel higher, or return again into
France? 53

First Lord I perceive by this demand, you
are not altogether of his council

Sec Lord Let it be forbid, sir, so should I
be a great deal of his act

First Lord Sir, his wife some two months
since fled from his house her pretence is a
pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand, which
holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony
she accomplished, and, there residing, the
tenderness of her nature became as a prey to
her grief, in fine, made a groan of her last
breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Sec Lord How is this justified? 64

First Lord The stronger part of it by her
own letters, which make her story true, even to
the point of her death her death itself, which
could not be her office to say is come, was faith-
fully confirmed by the rector of the place 69

Sec Lord Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord Ay, and the particular confirma-
tions, point from point, to the full arming of
the verity 73

Sec Lord I am heartily sorry that he'll be
glad of this

First Lord How mightily sometimes we
make us comforts of our losses! 77

Sec Lord And how mightily some other
times we drown our gain in tears! The great
dignity that his valour hath here acquired for
him shall at home be encountered with a shame
as ample 82

First Lord The web of our life is of a mingled
yarn, good and ill together our virtues would
be proud if our faults whipped them not, and
our crimes would despair if they were not
cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now! where's your master? 88

Serv He met the duke in the street, sir, of
whom he hath taken a solemn leave his lord-
ship will next morning for France. The duke hath
offered him letters of commendations to the king.

Sec Lord. They shall be no more than needful
there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord They cannot be too sweet for the
king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. 96

Enter BERTRAM

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertained my convoy, and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet 106

Sec Lord If the business be of any difficulty, and this morn'g your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship

Ber I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit model he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier 115

Sec Lord Bring him forth [Exeunt Soldiers] Has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave

Ber No matter, his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long How does he carry himself? 121

First Lord I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk he hath confessed himself to Morgan,—whom he supposes to be a friar,—from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber Nothing of me, has a? 130

Sec Lord His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers with PAROLLES

Ber A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me hush! hush! 136

First Lord Hoodman comes! *Porto tararossa*

First Sold He calls for the tortures what will you say without 'em? 140

Par I will confess what I know without constraint if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more

First Sold *Bosko chumurcho* 144

First Lord *Boblibindo chumurcho*

First Sold You are a merciful general Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note 148

Par And truly, as I hope to live.

First Sold First, demand of him how many horse the duke is strong What say you to that?

Par Five or six thousand, but very weak and unserviceable the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live. 155

First Sold Shall I set down your answer so?

Par Do I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber All's one to him What a past-saving slave is this! 160

First Lord You are deceived, my lord this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger 165

Sec Lord I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly 169

First Sold Well, that's set down

Par Five or six thousand horse I said,—I will say true—or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth 173

First Lord He's very near the truth in this

Ber But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it 176

Par Poor rogues, I pray you, say

First Sold Well, that's set down

Par I humbly thank you, sir A truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor 180

First Sold Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot What say you to that?

Par By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true Let me see Spurio, a hundred and fifty, Sebastian, so many, Corambus, so many, Jaques, so many, Gultian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Grati, two hundred fifty each, mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Benti, two hundred fifty each so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll, half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces

Ber What shall be done to him? 194

First Lord Nothing, but let him have thanks Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke 197

First Sold Well, that's set down You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman what his reputation is with the duke what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt What say you to this? what do you know of it? 205

Par I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories demand them singly 208

First Sold Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par I know him a' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay 214

[DUMAIN lifts up his hand in anger]

Ber Nay, by your leave, hold your hands, though I know his brams are forfeit to the next tile that falls 217

First Sold Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy 220

First Lord Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of your lordship anon.

First Sold What is his reputation with the duke?

Par The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

First Sold Marry, we'll search.

Par In good sadness, I do not know either it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters in my tent.

First Sold Here 'tis, here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

Par I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber Our interpreter does it well.

First Lord Excellently.

First Sold *Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold—*

Par That is not the duke's letter, sir, that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

First Sold Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par My meaning in't I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid, for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber Damnable both-sides rogue!

First Sold *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it*

After he scores, he never pays the score
Half won is match well made match, and well make it,

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before,

And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to melt with, boys are not to kiss,

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES

Ber He shall be whipped through the army with this rime in's forehead.

First Lord This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armpotent soldier.

Ber I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

First Sold I perceive, sir, by your general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die, but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere so I may live.

First Sold We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valour what is his honesty?

Par He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister, for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus, he professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking

'em he is stronger than Hercules, he will he, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool, drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him, but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty. He has everything that an honest man should not have, what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

First Lord I begin to love him for this.

Ber For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me! he is more and more a cat.

First Sold What say you to his expertness in war?

Par Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him I will not,—and more of his soldiery I know not, except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

First Lord He hath out-villamed villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber A pox on him! he's a cat still.

First Sold His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par Sir, for a carder he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

First Sold What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Sec Lord Why does he ask him of me?

First Sold What's he?

Par E'en a crow o' the same nest, not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lackey, marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

First Sold If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

First Sold I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par [Aside] I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

First Sold There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use, therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

First Sold That shall you, and take your
leave of all your friends [*Unmuffling him*]
So, look about you know you any here? 352

Ber Good morrow, noble captain

Sec Lord God bless you, Captain Parolles

First Lord God save you, noble captain

Sec Lord Captain, what greeting will you
to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France 357

First Lord Good captain, will you give me a
copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of
the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very
coward I d compel it of you, but fare you well

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM and Lords]

First Sold You are undone, captain, all but
your scarf, that has a knot on't yet

Par Who cannot be crushed with a plot? 364

First Sold If you could find out a country
where but women were that had received so
much shame, you might begin an impudent
nation. Fare ye well sir, I am for France
too we shall speak of you there [*Exit*]

Par Yet am I thankful if my heart were great
'Twould burst at this Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft 372
As captain shall simply the thing I am
Shall make me live Who knows himself a
braggart,

Let him fear this, for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass 376
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive
I'll after them. [*Exit*]

SCENE IV — Florence A Room in the Widow's House

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA

Hel That you may well perceive I have not
wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety, 'fore whose throne 'tis
needful,

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel. 4

Time was I did him a desired office

Dear almost as his life, which gratitude

Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep

forth,

And answer, thanks I duly am inform'd 8

His Grace is at Marseilles, to which place

We have convenient convoy You must know,

I am supposed dead the army breaking,

My husband hies him home, where, heaven

aiding, 12

And by the leave of my good lord the king,

We'll be before our welcome.

Wid Gentle madam,

You never had a servant to whose trust

Your business was more welcome

Hel Nor you mistress, 16

Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour

To recompense your love Doubt not but

heaven

Hath brought me up to be your daughter's

dower,

As it hath fated her to be my motive 20

And helper to a husband But, O strange men!

That can such sweet use make of what they

hate,

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts

Defies the pitchy night so lust doth play 24

With what it loathes for that which is away

But more of this hereafter You, Diana,

Under my poor instructions yet must suffer

Something in my behalf

Dia Let death and honesty

Go with your impositions, I am yours 29

Upon your will to suffer

Hel Yet I pray you

But with the word the time will bring on sum-

mer,

When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,

And be as sweet as sharp We must away, 33

Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us

All's well that ends well still the fine s the

crown

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown 36

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V — Rousillon A Room in the COUNTESS'S Palace

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown

Laf No, no no, your son was mus'd with a
snipt taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron
would have made all the unbaked and doughy
youth of a nation in his colour your daughter-
in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son
here at home, more advanced by the king than
by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of 7

Count I would I had not known him it was
the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman
that ever nature had praise for creating If she
had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest
groans of a mother, I could not have owed her
a more rooted love 13

Laf 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady
we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on
such another herb 16

Clo Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-majoram
of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace

Laf They are not salad-herbs, you knave,
they are nose-herbs 20

Clo I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I
have not much skill in grass

Laf Whether dost thou profess thyself, a
knave, or a fool? 24

Clo A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a
knave at a man's

Laf Your distinction?

Clo I would cozen the man of his wife, and
do his service 29

Laf So you were a knave at his service, in-
deed

Clo And I would give his wife my bauble,
sir, to do her service 33

Laf I will subscribe for thee, thou art both
knave and fool.

Clo At your service. 36

Laf No, no, no

Clo Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are

Laf Who's that? a Frenchman? 40

Clo Faith, sir, a' has an English name, but his phynomy is more hotter in France than there

Laf What prince is that? 44

Clo The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness *alias*, the devil

Laf Hold thee there's my purse I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of serve him still 49

Clo I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire, and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire But, sure he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter some that humble themselves may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire 59

Laf Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee, and I tell thee so before because I would not fall out with thee Go thy ways let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks 63

Clo If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jade s tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature [Exit 67

Laf A shrewd knave and an unhappy 67
Count So he is My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness, and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will 72

Laf I like him well, 'tis not amiss And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter, which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose His highness hath promised me to do it, and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter How does your ladyship like it? 83

Count With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected

Laf His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed 89

Count It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die I have letters that my son will be here to-night I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together 93

Laf Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted

Count You need but plead your honourable privilege 97

Laf Lady, of that I have made a bold charter, but I thank my God it holds yet

Re-enter Clown.

Clo O madam! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face whether there

be a scar under it or no the velvet knows but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare 105

Laf A scar nobly got, or a robe scar, is a good livery of honour, so be like is that

Clo But it is your carbonadoed face 108

Laf Let us go see your son I pray you I long to talk with the young noble soldier

Clo Faith, there s a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers which bow the head and nod at every man [Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I—Marseilles A Street

Enter HELENA, Widow and DIANA, with two Attendants

Hel But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low we cannot help it
But since you have made the days and nights as one

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, 4
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you In happy time,

Enter a gentle Astringer

This man may help me to his majesty's ear
If he would spend his power God save you, sir

Gent And you 9

Hel Sir, I have seen you in the court of France

Gent I have been sometimes there

Hel I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness,
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,

Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which 16
I shall continue thankful

Gent What's your will? 17

Hel That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence. 21

Gent The king's not here

Hel Not here, sir!

Gent Not, indeed
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste

Than is his use

Wid Lord, how we lose our pains! 24

Hel All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seems so adverse and means unfit
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent Marry, as I take it, to Roussillon, 28
Whither I am going

Hel I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame 32
But rather make you thank your pains for it.

I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means

Gent This I'll do for you
Hel And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd, 36
Whate'er falls more We must to horse again
Go, go, provide [Exeunt]

SCENE II — *Rousillon The inner Court of the
COUNTESS'S Palace*

Enter CLOWN and PAROLLES

Par Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord
Lafeu this letter I have ere now, sir, been better
known to you, when I have held familiarity with
fresher clothes, but I am now, sir, muddled in
Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of
her strong displeasure 6

Clo Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but slut-
tish if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of I
will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's butter-
ing Prithee, allow the wind

Par Nay, you need not to stop your nose,
sir I spake but by a metaphor 12

Clo Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stunk, I
will stop my nose, or against any man's meta-
phor Prithee, get thee further

Par Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper 16
Clo Foh! prithee, stand away a paper from
Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman!
Look, here he comes himself

Enter LAFEU

Here is a purr of Fortune's s, sir, or of Fortune's
cat—but not a musk-cat—that has fallen into
the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as
he says, is muddled withal Pray you, sir, use
the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor,
decayed, ingenuous, foolish, rascally knave I do
pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and
leave him to your lordship [Exit]

Par My lord, I am a man whom Fortune
hath cruelly scratched 29

Laf And what would you have me to do? 'tis
too late to pare her nails now Wherein have
you played the knave with Fortune that she
should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady,
and would not have knaves thrive long under
her? There's a carducu for you Let the justices
make you and Fortune friends, I am for other
business 37

Par I beseech your honour to hear me one
single word

Laf You beg a single penny more come,
you shall ha't, save your word 41

Par My name, my good lord, is Parolles

Laf You beg more than one word then
Cox my passion! give me your hand How
does your drum? 45

Par O, my good lord! you were the first that
found me

Laf Was I, in sooth? and I was the first
that lost thee 49

Par It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in
some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put
upon me at once both the office of God and the
devil? one brings thee in grace and the other
brings thee out [Trumpets sound] The king's
coming, I know by his trumpets Surrah, in-
quire further after me, I had talk of you last
night though you are a fool and a knave, you
shall eat go to, follow 59

Par I praise God for you [Exeunt]

SCENE III — *The Same A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace*

*Flourish Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU,
Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c*

King We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home

Count 'Tis past, my liege, 4
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire too strong for reason's force,
O'erbear it and burns on

King My honour'd lady, 8
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord 12
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note, but to himself
The greatest wrong of all he lost a wife

Whose beauty did astonish the survey 16
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took cap-
tive,
Whose dead perfection hearts that scorn'd to
serve

Humbly call'd mistress
King Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear Well, call him
hither, 20

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition Let him not ask our pardon
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury 24
The incensing relics of it let him approach,
A stranger, no offender, and inform him
So 'tis our will he should

Gent I shall, my liege [Exit]

King What says he to your daughter? have
you spoke? 28

Laf All that he is hath reference to your
highness

King Then shall we have a match I have
letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM

Laf He looks well on't

King I am not a day of season, 32
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once, but to the brightest beams

Distraught clouds give way so stand thou forth,

The time is fair again

Ber My high-repent'd blames, 36

Dear sovereign, pardon to me

King All is whole,

Not one word more of the consumed time

Let's take the instant by the forward top,

For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees 40

The inaudible and noiseless foot of time

Steals ere we can effect them You remember

The daughter of this lord?

Ber Admiringly, my liege 44

At first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my

heart

Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue

Where the impression of mine eye infixing,

Contempt his scornful perspective did lend

me,

Which warp'd the line of every other favour, 49

Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen,

Extended or contracted all proportions

To a most hideous object thence it came 52

That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom

myself,

Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye

The dust that did offend it

King Well excus'd

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores

away 56

From the great compt But love that comes too

late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,

To the great sender turns a sour offence,

Crying, That's good that's gone' Our rasher

faults 60

Make trivial price of serious things we have,

Not knowing them until we know their grave

Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,

Destroy our friends and after weep their dust 64

Our own love waking cries to see what's done,

While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon

Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget

her

Send forth your amor's token for fair Maud-

lin 68

The main consents are had, and here we'll stay

To see our widower's second marriage-day

Count Which better than the first, O dear

heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse! 72

Laf Come on, my son, in whom my house's

name

Must be digested, give a favour from you

To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That she may quickly come.

[*BERTRAM gives a ring*

By my old beard, 76

And every hair that's on't, Helen that's dead,

Was a sweet creature such a ring as this,

The last that e'er I took her leave at court,

I saw upon her finger

Ber Hers it was not. 80

King Now, pray you, let me see it, for mine

eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—

This ring was mine, and, when I gave it Helen,

I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood 84

Necessitated to help, that by this token

I would relieve her Had you that craft to reave

her

Of what should stead her most?

Ber My gracious sovereign,

Howe'er it pleases you to take it so, 88

The ring was never hers

Count Son, oh my life,

I have seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it

At her life's rate

Laf I am sure I saw her wear it

Ber You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never

saw it 92

In Florence was it from a casement thrown

me,

Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name

Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought

I stood engag'd but when I had subscrib'd 96

To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully

I could not answer in that course of honour

As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,

In heavy satisfaction, and would never 100

Receive the ring again.

King Plutus himself,

That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,

Hath not in nature's mystery more science

Than I have in this ring 'twas mine, 'twas

Helen's, 104

Whoever gave it you Then, if you know

That you are well acquainted with yourself,

Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforce-

ment

You got it from her She call'd the saints to

surety, 108

That she would never put it from her finger

Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,

Where you have never come, or sent it us

Upon her great disaster

Ber She never saw it 112

King Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine

honour,

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me

Which I would fain shut out If it should prove

That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove

so,— 116

And yet I know not thou didst hate her deadly,

And she is dead, which nothing, but to close

Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,

More than to see this ring Take him away 120

[*Guards seize BERTRAM.*

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,

Shall tax my fears of little vanity,

Having vainly fear'd too little Away with him!

We'll sift this matter further

Ber If you shall prove 124

This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy

Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,

Where yet she never was. [*Exit guarded.*

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter the gentle Astringer

Gent Gracious sovereign, 128

Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not.

Here's a petition from a Florentine,

Who hath, for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself I undertook it, ¹³²
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending her business looks in her
With an importing visage, and she told me, ¹³⁶
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself

King Upon his many protestations to
marry me when his wife was dead, I blush
to say it, he won me Now is the Count Rou-
sillon a widower his vows are forfeited to me,
and my honour's paid to him He stole from
Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to
his country for justice Grant it me, O king! in
you it best lies otherwise a seducer flows, and
a poor maid is undone ¹⁴⁷

DIANA CAPILET

Laf I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and
toll for this I'll none of him

King The heavens have thought well on
thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery Seek these
suitors ¹⁵²
Go speedily and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt the gentle Astringer, and some
Attendants.*]

I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,

Was foully snatch'd

Count Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded

King I wonder, sir, with wives are monsters
to you, ¹⁵⁶
And that you fly them as you swear them lord-
ship,
Yet you desire to marry

*Re-enter the gentle Astringer, with Widow
and DIANA.*

What woman's that?

Dia I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet ¹⁶⁰
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pited

Wid I am her mother, sir, whose age and
honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring, ¹⁶⁴
And both shall cease, without your remedy

King Come hither, county, do you know
these women?

Ber My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them do they charge me
further? ¹⁶⁸

Dia Why do you look so strange upon your
wife?

Ber She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine,
You give away heaven's vows, and those are
mine, ¹⁷²

You give away myself, which is known mine,
For I by vow am so embodied yours
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none ¹⁷⁶

Laf [To BERTRAM] Your reputation comes
too short for my daughter you are no husband
for her

Ber My lord, this is a fond and desperate
creature, ¹⁸⁰

Whom sometime I have laugh'd with let your
highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than for to think that I would sink it here

King Sir, for my thoughts, you have them
all to friend, ¹⁸⁴

Till your deeds gain them fairer prove your
honour,

Than in my thought it lies

Dia Good my lord,

Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity ¹⁸⁸

King What sayst thou to her?

Ber She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp

Dia He does me wrong, my lord, if I were
so,

He might have bought me at a common price
Do not believe him O! behold this ring, ¹⁹³

Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel, yet for all that

He gave it to a commoner o' the camp, ¹⁹⁶
If I be one.

Count He blushes, and 'tis it
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been o' d and worn This is his wife
That ring is a thousand proofs

King Methought you said ²⁰¹

You saw one here in court could witness it
Dia I did, my lord, but loath am to produce

So bad an instrument his name's Parolles ²⁰⁴

Laf I saw the man to-day, if man he be

King Find him, and bring him hither

[*Exit an Attendant*]

Ber What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots of the world tax'd and de-
bosh'd ²⁰⁸

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth

Am I or that or thus for what he'll utter,

That will speak anything?

King She hath that ring of yours

Ber I think she has certain it is I lik'd her,

And boarded her the wanton way of youth ²¹³

She knew her distance and did angle for me,

Madding my eagerness with her restraint,

As all impediments in fancy's course ²¹⁶

Are motives of more fancy, and, in fine,

Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,

Subdued me to her rate she got the ring,

And I had that which any inferior might ²²⁰

At market-price have bought

Dia I must be patient,

You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,

May justly diet me I pray you yet,—

Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,—²²⁴

Send for your ring, I will return it home,

And give me mine again.

Ber I have it not

King What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia Sir, much like
The same upon your finger 228
King Know you this ring? this ring was his
of late
Dia And this was it I gave him, be ye a-bed
King The story then goes false you threw it
him
Out of a casement
Dia I have spoke the truth 232

Re-enter Attendant with PAROLLES

Ber My lord, I do confess the ring was hers
King You boggle shrewdly, every feather
starts you

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia Ay my lord
King Tell me, surrah, but tell me true, I
charge you, 236

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,—
Which, on your just proceeding I'll keep off,—
By him and by this woman here what know
you?

Par So please your majesty, my master hath
been an honourable gentleman tricks he hath
had in him, which gentlemen have

King Come, come, to the purpose did he
love this woman? 244

Par Faith, sir, he did love her, but how?
King How, I pray you?

Par He did love her, sir, as a gentleman
loves a woman 248

King How is that?

Par He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King As thou art a knave, and no knave
What an equivocal companion is this! 252

Par I am a poor man, and at your majesty's
command

Laf He is a good drum, my lord, but a
naughty orator 256

Dia Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King But wilt thou not speak all thou
knowest? 260

Par Yes, so please your majesty I did go
between them, as I said, but more than that, he
loved her, for, indeed, he was mad for her, and
talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of Furies,
and I know not what yet I was in that credit
with them at that time, that I knew of their
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising
her marriage, and things which would derive
me ill will to speak of therefore I will not
speak what I know 270

King Thou hast spoken all already, unless
thou canst say they are married but thou art
too fine in thy evidence, therefore stand aside.
This ring you say, was yours?

Dia Ay, my good lord.

King Where did you buy it? or who gave it
you? 276

Dia It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King Who lent it you?

Dia It was not lent me neither

King. Where did you find it, then?

Dia. I found it not.

King If it were yours by none of all these
ways 280

How could you give it him?

Dia I never gave it him

Laf This woman's an easy glove, my lord

she goes off and on at pleasure

King This ring was mine I gave it his first
wife 284

Dia It might be yours or hers, for aught I
know

King Take her away, I do not like her now

To prison with her, and away with him

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this
ring

Thou diest within this hour

Dia I'll never tell you 289

King Take her away

Dia I'll put in bail, my hege

King I think thee now some common cus-
tomer

Dia By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you

King Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all
this while? 293

Dia Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't,

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not 296

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life,

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife

[Pointing to LAFEU]

King She does abuse our ears to prison
with her!

Dia Good mother, fetch my bail [Exit
Widow] Stay, royal sir 300

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,

And he shall surety me But for this lord,

Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,

Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him

He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd 305

And at that time he got his wife with child

Dead though she be, she feels her young one

kick

So there's my riddle one that's dead is quick

And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King Is there no exorcist 309
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?

Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord,

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see; 312

The name and not the thing

Ber Both, both. O! pardon.

Hel O my good lord! when I was like this

maid,

I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,

And, look you, here's your letter, this it says

When from my finger you can get this ring, 317

And are by me with child, &c This is done

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber If she, my hege, can make me know

this clearly, 320

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly

Hel If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,

Deadly divorce step between me and you!

O! my dear mother, do I see you living? 324

Laf Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon. [To PAROLLES] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher so, I thank thee. Wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee let thy curtsies alone, they are scurvy ones 329

King Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow
[To DIANA.] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, 332

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower,

For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou keptst a wife herself, thyself a maid
Of that, and all the progress, more and less, 336

Resolvedly more leisure shall express.
All yet seems well and if it end so meet
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet
[Flourish] *Exeunt*

EPILOGUE

Spoken by the KING

*The king's a beggar, now the play is done
A't is well ended if this suit be won
That you express content which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day 4
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts
[Exeunt]*

TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORSINO Duke of Illyria
 SEBASTIAN Brother to Viola
 ANTONIO a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian
 A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
 VALENTINE } Gentlemen attending on the Duke
 CURIO }
 SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle to Olivia.
 SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK
 MALVOLIO Steward to Olivia

FABIAN
 FESTE a Clown, } Servants to Olivia.

OLIVIA a rich Countess
 VIOLA, in love with the Duke
 MARIA, Olivia's Woman.

Lords Priests Sailors, Officers Musicians and other Attendants

SCENE — *A City in Illyria and the Sea-coast near it*

ACT I

SCENE I — *A Room in the DUKE's Palace*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords, Musicians attending

Duke If music be the food of love, play on,
 Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die
 That strain again! it had a dying fall
 O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odour Enough! no more
 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before
 O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
 But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute so full of shapes is fancy,
 That it alone is high fantastical

Cur Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke What, Curio? 16

Cur The hart

Duke Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
 O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
 Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 E'er since pursue me

Enter VALENTINE:

How now! what news from her?

Val So please my lord, I might not be admitted, 24

But from her handmaid do return this answer
 The element itself till seven years' heat,
 Shall not behold her face at ample view
 But like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
 And water once a day her chamber round
 With eye-offending brine all this, to season
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep
 fresh

And lasting in her sad remembrance 32
 Duke O! she that hath a heart of that fine
 frame

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else 36

That live in her, when liver, brain, and heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and
 fill'd

Her sweet perfections with one self king
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers, 40
 Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with
 bowers. [Exeunt

SCENE II — *The Sea-coast*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio What country, friends, is this?

Cap This is Illyria, lady

Vio And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd what think you,
 sailors? 4

Cap It is perchance that you yourself were
 sav'd

Vio O my poor brother! and so perchance
 may he be

Cap True, madam and, to comfort you
 with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split, 8
 When you and those poor number sav'd with
 you

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
 Most provident in peril, bind himself,—
 Courage and hope both teaching him the
 practice,— 12

To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea,
 Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
 So long as I could see.

Vio For saying so there's gold. 16

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
 Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
 The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap Ay, madam, well, for I was bred and
 born 20

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio Who governs here?

Cap A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio What is his name? 24

Cap Orsino

Vio Orsino! I have heard my father name
 him
 He was a bachelor then.

Cap And so is now, or was so very late, 28
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you
know,

What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia. 32

Vio What's she?

Cap A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving
her

In the protection of his son, her brother, 36
Who shortly also died for whose dear love,
They say she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men

Vio O! that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world, 40
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is

Cap That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's 44

Vio There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain,
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suns 48
With this thy fair and outward character
I prithee,—and I'll pay thee bounteously,—
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become

The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke 52
Thou shalt present me as a eunuch to him
It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music 56
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit,
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll
be 60
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not
see.

Vio I thank thee lead me on. [Exeunt

SCENE III.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To What a plague means my niece, to
take the death of her brother thus? I am sure
care's an enemy to life

Mar By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come
in earlier o' nights your cousin, my lady, takes
great exceptions to your ill hours. 6

Sir To Why, let her except before excepted.
Mar Ay, but you must confine yourself
within the modest limits of order

Sir To Confine! I'll confine myself no finer
than I am. These clothes are good enough to
drink in, and so be these boots too an they be
not, let them hang themselves in their own
straps. 14

Mar That quaffing and drinking will undo
you I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and
of a foolish knight that you brought in one
night here to be her wooer

Sir To Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar Ay, he. 20

Sir To He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.
Mar What's that to the purpose?

Sir To Why, he has three thousand ducats
a year 24

Mar Ay, but he'll have but a year in all
these ducats he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'
the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four
languages word for word without book, and
hath all the good gifts of nature 30

Mar He hath indeed, almost natural, for,
besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller,
and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay
the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought
among the prudent he would quickly have the
gift of a grave 36

Sir To By this hand, they are scoundrels and
subtractors that say so of him Who are they?

Mar They that add, moreover, he's drunk
nightly in your company 40

Sir To With drinking healths to my mece
I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in
my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward
and a coystil, that will not drink to my mece
till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top
What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo!* for here comes
Sir Andrew Agueface

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby
Belch! 49

Sir To Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And Bless you, fair shrew

Mar And you too, sir 52

Sir To Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And What's that?

Sir To My mece's chambermaid

Sir And Good Mistress Accost, I desire
better acquaintance 57

Mar My name is Mary, sir

Sir And Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To You mistake, knight 'accost' is,
front her, board her, woo her, assail her 61

Sir And By my troth, I would not under-
take her in this company Is that the meaning
of 'accost'? 64

Mar Fare you well, gentlemen

Sir To An thou let her part so, Sir Andrew,
would thou mightst never draw sword again!

Sir And An you part so, mistress, I would I
might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do
you think you have fools in hand? 70

Mar Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And Marry, but you shall have, and
here's my hand.

Mar Now, sir, 'thought is free' I pray you,
bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it
drink. 76

Sir And Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your
metaphor?

Mar It's dry, sir

Sir And Why, I think so I am not such an
ass but I can keep my hand dry But what's
your jest?

Mar A dry jest, sir

Sir And Are you full of them? 84

Mar Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren

[Exit]

Sir To O knight! thou lackest a cup of canary when did I see thee so put down? 88

Sir And Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has, but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit 93

Sir To No question

Sir And An I thought that, I'd forswear it I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby 96

Sir To Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And What is 'pourquoi?' do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting O! had I but followed the arts! 101

Sir To Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair

Sir And Why, would that have mended my hair? 105

Sir To Past question, for thou seest it will not curl by nature

Sir And But it becomes me well enough, does't not? 109

Sir To Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off 112

Sir And Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four o' one she'll none of me The count himself here hard by woos her 116

Sir To She'll none o' the count, she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit, I have heard her swear it Tut, there's life in't, man 120

Sir And I'll stay a month longer I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world, I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether 125

Sir To Art thou good at these kickchawes, knight? 125

Sir And As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters and yet I will not compare with an old man 128

Sir To What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And Faith, I can cut a caper

Sir To And I can cut the mutton to't. 132

Sir And And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria

Sir To Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard 144

Sir And Ay 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus? 149

Sir And Taurus! that's sides and heart.

Sir To No, sir, it is legs and thighs Let me see thee caper Ha! higher ha, ha! excellent! [Exeunt]

SCENE IV—A Room in the DUKE'S Palace

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire

Val If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger 4

Vio You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours? 8

Val No, believe me

Vio I thank you Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Duke Who saw Cesario? ho!

Vio On your attendance, my lord, here.

Duke Stand you awhile aloof Cesario, 12 Thou know'st no less but all, I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her, Be not denied access, stand at her doors, 16 And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou have audience

Vio Sure, my noble lord,

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me 20

Duke Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds Rather than make unprofitable return

Vio Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke O! then unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith 25 It shall become thee well to act my woes, She will attend it better in thy youth Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect, 28

Vio I think not so, my lord

Duke

Dear lad, believe it, For they shall yet belie thy happy years That say thou art a man Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious, thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound, 33 And all is semblative a woman's part.

I know thy constellation is right apt For this affair Some four or five attend him, All, if you will, for I myself am best 37 When least in company Prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, To call his fortunes thine.

Vio I'll do my best 40

To woo your lady [Aside] yet, a fearful strife! Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[Exeunt]

SCENE V—A Room in OLIVIA'S House

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence. 4

Clo Let her hang me he that is well hanged
in this world needs to fear no colours

Mar Make that good

Clo He shall see none to fear 8

Mar A good lenten answer I can tell thee
where that saying was born, of, 'I fear no colours'

Clo Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar In the wars, and that may you be bold
to say in your foolery 13

Clo Well, God give them wisdom that have
it, and those that are fools, let them use their
talents 16

Mar Yet you will be hanged for being so
long absent, or, to be turned away, is not that
as good as a hanging to you?

Clo Many a good hanging prevents a bad
marriage, and, for turning away, let summer
bear it out 22

Mar You are resolute then?

Clo Not so, neither, but I am resolved on
two points 25

Mar That if one break, the other will hold,
or, if both break, your gaskins fall

Clo Apt, in good faith, very apt. Well, go thy
way if Sir Toby would leave drinking thou wert
as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria 30

Ma Peace, you rogue no more o' that Here
come my lady make your excuse wisely, you
were best [Exit] 31

Clo Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good
fooling! Those wits that think they have thee,
do very oft prove fools, and I, that am sure I
lack thee, may pass for a wise man for what
says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a
foolish wit'

Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO

God bless thee, lady! 40

Oh Take the fool away

Clo Do you not hear, fellows? Take away
the lady

Oh Go to, you're a dry fool, I'll no more of
you besides, you grow dishonest 45

Clo Two faults, madonna, that drink and
good counsel will amend for give the dry fool
drink, then is the fool not dry, bid the dis-
honest man mend himself if he mend, he is no
longer dishonest, if he cannot, let the botcher
mend him Any thing that's mended is but
patched virtue that transgresses is but patched
with sin, and sin that amends is but patched
with virtue If that this simple syllogism will
serve, so, if it will not, what remedy? As there
is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty is
a flower The lady bade take away the fool, there-
fore, I say again, take her away 53

Oh Sir, I bade them take away you

Clo Misprision in the highest degree! Lady,
cucullus non facit monachum, that's as much
to say as I wear not motley in my brain Good
madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool

Oh Can you do it?

Clo Dexteriously, good madonna 64

Oh Make your proof

Clo I must catechise you for it, madonna
good my mouse of virtue, answer me 68

Oh Well, sir for want of other idleness, I'll
bide your proof

Clo Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oh Good fool, for my brother's death 72

Clo I think his soul is in hell, madonna

Oh I know his soul is in heaven, fool

Clo The more fool madonna, to mourn for
your brother's soul being in heaven Take away
the fool gentlemen 77

Oh What thank you of this fool, Malvolio?
doth he not mend?

Mal Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of
death snake him infirmity, that decays the
wise, doth ever make the better fool 82

Clo God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for
the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will
be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass
his word for two pence that you are no fool

Oh How say you to that, Malvolio? 87

Mal I marvel your ladyship takes delight in
such a barren rascal I saw him put down the
other day with an ordinary fool that has no more
brain than a stone Look you now he's out of
his guard already, unless you laugh and rumster
occasion to him, he is gagged I protest, I take
these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of
fools, no better than the fools' zanyes 95

Oh O! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio,
and taste with a distempered appetite To be
generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to
take those things for bird-bolts that you deem
cannon-boules There is no slander in an al-
lowed fool, though he do nothing but rail nor
no railing in a known discreet man, though he
do nothing but reprove

Clo Now, Mercury endue thee with leasing,
for thou speakest well of fools! 103

Re-enter MARIA

Mar Madam, there is at the gate a young
gentleman much desires to speak with you

Oh From the Count Orsino, is it? 108

Mar I know not, madam 'tis a fair young
man, and well attended

Oh Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mrr Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman 112

Oh Fetch him off, I pray you he speaks
nothing but madman Fie on him! [Exit MARIA]
Go you Malvolio if it be a suit from the count,
I am sick, or not at home what you will, to
dismiss it [Exit MALVOLIO] Now you see, sir,
how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it

Clo Thou hast spoken for us, madonna, as if
thv eldest son should be a fool, whose skull
Jove cram with brains! for here comes one of
thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH

Oh By mine honour, half drunk What is
he at the gate, cousin? 124

Sr To A gentleman.

Oh A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sr To 'Tis a gentleman here,—a plague o'
these pickle herring! How now, sot! 128

Clo Good Sir Toby

Oh Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To Lechery! I defy lechery! There's one at the gate 133

Clo Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not give me faith, say I Well, it's all one [Exit

Oh What s a drunken man like, fool? 137

Clo Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him

Oh Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz, for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned go, look after him 144

Clo He is but mad yet, madonna, and the fool shall look to the madman [Exit

Re-enter MALVOLIO

Mal Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you I told him you were sick he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you I told him you were asleep he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any demal 154

Oh Tell him he shall not speak with me

Mal Ha's been told so, and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you

Oh What kind o' man is he? 160

Mal Why, of mankind

Oh What manner of man?

Mal Of very ill manner he'll speak with you, will you or no 164

Oh Of what personage and years is he?

Mal Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy, as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him 172

Oh Let him approach Call in my gentlewoman

Mal Gentlewoman, my lady calls [Exit

Re-enter MARIA

Oh Give me my veil come, throw it o'er my face 176

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy

Enter VIOLA and Attendants

Vio The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oh Speak to me, I shall answer for her You will? 181

Vio Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty—I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her I would be loath to cast away my speech, for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me

sustain no scorn, I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage 189

Oh Whence came you, sir?

Vio I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech

Oh Are you a comedian? 195

Vio No, my profound heart, and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play Are you the lady of the house?

Oh If I do not usurp myself, I am 199

Vio Most certain, if you are she you do usurp yourself, for, what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve But this is from my commission I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message 204

Oh Come to what is important in't I forgive you the praise

Vio Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical 208

Oh It is the more like to be feigned I pray you keep it in I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you If you be not mad, be gone, if you have reason, be brief 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue 215

Mar Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way

Vio No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady

Oh Tell me your mind 220

Vio I am a messenger

Oh Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office 224

Vio It alone concerns your ear I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage I hold the olive in my hand, my words are as full of peace as matter 228

Oh Yet you began rudely What are you? what would you?

Vio The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment What I am and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation. 235

Oh Give us the place alone we will hear this divinity [Exit MARIA and Attendants] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio Most sweet lady,—

Oh A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it Where lies your text? 241

Vio In Orsino's bosom

Oh In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom? 244

Vio To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oh O! I have read it it is heresy Have you no more to say? 248

Vio Good madam, let me see your face

Oh Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture [Unveiling] Look you,

sir, such a one I was as this present is't not well done?

Vio Excellently done, if God did all 256

Oh 'Tis in grain, sir, 'twill endure wind and weather

Vio 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, 261

If you will lead these graces to the grave And leave the world no copy

Oh O' sir, I will not be so hard-hearted, I will give out divers schedules of my beauty it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will as *Item*, Two lips, indifferent red, *Item*, Two grey eyes, with lids to them, *Item*, One neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio I see you what you are you are too proud

But, if you were the devil, you are fair 272
My lord and master loves you O' such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty

Oh How does he love me?

Vio With adorations, with fertile tears 276
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire

Oh Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him,

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate of fresh and stainless youth, 280
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant, And, in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person, but yet I cannot love him
He might have took his answer long ago 284

Vio If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suffering, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense, I would not understand it

Oh Why, what would you?

Vio Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house, Write loyal cantons of contemned love, And sing them loud even in the dead of night, Holla your name to the reverberate hills, 293
And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out, 'Olivia!' O! you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth, 296
But you should pity me!

Oh You might do much. What is your parentage?

Vio Above my fortune, yet my state is well I am a gentleman.

Oh Get you to your lord 300
I cannot love him. Let him send no more, Unless, perchance, you come to me again, To tell me how he takes it Fare you well
I thank you for your pains spend this for me

Vio I am no fee'd post, lady, keep your purse 305

My master, not myself, lacks recompense Love make his heart of flint that you shall love, And let your fervour, like my master's, be 308
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty

[Exit

Oh 'What is your parentage'?

'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well I am a gentleman I'll be sworn thou art 312
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and

spirit,
Do give thee five fold blazon Not too fast soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man How now! Even so quickly may one catch the plague? 316
N'thinks I feel this youth's perfections With an inviol. and subtle stealth To creep in at mine eyes Well, let it be
What, ho! Mal 315

Re-enter MALVOLIO

Mal Here, madam, at your service 320

Oh Run after that same peevish messenger, The county's man he left this ring behind him, Would I, or not tell him I'll none of it
Desire him not to flatter with his lord, 324

Nor hold him up with hopes I'm not for him If that the youth will come this way to-morrow, I'll give him reasons for't He thee, Malvolio

Mal Madam, I will [Exit

Oh I do I know not what, and fear to find 329
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind

Fate, show thy force ourselves we do not owe, What is decreed must be, and be this so! [Exit

ACT II

SCENE I — The Sea-coast

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

Ant Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb By your patience, no My stars shine darkly over me, the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps distemper yours, therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you 8

Ant Let me yet know of you whither you are bound

Seb No, sooth, sir my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in, therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodrigo My father was that Sebastian of Messina, whom I know you have heard of He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that, for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned. 24

Ant Alas the day!

Seb A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair She is drowned

already sir with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more 33

Ant Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment
Seb O good Antonio! forgive me your trouble! 36

Ant If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered desire it not. I are ye well at once my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother that upon the least occasion more rime eyes will tell tales of me I am bound o the Count Orsino's court farewell. [Exit]

Ant The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court, 48
Else would I very shortly see thee there,
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport and I will go. [Exit]

SCENE II — 4 Street

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following

Mal Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio Even now, sir, on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither. 4

Mal She returns this ring to you, sir, you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so. 12

Vio She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.
Mal Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is it should be so returned if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit]

Vio I left no ring with her, what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! 19

She made good view of me, indeed, so much That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue.

For she did speak in starts distractedly She loves me, sure the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. 24

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none I am the man if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, 28
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much

How easy is it for the proper-false In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we! 32
For such as we are made of, such we be

How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me 36
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love,
As I am woman—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I, 41
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [Exit]

SCENE III — A Room in OLIVIA'S House

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

Sir To Approach, Sir Andrew, not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes, and *diluculo surgere*, thou knowest,—

Sir And Nay, by my troth, I know not, but I know, to be up late is to be up late. 5

Sir To A false conclusion. I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early, so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And Faith so they say, but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking. 12

Sir To Thou art a scholar. Let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown

Sir And Here comes the fool, I' faith.
Clo How now my hearts! Did you never see the picture of 'we three'? 17

Sir To Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Picrogramitus, of the Varrians passing the equinoctial of Queubus 'twas very good, I faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy reman, hadst it? 27

Clo I did impetuous thy gratuity, for Malvolio's nose is no whipsnook, my lady has a white hand and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling when all is done. Now, a song. 33

Sir To Come on, there is sixpence for you let's have a song.

Sir And There's a testril of me too if one knight give a— 37

Clo Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To A love-song, a love-song. 40

Sir And Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clo O mistress mine! where are you roaming?
O! stay and hear your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low. 44

Tripe no further pretty sweetening
Journeys end in lovers meeting
Every wise man's son doth know

Sir And Excellent good, I' faith. 48

Sir To Good, good

Clo What is love? tis not hereafter
Present mirth hath present laughter
What's to come is still unsure
In delay there lies no plenty
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure

Sir And A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight 57

Sir To A contagious breath

Sir And Very sweet and contagious, 't' faith

Sir To To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that? 64

Sir And An you love me, let's do it. I am dog at a catch

Clo By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well 68

Sir And Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave' 68

Clo 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight 73

Sir And 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool. It begins, 'Hold thy peace' 76

Clo I shall never begin if I hold my peace

Sir And Good, 't' faith. Come, begin [They sing a catch]

Enter MARIA

Mar What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me 82

Sir To My lady's a Cateian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we'. Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally, lady! 82

There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!

Clo Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling 89

Sir And Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too. He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural

Sir To O! the twelfth day of December,—

Mar For the love o' God, peace! 94

Enter MALVOLIO

Mal My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alchouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place persons nor time in you? 101

Sir To We'd keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

Mal Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdeameours, you are welcome to the house, if not, an it would please

you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell

52 *Sir To* Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone 112

Mar Nay, good Sir Toby

Clo His eyes do show his days are almost done

Mal Is't even so?

Sir To But I will never die 116

Clo Sir Toby, there you lie

Mal This is much credit to you.

Sir To Shall I bid him go?

Clo What an if you do? 120

Sir To Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo O! no, no, no, no, you dare not

Sir To 'Out o' time!' Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot in the mouth too 128

Sir To Thou'rt the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand [Exit] 135

Mar Go shake your ears

Sir And 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him

Sir To Do't, knight. I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth 142

Mar Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to night since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it

Sir To Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him 152

Mar Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan

Sir And O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog 156

Sir To What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough 160

Mar The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser, an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him, and on that ace in him will my revenge find notable cause to work 169

Sir To What wilt thou do?

Mar I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his

gait, the expresse of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece, on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To Excellent! I smell a device

Sir And I have't in my nose too 180

Sir To He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him

Mar My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour 185

Sir And And your horse now would make him an ass

Mar Ass I doubt not 188

Sir And O! 'twill be admirable

Mar Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit]

Sir To Good night, Pentheseilea 196

Sir And Before me, she's a good wench

Sir To She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

Sir And I was adored once too 200

Sir To Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money

Sir And If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out 204

Sir To Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not! 't's the end, call me cut

Sir And If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will 208

Sir To Come, come. I'll go burn some sack, 't's too late to go to bed now. Come, knight. [Exeunt]

SCENE IV—A Room in the DUKE's Palace

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Others

Duke Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, that old and antique song we heard last night, Methought it did relieve my passion much. More than light airs and recollected terms. Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times. Come, but one verse

Cur He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it 9

Duke Who was it?

Cur Feste, the jester, my lord. A fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house 13

Duke Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [Exit CURIO. Music.]

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it remember me, 16

For such as I am all true lovers are. Unstand and skittish. All motions else

Save in the constant image of the creature That is below'd. How dost thou like this tune? 20

Viola It gives a very echo to the seat

Where love is thron'd

Duke Thou dost speak masterly

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves, 24 Hath it not, boy?

Viola A little, by your favour

Duke What kind of woman is it?

Viola Of your complexion

Duke She is not worth thee, then. What years, I faith?

Viola About your years, my lord 28

Duke Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take

An elder than herself, so wears she to him,

So sways she level in her husband's heart

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, 32

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,

Than women's are

Viola I think it well, my lord

Duke Then, let thy love be younger than thyself, 36

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent,

For women are as roses, whose fair flower

Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour

Viola And so they are. Alas, that they are so, 40

To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO with Clown.

Duke O, fellow! come, the song we had last night

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain,

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun, 44

And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,

And dallies with the innocence of love,

Like the old age 48

Clo Are you ready, sir?

Duke Ay, prithee, sing. [Music]

Clo Come away, come away, death

And in sad cypress let me be laid, 52

Fly away, fly away, breath

I am slain by a fair cruel maid

My shroud of white stuck all with yew, 56

O! prepare it

My part of death no one so true

Did share it

Not a flower, not a flower sweet

On my black coffin let there be strown, 60

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corse where my bones shall be thrown.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me O! where 64

Sad true lover never find my grave,

To weep there.

Duke There's for thy pains

Clo No pains, sir, I take pleasure in singing, 69

Duke I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another 72

Duke Give me now leave to leave thee
Clo Now, the melancholy god protect thee,
 and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable
 taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal! I would have
 men of such constancy put to sea, that their
 business might be everything and their intent
 everywhere, for that's it that always makes a
 good voyage of nothing Farewell [Exit]

Duke Let all the rest give place

[Exeunt CURIO and Attendants

Once more, Cesario, 81

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty
 Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
 Prizes not quantity of dirty lands, 84
 The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon

her,
 Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune,
 But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
 That nature pranks her in attracts my soul. 88

Vio But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke I cannot be so answer'd

Vio Sooth, but you must

Say that some lady, as perhaps, there is,
 Hath for your love as great a pang of heart 92
 As you have for Olivia you cannot love her,
 You tell her so, must she not then be answer'd?

Duke There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion 96
 As love doth give my heart, no woman's heart
 So big, to hold so much, they lack retention
 Alas! their love may be call'd appetite, 100
 No motion of the liver, but the palate,
 That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt,
 But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
 And can digest as much Make no compare
 Between that love a woman can bear me 104
 And that I owe Olivia

Vio Ay, but I know,—

Duke What dost thou know?

Vio Too well what love women to men may
 owe

In faith, they are as true of heart as we 108
 My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
 As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
 I should your lordship

Duke And what's her history?

Vio A blank, my lord She never told her
 love, 112

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek she pin'd in thought,
 And with a green and yellow melancholy, 116
 She sat like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief Was not this love indeed?

We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
 Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
 Much in our vows, but little in our love 120

Duke But died thy sister of her love, my
 boy?

Vio I am all the daughters of my father's
 house,

And all the brothers too, and yet I know not
 Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke Ay, that's the theme, 124
 To her in haste, give her this jewel, say
 My love can give no place, bide no deny

[Exeunt

SCENE V —OLIVIA'S Garden

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK,
 and FABIAN

Sir To Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab Nay, I'll come if I lose a scruple of
 this sport, let me be boiled to death with melan-
 choly 4

Sir To Wouldst thou not be glad to have
 the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some
 notable snare?

Fab I would exult, man you know he
 brought me out o' favour with my lady about
 a bear-baiting here 10

Sir To To anger him we'll have the bear
 again, and we will fool him black and blue,
 shall we not, Sir Andrew? 13

Sir And An we do not, it is pity of our
 lives

Sir To Here comes the little villain 16

Enter MARIA

How now my metal of India!
Mal Get ye all three into the box-tree
 Malvolio's coming down this walk he has been
 yonder the sun practising behaviour to his own
 shadow i' this half-hour Observe him, for the
 love of mockery, for I know this letter will
 make a contemplative idiot of him Close, in
 the name of jesting! Lie thou there [Throws
 down a letter] for here comes the trout that
 must be caught with tickling [Exit]

Enter MALVOLIO

Mal 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune Maria
 once told me she did afflict me, and I have
 heard herself come thus near, that should she
 fancy, it should be one of my complexion Be-
 sides, she uses me with a more exalted respect
 than anyone else that follows her What should
 I think on? 33

Sir To Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab O peace! Contemplation makes a rare
 turkey-cock of him how he jets under his
 advanced plumes! 37

Sir And 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To Peace! I say

Mal To be Count Malvolio! 40

Sir To Ah, rogue!

Sir And Pistol him, pistol him

Sir To Peace! peace! 43

Mal There is example for't the lady of
 the Strachy married the yeoman of the ward-
 robe

Sir And Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab O, peace! now he's deeply in, look how
 imagination blows him 49

Mal Having been three months married to
 her sitting in my state,—

Sir To O! for a stone-bow, to hit him in
 the eye! 53

Mal Calling my officers about me, in my
 branched velvet gown, having come from a day-
 bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,— 56

Sir To Fire and brimstone!

Fab O, peace! peace!

Mal And then to have the humour of state and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

Sir To Bolts and shackles!

Fab O, peace peace, peace! now, now 64

Mal Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches, curtsies there to me,—

Sir To Shall this fellow live?

Fab Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace! 72

Mal I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control—

Sir To And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then? 77

Mal Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this pre-ogative of speech,'— 80

Sir To What, what?

Mal 'You must amend your drunkenness'

Sir To Out, scab!

Fab Nay, patience, or we break the smews of our plot 85

Mal 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir And That's me, I warrant you 88

Mal 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir And I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool

Mal [Seeing the letter] What employment have we here? 93

Fab Now is the woodcock near the gun

Sir To O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him! 96

Mal [Taking up the letter] By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's, and thus makes she her great P's It is, in contempt of question, her hand 100

Sir And Her C's, her U's, and her T's why that—

Mal [Reads] To the unknown beloved, thus and my good wishes her very phrases! By your leave, wax Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal 'tis my lady To whom should this be?

Fab This wins him, liver and all. 108

Mal

Jove knows I love

But who?

Lips do not move

No man must know 112

'No man must know' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know' if this should be thee, Malvolio!

Sir To Marry, hang thee, brock! 116

Mal I may command where I adore,

But silence like a Lucrece knife

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life 120

Fab A fustian riddle!

Sir To Excellent wench, say I

Mal 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see 124

Fab What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir To And with what wing the staniel checks at it! 128

Mal 'I may command where I adore' Why, she may command me I serve her, she is my lady Why, this is evident to any formal capacity, there is no obstruction in this And the end, what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—M O, A, I,— 135

Sir To O' ay, make up that he is now at a cold scent

Fab Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox 139

Mal M, Malvolio, M, why, that begins my name

Fab Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults 143

Mal M,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel, that suffers under probation A should follow, but O does

Fab And O shall end, I hope

Sir To Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O! 149

Mal And then I comes behind.

Fab Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you 153

Mal M, O, A, I this simulation is not as the former, and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name Soft! here follows prose 157

If this fall into thy hand revolve In my stars I am above thee but be not afraid of greatness some are born great some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them Thy Fates open their hands let thy blood and spirit embrace them and to mure thyself to what thou art like to be cast thy humble slough and appear fresh Be opposite with a kinsman surly with servants let thy tongue tang arguments of state put thyself into the trick of singularity She thus advises thee that sighs for thee Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered I say remember Go to thou art made, if thou desirest to be so if not let me see thee a steward still the fellow of servants and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell She that would alter services with thee 174

THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY

Daylight and champion discovers not more this is open I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered, and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on.

Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a
postscript 191

Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If
thou entertainest my love let it appear in thy
smiling thy smile become thee well therefore
in my presence still smile dear my sweet I prithee

Jove, I thank thee I will smile I will do every-
thing that thou wilt have me [Exit

Fab I will not give my part of this sport
for a pension of thousands to be paid from the
Sophy 200

Sir To I could marry this wench for this
device

Sir And So could I too

Sir To And ask no other dowry with her
but such another jest 205

Sir And Nor I neither

Fab Here comes my noble gull-catcher

Re-enter MARIA

Sir To Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And Or o' mine either? 209

Sir To Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,
and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And I' faith, or I either? 212

Sir To Why, thou hast put him in such a
dream, that when the image of it leaves him he
must run mad

Mar Nay, but say true, does it work upon
him? 217

Sir To Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife

Mar If you will, then see the fruits of the
sport, mark his first approach before my lady,
he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a
colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion
she detests, and he will smile upon her, which
will now be so unsuitable to her disposition,
being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it
cannot but turn him into a notable contempt
If you will see it, follow me 227

Sir To To the gates of Tartar, thou most
excellent devil of wit!

Sir And I'll make one too [Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE I — OLIVIA'S Garden

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor

Viola Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost
thou live by thy tabor?

Clow No, sir, I live by the church.

Viola Art thou a churchman? 4

Clow No such matter, sir I do live by the
church, for I do live at my house, and my house
doth stand by the church.

Viola So thou mayst say, the king lies by a
beggar, if a beggar dwell near him, or, the
church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand
by the church 11

Clow You have said, sir To see this age!

A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit
how quickly the wrong side may be turned out-
ward! 15

Viola Nay, that's certain they that dally
nicely with words may quickly make them
wanton

Clow I would therefore my sister had had no
name, sir 20

Viola Why, man?

Clow Why, sir, her name's a word, and to
dally with that word might make my sister
wanton. But indeed, words are very rascals
since bonds disgraced them. 25

Viola Thy reason, man?

Clow Troth, sir, I can yield you none without
words, and words are grown so false, I am
loath to prove reason with them 29

Viola I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and
carest for nothing

Clow Not so, sir, I do care for something, but
in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you
if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it
would make you invisible

Viola Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool? 36

Clow No, indeed, sir, the Lady Olivia has no
folly she will keep no fool, sir, till she be
married, and fools are as like husbands as
purchards are to herrings—the husband's the
bigger I am indeed not her fool, but her
corrupter of words

Viola I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's. 43

Clow Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb
like the sun, it shines every where I would be
sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with
your master as with my mistress I think I saw
your wisdom there 48

Viola Nay an thou pass upon me, I'll no more
with thee Hold, there's sixpence for thee

[Gives a piece of money]

Clow Now Jove, in his next commodity of
hair, send thee a beard! 52

Viola By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost
sick for one, though I would not have it grow
on my chin Is thy lady within?

Clow [Pointing to the coin] Would not a pair
of these have bred, sir? 57

Viola Yes, being kept together and put to use

Clow I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia,
sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus 60

Viola I understand you, sir, 'tis well begg'd

Clow The matter, I hope, is not great, sir,
begging but a beggar Cressida was a beggar
My lady is within, sir I will conster to them
whence you come, who you are and what you
would are out of my welkin, I might say 'ele-
ment,' but the word is overworn [Exit

Viola This fellow's wise enough to play the
fool, 68

And to do that well craves a kind of wit
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,

And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye This is a practice

As full of labour as a wise man's art, 74

For folly that he wisely shows is fit,
But wise men folly-fall'n, quite taunt their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

Sir To Save you, gentleman

Vio And you sir

Sir And Dieu vous garde, monsieur

Vio Et vous aussi votre serviteur 80

Sir And I hope, sir, you are, and I am yours

Sir To Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her 85

Vio I am bound to your niece sir I mean she is the list of my voyage

Sir To Taste your legs, sir put them to motion 89

Vio My legs do better understand me, sir than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs 92

Sir To I mean, to go, sir, to enter

Vio I will answer you with gait and entrance But we are prevented

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you! 97

Sir And That youth's a rare courtier 'Rain odours!' well

Vio My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear 101

Sir And 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed' I'll get 'em all three all ready

Oh Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing 105

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA* Give me your hand sir

Vio My duty, madam, and most humble service

Oh What is your name? 108

Vio Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess

Oh My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth 112

Vio And he is yours, and his must needs be yours

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oh For him, I think not on him for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks rather than fill'd with me! 116

Vio Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf *Oh* O! by your leave, I pray you,

I bade you never speak again of him But, would you undertake another suit, 120

I had rather hear you to solicit that Than music from the spheres

Vio Dear lady,—

Oh Give me leave beseech you I did send, After the last enchantment you did here, 125

A ring in chase of you so did I abuse Myself, my servant, and I fear me, you

Under your hard construction must I sit, 128

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning, Which you knew none of yours what might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake, And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving 133

Enough is shown, a cypress, not a bosom, Hideth my heart So, let me hear you speak

Vio I pity you 136

Oh That's a degree to love

Vio No, not a grize, for tis a vulgar proof That very oft we pity enemies

Oh Why, then methinks tis time to smile again 140

O world! how apt the poor are to be proud If one should be a prey, how much the better To fall before the lion than the wolf!

[*Clock strikes* The clock upbraids me with the waste of time Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you

And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest, Your wife is like to reap a proper man

There lies your way, due west *Vio* Then westward-ho! 148

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oh Stay I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me 152

Vio That you do think you are not what you are

Oh If I think so, I think the same of you *Vio* Then think you right I am not what I am

Oh I would you were as I would have you be! 156

Vio Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool

Oh O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip 160

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid, love's night is noon

Cesario, by the roses of the spring, By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride, 165

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause, But rather reason thus with reason fetter, 169

Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better

Vio By innocence I swear, and by my youth, I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth, 172

And that no woman has nor never none Shall mistress be of it, save I alone

And so adieu, good madam never more Will I my master's tears to you deplore 176

Oh Yet come again, for thou perhaps mayst move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — *A Room in OLIVIA'S House*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN

Sir And No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer
Sir To Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason

Fab You must needs yield your reason, Sir

Sir And Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me, I saw t'r the orchard

Sir To Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And As plain as I see you now

Fab This was a great argument of love in her toward you

Sir And 'Slight' will you make an ass o' me?

Fab I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason

Sir To And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor

Fab She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy

Sir And An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate. I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven places. My niece shall take note of it, and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab There is no way but this, Sir Andrew

Sir And Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and brief, it is no matter how witty so it be eloquent, and full of invention. Taunt him with the licence of ink if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss, and as many lies as will be in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter about it

Sir And Where shall I find you?

Sir To We'll call thee at the *cubiculo* go

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW

Fab This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so

Fab We shall have a rare letter from him, but you'll not deliver it

Sir To Never trust me, then, and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. I or Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea. I'll eat the rest of the anatomy

Fab And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty

Sir To Look, where the youngest wren of mine comes

Enter MARIA

Mar If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado, for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He is in yellow stockings

Sir To And cross-gartered?

Mar Most villainously like a pedant that keeps a school; the church. I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis, I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour

Sir To Come, bring us, bring us where he is [Exeunt

SCENE III — *A Street*

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO

Seb I would not by my will have troubled you,

But since you make your pleasure of your pains,

I will no further chide you

Ant I could not stay behind you. My desire, more sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth, and not all love to see you, — though so much as might have drawn one to a longer voyage, — But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts, which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit

Seb My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make but thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks, for oft good turns

Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay. But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant To-morrow, sir, best first go see your lodging

Seb I am not wearv, and 'tis long to night
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city

Ant Would you'd pardon me,
I do not without danger walk these streets 25
Once, in a sea fight gainst the Count his galleys,
I did some service, of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be
answer'd 28

Seb Belike you slew great number of his
people?

Ant The offence is not of such a bloody
nature,

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument 32
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffic's
sake,

Most of our city did only myself stood out,
For which, if I be lapt in this place, 36
I shall pay dear

Seb Do not then walk too open
Ant It doth not fit me Hold, sir, here's my
purse

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge I will bespeak our diet, 40
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your
knowledge

With viewing of the town there shall you have
me

Seb Why I your purse?
Ant Haply your eye shall light upon some
toy 44

You have desire to purchase, and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir

Seb I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
for an hour 48

Ant To the Elephant
Seb I do remember [Exeunt

SCENE IV — OLIVIA'S Garden

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Ol I have sent after him he says he'll come,
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or
borrow'd.

I speak too loud 4
Where is Malvolio? he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam, but in very
strange manner He is sure possess'd, madam. 9

Ol Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar No, madam, he does nothing but
smile your ladyship were best to have some
guard about you if he come, for sure the man
is tainted in 's wits

Ol Go call him hither [Exit MARIA 16

I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Ol Smil'st thou?

20

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion

Mal Sad, lady! I could be sad this does
make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-
gartering, but what of that? if it please the eye
of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is,
Please one and please all

Ol Why, how dost thou, man? what is the
matter with thee? 28

Mal Not black in my mind, though yellow
in my legs It did come to his hands, and com-
mands shall be executed I think we do know
the sweet Roman hand 32

Ol Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal To bed! ay, sweetheart, and I'll come
to thee

Ol God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile
so and kiss thy hand so oft? 37

Mar How do you, Malvolio?

Mal At your request! Yes, nightingales
answer daws 40

Mar Why appear you with this ridiculous
boldness before my lady?

Mal 'Be not afraid of greatness' 'Twas
well writ 44

Ol What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal 'Some are born great,'—

Ol Ha!

Mal 'Some achieve greatness,'— 48

Ol What sayst thou?

Mal 'And some have greatness thrust upon
them'

Ol Heaven restore thee! 52

Mal Remember who commended thy yellow
stockings,—

Ol Thy yellow stockings!

Mal 'And wished to see thee cross gartered'
Ol Cross-gartered! 57

Mal 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest
to be so,'—

Ol Am I made? 60

Mal 'If not, let me see thee a servant still,'

Ol Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser Madam, the young gentleman of the
Count Orsino's is returned I could hardly
entreat him back he attends your ladyship's
pleasure 66

Ol. I'll come to him [Exit Servant.]
Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to.
Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my
people have a special care of him I would not
have him miscarry for the half of my dowry 71

[Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.]

Mal Oh, ho! do you come near me now?
no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me!
This concurs directly with the letter she sends
him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to
him, for she incites me to that in the letter.
'Cast thy humble slough,' says she, 'be opposite
with a kinsman, surly with servants, let thy
tongue tang with arguments of state, put
thyself into the trick of singularity,' and con-
sequently sets down the manner how, as, a sad
face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the

habit of some sir of note, and so forth I have lured her, but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to,' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked 94

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

Sir To Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab Here he is, here he is How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man? 100

Mal Go off, I discard you let me enjoy my private, go off

Mar Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? *Sir Toby*, my lady prays you to have a care of him. 105

Mal Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To Go to, go to peace! peace! we must deal gently with him, let me alone How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil consider, he's an enemy to mankind

Mal Do you know what you say? 112

Mar La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab Carry his water to the wise-woman 116

Mar Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say

Mal How now, mistress! 120

Mar O Lord!

Sir To Prithce, hold thy peace, this is not the way do you not see you move him? let me alone with him 124

Fab No way but gentleness, gently, gently the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used

Sir To Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck? 128

Mal Sir!

Sir To Ay, Biddy, come with me What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan hang him, foul collier! 132

Mar Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray

Mal My prayers, mmx!

Mar No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness 137

Mal Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter *[Exit]*

Sir To Is't possible? 141

Fab If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction

Sir To His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man. 145

Mar Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint

Fab Why, we shall make him mad indeed 149

Mar The house will be the quieter

Sir To Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound, My niece is already in the belief that he's mad we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him, at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen But see, but see 157

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

Fab More matter for a May morning

Sir And Here's the challenge, read it I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in t 160

Fab Is't so saucy?

Sir And Ay, is't, I warrant him do but read

Sir To Give me Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow 165

Fab Good, and valiant

Sir To Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't 169

Fab A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law

Sir To Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for

Fab Very brief, and to exceeding good sense —less 177

Sir To I will waylay thee going home, where, if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab Good 180

Sir To Thou killest me like a rogue and a villan

Fab Still you keep o' the windy side of the law good 184

Sir To Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better and so look to thyself Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHEEK

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him 192

Mar You may have very fit occasion for't he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart 195

Sir To Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailly so soon as ever thou seest him, draw, and, as thou drawest, swear horrible, for it comes to pass off that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him Away!

Sir And Nay, let me alone for swearing 204

[Exit]

Sir To Now will not I deliver his letter for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding, his

employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman,—as I know his youth will aptly receive it,—into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. Thus will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab Here he comes with your niece give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.*]

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.

Oli I have said too much unto a heart of stone,

And laid mine honour too uncharly out. There's something in me that reproves my fault, But such a headstrong potent fault it is That it but mocks reproof.

Vio With the same haviour that your passion bears.

Goes on my master's griefs.

Oli Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture,

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you, 232 And I beseech you come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny, That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

Vio Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli How with mine honour may I give him that.

Which I have given to you?

Vio I will acquit you.

Oli Well, come again to-morrow fare thee well.

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[*Exit*]

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio And you, sir.

Sir To That defence thou hast, betake thee to't of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not, but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end. Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio You mistake, sir. I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To You'll find it otherwise, I assure you therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard, for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio I pray you, sir, what is he?

239

Sir To He is knight dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so unplaceable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hobnob, is his word give t or take t.

Vio I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour, belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To Sir, no, his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury therefore get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked, for meadle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is. It is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

Vio Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal abatement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio I shall be much bound to you for't. I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight, I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[*Exeunt*]

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To Why, man, he's a very devil, I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable, and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls.—*Aside*—Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA

[*To FABIAN*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab He is as horribly conceited of him, and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To There's no remedy, sir, he will fight with you for his oath's sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of, therefore draw for the supportance of his vow: he protests he will not hurt you.

Viola [*Aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you, he cannot by the duello avoid it, but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

[*Draws*]
Viola I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[*Draws*]

Enter ANTONIO

Ant Put up your sword. If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me. 348
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

[*Drawing*]
Sir To You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more.

Than you have heard him brag to you he will. 352
Sir To Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[*Draws*]
Fab O, good sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To I'll be with you anon.

Viola [*To SIR ANDREW*] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir, and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily and reins well.

Enter two Officers.

First Off. This is the man, do thy office.
Sec Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit 364
Of Count Orsino.

Ant You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. No, sir, no jot. I know your favour well.

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away: he knows I know him well. 368

Ant I must obey—[*To VIOLA*.] This comes with seeking you.

But there's no remedy. I shall answer it. What will you do, now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me much more for what I cannot do for you. 373
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed.

But be of comfort.

Sec Off

Come, sir, away
Ant I must entreat of you some of that money.

Viola What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And part, being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability 380

I'll lend you something: my having is not much. I'll make division of my present with you.

Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant Will you deny me now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you 384

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery, Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Viola I know of none, 388

Nor know I you by voice or any feature.

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption 392

Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant O heavens themselves!

Sec Off Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant Let me speak a little. This youth that

you see here

I snatch'd one-half out of the jaws of death, 396

Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,

And to this image, which methought did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Off What's that to us? The time goes

by away! 400

Ant But O! how vile an idol proves thus god.

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame

In nature: there's no blemish but the mind.

None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind. 404

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil

Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

First Off The man grows mad away with

him! Come, come, sir.

Ant Lead me on. 408

[*Exeunt Officers with ANTONIO*]

Viola Methinks his words do from such pas-

sion fly.

That he believes himself, so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you! 412

Sir To Come hither, knight, come hither,

Fabian, we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of

most sage saws.

Viola Henam'd Sebastian, I my brother know

Yet living in my glass; even such and so. 417

In favour was my brother, and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate. O! if it prove, 420

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit*]

Sir To A very dishonest paltry boy, and more

a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears

in leaving his friend here in necessity, and deny-

ing him, and for his cowardship, ask Fabian. 425

Fab A coward, a most devout coward, re-

ligious in it.

Sir And. 'Shld, I'll after him again and beat

him. 429

Sir To Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword
Sir And An I do not,— [Exit
Fab Come, let's see the event 433
Sir To I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet [Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I—The Street adjoining OLIVIA's House

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown

Clo Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let me be clear of thee 4

Clo Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her, nor your name is not Master Cesario, nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so 9

Seb I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else. Thou know'st not me.

Clo Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me. There's money for thee if you tarry longer. 20 I shall give worse payment.

Clo By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase 25

Enter SIR ANDREW

Sir And Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you [Striking SEBASTIAN

Seb Why, there's for thee, and there, and there, and there! [Beating SIR ANDREW
 Are all the people mad? 29

Enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN

Sir To Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo Thus will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for twopence [Exit

Sir To [Holding SEBASTIAN] Come on, sir hold 35

Sir And Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him. I'll have an action of battery against him if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that 40

Seb Let go thy hand.
Sir To Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron. You are well fleshed, come on 44

Seb I will be free from thee [Disengaging himself] What wouldst thou now?
 If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword

Sir To What, what! Nay then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. Draws

Enter OLIVIA.

Oh Hold, Toby! on thy life I charge thee, hold! 49

Sir To Madam!
Oh Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch!

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preach'd. Out of my sight! 53

Be not offended, dear Cesario

Rudesby, be gone!

[Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

I prithee, gentle friend, Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, away 56 In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house, And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go 61

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me, He started one poor heart of mine in thee

Seb What relish is in this? how runs the stream? 64

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream. Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep!

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!
Oh Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb Madam, I will
Oh Madam, I will

O! say so, and so bel!

[Exeunt

SCENE II—A Room in OLIVIA's House

Enter MARIA and Clown, M. VOLIO in a dark chamber adjoining

Mar Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard, make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate. do it quickly, I'll call Sir Toby the whilst [Exit

Clo Well, I'll put it on and I will dissemble myself in't and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student, but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter 12

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To God bless thee, Master parson.
Clo Bonos dies, Sir Toby for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a piece of King Gorboduc, 'That, that is, is, so I, being Master parson, am Master parson, for, what is 'that,' but 'that,' and 'is,' but 'is?' 20

Sir To To him, Sir Toby.
Clo What ho! I say. Peace in this prison!

Sir To The knave counterfeits well, a good knave

Mal [Within] Who calls there? 24

Clo Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic

Mal Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady 28

Clo Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To Well said, Master Parson

Mal [Within] Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad they have laid me here in hideous darkness 35

Clo Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy Sayst thou that house is dark?

Mal As hell, Sir Topas 40

Clo Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as baricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony, and yet complainest thou of obstruction? 44

Mal I am not mad, Sir Topas I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo Madman, thou errest I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog 49

Mal I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell, and I say, there was never man thus abused I am no more mad than you are make the trial of it in any constant question

Clo What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl? 56

Mal That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird

Clo What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion. 61

Clo Fare thee well remain thou still in darkness thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam Fare thee well

Mal Sir Topas! Sir Topas!

Sir To My most exquisite Sir Topas! 68

Clo Nay, I am for all waters

Mar Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown he sees thee not

Sir To To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him I would we were well rid of this knavery If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my mece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY and MARIA

Clo Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does. 80

Mal Fool!

Clo My lady is unkm'd, perdy!

Mal Fool!

Clo Alas, why is she so?

Mal Fool, I say!

Clo She loves another

Who calls, ha?

Mal Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen,

ink, and paper As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo Master Malvolio! 92

Mal Ay, good fool

Clo Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

Mal Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art

Clo But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool 100

Mal They have here propertyed me keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses! and do all they can to face me out of my wits

Clo Advise you what you say the minister is here Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain babble 108

Mal Sir Topas!

Clo Maintain no words with him, good fellow—Who, I, sir? not I, sir God be wi' you good Sir Topas Marry, amen I will, sir, I will 112

Mal Fool, fool, fool, I say!

Clo Alas, sir, be patient What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you

Mal Good fool, help me to some light and some paper I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria

Clo Well-a-day, that you were, sir! 119

Mal By this hand, I am Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did 123

Clo I will help you to't But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal Believe me, I am not I tell thee true 128

Clo Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains I will fetch you light and paper and ink

Mal Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree I prithe, be gone 133

Clo

I am gone sir,

And anon sir

I'll be with you again 136

In a trice

Like to the old Vice

Your need to sustain

Who with dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, Ah ah! to the devil

Like a mad lad 144

[*Exit*

SCENE III—OLIVIA'S Garden

Enter SEBASTIAN

Seb This is the air, that is the glorious sun, This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't, And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then? I could not find him at the Elephant, Yet there he was, and there I found this credit, That he did range the town to seek me out. 5

His counsel now might do me golden service, 8
 For though my soul disputes well with my sense
 That this may be some error, but no madness,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse, 12
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
 To any other trust but that I am mad
 Or else the lady's mad yet if 'twere so, 16
 She could not sway her house, command her
 followers,
 Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
 As I perceive she does There's something in't
 That is deceivable But here the lady comes 21

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest

Oli Blame not this haste of mine If you
 mean well,
 Now go with me and with this holy man
 Into the chantry by, there, before him, 24
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Hight me the full assurance of your faith
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace He shall conceal it 28
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth What do you say?
Seb I'll follow this good man, and go with
 you, 32
 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true
Oli Then lead the way, good father, and
 heavens so shine
 That they may fairly note this act of mine!
[Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I—*The Street before OLIVIA's House*
Enter Clown and FABIAN

Fab Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his
 letter
Clo Good Master Fabian, grant me another
 request. 4
Fab Anything
Clo Do not desire to see this letter
Fab This is, to give a dog, and, in recom-
 pense desire my dog again 8
Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Attendants.
Duke Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
Clo Av, sir, we are some of her trappings
Duke I know thee well how dost thou, my
 good fellow? 12
Clo Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the
 worse for my friends
Duke Just the contrary, the better for thy
 friends 16
Clo No, sir, the worse
Duke How can that be?
Clo Marry, sir, they praise me and make an
 ass of me, now my foes tell me plainly I am an
 ass so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the know-
 ledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused
 so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four

negatives make four two affirmatives, why then,
 the worse for my friends and the better for my
 foes 26

Duke Why, this is excellent
Clo By my troth, sir, no, though it please
 you to be one of my friends
Duke Thou shalt not be the worse for me
 there's gold
Clo But that it would be double-dealing, sir,
 I would you could make it another 33
Duke O, you give me ill counsel
Clo Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for
 this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it 36
Duke Well, I will be so much a sinner to be
 a double-dealer there's another
Clo *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play,
 and the old saying is, 'the third pays for all'
 the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure, or
 the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in
 mind, one, two, three 43
Duke You can fool no more money out of
 me at this throw if you will let your lady know
 I am here to speak with her, and bring her along
 with you, it may awake my bounty further 47
Clo Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I
 come again I go, sir, but I would not have you
 to think that my desire of having is the sin of
 covetousness, but as you say, sir, let your bounty
 take a nap I will awake it anon *[Exit]*
Vio Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue
 me

Enter ANTONIO and Officers

Duke That face of his I do remember well,
 Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd 56
 As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war
 A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
 For shallow draught and hulk unprizable,
 With which such scathful grapple did he make
 With the most noble bottom of our fleet, 61
 That very envy and the tongue of loss
 Cried fame and honour on him What's the
 matter?
First Off Orsino, this is that Antonio 64
 That took the Phoenix and her freight from
 Candy,
 And thus is he that did the Tiger board,
 When your young nephew Titus lost his leg
 Here in the streets, desperate of shame and
 state, 68
 In private brabble did we apprehend him.
Vio He did me kindness, sir, drew on my
 side,
 But in conclusion put strange speech upon me
 I know not what 'twas but distraction 72
Duke Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
 What foolish boldness brought thee to their
 mercies
 Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
 Hast made thine enemies?
Ant Orsino, noble sir, 76
 Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give
 me
 Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
 Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
 Orsino's enemy A witchcraft drew me hither

That most ingrateful boy there by your side, 81
 From the rude sea s'enrag'd and foamy mouth
 Did I redeem, a wrack past hope he was
 His life I gave him, and did thereto add 84
 My love, without retention or restraint,
 All his in dedication, for his sake
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
 Into the danger of this adverse town,
 Drew to defend him when he was beset
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
 Not meaning to partake with me in danger
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaint-
 ance, 92

And grew a twenty years removed thing
 While one would wink, denied me mine own
 purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour be ore

Vio How can this be 96

Duke When came he to this town?

Ant To-day, my lord, and for three months
 before,—

No interim, not a minute's vacancy,—
 Both day and night did we keep company 100

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants

Duke Here comes the countess now heaven
 walks on earth!

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are mad-
 ness

Three months this youth hath tended upon me,
 But more of that anon Take him aside 104

Oh What would my lord, but that he may
 not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario you do not keep promise with me 108

Vio Madam!

Duke Gracious Olivia—

Oh What do you say, Cesario? Good my
 lord,—

Vio My lord would speak, my duty hushes
 me

Oh If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
 It is as fat and folsome to mine ear 113

As howling after music

Duke Still so cruel?

Oh Still so constant, lord

Duke What, to perverseness? you uncivil
 lady, 116

To whose ingrate and unpropitious altars
 My soul the faithfulst offerings hath breath'd
 out

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
Oh Even what it please my lord, that shall
 become him 120

Duke Why should I not, had I the heart to
 do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
 Kill what I love? a savage jealousy

That sometimes savours nobly But hear me
 this 124

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
 And that I partly know the instrument
 That screws me from my true place in your
 favour,

Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant still, 128
 But this your minion, whom I know you love,
 And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
 Where he sits crowned in his master's spite 132
 Come, boy, with me, my thoughts are ripe in
 mischief,

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
 To spite a raven's heart within a dove [Going
Vio And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die 137

[Following]

Oh Where goes Cesario?

Vio After him I love
 More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
 More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife
 If I do feign, you witnesses above 141

Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Oh Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

Vio Who does beguile you? who does do
 you wrong? 144

Oh Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy father [Exit an Attendant
Duke [To *VIOLA*] Come away

Oh Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband,
 stay

Duke Husband?

Oh Ay, husband can I e that deny? 148

Duke Her husband, sirrah?

Vio No, my lord, not I

Oh Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear

That makes thee strangle thy propriety
 Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up 152

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou
 art

As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
 Here to unfold,—though lately we intended 156

To keep in darkness what occasion now
 Reveals before 'tis ripe,—what thou dost know
 Hath newly pass'd between this youth and
 me

Priest A contract of eternal bond of love, 160
 Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
 Attested by the holy close of lips,
 Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings,
 And all the ceremony of this compact 164

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony
 Since when, my watch hath told me, toward
 my grave

I have travell'd but two hours
Duke O, thou-dissembling cub! what wilt
 thou be 168

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
 Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow
 That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?

Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feet 172
 Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio My lord, I do protest,—

Oh O! do not swear

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much
 fear

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, with his head broken

Sir And For t' love of God, a surgeon! send o'is presently to Sir Toby 177
 Ou What's the matter?

Sir And He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home 182

Oh Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And The count's gentleman, one Cesario we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate 186

Duke My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And O d's lights! here he is You broke my head for no hang! and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby

Vio Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you

You drew your sword upon me without cause, But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not 193

Sir And If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt you have hurt me I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb Here comes Sir Toby halting, 197

Enter SIR TOBY BEICHI, drunk, led by the Clown
 you shall hear more but if he had not been in drink he would have tickled your other garter than he did 200

Duke How now, gentlemen! how is't with you?

Sir To That's all one he has hurt me, and there's the end on't Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot? 205

Clow O! he's drunk, Sir Toby an hour ago his eyes were set at eight the morning

Sir To Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin I hate a drunker rogue 209

Oh Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together 213

Sir To Will you help an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin faced knave, a gull! 216

Oh Get him to bed and let his hurt be look'd to [Exeunt CLOWN, FABIAN, SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW]

Enter SEBASTIAN

Seb I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman,

But, had it been the brother of my blood, 220 I must have done no less with wit and safety

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that

I do perceive it hath offended you Pardon me sweet one, even for the vows 224

We made each other but so late ago

Duke One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,

A natural perspective that is, and is not!

Seb Antonio! O my dear Antonio! 228

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me Since I have lost thee!

Ant Sebastian are you?

Seb Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant How have you made division of yourself? 232

An apple clef in two is not more twin Than these two creatures Which is Sebastian?

O! Most wonderful

Seb Do I stand there? I never had a brother, 236

Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Of here and every where I had a sister

Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured

Of chance, what kin are you to me? 240

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio Of Messaline Sebastian was my father Such a Sebastian was my brother too,

So well he suited to his wavery tomb 244

If spirits can assume both form and suit You come to fright us

Seb A spirit I am indeed, But am in that dimension grossly clad

Which from the womb I did participate 248

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

And say, 'Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!' 252

Vio My father had a mole upon his brow

Seb And so had mine 253

Vio And died that day when Viola from his birth

Had number'd thirteen years

Seb O! that record is lively in my soul 256

He finished indeed his mortal act That day that made my sister thirteen years

Vio If nothing lets to make us happy both But this my masculine usurp'd attire, 260

Do not embrace me till each circumstance Of place, time, fortune do cohere and jump

That I am Viola which to confirm, I'll bring you to a captain in this town, 264

Where lie my maiden weeds by whose gentle help

I was preserv'd to serve this noble count All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord 268

Seb [To OLIVIA] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook!

But nature to her bias drew in that. You would have been contracted to a maid

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd, 272

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man

Duke Benot amaz'd right noble is his blood. If this be so as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wrack [To VIOLA] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times 277

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio And all those sayings will I over-swear, And all those swearings keep as true in soul 280

As doth that orb'd continent the fire That severs day from night

Duke Give me thy hand, And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds

Vio The captain that did bring me first on shore 284

Hath my maid's garments he upon some action

Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's

Oh He shall enlarge him. Fetch Malvolio
hither 288

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his 292

Re-enter Clown with a letter, and FABIAN

How does he, sirrah?

Clo Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the
stave's end as well as a man in his case may do
He has here writ a letter to you I should have
given it to you to-day morning, but as a mad-
man's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not
much when they are delivered.

Oh Open it, and read it 300

Clo Look then to be well edified, when the
fool delivers the madman.

By the Lord, madam,—

Oh How now! art thou mad? 304

Clo No, madam, I do but read madness an
your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you
must allow vox

Oh Prithce, read i' thy right wits 308

Clo So I do, madonna, but to read his right
wits is to read thus therefore perpend, my
princess, and give ear

Oh [To FABIAN] Read it you, sirrah 312

Fab By the Lord, madam, you wrong me,
and the world shall know it though you
have put me into darkness, and given your
drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the
benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship
I have your own letter that induced me to the
semblance I put on with the which I doubt not
but to do myself much right, or you much shame
Think of me as you please I leave my duty a
little unthought of, and speak out of my injury

THE MADLY USED MALVOLIO

Oh Did he write this? 324

Clo Ay, madam

Duke This savours not much of distraction

Oh See him deliver'd, Fabian, bring him
hither [Exit FABIAN]

My lord, so please you, these things further
thought on, 328

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please
you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost

Duke Madam, I am most apt to embrace
your offer 332

[To VIOLA] Your master quits you, and, for
your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,

And since you call'd me master for so long, 336
Here is my hand you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress

Oh A sister! you are she

Re enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO

Duke Is this the madman?

Oh Ay, my lord, this same

How now, Malvolio!

Mal Madam, you have done me wrong,

Notorious wrong

Oh Have I, Malvolio? no 341

Mal Lady, you have Pray you peruse that
letter

You must not now deny it is your hand
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase,
Or say 'tis not your seal nor your invention 345
You can say none of this Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of
favour, 348

Bademe comes smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown

Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people,
And, acting this in an obedient hope, 352

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,

And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why 356

Oh Alas! Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character,

But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand
And now I do bethink me, it was she 360

First told me thou wast mad, then cam'st in
smiling,

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter Prithce, be content

This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon
thee, 364

But when we know the grounds and authors of
it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause

Fab

Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come 368

Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at In hope it shall not,

Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here, 372

Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him Maria writ

The letter at Sir Toby's great importance,
In recompense whereof he hath married her

How with a sportful malice it was follow'd, 377
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,

If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides past 380

Oh Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled
thee!

Clo Why, 'some are born great, some achieve
greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon

them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude, one Sir
Topas, sir, but that's all one By the Lord,

fool, I am not mad But do you remember?
'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal?

an you smile not, he's gagged' and thus the
whirligig of time brings in his revenges 389

Mal I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of
you [Exit]

Oh He hath been most notoriously abus'd

Duke Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace,— 392
 He hath not told us of the captain yet
 When that is known and golden time convents,
 A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls Meantime, sweet sister, 396
 We will not part from hence Cesario, come,
 For so you shall be, while you are a man,
 But when in other habits you are seen,
 Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen 400
[Exeunt all except Clown]

SONG

Clo When that I was and a little tiny boy
 With hey ho the wind and the rain
 A foolish thing was but a toy
 For the rain it raineth every day 404

But when I came to man's estate,
 With hey ho the wind and the rain,
 Ganst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,
 For the rain it raineth every day 408
 But when I came alas! to wive,
 With hey ho the wind and the rain
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
 For the rain it raineth every day 412
 But when I came unto my beds
 With hey ho the wind and the rain
 With toss pots still had drunken heads
 For the rain it raineth every day 416

A great while ago the world begun
 With hey ho, the wind and the rain
 But that's all one our play is done
 And we'll strive to please you every day 420
[Exit]

THE WINTER'S TALE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, young Prince of Sicilia
CAMILLO
ANTIGONUS, } Lords of Sicilia.
CLEOMENES
DION
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, his Son
ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.
A Manner
A Gaoler
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son
Servant to the old Shepherd.

AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes
PERDITA, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione
PAULINA, Wife to Antigonus
EMILIA, a Lady } attending the Queen.
Other Ladies,
MOPSA, } Shepherdesses.
DORCAS,

Sicilian Lords and Ladies Attendants, Guards,
Satyrs, Shepherds, Shepherdesses &c

Time, as Chorus

SCENE — *Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia*

ACT I

SCENE I — *Sicilia. An Antechamber in LEONTES' Palace*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS

Arch If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves for, indeed,—

Cam Beseech you,—

Arch Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch Believe me. I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods, and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mam-

ilus: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child, one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh, they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch Would they else be content to die?

Cam Yes if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II — *The Same. A Room of State in the Palace*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants

Pol Nine changes of the watery star have been

The shepherd's note since we have left our throne

Without a burden, time as long again

Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks, And yet we should for perpetuity

Go hence in debt and therefore, like a cipher, Yet standing in rich place I multiply

With one. We thank you many thousands more That go before it.

Leon Stay your thanks awhile,

And pay them when you part.

Pol Sir, that's to-morrow. I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance

Or breed upon our absence, that may blow us. No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,

'This is put forth too truly!' Besides, I have stay'd

To tire your royalty.

Leon We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to't.

Pol No longer stay.

Leon One seven-night longer
Pol Very sooth, to-morrow
Leon We'll part the time between s then,
 and in that
I'll no gainsaying
Pol Press me not, beseech you, so
 There is no tongue that moves, none, none 1 the
 world, 20
 So soon as yours could win me so it should now,
 Were there necessity in your request although
 'Twere needful I demed it My affairs
 Do even drag me homeward, which to hinder 24
 Were in your love a whip to me, my stay
 To you a charge and trouble to save both,
 Farewell, our brother
Leon Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you
Her I had thought, sir, to have held my
 peace until 28
 You had drawn oaths from him not to stay
 You, sir,
 Charge him too coldly tell him, you are sure
 All in Bohemia s well this satisfaction
 The by-gone day proclaim'd say this to him, 32
 He s beat from his best ward
Leon Well said Hermione
Her To tell he longs to see his son were
 strong
 But let him say so then, and let him go,
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay, 36
 We'll thwack him hence with distaffs
 [To POLIXENES] Yet of your royal presence I'll
 adventure
 The borrow of a week When at Bohemia
 You take my lord, I'll give him my commission
 To let him there a month behind the gest 41
 Prefix'd for s parting yet, good deed, Leontes,
 I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
 What lady she her lord You'll stay?
Pol No, madam 44
Her Nay, but you will?
Pol I may not, verily
Her Verily!
 You put me off with lumber vows but I
 Though you would seek to unsphere the stars
 with oaths, 48
 Should yet say, 'Sir no going' Verily
 You shall not go a lady s 'verily's'
 As potent as a lord's Will you go yet?
 Force 'ne to keep you as a prisoner, 52
 Not like a guest, so you shall pay your fees
 When you depart, and save your thanks. How
 say you?
 My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread
 'verily,'
 One of them you shall be
Pol Your guest, then, madam 56
 To be your prisoner should import offending,
 Which is for me less easy to commit
 Than you to punish
Her Not your gaoler then,
 But your kind hostess Come, I'll question you
 Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were
 boys 61
 You were pretty lordings then.
Pol We were, fair queen,
 Two lads that thought there was no more behind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day, 64
 And to be boy eternal.
Her Was not my lord the verner wag o' the
 two?
Pol We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk
 i' the sun
 And bleat the one at the other what we
 chang'd 68
 Was innocence for innocence, we knew not
 The doctrine of ill doing, no nor dream'd
 That any did Had we pursu'd that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd 72
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
 heaven
 Boldly, 'not guilty,' the imposition clear'd
 Hereditary ours
Her By this we gather
 You have tripp'd since
Pol O! my most sacred lady, 76
 Temptations have since then been born to's for
 In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl,
 Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
 Of my young play fellow
Her Grace to boot! 80
 Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
 Your queen and I are devils, yet, go on
 The offences we have made you do we'll answer,
 If you first sunn'd with us and that with us 84
 You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
 With any but with us
Leon Is he won yet?
Her He'll stay my lord
Leon At my request he would not
 Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st 88
 To better purpose
Her Never?
Leon Never but once
Her What! have I twice said well? when
 was't before?
 I pr thee tell me, cram's with praise, and make's
 As fat as tame things one good deed, dying
 tongueless 92
 Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
 Our praises are our wages you may ride's
 With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
 With spur we heat an acre But to the goal 96
 My last good deed was to entreat his stay
 What was my first? it has an elder sister,
 Or I mistake you O! would her name were
 Grace
 But once before I spoke to the purpose when?
 Nay, let me have t, I long
Leon Why, that was when
 Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves
 to death,
 Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
 And clap thyself my love then didst thou
 utter, 104
 'I am yours for ever'
Her 'Tis grace indeed.
 Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
 twice
 The one for ever earn'd a royal husband,
 The other for some while a friend 108
 [G ving her hand to POLIXENES.]
Leon. [Aside] Too hot, too hot!

To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods
 I have *tremor cordis* on me my heart dances,
 But not for joy, not joy This entertainment 112
 May a free face put on, derive a liberty
 From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
 And well become the agent t may I grant
 But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
 As now they are, and making practis'd smiles, 117
 As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere
 The mort o' the deer, O! that is entertainment
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows Mamilius,
 Art thou my boy?

Mam Ay, my good lord

Leon I fecks? 121
 Why, that s my bawcock. What' hast smutch d
 thy nose?

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
 We must be neat, not neat, but cleanly, captain
 And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf, 125
 Are all call'd neat Still virginalling
 Upon his palm! How now, you wanton calf!
 Art thou my calf?

Mam Yes, if you will, my lord 128

Leon Thou want'st a rough pash and the
 shoes that I have,

To be full like me yet they say we are
 Almost as like as eggs, women say so,
 That will say anything but were they false 132
 As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters, false
 As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
 To say this boy were like me Come, sir page,
 Look on me with your welkin eye sweet villain!
 Most dear'st! my collop! Canst thou dam?—may't
 be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre
 Thou dost make possible things not so held, 140
 Communicat'st with dreams,—how can this
 be?

With what's unreal thou co-active art,
 And fellow'st nothing then, 'tis very credent
 Thou mayst co-join with something, and thou
 dost, 144

And that beyond commission, and I find it,
 And that to the infection of my brains
 And hardening of my brows

Pol What means Sicilia?

Her He something seems unsettled

Pol How, my lord? 148

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction
 Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon No, in good earnest
 How sometimes nature will betray its folly, 152
 Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
 To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
 Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
 Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
 In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
 Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest
 friend, 161
 Will you take eggs for money?

Mam No my lord, I'll fight
Leon You will? why, happy man be his dole!
 My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince as we 164
 Do seem to be of ours?

Pol If at home, sir,
 He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
 Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy, 168
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all
 He makes a July's day short as December,
 And with his varying childness cures in me
 Thoughts that would thicken my blood

Leon So stands this squire
 Offic'd with me We two will walk, my lord, 172
 And leave you to your graver steps Hermione,
 How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's wel-
 come

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap
 Next to thyself and my young rover, he's 176
 Apparent to my heart

Her If you would seek us,
 We are yours i' the garden shall attend you
 there?

Leon To your own bents dispose you you'll
 be found,

Be you beneath the sky —[*Aside*] I am angling
 now, 180

Though you perceive me not how I give line
 Go to, go to!
 How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
 And arms her with the boldness of a wife 184
 To her allowing husband!

[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE and
 Attendants

Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a
 fork'd one!

Go play, boy, play, thy mother plays, and I
 Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
 Will hiss me to my grave contempt and
 clamour 189

Will be my knell Go play, boy, play There
 have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now,
 And many a man there is even at this present,
 Now, while I speak thus, holds his wife by the
 arm, 193

That little thinks she has been sluc'd in's
 absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
 Sir Smile, his neighbour nay, there's comfort
 in't, 196

Whiles other men have gates, and those gates
 open'd,

As mine, against their will Should all despair
 That have revolted wives the tenth of man-
 kind

Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is
 none, 200

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
 Where 'tis predominant, and 'tis powerful,
 think it,

From east, west, north, and south be it con-
 cluded,

No barricado for a belly-know't, 204
 It will let in and out the enemy

With bag and baggage Many a thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel't not How now, boy!

Mam I am like you, they say

Leon Why, that's some comfort 208
What! Camillo there?

Cam Ay, my good lord.

Leon Go play, Mamillius, thou'rt an honest

man [Exit MAMILLIUS]
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer 212

Cam You had much ado to make his anchor

hold
When you cast out, it still came home

Leon Didst note it?

Cam He would not stay at your petitions,

made
His business more maternal

Leon Didst perceive it? 216

[Aside] They're here with me already, whisper-

ing, rounding
' Sicilia is a so-forth.' 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last How came't, Camillo,

That he did stay?

Cam At the good queen's entreaty 220

Leon At the queen's, be't 'good' should be

pertinent,
But so it is, it is not Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in 224

More than the common blocks not noted, is't,

But of the finer natures' by some severals

Of head-piece extraordinary' lower messes

Perchance are to this business purblind? say

Cam Business, my lord! I think most under-

stand 229
Bohemia stays here longer

Leon Ha!

Cam Stays here longer

Leon Ay, but why?

Cam To satisfy your hughness and the en-

treates 232
Of our most gracious mistress

Leon Satisfy!

The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!

Let that suffice I have trusted thee, Camillo,

With all the nearest things to my heart, as

well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou

Hast cleans'd my bosom I from thee departed

Thy penitent reform'd, but we have been

Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd 240

In that which seems so

Cam Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon To bide upon't, thou art not honest, or,

If thou inclinst that way, thou art a coward,

Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining 244

From course requir'd, or else thou must be

counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,

And therein negligent' or else a fool

That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake

drawn, 248

And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful,

In every one of these no man is free,

But that his negligence, his folly, fear, 250

Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,

It was my folly, if industriously 256

I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,

Not weighing well the end, if ever fearful

To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,

Whereof the execution did cry out 260

Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear

Which oft infects the wisest these, my lord,

Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty

Is never free of but, beseech your Grace, 264

Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass

By its own visage, if I then deny it,

'Tis none of mine

Leon Ha! not you seen, Camillo,—

But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-

glass 268

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—

For to a vision so apparent rumour

Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation

Resides not in that man that does not think,—

My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,— 273

Or else be impudently negative,

To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,—then

say

My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name 276

As rank as any flax-wench that puts to

Before her troth-plight say't and justify't.

Cam I would not be a stander-by, to hear

My sovereign mistress clouded so, without 280

My present vengeance taken 'shrew my heart,

You never spoke what did become you less

Than this, which to reiterate were sin

As deep as that, though true

Leon Is whispering nothing? 284

Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?

Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career

Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible

Of breaking honesty,—horsing foot on foot? 288

Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?

Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes

Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs

only,

That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?

Why, then the world and all that's in't is no-

thing, 293

The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing,

My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these

nothings,

If this be nothing

Cam Good my lord, be cur'd 296

Of this disease'd opinion, and betimes,

For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam No, no, my lord.

Leon It is, you he, you lie

I say thou heest, Camillo, and I hate thee, 300

Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,

Or else a hovering temporizer, that

Canst with thine eyes at once see good and

evil,

Inclining to them both were my wife's liver 304

Infected as her life, she would not live

The running of one glass

Cam Who does infect her?

Leon Why, he that wears her like her medal,
 hanging
 About his neck, Bohemia who, if I 308
 Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
 To see alike mine honour as their profits,
 Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
 Which should undo more doing ay, and thou,
 His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form 313
 Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst
 see
 Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees
 heaven,
 How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup, 316
 To give mine enemy a lasting wink,
 Which draught to me were cordial

Cam Sir, my lord,
 I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
 But with a lingering dram that should not work
 Maliciously like poison but I cannot 321
 Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
 So sovereignly being honourable
 I have lov'd thee,—

Leon Make that thy question, and go rot!
 Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled, 325
 To appoint myself in this vexation, sully
 The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
 Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
 Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps? 329
 Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
 Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
 Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
 Could man so blench?

Cam I must believe you, sir 333
 I do, and will fetch off Bohemia for't,
 Provided that when he's remov'd, your high-
 ness 335
 Will take again your queen as yours at first,
 Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing
 The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
 Known and allied to yours

Leon Thou dost advise me
 Even so as I mine own course have set down
 I'll give no blemish to her honour, none 341

Cam. My lord,
 Go then, and with a countenance as clear
 As friendship wears at feasts keep with Bohemia,
 And with your queen I am his cupbearer, 345
 If from me he have wholesome beverage,
 Account me not your servant.

Leon This is all
 Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart,
 Do't not, thou split'st thine own

Cam. I'll do't, my lord 349
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast
 advis'd me [Exit

Cam O miserable lady! But, for me,
 What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
 Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do't 353
 Is the obedience to a master, one
 Who in rebellion with himself will have
 All that are his so too. To do this deed 356
 Promotion follows If I could find example
 Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
 And flourish'd after, I'd not do't, but since
 Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not
 one, 360

Let villany itself forswear't I must
 Forsake the court to do't, or no, is certain
 To me a break-neck Happy star reign now!
 Here comes Bohemia

Re-enter POLIXENES

Pol This is strange methinks 364
 My favour here begins to warp Not speak?—
 Good day, Camillo

Cam Hail, most royal sir!

Pol What is the news i' the court?

Cam None rare, my lord

Pol The king hath on him such a counte-
 nance 368

As he had lost some province and a region
 Lov'd as he loves himself even now I met him
 With customary compliment, when he,
 Waving his eyes to the contrary, and falling 372
 A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
 So leaves me to consider what is breeding
 That changes thus his manners

Cam I dare not know, my lord 376

Pol How! dare not! do not! Do you know,
 and dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts,
 For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
 And cannot say you dare not Good Camillo,
 Your chang'd complexions are to me a murmur
 Which shows me mine chang'd too, for I must
 be

A party in this alteration, finding

Myself thus alter'd with't

Cam There is a sickness 384
 Which puts some of us in distemper, but
 I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
 Of you that yet are well

Pol How! caught of me?

Make me not sighted like the basilisk 388
 I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the
 better

By my regard, but kill'd none so Camillo,—
 As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto
 Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns 392
 Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
 In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
 If you know aught which does behove my
 knowledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not 396
 In ignorant concealment

Cam. I may not answer

Pol A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
 I must be answer'd Dost thou hear, Camillo,
 I conjure thee, by all the parts of man 400
 Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof
 the least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
 What incidency thou dost guess of harm
 Is creeping toward me, how far off, how near,
 Which way to be prevented if to be, 405
 If not, how best to bear it.

Cam Sir, I will tell you,
 Since I am charg'd in honour and by him
 That I think honourable Therefore mark my
 counsel, 408
 Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as

I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry 'lost,' and so good night!

Pol On, good Camillo

Cam I am appointed him to murder you. 42

Pol By whom, Camillo?

Cam By the king

Pol For what?

Cam He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,

As he had seen 't or been an instrument
To vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly

Pol O, then my best blood turn 417
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that d'd betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to 420
A savour that may strike the coldest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection

That ever was heard or read!

Cam Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and 425
By all their influences you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath remove or counsel shake 428
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pl'd upon his faith and will continue
The standing of his body

Pol How should this grow?
Cam I know not but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis
born 433

If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along unpawn'd, away to-night! 436
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos and threes at several posterns
Clear them o' the city For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here 440
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain,
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth, which, if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by nor shall you be safer 444
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol I do believe thee
I saw his heart in his face Give me thy hand
Be pilot to me and thy places shall 448
Still neighbour mine My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago This jealousy
Is for a precious creature as she's rare 452
Must it be great, and, as his person's mighty
Must it be violent, and, as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him why, his revenges must 456
In that be made more bitter Fear o'ershades
me

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing

Of his ill-taken suspicion! Come, Camillo, 460
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence let us avoid.

Cam It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns please your high-
ness 464
To take the urgent hour Come, sir, away!
[*Exeunt*]

ACT II

SCENE I—*Sicilia A Room in the Palace*

Enter HERMIONE, VAMILLIUS, and Ladies

Her Take the boy to you he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring

First Lady Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam No, I'll none of you.

First Lady Why, my sweet lord?

Mam You'll kiss me hard and speak to me
as if

I were a baby still I love you better

Sec Lady And why so, my lord?

Mam Not for because
Your brows are blacker, yet black brows, they
say, 8

Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

Sec Lady Who taught you this?

Mam I learn'd it out of women's faces
Pray now, 12

What colour are your eyebrows?

First Lady Blue, my lord

Mam Nay, that's a mock I have seen a
lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows

Sec Lady Hark ye,

The queen your mother rounds apace we shall

Present our services to a fine new prince 17

One of these days, and then you'd wanton with
us,

If we would have you.

First Lady She is spread of late

Into a goodly bulk good time encounter her! 20

Her What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come
sir, now

I am for you again pray you, sit by us,

And tell's a tale.

Mam Merry or sad shall't be?

Her As merry as you will.

Mam A sad tale's best for winter 24
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her Let's have that, good sir

Come on, sit down come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites, you're power-
ful at it

Mam There was a man—

Her Nay, come, sit down, then on 28

Mam Dwelt by a churchyard. I will tell it
softly,

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her Come on then,

And give't me in mine ear

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Others

Leon Was he met there? his train? Camillo
with him?

First Lord Behind the tuft of pines I met
them never
Saw I men scour so on their way I ey'd them
Even to their ships

Leon How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion! 36
Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge 40
Is not infected, but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his
sides,

With violent hefts I have drunk, and seen the
spider 44

Camillo was his help in this, his pandar
There is a plot against my life, my crown,
All's true that is mistrusted that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him 48
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing, yea, a very trick
For them to play at will How came the posterns
So easily open?

First Lord By his great authority, 52
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command

Leon I know't too well.
[*To HERMIONE*] Give me the boy I am glad
you did not nurse him 55
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him

Her What is this? sport?
Leon Bear the boy hence, he shall not come
about her,

Away with him!—[*Exit MAMILLIUS, attended*]
and let her sport herself
With that she's big with, for 'tis Polixenes 60
Has made thee swell thus

Her But I'd say he had not,
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well, be but about 64
To say, 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable
Praise her but for this her without-door form,—
Which, on my faith deserves high speech,—and
straight 69

The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use,—O, I am out!—
That mercy does, for calumny will sear 72
Virtue itself these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said 'she's goodly,' come be-
tween,

Ere you can say 'she's honest' But be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it
should be, 76
She's an adulteress

Her Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain you, my lord,
Do but mistake

Leon You have mistook, my lady, 80
Polixenes for Leontes O thou thing!

Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees, 84
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar I have said
She's an adulteress, I have said with whom 88
More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is
A federary with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those 92
That vulgar give bold set titles, ay, and privy
To this their late escape

Her No, by my life,
Privy to none of this How will this grieve you
When you shall come to clearer knowledge that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord, 97
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say
You did mistake

Leon No, if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon, 100
The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top Away with her to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks

Her There's some ill planet reigns 104
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable Good my
lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew 108
Perchance shall dry your pities, but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns
Worse than tears drown Beseech you all, my
lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your charities 112
Shall best instruct you, measure me, and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon [*To the Guards*] Shall I be heard?
Her Who is't that goes with me? Beseech
your highness,

My women may be with me, for you see 116
My plight requires it Do not weep good fools,
There is no cause when you shall know your
mistress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears
As I come out this action I now go on 120
Is for my better grace Adieu, my lord
I never wish'd to see you sorry, now
I trust I shall. My women, come, you have
leave

Leon. Go, do our bidding hence! 124
[*Exeunt Queen guarded, and Ladies.*]

First Lord Beseech your highness call the
queen again

Ant Be certain what you do, sir, lest your
justice
Prove violence in the which three great ones
suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son
First Lord For her, my lord, 128
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it,—that the queen is spot-
less

I the eyes of heaven and to you I mean,
In this which you accuse her

Ant If it prove 132
 She s otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
 I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her,
 Than when I feel and see her no further trust
 her,
 For every inch of woman in the world, 136
 Ay, every dram of woman s flesh is false,
 If she be.

Leon Hold your peaces!

First Lord Good my lord,—

Ant It is for you we speak, not for ourselves
 You are abus'd, and by some putter-on 140
 That will be damn'd for't, would I knew the
 villain,
 I would land-damn him. Be she honour-
 flaw'd,—

I have three daughters, the eldest is eleven,
 The second and the third, nine and some five, 144
 If this prove true, they'll pay for't by mine
 honour,

I'll geld them all, fourteen they shall not see,
 To bring false generations they are co-heirs,
 And I had rather glib myself than they 148
 Should not produce fair issue

Leon Cease! no more
 You smell this business with a sense as cold
 As a dead man's nose, but I do see't and feel't,
 As you feel doing thus, and see withal 152
 The instruments that feel.

Ant If it be so,
 We need no grave to bury honesty
 There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
 Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon What! lack I credit? 156
First Lord I had rather you did lack than I,
 my lord,

Upon this ground, and more it would content
 me
 To have her honour true than your suspicion,
 Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon Why, what need we 160
 Commune with you of this, but rather follow
 Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
 Calls not your counsels, but our natural good-
 ness

Imparts this, which if you,—or stupified 164
 Or seeming so in skill,—cannot or will not
 Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
 We need no more of your advice the matter,
 The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all 168
 Properly ours.

Ant And I wish, my Hege,
 You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
 Without more overture.

Leon How could that be?
 Either thou art most ignorant by age, 172
 Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
 Added to their familiarity,
 Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
 That lack'd sight only, nought for approba-
 tion

But only seeing, all other circumstances 177
 Made up to the deed, doth push on this pro-
 ceeding:

Yet, for a greater confirmation,—
 For in an act of this importance 'twere 180

Most piteous to be wild,—I have dispatch'd in
 post

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
 Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
 Of stuff'd sufficiency Now, from the oracle 184
 They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had,
 Shall stop or spur me Have I done well?

First Lord Well done, my lord

Leon Though I am satisfied and need no
 more 188

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
 Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
 Whose ignorant credulity will not
 Come up to the truth. So have we thought it
 good 192

From our free person she should be confin'd,
 Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us
 We are to speak in public, for this business 196
 Will raise us all

Ant [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
 If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*The Same* The outer Room of a Prison

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul The keeper of the prison, call to him,
 Let him have knowledge who I am.—[*Exit an*
Attendant] Good lady,
 No court in Europe is too good for thee,
 What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Attendant with the Gaoler

Now, good sir, 4

You know me, do you not?
Gaol For a worthy lady
 And one whom much I honour

Paul Pray you then,
 Conduct me to the queen.

Gaol I may not, madam to the contrary 8
 I have express commandment.

Paul Here's ado,
 To lock up honesty and honour from
 The access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray
 you,

To see her women? any of them? Emilia? 12
Gaol So please you, madam,
 To put apart these your attendants, I
 Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul I pray now, call her
 Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Gaol And madam, 16
 I must be present at your conference

Paul Well, be't so, prithee [*Exit Gaoler*]
 Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
 As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, 20

How fares our gracious lady?

Emil As well as one so great and so forlorn
 May hold together On her frights and griefs,—
 Which never tender lady hath borne greater,—
 She is something before her time deliver'd. 25

Paul A boy?
Emil A daughter, and a goodly babe,
 Lusty and like to live the queen receives
 Much comfort in't, says, 'My poor prisoner, 'tis
 I am innocent as you.'

Paul I dare be sworn
 These dangerous unsafe lures i' the king, be-
 shrew them!

He must be told on't and he shall the office
 Becomes a woman best, I'll take't upon me 32
 If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
 And never to my red-look'd anger be
 The trumpet any more Pray you, Emilia,
 Commend my best obedience to the queen 36
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,
 I'll show it to the king and undertake to be
 Her advocate to the loud st We do not know
 How he may soften at the sight of the child 40
 The silence often of pure innocence
 Persuades when speaking fails

Emil Most worthy madam,
 Your honour and your goodness is so evident
 That your free undertaking cannot miss 44
 A thriving issue there is no lady living
 So meet for this great errand. Please your lady-
 ship

To visit the next room, I'll presently
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer, 48
 Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
 Lest she should be demer'd.

Paul Tell her, Emilia,
 I'll use that tongue I have if wit flow from't 52
 As boldness from my bosom, let it not be
 doubted

I shall do good.

Emil Now be you blest for it!
 I'll to the queen Please you, come something
 nearer

Gaol Madam, if't please the queen to send
 the babe, 56

I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
 Having no warrant.

Paul You need not fear it, sir
 The child was prisoner to the womb, and is
 By law and process of great nature thence 60
 Freed and enfranchis'd, not a party to
 The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
 If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaol I do believe it 64

Paul Do not you fear upon mine honour, I
 Will stand betwixt you and danger [Exeunt

SCENE III.—The Same A Room in the
 Palace

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other
 Attendants

Leon Nor night, nor day, no rest, it is but
 weakness
 To bear the matter thus, mere weakness If
 The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
 She the adulteress, for the harlot king 4
 Is quits beyond mine arm, out of the blank
 And level of my brain, plot-proof, but she

I can hook to me say, that she were gone,
 Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest 8
 Might come to me again Who's there?

First Atten [Advancing] My lord?

Leon How does the boy?

First Atten He took good rest to-night,

'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd

Leon To see his nobleness! 12

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
 He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
 Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
 Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep, 16
 And downright languish'd Leave me solely
 go,

See how he fares [Exit Attendant]—Fie, fie!
 no thought of him,

The very thought of my revenges that way
 Recoil upon me in himself too mighty, 20
 And in his parties, his alliance, let him be
 Until a time may serve for present vengeance,
 Take it on her Camillo and Polixenes
 Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sor-
 row 24

They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
 Shall she with my power

Enter PAULINA, with a Child

First Lord You must not enter
Paul Nay, rather, good my lords, be second
 to me

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas, 28
 Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
 More free than he is jealous

Ant That's enough
Sec Atten Madam, he hath not slept to-
 night, commanded

None should come at him.

Paul Not so hot, good sir, 32
 I come to bring him sleep 'Tis such as you,
 That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
 At each his needless heavings, such as you
 Nourish the cause of his awaking I 36
 Do come with words as medicinal as true,
 Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
 That presses him from sleep

Leon What noise there, ho?

Paul No noise, my lord, but needful confer-
 ence 40

About some gossips for your highness.

Leon How!

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
 I charg'd thee that she should not come about
 me

I knew she would.

Ant I told her so, my lord, 44
 On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
 She should not visit you.

Leon What! canst not rule her?

Paul From all dishonesty he can, in this,
 Unless he take the course that you have done,
 Commit me for committing honour, trust it, 49
 He shall not rule me

Ant La you now! you hear,

When she will take the rein I let her run,

But she'll not stumble.

Paul Good my liege, I come, 52

And I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils 56
Than such as most seem yours I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon Good queen!

Paul Good queen, my lord, good queen, I
say, good queen,
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you

Leon Force her hence 61

Paul Let him that makes but trifles of his
eyes

First hand me on mine own accord I'll off,
But first I'll do my errand The good queen, 64
For she is good, hath brought you forth a
daughter

Here 'us, commends it to your blessing

[Laying down the Child

Leon Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door

A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul Not so, 68

I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entiling me, and no less honest

Than you are mad, which is enough, I'll
warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest

Leon Traitors' 72

Will you not push her out? Give her the
bastard.

[To ANTIGONUS] Thou dotard! thou art woman-
tir'd, unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here Take up the bastard,
Take't up, I say, give't to thy crone

Paul For ever 76

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness

Which he has put upon't!

Leon He dreads his wife.

Paul So I would you did, then, 'twere past
all doubt, 80

You'd call your children yours

Leon A nest of traitors!

Ant I am none, by this good light.

Paul Nor I, nor any

But one that's here, and that's himself, for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's, 84

His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's, and

will not,—

For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,—once remove 88

The root of 'his opinion, which is rotten

As ever oak or stone was sound

Leon A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her
husband

And now baits me! This brat is none of mine,
It is the issue of Polixenes 93

Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!

Paul It is yours,

And, might we lay the old proverb to your
charge, 96

'So like you, 'tis the worse' Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the
valley, 100

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek, his
smiles,

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast
made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast 104
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all
colours

No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's

Leon A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd, 108
That wilt not stay her tongue

Ant Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject

Leon Once more, take her hence,
Paul A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more

Leon I'll ha' thee burn'd

Paul I care not

It is a heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you
tyrant,

But this most cruel usage of your queen,— 116
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,—something
savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world

Leon On your allegiance, 120
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so
If she did know me one Away with her!

Paul I pray you do not push me, I'll be
gone 124

Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis yours Jove
send her

A better guiding spirit! What need these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you. 128

So, so farewell, we are gone [Exit
Leon Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to
this

My could! away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence 132

And see it instantly consum'd with fire
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up
straight

Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,—
And by good testimony,—or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so,
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire, 140
For thou sett'st on thy wife

Ant I did not, sir,
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

First Lord We can, my royal hege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither 144

Leon You are hars all
First Lord Beseech your highness, give us
 better credit
 We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech
 you

So to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg, 148
 As recompense of our dear services
 Past and to come, that you do change this
 purpose

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
 Lead on to some foul issue We all kneel 152

Leon I am a feather for each wind that blows
 Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father? Better burn it now
 Than curse it then But, be it, let it live 156
 It shall not neither—[*To ANTIGONUS*] You,

sir, come you hither,
 You that have been so tenderly officious
 With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
 To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
 So sure as thy beard's grey,—what will you
 adventure 161

To save this brat's life?

Ant Any thing, my lord,
 That my ability may undergo,
 And nobleness impose at least, thus much 164
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
 To save the innocent any thing possible

Leon It shall be possible Swear by this
 sword

Thou wilt perform my bidding

Ant I will, my lord 168

Leon Mark and perform it,—seest thou!—
 for the fault

Of any point in 't shall not only be
 Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
 Whom for this time we pardon We enjoin thee,
 As thou art liegman to us, that thou carry 173
 This female bastard hence and that thou bear it
 To some remote and desert place quite out
 Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
 Without more mercy, to its own protection, 177
 And favour of the climate As by strange fortune
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
 On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture 180
 That thou commend it strangely to some place,
 Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up

Ant I swear to do this, though a present
 death

Had been more merciful Come on, poor babe
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and
 ravens 185

To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
 Casting their savageness aside have done
 Like offices of pity Sir, be prosperous 188
 In more than this deed doth require! And
 blessing

Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
 Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

Leon [Exit with the Child.
 No, I'll not rear
 Another's issue

Enter a Servant.

Serv Please your highness, posts 192
 From those you sent to the oracle are come

An hour since Cleomenes and Dion,
 Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both
 landed,

Hasting to the court
First Lord So please you, sir, their speed
 Hath been beyond account

Leon Twenty-three days
 They have been absent 'tis good speed, foretells
 The great Apollo suddenly will have 199
 The truth of this appear Prepare you, lords,
 Summon a session, that we may arraign
 Our most disloyal lady, for, as she hath
 Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
 A just and open trial While she lives 204
 My heart will be a burden to me Leave me,
 And think upon my bidding [Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE I—A Sea-port in Sicily

Enter CLEOMENES and DION

Cleo The climate's delicate, the air most
 sweet,

Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
 The common praise it bears

Dion I shall report,
 For most it caught me, the celestial habits, 4
 Methinks I so should term them,—and the
 reverence

Of the grave wearers O, the sacrifice!
 How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
 It was 't the offering!

Cleo But of all, the burst 8
 And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
 Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
 That I was nothing

Dion If the event o' the journey
 Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be 't so!—
 As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy, 13
 The time is worth the use on 't

Cleo Great Apollo
 Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
 So forcing faults upon Hermione, 16
 I little like

Dion The violent carriage of it
 Will clear or end the business when the oracle,
 Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
 Shall the contents discover, something rare 20
 Even then will rush to knowledge—Go—
 fresh horses!

And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt

SCENE II—Sicily A Court of Justice

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers

Leon This sessions, to our great grief we
 pronounce,

Even pushes 'gainst our heart the party tried
 The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
 Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd 4
 Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
 Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
 Even to the guilt or the purgation.
 Produce the prisoner 8

Offi It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court Silence!

Enter HERMIONE guarded PAULINA and Ladies attending

Leon Read the indictment

Offi *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband the preterite whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night*

Her Since what I am to say must be but that Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me

To say 'Not guilty' mine integrity Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it, Be so receiv'd But thus if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make False accusation blush, and tyranny Tremble at patience You, my lord, best know,—
Who least will seem to do so,—my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy, which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare for honour,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so, since he came,
With what encounter so uncourtly I
Have stram'd, to appear thus if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leon I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first

Her That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon You will not own it.

Her More than mistress of 60
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge For Polixenes,—
With whom I am accus'd,—I do confess
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become

A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude 69
To you and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours Now, for conspiracy, 72
I know not how it tastes though it be disn'd
For me to try how all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man,
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant 77

Leon You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have under'ten to do in 's absence

Her Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down

Leon Your actions are my dreams
You had a bastard by Polixenes, 84
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—

Those of your fact are so,—so past all truth
Which to deny concerns more than avails, for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself, 88
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death

Her Sir, spare your threats 92
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost, for I do feel it gone, 96
But know not how it went My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast, 100
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs 104
To women of all fashion lastly, hurned
Here to this place, 't' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive, 108
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this mistake me not, no life,
I prize it not a straw—but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd 112
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle 116
Apollo be my judge!

First Lord This your request
Is altogether just therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[Exeunt certain Officers]
Her The Emperor of Russia was my father
O' that he were alive, and here beholding 121
His daughter's trial, that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge! 124

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION

Offi You here shall swear upon this sword
Of justice,
That you Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have
brought

This seal d-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd 128
Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in t.

Cleo } All this we swear

Dion }
Leon Break up the seals, and read 132

Offi *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless*
Camillo a true subject Leontes a jealous
tyrant his innocent babe truly begotten, and
the king shall live without an heir if that which
is lost be not found! 137

Lords Now blessed be the great Apollo! 137

Her Praised!

Leon Hast thou read truth?

Offi Ay, my lord, even so
As it is here set down 140

Leon There is no truth at all i' the oracle
The sessions shall proceed this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv My lord the king, the king!

Leon What is the business?

Serv O sir! I shall be hated to report it 144
The prince your son, with mere conceit and
fear

Of the queen's speed, is gone

Leon How! gone!

Serv Is dead.

Leon Apollo's angry, and the heavens
themselves

Do strike at my injustice [*HERMIONE swoons*]

How now, there! 148

Paul This news is mortal to the queen —
look down,

And see what death is doing.

Leon Take her hence

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd, she will recover

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion

Beseech you, tenderly apply to her 153

Some remedies for life —

[*Exeunt PAULINA, and Ladies, with HERMIONE.*]

Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes, 156

New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy,

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose 160

Camillo for the munster to poison

My friend Polixenes which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

My swift command, though I with death and 164

with

Reward did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done he, most humane

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

Unclass'd my practice, quit his fortunes here, 168

Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour how he glusters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety 172
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA

Paul Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

First Lord What fit is this, good lady?

Paul What studied torments, tyrant, hast 176

for me?

What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? or

what boiling

In leads, or oils? what old or newer torture

Must I receive, whose every word deserves

To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny, 180

Together working, with thy jealousies,

Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle

For girls of mine, O! think what they have done,

And then run mad indeed, stark mad, for all 184

Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.

That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing,

That did but show thee of a fool, inconstant

And damnable ingrateful, nor was't much 188

Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's

honour

To have him kill a king, poor trespasses,

More monstrous standing by whereof I reckon

The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter 192

To be or none or little, though a devil

Would have shed water out of fire ere done't

Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death

Of the young prince, whose honourable 196

thoughts,—

Thoughts high for one so tender,—cleft the heart

That could conceive a gross and foolish sure

Blemish'd his gracious dam this is not, no,

Laid to thy answer but the last,—O lords! 200

When I have said, cry, 'woe!'—the queen, the

queen,

The sweetest, dearest creature's dead, and ven-

geance for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

First Lord The higher powers forbid!

Paul I say she's dead, I'll swear't if word 204

nor oath

Prevail not, go and see if you can bring

Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,

Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you

As I would do the gods But, O thou tyrant! 208

Do not repent these things, for they are heavier

Than all thy woes can stir, therefore betake thee

To nothing but despair A thousand knees

Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting, 212

Upon a barren mountain, and still winter

In storm perpetual, could not move the gods

To look that way thou wert

Leon Go on, go on,

Thou canst not speak too much I have deserv'd

All tongues to talk their bitterest.

First Lord Say no more 217

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault

I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul I am sorry for't

All faults I make, when I shall come to know
 them, 220
 I do repent Alas! I have show'd too much
 The rashness of a woman he is touch'd
 To the noble heart. What's gone and what's
 past help
 Should be past grief do not receive affliction 224
 At my petition, I beseech you, rather
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
 Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman 228
 The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children,
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,
 Who is lost too take your patience to you, 232
 And I'll say nothing

Leon Thou didst speak but well,
 When most the truth, which I receive much
 better

Than to be pitied of thee Prithee, bring me
 To the dead bodies of my queen and son 236
 One grave shall be for both upon them shall
 The causes of their death appear, unto
 Our shame perpetual Once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
 Shall be my recreation so long as nature 241
 Will bear up with this exercise, so long
 I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
 Unto these sorrows. [Exit

Like very sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin where I lay, thrice bow'd before me,
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes 24
 Became two spouts the fury spent, anon
 Did thus break from her 'Good Antigonus,
 Since fate, against thy better disposition,
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out 28
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
 There weep and leave it crying, and, for the
 babe
 Is counted lost for ever, Perdita, 32
 I prithee, call't for this ungentle business,
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
 Thy wife Paulina more, and so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air Affrighted much, 36
 I did in time collect myself, and thought
 This was so and no slumber Dreams are toys,
 Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this I do believe 40
 Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
 Apollo would, thus being indeed the issue
 Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life or death, upon the earth 44
 Of its right father Blossom, speed thee well!

[Laying down Child
 There he, and there thy character there these,
 [Laying down a bundle

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
 pretty,
 And still rest thine The storm begins poor
 wretch! 48

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
 To loss and what may follow Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds, and most accurs'd am I
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this Farewell! 52
 The day frowns more and more thou art like
 to have

A lullaby too rough I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day A savage clarnour!
 Well may I get aboard! This is the chase 56
 I am gone for ever [Exit, pursued by a bear

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep I would there were no age between
 sixteen and three-and-twenty, or that you'd
 would sleep out the rest, for there is nothing in
 the between but getting wenches with child,
 wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting Hark
 you now! Would any but these boiled brains
 of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this wea-
 ther? They have scared away two of my best
 sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find
 than the master if anywhere I have them, 'tis
 by the sea-side, browsing of ivy Good luck,
 an't be thy will! what have we here? [Taking
 up the Child] Mercy on's, a barme, a very pretty
 barme! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty
 one, a very pretty one, sure some scape though
 I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentle-
 woman in the scape. This has been some
 star-work, some trunk work, some behind-door
 work, they were warmer that got this than the
 poor thing is here I'll take it up for pity yet
 I'll tarry till my son come, he hollaed but even
 now Whoa, ho, ho! 79

SCENE III — Bohemia A desert Country near
 the Sea

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child, and a
 Mariner

Ant Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath
 touch'd upon
 The desarts of Bohemia?

Mar Ay, my lord, and fear
 We have landed in ill time the skies look grimly
 And threaten present blusters In my con-
 science, 4
 The heavens with that we have in hand are
 angry,

And frown upon's
 Ant Their sacred wills be done! Go, get
 aboard,

Look to thy bark I'll not be long before 8
 I call upon thee

Mar Make your best haste and go not
 Too far! the land 'tis like to be loud weather,
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
 Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant Go thou away 12
 I'll follow instantly

Mar I am glad at heart
 To be so rid of the business [Exit

Ant Come, poor babe
 I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits of the
 dead

May walk again if such thing be, thy mother 16
 Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow, 20
 So fill'd, and so becoming in pure white robes,

Enter Clown.

Clo Hillos, loa!*Shep* What! art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man? ⁸³*Clo* I have seen two such sights by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky 'twixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.*Shep* Why, boy, how is it? ⁸⁸*Clo* I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O! the most piteous cry of the poor souls, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em, now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog's head. And then for the land-service to see how the bear tore out his shoulderbone, how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship to see how the sea flap-dragoned it but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them, and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather. ¹⁰⁴*Shep* Name of mercy! when was this, boy?*Clo* Now, now, I have not winked since I saw these sights. The men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman. He's at it now. ¹⁰⁹*Shep* Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!*Clo* I would you had been by the ship's side, to have helped her there your charity would have lacked footing. ¹¹⁴*Shep* Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself thou mettest with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee, look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here take up, take up, boy, open't. So, let's see it was told me, I should be rich by the fairies this is some changeling—Open't. What's within, boy? ¹²³*Clo* You're a made old man if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold! ¹²³*Shep* This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so up with't, keep it close home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go. Come, good boy, the next way home.*Clo* Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten, they are never curst but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it. ¹³⁶*Shep* That's a good deed. If thou mayst discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.*Clo* Marry, will I, and you shall help to put him i' the ground. ¹⁴¹*Shep* 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. ¹⁴¹

[Exeunt]

ACT IV

Enter Time, the Chorus

Time I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror*Of good and bad, that make and unfold error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was
Or what is now receiv'd I witness to
The times that brought them in: so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make
stale* ¹³*The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such grow-
ing* ¹⁶*As you had slept between Leontes leaving,—
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving,
That he shuts up himself,—imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia, and remember well,* ²⁰*I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering what of her ensues
I list not prophesy but let Time's news
Be known when tis brought forth. A shepherd's
daughter,* ²⁴*And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now
If never, yet that I time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may* ²⁹

[Exit]

SCENE I.—Bohemia. A Room in the Palace of POLIXENES

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO

Pol I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate 'tis a sickness denying thee anything, a death to grant thee. ³*Cam* It is fifteen years since I saw my country though I have for the most part been aured abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure. ¹⁰*Pol* As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now. The need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made better not to have had thee than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself or take away with thee the very services thou hast done, which if I have not enough considered,—as too much I cannot,—to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit thereon, the

heaping friendships Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithe speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother, whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issues not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues

Cam Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown, but I have missingly noted he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared

Pol I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care, so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd, a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate

Cam I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage

Pol That's likewise part of my intelligence, but I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd, from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither Prithe, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam I willingly obey your command
Pol My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—The Same A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year,
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge
With heigh! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that turra-lurra chants,
With, heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay

I have served Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of service

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin bowget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets, when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus, who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway beating and hanging are terrors to me for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown

Clo Let me see Every 'leven wether tod's, every tod yields pound and odd shilling fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine

Clo I cannot do't without compters Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? 'Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice,' what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man song-men all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies, mace, dates,—none, that's out of my note —nutmegs seven, a race or two of ginger,—but that I may beg,—four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun

Aut O! that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground*]

Clo P the name of me!

Aut O! help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then death, death!

Clo Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off

Aut O, sir! the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter

Aut I am robbed, sir, and beaten, my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo What, by a horseman or a footman?

Aut A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up*]
Aut O! good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo Alas, poor soul!

Aut O! good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo How now! canst stand?

Aut Softly, dear sir, [*Picks his pocket*] good sir, softly You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut No, good sweet sir—no, I beseech you,

sir I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going I shall there have money, or anything I want offer me no money, I pray you! that kills my heart. 89

Clo What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames I knew him once a servant of the prince I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court 96

Clo His vices, you would say there's no virtue whipped out of the court they cherish it, to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide 100

Aut Vices, I would say, sir I know this man well he hath been since an ane-bearer, then a process-server, a bailiff then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies, and having flo vn over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue some call him Autol, cus 108

Clo Out upon him! Prig for my life, prig he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings

Aut Very true, sir, he, sir, he that's the rogue that put me into this apparel 112

Clo Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter I am false of heart that way, and that he knew I warrant him 118

Clo How do you now?

Aut Sweet sir, much better than I was I can stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's

Clo Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut No, good faced sir, no sweet sir 124

Clo Then fare thee well I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing

Aut Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue 132

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily bent the stile-a,
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit*]

SCENE III—*The Same A Lawn before the Shepherd's Cottage*

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life no shepherdess, but Flora Peering in April's front. Thus your sheep-shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods, 4

And you the queen on't

Per Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes it not becomes me

O' pardon, that I name them Your high self, The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid, 9

Most goddess-like prank'd up But that our feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush 12

To see you so attired,—swoon, I think, To show myself a glass

Flo I bless the time When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground

Per Now, Jove afford you cause! 16 To me the difference forges dread, your greatness

Hath not been us'd to fear Even now I tremble To think, your father, by some accident,

Should pass this way as you did O, the Fates! How would he look, to see his work, so noble, 21

Vicely bound up? What would he say? Or how Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold

The sternness of his presence?

Flo Apprehend 24 Nothing but jollity The gods themselves, Humbling their duties to love, have taken

The shapes of beasts upon them Jupiter Became a bull, and bellow'd, the green Neptune

A ram, and bleat'd, and the fire-rob'd god, 29 Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,

As I seem now Their transformations Were never for a piece of beauty rarer, 32

Nor in a way so chaste since my desires Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts

Burn hotter than my faith.

Per O' but, sir, Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis 36

Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king One of these two must be necessities,

Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,

Or I my life

Flo Thou dearest Perdita, 40 With these forc'd thoughts I prithee, darken not

The mirth o' the feast or I'll be thine, my fair, Or not my father's, for I cannot be

Mine own, nor anything to any, if 44 I be not thine to this I am most constant,

Though destiny say no Be merry, gentle, Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing

That you behold the while Your guests are coming 48

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day Of celebration of that nuptial which

We two have sworn shall come

Per O lady Fortune, Stand you auspicious!

Flo See, your guests approach 52 Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,

And let's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised, Clown, MORSA, DORCAS, and Others

Shep Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook, 56

Both dame and servant, welcom'd all, serv'd
all,
Would sing her song and dance her turn, now
here,

At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle,
On his shoulder, and his, her face o' fire 60
With laour and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting pray you, bid 64
These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast come
on, 68
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper

Per [To POLIXENES] Sir, welcome
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day —[To CAMELLO]
You're welcome sir 72
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas Reverend
sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long
Grace and remembrance be to you both, 76
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol Shepherdess,—
A fair one are you,—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter

Per Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth 80
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not 84
To get slips of them

Pol Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their pinedness shares
With great creating nature

Pol Say there be, 88
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean so, 'er that art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry 92

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature

Per So it is. 97
Pol Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them, 100
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well, and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you,
Hot lavender, mints, savory marjoram, 104
The margold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping these are flowers

Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age You're very welcome 108
Cam I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,

And only live by gazing

Per Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now,
my fair st friend, 112

I would I had some flowers o' the spring that
might

Become your time of day, and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing O Proserpina! 116
For the flowers now that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty, violets dum,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes 121
Or Cytherea's breath, pale prime-roses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady 124
Most incident to maids, bold oxlips and
The crown imperial, lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one O! these I lack
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo What! like a corse? 129
Per No, like a bank for love to lie and play
on,

Not like a corse, or if,—not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms Come, take your
flowers 132

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet, 136

I'd have you do it ever when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so, and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too when you do dance, I wish
you 140

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that, move still, still so,
And own no other function each your doing,
So singular in each particular, 144
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

Per O Doricles!
Your praises are too large but that your youth,
And the true blood which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way

Flo I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose 152
To put you to't. But, come, our dance, I pray
Your hand, my Perdita so turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Per I'll swear for 'em.

Pol This is the prettiest low-born lass that
ever 156
Ran on the green-sord nothing she does or
seems

But snacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place

Cam He tells her something
That makes her blood look out. Good sooth,
she is 160

The queen of curds and cream.

Clo Come on, strike up
Dor Mopsa must be your mistress marry,
garlic, 160

To mend her kissing with.

Mop Now, in good time!
Clo Not a word, a word we stand upon our
manners 164

Come, strike up [*Music Here a dance of Shep-
herds and Shepherdesses*]

Pol Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is
thus

Which dances with your daughter?

Shep They call him Doricles, and boasts
himself 168

To have a worthy feeding, but I have it

Upon his own report and I believe it

He looks like sooth. He says he loves my
daughter

I think so too, for never gaz'd the moon 172

Upon the water as he'll stand and read

As 'twere my daughter's eyes, and, to be plain,

I think there is not half a kiss to choose

Who loves another best

Pol She dances feately 176

Shep So she does any thing, though I report it

That should be silent If young Doricles

Do light upon her she shall bring him that

Which he not dreams of 180

Enter a Servant

Serv O master! if you did but hear the pedlar
at the door, you would never dance again after a
tabor and pipe, no, the bagpiper could not move
you He sings several tunes faster than you'll
tell money, he utters them as he had eaten
ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes 186

Clo He could never come better he shall
come in I love a ballad but even too well, if it
be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very
pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably 190

Serv He hath songs for man or woman, of all
sizes, no milliner can so fit his customers with
gloves he has the prettiest love-songs for maids,
so without bawdry, which is strange, with such
delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump
her and thump her,' and where some stretch-
mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief
and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes
the maid to answer, 'Whoop, do me no harm,
good man,' puts him off, slights him with
'Whoop, do me no harm, good man' 201

Pol This is a brave fellow

Clo Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable
concerted fellow Has he any unbranded wares?

Serv He hath ribands of all the colours in
the rainbow, points more than all the lawyers
in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they
come to him by the gross, inkles, caddises,
cambrics, lawns why, he sings 'em over, as they
were gods or goddesses. You would think a

smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the
sleeve hand and the work about the square on't

Clo Prithce, bring him in, and let him ap-
proach singing 214

Per Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous
words in s tunes [*Exit Servant*]

Clo You have of these pedlars, that have
more in them than you'd think, sister

Per Ay, good brother, or go about to think

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing

Lawn as white as driven snow 220

Cyprus black as e'er was crow

Gloves as sweet as damask roses

Masks for faces and for noses

Bugle bracelet, necklace amber, 224

Perfume for a lady's chamber

Golden quoits and stomachers,

For my lads to give their dears

Pins and poking sticks of steel, 228

What maids lack from head to heel

Come buy of me come come buy, come buy

Buy lads, or else your lasses cry

Come buy 232

Clo If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou
shouldst take no money of me, but being en-
thralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of
certain ribands and gloves 236

Mop I was promised them against the feast,
but they come not too late now

Dor He hath promised you more than that,
or there be liars 240

Mop He hath paid you all he promised you
may be he has paid you more, which will shame
you to give him again 243

Clo Is there no manners left among maids?
will they wear their plackets where they should
bear their faces? Is there not milking-time,
when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle
off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling
before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whisper-
ing clamour your tongues, and not a word more

Mop I have done Come, you promised me
a tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves 252

Clo Have I not told thee how I was cozened
by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut And indeed, sir, there are cozeners
abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary 256

Clo Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose
nothing here

Aut I hope so, sir, for I have about me
many parcels of charge 260

Clo What hast here? ballads?

Mop Pray now, buy some I love a ballad in
print, a-life, for then we are sure they are true

Aut Here's one to a very doleful tune, how
a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty
money-bags at a burden, and how she longed to
eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop Is it true, thank you? 268

Aut Very true, and but a month old.

Dor Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mis-
tress Taleporter, and five or six honest waves that
were present Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop Pray you now, buy it. 274

Clo Come on, lay it by and let's first see
moe ballads, we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut Here's another ballad of a fish that
appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the
fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above
water, and sung this ballad against the hard
hearts of maids it was thought she was a woman
and was turned into a cold fish for she would not
exchange flesh with one that loved her The
ballad is very pitiful and as true 284

Dor Is it true too, think you?

Aut Five justices hands at it, and witnesses
more than my pack will hold

Clo Lay it by too another 288

Aut This is a merry ballad, but a very
pretty one

Mop Let's have some merry ones

Aut Why, this is a passing merry one, and
goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man'
there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it
'tis in request, I can tell you. 295

Mop We can both sing it if thou'lt bear a
part thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts

Dor We nad the tune on't a month ago

Aut I can bear my part, you must know 'tis
my occupation have at it with you. 300

Aut Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know

Dor Whither?

Mop O! whither?

Dor Whither?

Mop It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell

Dor Me too let me go thither

Mop Or thou go st to the grange or mill

Dor If to either thou dost ill

Aut Neither

Dor What, neither?

Aut Neither

Dor Thou hast sworn my love to be

Mop Thou hast sworn it more to me

Then whither go st? say whither? 316

Clo We'll have this song out anon by our-
selves my father and the gentlemen are in sad
talk, and we'll not trouble them come, bring
away thy pack after me Wenches, I'll buy for
you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Fol-
low me, girls [Exit with DORCAS and MOPSA.

Aut And you shall pay well for 'em.

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape 324

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head 328

Of the new st and fin st, fin'st wear-a?

Come to the pedlar,

Money's a meddler

That doth utter all men's ware-a 332

[Exit

Re-enter Servant.

Serv Master, there is three carters, three
shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds,
that have made themselves all men of hair,
they call themselves Satyrs, and they have a

dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of
gambols, because they are not in't, but they
themselves are o the mind,—if it be not too
rough for some that know little but bowling,—
it will please plentifully 341

Shep Away! we'll none on't here has been
too much homely foolery already I know, sir,
we weary you 344

Pol You weary those that refresh us pray,
let's see these four threes of herdsmen

Serv One three of them, by their own report,
sir, hath danced before the king, and not the
worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a
half by the squier 350

Shep Leave your prating since these good
men are pleased let them come in but quickly
now

Serv Why, they stay at door, sir [Exit

*Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rustics habited
like Satyrs They dance, and then exeunt*

Pol [To Shep] O, father! you'll know more
of that hereafter

[To CAMILLO] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time
to part them. 356

He's simple and tells much. [To FLORIZEL.]

How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting Sooth, when I was
young,

And handed love as you do, I was wont 360
To load my she with knacks I would have
ransack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance, you have let him go

And nothing marted with him If your lass 364
Interpretation should abuse and call this

Your lack of love or bounty, you were stranted
For a reply, at least if you make a care

Of happy holding her

Flo Old sir, I know 368

She prizes not such trifles as these are
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and
lock'd

Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O! hear me breathe my life

Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, 373
Hath sometime lov'd I take thy hand, this

hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,

Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow 376
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er

Pol What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out

But to your protestation let me hear 381
What you profess

Flo Do, and be witness to't.

Pol And this my neighbour too?

Flo And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and
all, 384

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth

That ever made eye sweats, had force and know-
ledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize
 them
 Without her love for her employ them all
 Commend them and condemn them to her service
 Or 'o their own perdition.

Pol Fairly offer'd
Cam This shows a sound affection
Shep But, my daughter, 392
 Say you the like to him?

Per I cannot speak
 So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better
 By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
 The purity of his

Shep Take hands a bargain, 396
 And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness
 to t

I give my daughter to him, and will make
 Her portion equal his

Flo O! that must be 399
 If the virtue of your daughter one being dead,
 I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
 Enough then for your wonder But, come
 on,

Contract us 'fore these witnesses
Shep Come, your hand,

And, daughter, yours
Pol Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you

Have you a father?
Flo I have, but what of him?

Pol Knows he of this?
Flo He neither does nor shall.

Pol Methinks a father
 Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest 408

That best becomes the table Pray you, once
 more,

Is not your father grown incapable
 Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age and altering rheums? can he speak?
 hear? 412

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
 Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing

But what he did being childish?
Flo No, good sir

He has his health and ampler strength indeed
 Than most have of his age

Pol By my white beard, 417
 You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

Something unfishal Reason my son
 Should choose himself a wife, but as good

reason 420
 The father,—all whose joy is nothing else

But fair posterity,—should hold some counsel
 In such a business.

Flo I yield all this;
 But for some other reasons, my grave sir, 424

Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
 My father of this business.

Pol Let him know't.
Flo He shall not.

Pol Pruthee, let him.
Flo No, he must not.

Shep Let him, my son he shall not need to
 grieve 428

At knowing of thy choice
Flo Come, come, he must not.

Mark our contract.

Pol Mark your divorce young sir,
[Discovering himself]

Whom son I dare not call thou art too base
 To be acknowledg'd thou a sceptre's heir 432

That thus affect st a sheep-hook! Thou old
 traitor,

I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
 But shorten thy life one week And thou, fresh

piece
 Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
 The royal fool thou cop'st with,—

Shep O, my heart! 437
Pol I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars,

and made
 More homely than thy state For thee, fond

boy,
 If I may ever know thou dost but sigh 440

That thou no more shalt see this knack,—as
 never

I mean thou shalt,—we'll bar thee from succes-
 sion,

Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
 Far than Deucalion off mark thou my words

Follow us to the court. Thou, churl, for this
 time, 445

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
 From the dead blow of it. And you, enchant-

ment,—
 Worthy enough a herdsman, yea, hum too, 448

That makes himself but for our honour therein,
 Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou

These rural latches to his entrance open,
 Or hoop his body more with thy embraces, 452

I will devise a death as cruel for thee
 As thou art tender to't. *[Exit*

Per Even here undone!
 I was not much afraid, for once or twice

I was about to speak and tell him plainly, 456
 The self-same sun that shines upon his court

Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on alike Will t'please you, sir, be gone?

I told you what would come of this beseech
 you, 460

Of your own state take care this dream of
 mine—

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
 But milk my ewes and weep

Cam. Why, how now, father!
 Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep I cannot speak, nor think, 464
 Nor dare to know that which I know O sir!

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
 That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,

To die upon the bed my father died, 468
 To lie close by his honest bones but now

Some hangman must put on my shroud and
 lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed
 wretch!

That knew st this was the prince, and would st
 adventure 472

To mangle faith with him. Undone! undone!
 If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire. *[Exit*
Flo Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afraid, delay'd, 476

But nothing alter'd What I was, I am
More straining on for plucking back, not fol-
lowing

My leash unwillingly

Cam Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper at this time 480
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him, and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear
Then, till the fury of his highness settle, 484
Come not before him

Flo I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

Cam Even he my lord
Per How often have I told you 'twould be
thus!

How often said my dignity would last 488
But till 'twere known!

Flo It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks
From my succession wipe me, father, I 493
Am heir to my affection

Cam Be advis'd.
Flo I am, and by my fancy if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason, 496
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome

Cam This is desperate, sir
Flo So call it, but it does fulfil my vow,
I needs must think it honest Camillo, 500
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or
The close earth wombs or the profound sea
hides

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath 504
To this my fair belov'd Therefore, I pray you
As you have ever been my father's honour'd
friend,

When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion let myself and fortune 509
Tug for the time to come This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore,
And most opportune to our need, I have 513
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor 516
Concern me the reporting

Cam O my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need

Flo Hark, Perdita. [*Takes her aside*
[To CAMILLO] I'll hear you by and by

Cam He's irremovable 520
Resolv'd for flight Now were I happy if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia 524
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see

Flo Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony

Cam Sir, I think 528
You have heard of my poor services, I' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo Very nobly
Have you deserv'd it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care 532
To have them recompens'd as thought on

Cam Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king
And through him what's nearest to him, which
is

Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project 537
May suffer alteration, on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiv-
ing

As shall become your highness, where you
may 540

Enjoy your mistress,—from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As, heavens forfend! your ruin,—marry her,
And with my best endeavours in your absence
Your discontenting father strive to qualify, 545
And bring him up to liking

Flo How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that trust to thee

Cam Have you thought on 549
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo Not any yet,
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess 552
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies
Of every wind that blows

Cam Then list to me
This follows, if you will not change your pur-
pose

But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia, 556
And there present yourself and your fair prin-
cess,—

For so, I see, she must be,—'foie Leontes,
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see 560
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth, asks thee, the son, forgive-
ness

As 'twere I' the father's person, kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess, o'er and o'er divides
him 564

'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time

Flo Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I 568
Hold up before him?

Cam Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him with
What you as from your father shall deliver, 572
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you
down

The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there 576
And speak his very heart.

Flo I am bound to you.

There is some sap in this

Cam A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most
certain 580

To miseries enough no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another,
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you 584
Where you'll be loath to be Besides, you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart to-
gether

Affliction alters

Per One of these is true 588
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these
seven years
Be born another such.

Flo My good Camillo, 592
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear o' her birth.

Cam I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach

Per Your pardon, sir, for this 596
I'll blush you thanks

Flo My prettiest Perdita!
But O! the thorns we stand upon. Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The med'cine of our house, how shall we do? 600
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam My lord,
Fear none of this I think you know my for-
tunes

Do all lie there it shall be so my care 604
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one
word. [They talk aside]

Enter AUTOLYCUS

Aut Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and
Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentle-
man! I have sold all my trumpery not a coun-
terfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,
brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove,
shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack
from fasting they throng who should buy first,
as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought
a benediction to the buyer by which means
I saw whose purse was best in picture, and
what I saw, to my good use I remembered My
clown—who wants but something to be a reason-
able man,—grew so in love with the wenches'
song that he would not stir his petticoats till he
had both tune and words, which so drew the
rest of the herd to me that all their other senses
stuck in ears you might have punched a placket,
it was senseless, 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece
of a purse, I would have filed keys off that hung
in chains no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's

song, and admiring the nothing of it, so that, in
this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of
their festival purses, and had not the old man
come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter
and the king's son, and scared my choughs from
the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the
whole army 634

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA
come forward]

Cam Nay, but my letters, by this means
being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt 636
Flo And those that you'll procure from King
Leontes—

Cam Shall satisfy your father
Per Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair
Cam [Seeing AUTOLYCUS] Whom have we
here?

We'll make an instrument of this omit 640
Nothing may give us aid

Aut [Aside] If they have overheard me now,
why, hanging

Cam How now, good fellow! Why shakest
thou so? Fear not, man, here's no harm in-
tended to thee

Aut I am a poor fellow, sir 647

Cam Why, be so still, here's nobody will
steal that from thee, yet, for the outside of thy
poverty we must make an exchange, therefore,
discase thee instantly,—thou must think, there's
a necessity in't,—and change garments with this
gentleman though the pennyworth on his side
be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot

Aut I am a poor fellow, sir—[Aside] I
know ye well enough 656

Cam Nay, prithee, dispatch the gentleman
is half flayed already

Aut Are you in earnest, sir? [Aside] I
smell the trick on't. 660

Flo Dispatch, I prithee

Aut Indeed, I have had earnest, but I can-
not with conscience take it

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle— 664

[FLORIZEL and AUTOLYCUS exchange
garments]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face
Dismantle you, and, as you can, dislaken 669
The truth of your own seeming, that you may,—
For I do fear eyes over you,—to shipboard
Get undescried

Per I see the play so lies 672
That I must bear a part

Cam No remedy
Have you done there?

Flo Should I now meet my father
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat
[Giving it to PERDITA]

Come, lady, come Farewell, my friend

Aut Adieu, sir. 676

Flo O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word [They converse apart]

Cam [Aside] What I do next shall be to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound, 680
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo Fortune speed us! 684
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side

Cam The swifter speed the better

[Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO]

Aut I understand the business, I hear it
To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble
hand, is necessary for a cut-purse a good nose
is requisite also, to smell out work for the other
senses I see this is the time that the unjust
man doth thrive What an exchange had this
been without boot! what a boot is here with this
exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive
at us, and we may do anything extempore The
prince himself is about a piece of iniquity,
stealing away from his father with his clog at
his heels If I thought it were a piece of
honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not
do't I hold it the more knavery to conceal it,
and therein am I constant to my profession
Aside, aside here is more matter for a hot
bram Every lane's end, every shop, church,
session, hanging, yields a careful man work 704

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Clo See, see, what a man you are now! There
is no other way but to tell the king she's a
changeling and none of your flesh and blood

Shep Nay, but hear me 708

Clo Nay, but hear me

Shep Go to, then

Clo She being none of your flesh and blood,
your flesh and blood has not offended the king,
and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished
by him Show those things you found about
her, those secret things, all but what she has
with her this being done, let the law go whistle
I warrant you 717

Shep I will tell the king all, every word, yea,
and his son's pranks too, who, I may say, is no
honest man neither to his father nor to me,
to go about to make me the king's brother-
in-law 722

Clo Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest
off you could have been to him, and then your
blood had been the dearer by I know not how
much an ounce

Aut [Aside] Very wisely, puppies! 727

Shep Well, let us to the king there is that
in this fardel will make him scratch his beard

Aut [Aside] I know not what impediment
this complaint may be to the flight of my
master 732

Clo Pray heartily he be at palace

Aut [Aside] Though I am not naturally
honest, I am so sometimes by chance let me
pocket up my pedlar's excrement [Takes off
his false beard.] How now, rustic! whither are
you bound? 738

Shep To the palace, an it like your wor-
ship 740

Aut Your affairs there, what, with whom, the
condition of that fardel, the place of your dwell-
ing, your names your ages, of what having,
breeding, and anything that is fitting to be
known, discover 745

Clo We are but plain fellows, sir

Aut A lie, you are rough and hairy Let
me have no lying, it becomes none but trades-
men, and they often give us soldiers the lie, but
we pay them for it with stamped coin, not
stabbing steel, therefore they do not give us the
lie 752

Clo Your worship had like to have given us
one, if you had not taken yourself with the
manner 755

Shep Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut Whether it like me or no, I am a
courtier Seest thou not the air of the court in
these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the
measure of the court? receives not thy nose
court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy base-
ness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I
insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am
therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pe,
and one that will either push on or pluck back
thy business there whereupon I command thee
to open thy affair

Shep My business, sir, is to the king 768

Aut What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep I know not, an't like you

Clo Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant
say you have none 772

Shep None, sir, I have no pheasant, cock
nor hen

Aut How bless'd are we that are not simple
men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I'll not disdain 776

Clo This cannot be but a great courtier

Shep His garments are rich, but he wears
them not handsomely

Clo He seems to be the more noble in being
fantastical a great man I'll warrant, I know
by the picking on's teeth

Aut The fardel there? what's i' the fardel?
Wherefore that box? 784

Shep Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel
and box which none must know but the king,
and which he shall know within this hour if I
may come to the speech of him 788

Aut Age thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep Why, sir?

Aut The king is not at the palace, he is
gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy
and air himself for, if thou be'st capable of
things serious, thou must know the king is full
of grief

Shep So 'tis said, sir, about his son, that
should have married a shepherd's daughter 797

Aut If that shepherd be not now in hand-
fast, let him fly the curses he shall have, the
torture he shall feel, will break the back of man,
the heart of monster 801

Clo Think you so, sir?

Aut Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter, but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned, but that death is too soft for him, say I draw out throne into a sheep cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy. 813

Clo Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut He has a son, who shall be flayed alive then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead then recovered again with aqua-vite or some other hot infusion, then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me,—for you seem to be honest plain men,—what you have to the king being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs, and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it. 833

Clo He seems to be of great authority close with him give him gold, and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive!' 839

Shep An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have. I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut After I have done what I promised? 845

Shep Ay, sir.

Aut Well give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business? 848

Clo In some sort, sir but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut O! that's the case of the shepherd's son hang him, he'll be made an example. 853

Clo Comfort, good comfort! we must to the king and show our strange sights he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister, we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you. 860

Aut I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side go on the right hand, I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed. 865

Shep Let's before as he bids us. He was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut If I had a mind to be honest I see Fortune would not suffer me she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold, and a means to do the prince my master good, which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him if he think it fit to shore them again, and that ne complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious, for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them there may be matter in it. [*Exit*]

ACT V

SCENE I—*Sicilia* A Room in the Palace of LEONTES

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Others

Cleo Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow no fault could you make Which you have not redeem'd, indeed, paid down

More penitence than done trespass At the last, 4

Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil, With them forgive yourself

Leon Whilst I remember Her and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them, and so still think of 8 The wrong I did myself, which was so much, That harmless it hath made my kingdom, and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man Bred his hopes out of

Paul True, too true, my lord, 12 If one by one you wedded all the world, Or from the all that are took something good, To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd Would be unparallel d

Leon I think so. Kill'd! 16 She I kill'd! I did so, but thou strik'st me Soresly to say I did it is as bitter Upon thy tongue as in my thought Now, good now Say so but seldom

Cleo Not at all, good lady 20 You might have spoken a thousand things that would

Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd Your kindness better

Paul You are one of those Would have him wed again

Dion If you would not so, 24 You pity not the state, nor the remembrance Of his most sovereign name consider little What dangers, by his highness' fall of issue, May drop upon his kingdom and devour 28 Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy Than to rejoice the former queen is well?

What holier than for royalty's repair, For present comfort, and for future good, 32 To bless the bed of majesty again

With a sweet fellow to 't

Paul There is none worthy
Respecting her that's gone Besides the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes, 36
For he not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leon is shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall
Is all as monstrous to our human reason 41
As my Augur's to break his grave
And come again to me, who on my life,
Did perish with the infant 'Tis your counsel 44
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills—[To LEONTES]

Care not for issue
The crown will find an heir great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest so his successor 48
Was like to be the best

Leo Good Paulina
Who hast the memory of Hermione
I know in honour O! that ever I
Had quer'd me to thy counsel! then, even now
I might have look'd on in my queen's full eyes
Have taken treasure from her lips—

Paul And left them
More rich, for what they yielded

Leo Thou speak'st truth
No more such wives therefore, no wife one
worse, 56
And better us'd, would make her sanctified spirit
Again possess her corpse and on this stage—
Where we're offenders now,—appear soul vex'd,
And begin, 'Why to me?'

Paul Had she such power, 60
She had just cause

Leo She had and would incense me
To murder her I married

Paul I should so
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eyes and tell me for what dull part 64
You chose her then I'd shriek, that even your
ears

Should rift to hear me, and the words that
follow'd
Should be Remember mine

Leo Stars stars!
And all eyes else dead coals Fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina

Paul Will you swear 69
Never to marry but by my free leave?

Leo Never Paulina so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul Then, good my lords, bear witness to
his oath 72

Cleo You tempt him over much
Paul Unless another,

As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye

Cleo Good madam,—
Paul I have done.

Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir, 76
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen she shall not be so young
As was your former but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should
take joy

To see her in your arms

Leon My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us
Paul That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath, 84
Never till then

Enter a Gentleman

Gent One that gives out himself Prince
Florizel

Son of Polixenes, vouch his princess,—she
The fairest I have yet beheld,—desires access
To your high presence

Leon What with him he comes not 88
Like to his father's greatness his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden tells us
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident What train?

Gent But few, 92
And those but mean

Leon His princess, say you, with him?
Gent Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I
think

That ere the sun shone bright on
Paul O Hermione!

As every present time doth boast itself 96
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now Sir you yourself
Have said and writ so,—but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,—'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd, thus your verse for
Flow'd with her beauty once 'tis shrewdly ebb'd
To say you have seen a better

Gent Pardon, madam
The one I have almost forgot—your pardon—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye, 105
Will have your tongue too This is a creature
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes 108
Of who she but bid follow

Paul How! not women?
Gent Women will love her, that she is a
woman

More worth than any man men, that she is
The rarest of all women

Leo Go Cleomenes 112
Yourself assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement Still tis
strange,

[Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman
He thus should steal upon us

Paul Had our prince—
Jewel of children—seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord there was not full a month
Between their births

Leo Prithce, no more cease! thou know'st
He ties to me again when talk'd of sure, 120
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come

Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
and Others

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince,
For she did print your royal father off 125
Concerning you Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,

His very air, that I should call you brother, 128
 As I did him, and speak of something wildly
 By us perform'd before Most dearly welcome!
 And you, fair princess,—goddess! O, alas!
 I lost a couple, that twixt heaven and earth 132
 Might thus have stood begetting wonder as
 You, gracious couple, do and then I lost—
 All mine own folly—the society,
 Amity too, of your brave father, whom, 136
 Though bearing misery I desire my life
 Once more to look on him

Flo By his command
 Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
 Give you all greetings that a king at friend, 140
 Can send his brother and, but infirmity,—
 Which waits upon worn times,—hath some-
 thing seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself 143
 The land and waters 'twixt your throne and his
 Measur'd to look upon you, whom he loves—
 He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres
 And those that bear them living

Leon O, my brother!—
 Good gentleman,—the wrongs I have done thee
 stir 148

Affresh within me, and these thy offices
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters
 Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,
 As is the spring to the earth And hath he too
 Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage— 153
 At least ungentle—of the dreadful Neptune,
 To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
 The adventure of her person?

Flo Good my lord, 156
 She came from Libya

Leon Where the war like Smalus,
 That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo Most royal sir, from thence, from him,
 whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her
 thence— 160

A prosperous south-wind friendly—we have
 cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me
 For visiting your highness my best train
 I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd, 164
 Who for Bohemia bend to signify
 Not only my success in Libya, sir,
 But my arrival and my wife's, in safety
 Here where we are

Leon The blessed gods 168
 Purge all infection from our air whilst you
 Do climate here! You have a holy father,
 A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin 172
 For which the heavens, taking angry note,
 Have left me issueless, and your father's
 bless'd—

As he from heaven merits it—with you, 175
 Worthy his goodness What might I have been,
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
 Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord

Lord Most noble sir,
 That which I shall report will bear no credit,

Were not the proof so nigh Please you, great
 sir, 180

Bohemia greets you from himself by me,
 Desires you to attach his son, who has—
 His dignity and duty both cast off—
 Flew from his father, from his hopes, and with
 A shepherd's daughter

Leon Where's Bohemia? speak 185
Lord Here in your city, I now came from
 him

I speak amazedly and it becomes
 My marvel and my message To your court 188
 Whiles he was hastening,—in the chase it seems
 Of this fair couple,—meets he on the way
 The father of this seerning lady and
 Her brother, having both their country quitted
 With this young prince

Flo Camillo has betray'd me, 193
 Whose honour and whose honesty till now
 Endur'd all weathers

Lord Lay't so to his charge
 He's with the king your father

Leon Who? Camillo? 196

Lord Camillo, sir I spake with him, who
 now

Has these poor men in question Never saw I
 Wretches so quake they kneel, they kiss the
 earth,

Forswear themselves as often as they speak 200
 Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
 With divers deaths in death

Per O my poor father!

The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
 Our contract celebrated

Leon You are married? 204

Flo We are not, sir, nor are we like to be,

The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first

The odds for high and low's alike

Leon My lord,

Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo She is, 208

When once she is my wife

Leon That 'once,' I see, by your good
 father's speed,

Will come on very slowly I am sorry,

Most sorry, you have broken from his liking 212

Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry

Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,

That you might well enjoy her

Flo Dear, look up

Though Fortune, visible an enemy, 216

Should chase us with my father, power no
 jot

Hath she to change our loves Beseech you,
 sir,

Remember since you ow'd no more to time

Than I do now, with thought of such affec-
 tions, 220

Step forth mine advocate, at your request

My father will grant precious things as trifles

Leon Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
 mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle

Paul Sir, my hege, 224

Your eye hath too much youth in 't not a
 month

'Fore your queen died, she was more worth
such gazes

Than what you look on now

Leon I thought of her
Even in these looks I made [To FLORIZEL]

But your petition 228

Is yet unanswered I will to your father

Your honour not o'erturn'd by your desires,

I am friend to them and you, upon which errand

I now go toward him I therefore follow me, 232

And mark what way I make come, good my
lord. [Exeunt]

SCENE II—The Same Before the Palace

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut Beseech you, sir, were you present at
this relation?

Gent I was by at the opening of the fardel,
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how
he found it whereupon, after a little amazement,
we were all commanded out of the chamber,
only this methought I heard the shepherd
say, he found the child 8

Aut I would most gladly know the issue of it

Gent I make a broken delivery of the business,
but the changes I perceived in the king
and Camillo were very notes of admiration they
seemed almost, with staring on one another, to
tear the cases of their eyes, there was speech in
their dumbness, language in their very gesture,
they looked as they had heard of a world ransom'd,
or one destroyed a notable passion of
wonder appeared in them but the wisest beholder,
that knew no more but seeing, could not
say if the importance were joy or sorrow but in
the extremity of the one it must needs be 21

Enter another Gentleman

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more
The news, Rogero?

Sec Gent. Nothing but bonfires the oracle
is fulfilled, the king's daughter is found such a
deal of wonder is broken out within this hour
that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward: he can
deliver you more How goes it now, sir? this
news which is called true is so like an old tale,
that the verity of it is in strong suspicion has
the king found his heir? 32

Thurd Gent Most true, if ever truth were
pregnant by circumstance that which you hear
you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the
proofs The mantle of Queen Hermione, her
jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus
found with it, which they know to be his
character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance
of the mother, the affection of nobleness
which nature shows above her breeding
and many other evidences proclaim her with all
certainty to be the king's daughter Did you see
the meeting of the two kings? 44

Sec Gent No

Thurd Gent Then have you lost a sight, which
was to be seen, cannot be spoken of There
might you have beheld one joy crown another,
so, and in such manner that, it seemed, sorrow
wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded
in tears There was casting up of eyes, holding
up of hands, with countenances of such distraction
that they were to be known by garment,
not by favour Our king, being ready to leap out
of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if
that joy were now become a loss, cries, 'O, thy
mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness,
then embraces his son-in-law, then
again worries he his daughter with clipping her,
now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands
by like a weather-bitten conduct of many kings'
reigns I never heard of such another encounter,
which lames report to follow it and undoes
description to do it. 64

Sec Gent What, pray you, became of Antigonus
that carried hence the child?

Thurd Gent Like an old tale still, which will
have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep
and not an ear open He was torn to pieces with
a bear this avouches the shepherd's son, who
has not only his innocence—which seems much
—to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings
of his that Paulina knows 73

First Gent What became of his bark and his
followers?

Thurd Gent Wracked, the same instant of
their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd
so that all the instruments which aided to
expose the child were even then lost when it was
found But, O! the noble combat that 'twixt
joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina She had
one eye declined for the loss of her husband,
another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled
she lifted the princess from the earth, and so
locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her
to her heart that she might no more be in
danger of losing 87

First Gent The dignity of this act was worth
the audience of kings and princes, for by such
was it acted

Thurd Gent One of the prettiest touches of
all, and that which angled for mine eyes,—
caught the water though not the fish,—was when
at the relation of the queen's death, with the
manner how she came to it,—bravely confessed
and lamented by the king—how attentiveness
wounded his daughter, till, from one sign of
dour to another, she did, with an 'alas!' I
would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my
heart wept blood Who was most marble there
changed colour, some swooned, all sorrowed
if all the world could have seen't, the woe had
been universal. 103

First Gent Are they returned to the court?

Thurd Gent No, the princess hearing of her
mother's statue, which is in the keeping of
Paulina—a piece many years in doing, and now
newly performed by that rare Italian master,
Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity
and could put breath into his work, would
beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is

her ape he so near to Hermione hath done
Hermione that they say onc would speak to her
and stand in hope of answer thither with all
greediness of affection are they gone, and there
they intend to sup 110

Sec Gent I thought she had some great
matter there in hand, for she hath privately
twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of
Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall
we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing? 122

First Gent Who would be thence that has
the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some
new grace will be born our absence makes us
unthritty to our knowledge. Let's along. 126

[*Exit Gentlemen*]

Aut Now, had I not the dash of my former
life in me, would preferment drop on my head.
I brought the old man and his son aboard the
prince, told him I heard them talk of a fardel
and I know not what but he at that time, over-
fond of the shepherd's daughter—so he 'her
took her to be—who began to be much sea sick,
and himself little better extremity of weather
continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered.
But 'tis all one to me, for had I been the finder
out of this secret, it would not have relished
among my other discredits. Here come those
I have done good to against my will, and al-
ready appearing in the blossoms of their for-
tune. 141

[*Enter Shepherd and Clown*]

Shep Come, boy, I am past moe children,
but thy sons and daughters will be all gentle-
men born. 144

Clo You are well met, sir. You denied to
fight with me this other day, because I was no
gentleman born. see you these clothes? say, you
see them not and think me still no gentleman
born. you were best say these robes are not
gentleman born. Give me the lie, do, and try
whether I am not now gentleman born.

Aut I know you are now, sir, a gentleman
born. 153

Clo Ay, and have been so any time these
four hours.

Shep And so have I, boy. 156

Clo So you have. but I was a gentleman
born before my father, for the king's son took
me by the hand and called me brother, and
then the two kings called my father brother,
and then the prince my brother and the princess
my sister called my father father and so we
wept and there was the first gentleman-like
tears that ever we shed. 164

Shep We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so
preposterous estate as we are.

Aut I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon
me all the faults I have committed to your wor-
ship, and to give me your good report to the
prince my master.

Shep Præthee, son, do, for we must be gentle,
now we are gentlemen. 173

Clo Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut Ay, an it like your good worship.
Clo Give me thy hand. I will swear to the
prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is
in Bohemia. 178

Shep You may say it, but not swear it.
Clo Not swear it, now I am a gentle man.
Let hoors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep How it it be false, son? 182

Clo If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman
may swear it in the behalf of his friend. and
I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow
of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk,
but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands
and that thou wilt be drunk. but I'll swear it,
and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy
hands.

Aut I will prove so, sir, to my power. 191

Clo Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow
if I do not wonder how thou darrest venture to
be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.
Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred,
are going to see the queen's picture. Come,
follow us. we'll be thy good masters. 197

[*Exit*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Chapel in PAULINA'S
House*

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
CAMELLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants*

Leon O grave and good Paulina, the great
comfort

That I have had of thee!

Paul What sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home, but that you have vouch-
saf'd, 4

With your crown'd brother and these your con-
tracted

Hears of your kingdoms, my poor house to
visit,

It is a surplus of your grace, which never

My life may last to answer

Leon O Paulina! 8

We honour you with trouble but we came
To see the statue of our queen your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much
content

In many singularities, but we saw not 12
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother

Paul As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Exceeds whatever yet you look'd upon. 16
Or hand of man hath done, therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death behold! and say 'tis
well. 20

[*PAULINA draws back a curtain, and dis-
covers HERMIONE as a statue.*]

I like your silence. it the more shows off
Your wonder, but yet speak first you, my
hege 1

Comes it not something near?

Leon Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed
Thou art Hermione, or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender 26
As infancy and grace But yet Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems

Pol O! not by much 29
Paul So much the more our carver's excellence

Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes
her

As she liv'd now

Leon As now she might have done, 32
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul O! thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty—warm life,
As now it coldly stands,—when first I woo'd
her 36

I am ashamed does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece!
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evil's conjur'd to remembrance, and 40
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee

Per And give me leave
And do not say 'tis superstition, that 43
I kneel and then implore her blessing Lady,
Dear queen that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss

Paul O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's

Not dry 48
Cam My lord, your sorrow was too sore
laid on,

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry scarce any joy
Did ever so long live, no sorrow 52
But kill'd itself much sooner

Pol Dear my brother
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself

Paul Indeed my lord, 56
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone
is mine,—

I did not have show'd it

Leon Do not draw the curtain
Paul No longer shall you gaze on it, lest
your fancy 60
May think anon it moves

Leon I'll be let be!
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, 64
ready—

What was he that did make it? See my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd and that those
veins 64
Did verily bear blood?

Pol Masterly done
The very life seems warm upon her lip

Leon The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art

Paul I'll draw the curtain, 68
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon O sweet Paulina!
Make me to think so twenty years together
Not settled senses of the world can match 72
The pleasure of that madness Let't alone

Paul I am sorry, sir, I have thus far sturr'd
you but

I could afflict you further

Leon Do, Paulina, 76
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort Still methinks,
There is an air comes from her what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock
me,

For I will kiss her

Paul Good my lord, forbear 80
The kisses upon her lip is wet
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon No, not these twenty years

Per So long could I 84
Stand by, a looker-on

Paul Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend, 88
And take you by the hand, but then you'll
think—

Which I protest against—I am assisted
By wicked powers

Leon What you can make her do,
I am content to look on what to speak, 92
I am content to hear, for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move

Paul It is requir'd
You do awake your faith Then, all stand still,
Or those that think it is unlawful business 96
I am about, let them depart

Leon Proceed
No foot shall stir

Paul Music, awake her strike! [*Music*
'Tis time descend, bestow no more approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel Come,
I'll fill your grave up stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from
him

Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs
[*HERMIONE comes down*
Start not, her actions shall be holy as 104
You hear my speech is lawful do not shun her
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double Nay present your hand
When she was young you woo'd her, now in
age 108
Is she become the suitor!

Leon [*Embracing her*] O! she's warm
If this be magic let it be an art
Lawful as eating

Pol She embraces him
Cam She hangs about his neck 112
If she pertain to life let her speak too

Pol Ay, and make't manifest where she has
liv'd,

Or how stol'n from the dead

Paul That she is living
Were it but told you, should be rood at 116
Like an old tale, but it appears she lives,

Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while
Please you to interpose, fair madam kneel
And pray your mother's blessing Turn, good
lady, 120

Our Perdita is found

[*Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to*
HERMIONE

Her You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd?
how found 124

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue

Paul There's time enough for that, 128
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all your exultation
Partake to every one I, an old turtle, 132
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and
there

My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost

Leon

O! peace, Paulina!

Thou shouldst a husband take by my con-
sent, 136

As I by thine a wife this is a match,
And made between's by vows Thou hast found
mine,

But how, is to be question'd for I saw her,
As I thought dead, and have in vain said
many 140

A prayer upon her grave I'll not seek far,—
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee
An honourable husband Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and
honesty 144

Is richly noted, and here justified
By us, a pair of kings Let's from this place
What! look upon my brother both your par-
dons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks 148
My ill suspicion This' your son-in-law,
And son unto the king,—whom heavens direct-
ing,

Is troth-plight to your daughter Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely 152
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'd hastily lead away [*Exeunt*]

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN
PRINCE HENRY Son to the King
ARTHUR, Duke of Britaine Nephew to the King.
THE EARL OF PEMBROKE
THE EARL OF ESSEX.
THE EARL OF SALISBURY
THE LORD BIGOT
HUBERT DE BURGH.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, Son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.
PHILIP THE BASTARD his half brother
JAMES GURNEY Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER OF POMFRET a Prophet.
PHILIP King of France

LEWIS, the Dauphin
LYMGOE, Duke of Austria
CARDINAL BONDULPH the Pope's Legate
MELUN a French Lord
CHATILLON Ambassador from France

QUEEN ELINOR, Mother to King John
CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur
BLANCH OF SPAIN Niece to King John
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds,
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants

SCENE — *Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France*

ACT I

SCENE I — *A Room of State in the Palace*

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and Others, with CHATILLON

K John Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here

Eh A strange beginning, 'borrow'd majesty!'

K John Silence, good mother, hear the embassy

Chat Philip of France, in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,

Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,

To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Mame,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,

Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.
K John What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat The proud control of fierce and bloody war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld
K John Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment so answer France.
Chat Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,

The furthest limit of my embassy
K John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France; 24
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath

And sullen presage of your own decay 28
An honourable conduct let him have
Pembroke, look to't Farewell, Chatillon.

[Exit CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.
Eh What now, my son! have I not ever said

How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world 33

Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole

With very easy arguments of love, 36
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate

K John Our strong possession and our right
for us

Eh Your strong possession much more than
your right, 40

Or else it must go wrong with you and me
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,

Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear

Enter a Sheriff, who whispers ESSEX.

Essex My liege, here is the strangest controversy, 44

Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard shall I produce the men?

K John Let them approach. [Exit Sheriff
Our abbey and our priory shall pay 48

This expedition's charge

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE
and PHILIP, his Bastard Brother.

What men are you?

Bast Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge, 52
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-Lion knighted in the field.

K John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge. 56

K John. Is that the elder, and art thou the
heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast Most certain of one mother, mighty
king,
That is well known and, as I think one father
But for the certain knowledge of that ruth 61
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may

Elu Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame
thy mother 64

And wound her honour with this diffidence
Bast I, madam? no, I have no reason for it,
That is my brother's plea and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out 68
At least from fair five hundred pound a year
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my
land!

K John A good blunt fellow Why, being
younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance? 72

Bast I know not why, except to get the land
But once he slander'd me with bastardy
But where I be as true-begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head, 76
But that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces and be judge yourself
If old Sir Robert did beget us both, 80
And were our father, and this son like him,
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K John Why, what a madcap hath heaven
lent us here! 84

Elu He hath a trick of Cœur-de-Lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man? 88

K John Mine eye hath well examined his
parts,

And finds them perfect Richard Surran, speak
What doth move you to claim your brother's
land? 92

Bast Because he hath a half-face, like my
father

With half that face would he have all my land,
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob My gracious liege, when that my father
liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much,— 96
Bast Well, sir, by this you cannot get my
land

Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother
Rob And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor 100

To treat of high affairs touching that time
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's,
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak, 104
But truth is truth large lengths of seas and
shores

Between my father and my mother lay,—
As I have heard my father speak himself,—
When this same lusty gentleman was got
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd 108
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's son was none of his,
An if he were, he came into the world 112
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time

Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will 115

K John Surran, your brother is legitimate,
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son, 121
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?

In sooth, good friend, your father might have
kept

This calf bred from his cow from all the world,
In sooth he might then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him, nor your
father,

Being none of his, refuse him this concludes.
My mother's son did get your father's heir 128
Your father's heir must have your father's land
Rob Shall then my father's will be of no
force

To dispossess that child which is not his?
Bast Of no more force 'o dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me as I think 133

Elu Where hadst thou rather be a Faulcon-
bridge

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-Lion, 136
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

Bast Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert has, like him,
And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 140
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say, 'Look, where three-far-
things goes!'

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land, 144
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face
I would not be Sir Nob in any case

Elu I like thee well wilt thou forsake thy
fortune, 148

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France

Bast Brother, take you my land, I'll take
my chance 152

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death

Elu Nay, I would have you go before me
thither

Bast Our country manners give our betters
way 156

K John What is thy name?

Bast Philip, my liege, so is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son

K John From henceforth bear his name
whose form thou bearest 160

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great,
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet

Bast Brother by the mother's side, give me
your hand

My father gave me honour, yours gave land 164
Now blessed be the hour by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

Elu The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard call me so. 168

Bast Madam, by chance but not by truth,
what though?

Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the battlements
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot

K. John Go, Faulconbridge now hast thou
thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire
Come, madam, and come, Richard we must
speed

For France, for France, for it is more than need
Bast Brother, adieu good fortune come to
thee!

For thou wast got in the way of honesty
[Exeunt all but the Bastard]

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worse
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady
'Good den, Sir Richard!' 'God-a-mercy, fellow!'

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter,
For new-made honour doth forget men's names
'Tis too respectful and too sociable

For your conversion Now your traveller
He and his toothpick at my worst mess,
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize

My picked man of countries My dear sir,—
Thus, leaning on mine elbow I begin,—
'I shall beseech you,—that is question now,
And then comes answer like an absey-book

'O, sir,' says answer, 'at your best command,
At your employment, at your service, sir'
'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir at yours'
And so, ere answer knows what question would,

Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,

It draws toward supper in conclusion so
But this is worshipful society
And fits the mounting spirit like myself,

For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation
And so am I, whether I smack or no,
And not alone in habit and device,

Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth

Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn
For it shall s'rew the footsteps of my rising

But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?
What woman post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY

Ome! 'tis my mother How now, good lady!
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F Where is that slave, thy brother?
where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's
son?

Color-and the giant, that same mighty man?
Is he Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou un-
reverend boy,

Sir Robert's son why scorn'st thou at Sir
Robert?

He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave
awhile?

Gur Good leave, good Philip

Bast I bid! parrow! James,
There's toys abroad anon I'll tell thee more

[Exit GURNEY]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son
Sir Robert might have ent his part in me

Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast
Sir Robert could do well marry, to confess

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do
it

We know his handiwork therefore, good
mother,

To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never help to make this leg

Lady F Hast thou conspired with thy brother
too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine
honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward
knave?

Bast Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco
like

What! I am dubb'd, I have it on my shoulder
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son,

I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone

Then, good my mother, let me know my father
Some proper man, I hope, who was it, mother?

Lady F Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-
bridge?

Bast As faithfully as I deny the devil
Lady F King Richard Cœur-de-Lion was
thy father

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,

Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence
Bast Now, by this light, were I to get again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,

And so doth yours, your fault was not your
folly

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,

Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's
hand.

He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,

With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well

When I was go? I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin,

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin
Who says it was, he lies I say, 'twas not 276
[Exeunt]

ACT II

SCENE I.—*France Before the Walls of Angiers*

Enter, on one side, the DUKE OF AUSTRIA, and Forces on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces, LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants

K Ph Before Angiers well met, brave Austria

Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf, 8
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome
hither

Arth God shall forgive you Cœur-de-Lion's death 12

The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love 16
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke

K Ph A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love, 20
That to my home I will no more return
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides 24

And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes, 28
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home but follow arms

Const O! take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks, 32

Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength

To make a more requital to your love

Aust The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords

In such a just and charitable war 36

K Ph Well then, to work our cannon shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best advantages 40

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy
Const Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood 45

My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,

And then we shall repent each drop of blood 48
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed

Enter CHATILLON

K Ph A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd!

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord, 52
We coldly pause for thee, Chatillon, speak

Chat Then turn your forces from this paltry siege

4 And stir them up against a mightier task
England, impatient of your just demands, 56
Hath put himself in arms the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time

To land his legions all as soon as I,
His marches are expedient to this town, 60

His forces strong, his soldiers confident
With him along is come the mother-queen,

An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife,
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain,

With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd, 65
And all the unsettled humours of the land,

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens, 68

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits 72

Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide,

To do offence and scathe in Christendom

[Drums heard within]

The interruption of their churlish drums 76
Cuts off more circumstance they are at hand,

To parley or to fight, therefore prepare

K Ph How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence, 81

For courage mounteth with occasion
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the BASTARD, Lords, and Forces

K John Peace be to France, if France in peace permit 84

Our just and lineal entrance to our own,
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven. 88

K Ph Peace be to England, if that war return

From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love, and, for that England's sake

With burden of our armour here we sweat 92
This toil of ours should be a work of thine,

But thou from loving England art so far
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of
his,

This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And thus his son, England was Geoffrey's right
And thus is Geoffrey's In the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K John From whom hast thou this great
commission, France,

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K Phi From that supernal judge, that stirs
good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right
That judge hath made me guardian to this
boy

Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it

K John Alack! thou dost usurp authority
K Phi Excuse, it is to beat usurping down

Elu Who is it thou dost call usurper,
France?

Const Let me make answer, thy usurping
son.

Elu Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the
world!

Const My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy

Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey
Than thou and John in manners, being as like

As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul I think

His father never was so true begot
It cannot be an if thou wert his mother

Elu There's a good mother, boy, that blots
thy father

Const There's a good grandam, boy, that
would blot thee

Aust Peace!

Bast Hear the crier

Aust What the devil art thou?
Bast One that will play the devil, sir, with
you,

An a' may catch your hide and you alone
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,

Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard
I'll smoke your skin-coat an I catch you right.

Sirrah, look to't, I' faith, I will, I' faith.
Blanch. O! well did he become that lion's
robe,

That did disrobe the lion of that robe
Bast It lies as sightly on the back of him

As great Alcides' shows upon an ass
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust What cracker is this same that deafs
our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath? 148
King,—Lewis, determine what we shall do
straight

K Phi Women and fools, break off your
conference

King John, this is the very sum of all
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

In right of Arthur do I clam of thee
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

K John My life as soon I do defy thee,
France

Arthur of Britaine, yield thee to my hand,
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more

Than e'er the coward hand of France can win
Submit thee, boy

Elu Come to thy grandam child
Const Do, child, go to it grandam, child,

Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig

There's a good grandam
Arth Good my mother, peace!

I would that I were low laid in my grave
I am not worth this coil that's made for me

Elu His mother shames him so, poor boy, he
weeps

Const Now shame upon you, whe'r she does
or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's
shames,

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor
eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee,
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be
brib'd

To do him justice and revenge on you
Elu Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven
and earth!

Const Thou monstrous injurer of heaven
and earth!

Call not me slanderer, thou and thine usurp
The dominations royalties and rights

Of this oppressed boy this is thy eld st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee

Thy sins are visited in this poor child,
The canon of the law is laid on him,

Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sun-conceiving womb

K John Bedlam, have done
Const I have but this to say,

That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague

On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin, his injury

Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,

And all for her A plague upon her!
Elu Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

A will that bars the title of thy son.
Const Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked
will,

A woman's will, a canker'd grandam's will!
K Phi Peace, lady! pause, or be more tem-
perate

It ill beseems this presence to cry am

To these ill-tuned repetitions
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's 200

Trumpet sounds Enter Citizens upon the Walls

First Cit Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K Phi 'Tis France, for England

K John England for itself

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K Phi You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects, 204

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—
K John For our advantage, therefore hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town, 208

Have hither march'd to your endamagement

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,

And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls 212

All preparation for a bloody siege

And merciless proceeding by these French

Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates,

And but for our approach those sleeping stones,

That as a waist do girdle you about, 217

By the compulsion of their ordinance

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made 220

For bloody power to rush upon your peace

But on the sight of us your lawful king,—

Who painfully with much expedient march

Have brought a countercheck before your gates,

To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd 225

cheeks,—

Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,

And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,

To make a shaking fever in your walls, 228

They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,

To make a faithless error in your ears

Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,

And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,

Forwearing in this action of swift speed, 233

Crave harbourage within your city walls

K Phi When I have said, make answer to us both

Lo! in this right hand, whose protection 236

Is most divinely vow'd upon the right

Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,

Son to the elder brother of this man,

And king o'er him and all that he enjoys 240

For this down-trodden equity, we tread

In war-like march these greens before your town,

Being no further enemy to you

Than the constraint of hospitable zeal, 244

In the relief of this oppressed child,

Religiously provokes Be pleased then

To pay that duty which you truly owe

To him that owes it, namely, this young prince,

And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear, 249

Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up,

Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent

Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven, 252

And with a blessed and unvar'd retire,

With unhack'd swords and helmets all un-
bruis'd,

We will bear home that lusty blood again

Which here we came to spout against your 256

town,

And leave your children, wives, and you, in

peace

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,

'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls

Can hide you from our messengers of war, 260

Though all these English and their discipline

Were harbour'd in their rude circumference

Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,

In that behalf which we have challeng'd it? 264

Or shall we give the signal to our rage

And stalk in blood to our possession?

First Cit In brief, we are the King of Eng-
land's subjects

For him, and in his right we hold this town 268

K John Acknowledge then the king, and

let me in.

First Cit That can we not, but he that proves

the king,

To him will we prove loyal till that time

Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K John Doth not the crown of England

prove the king? 273

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,

Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's

breed.—

Bast Bastards, and else 276

K John To verify our title with their lives

K Phi As many and as well-born bloods as

those,—

Bast Some bastards too

K Phi Stand in his face to contradict his

claim. 280

First Cit Till thou compound whose right

is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both

K John Then God forgive the sins of all

those souls

That to their everlasting residence, 284

Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K Phi Amen, Amen! Mount, chevaliers!

to arms!

Bast Saint George, that swing'd the dragon,

and e'er since 288

Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,

Teach us some fence! [To AUSTRIA] Sirrah,

were I at home,

At your den, sirrah, with your honess,

I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide, 292

And make a monster of you.

Aust Peace! no more

Bast O! tremble, for you hear the lion roar

K John Up higher to the plain, where we'll

set forth

In best appointment all our regiments. 296

Bast Speed then, to take advantage of the

field

K Phi It shall be so, [To LEWIS.] and at the

other hill

Command the rest to stand. God, and our

right! [Exeunt]

Alarums and excursions then a retreat Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates

F Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates, 300

And let young Arthur, Duke of Britaine, in,
Who, by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons he scatter'd on the bleeding ground,
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies, 305
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth,
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French, 308
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors and to proclaim
Arthur of Britaine England's king and yours.

Enter Engl sh Herald, with trumpets

E Her Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring
your bells, 312

King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,

Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood,
There stuck no plume in any English crest 317
That is removed by a staff of France,
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd
forth, 320

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes
Open your gates and give the victors way 324

First Cit Heralds, from off our towers we
might behold,

From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured 328
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows,

Strength match'd with strength, and power
confronted power

Both are alike, and both alike we like
One must prove greatest while they weigh so
even, 332

We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Re-enter the two KINGS, with their powers, severally

K John France, hast thou yet more blood
to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment, 336
Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean. 340

K Phi England, thou hast not sav'd one
drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France,
Rather, lost more and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks, 344
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, gainst whom these arms
we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss 348
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O! now doth Death line his dead chaps with
steel, 352

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs,
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.

Why stand these royal fronts amazed?
Cry 'havoc!' kings, back to the stained field,
You equal-potents, fierv-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace, till then, blows, blood, and
death! 360

K John Whose party do the townsmen yet
admit?

K Phi Speak, citizens, for England, who's
your king?

First Cit The King of England, when we
know the king

K Phi Know him in us, that here hold up
his right. 364

K John In us, that are our own great deputy
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

First Cit A greater power than we denies all
this, 368

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
Kings of ourselves, until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd. 372

Bast By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers
flout you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death. 376

Your royal presences be rul'd by me
Do like the munnies of Jerusalem,

Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town. 380

By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd
down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city* 384
I'd play incessantly upon these jades. —

Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air

That done, dis sever your united strengths, 388
And part your mingled colours once again;

Turn face to face and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth

Out of one side her happy minion, 392
To whom in favour she shall give the day,

And kiss him with a glorious victory
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?

Smacks it not something of the policy? 396

K John Now, by the sky that hangs above
our heads,

I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,

Then after fight who shall be king of it? 400

Bast An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,

Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls, 404
And when that we have dash'd them to the
ground,

Why then defy each other, and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell
K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you
assault? 408

K. John. We from the west will send de-
struction

Into this city's bosom

Ass. I from the north

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south

Shall ram their drift of bullets on this town 412

Bast. O, prudent discipline! From north to
south

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth
I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!

First Cit. Hear us, great kings vouchsafe a
while to stay, 416

And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd
league,

Win you this city without stroke or wound,
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,

That here come sacrifices for the field 420
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings

K. John. Speak on with favour we are bent
to hear

First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the
Lady Blanch,

Is near to England look upon the years 424
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?

If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?

If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady
Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth, 432
Is the young Dauphin every way complete

If not complete of, say he is not she,
And she again wants nothing, to name want,

If want it be not that she is not he 436
He is the half part of a blessed man,

Left to be finished by such a she,
And she a fair divided excellence,

Whose fulness of perfection lies in him. 440
O' two such silver currents when they join,

Do glorify the banks that bound them in,
And two such shores to two such streams made
one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be,
kings, 444

To these two princes, if you marry them.

This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates, for at this match,

With swifter spleen than powder can enforce, 448
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,

And give you entrance, but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,

Lions more confident, mountains and rocks 452
More free from motion, no, not death himself

In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city

Bast.

Here's a stay,

That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death 456
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks
and seas,

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs 460

What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and
bounce,

He gives the bastinado with his tongue,
Our ears are cudgell'd, not a word of his 464

But buffets better than a fist of France
'Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words

Since I first call'd my brother's father dad
Eli [Aside to KING JOHN] Son, list to this
conjunction, make this match, 468

Give with our niece a dowry large enough
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie

Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That you green boy shall have no sun to ripe 472

The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France,

Mark how they whisper urge them while their
souls

Are capable of this ambition, 476
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath

Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was

First Cit. Why answer not the double ma-
jesties 480

This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been
forward first

To speak unto this city what say you?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy
princely son 484

Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen

For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,— 488

Except this city now by us besieged,—
Find hable to our crown and dignity,

Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions, 492

As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world

K. Phi. What sayst thou, boy? look in the
lady's face

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find 496
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,

The shadow of myself form'd in her eye,
Which, being but the shadow of your son

Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow
I do protest I never lov'd myself 501

Till now mix'd I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye

[Whispers with BLANCH]
Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy

Himself love's traitor this is pity now,
That hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there
should be 505

In such a love so vile a lout as he
Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect 1
mine

If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That anything he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will, 513
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love
Further I will not flatter you, my lord, 516
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should
be your judge,

That I can find should merit any hate 520
K John What say these young ones? What
say you, my niece?

Blanch That she is bound in honour still
to do

What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say
K John Speak then, Prince Dauphin, can
you love this lady? 524

Lew Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,
For I do love her most unfeignedly

K John Then do I give Volquessen, Tou-
raine, Maine,

Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces, 528
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands

K Phi It likes us well. Young princes, close
your hands 533

Aust And your lips too, for I am well assur'd
That I did so when I was first assur'd.

K Phi Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your
gates, 536

Let in that amity which you have made,
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently

The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop? 540

I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much

Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows
Lew She is sad and passionate at your high-
ness' tent. 544

K Phi And, by my faith, this league that
we have made

Will give her sadness very little cure
Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came, 548
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K John. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Britaine

And Earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance

Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity I trust we shall, 556

If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

To this unlook'd-for unprepared pomp 560
[*Exeunt all except the BASTARD The*

Citizens retire from the walls
Bast Mad world! mad kings! mad com-
position!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,

And France, whose armour conscience buckled
on, 564

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear

With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,

That daily break-vow, he that wins of all, 569
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
maids,

Who having no external thing to lose
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of
that, 572

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Com-
modity,

Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, who of itself is peized well,

Made to run even upon even ground, 576
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,

Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent 580

And this same bias, this Commodity,
Thus bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,

Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,

From a resolv'd and honourable war, 585
To a most base and vile-concluded peace
And why rail I on this Commodity?

But for because he hath not woo'd me yet 588
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand
When his fair angels would salute my palm,

But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich 592

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich,

And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary 596

Since kings break faith upon Commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee! [*Exit*

ACT III

SCENE I—France The French King's Tent

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY

Const Gone to be married! gone to swear a
peace!

False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be
friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those
provinces?

It is not so, thou hast misspoke, misheard; 4
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again

It cannot be, thou dost but say 'tis so *
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word

is but the vain breath of a common man 8
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man,

I have a king's oath to the contrary
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,

For I am sick and capable of fears, 12
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of
fears,

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears,

And though thou now confess thou dost but
jest, 16

With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy
head?

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? 20
What means that hand upon that breast of
thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words? 24
Then speak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true

Sal As true as I believe you think them
false

That give you cause to prove my saying true 28
Const O! if thou teach me to believe this
sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men 32
Which in the very meeting fall and die
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy! then where art
thou?

France friend with England what becomes of
me?

Fellow, be gone! I cannot brook thy sight 36
This news hath made thee a most ugly man

Sal What other harm have I, good lady,
done,

But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const Which harm within itself so heinous is
As it makes harmful all that speak of it 41

Arth I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const If thou, that bidd'st me be content,
wert grim,

Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb 44
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending
marks,

I would not care, I then would be content 48
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.

But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast 53
And with the half-blown rose But Fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from
thee

She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John, 56
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on
France

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John, 60
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone

And leave those woes alone which I alone 64
Am bound to underbear

Sal Pardon me, madam,

I may not go without you to the kings
Const Thou mayst, thou shalt I will not go
with thee

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud, 68
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop

To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble, for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth 72
Can hold it up here I and sorrows sit,
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it
[*Sits herself on the ground*]

*Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,
ELINOR, the BASTARD, DUKE OF AUSTRIA, and
Attendants*

K Phi 'Tis true, fair daughter, and this
blessed day

Ever in France shall be kept festival 76
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold 80
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday

Const [Rising] A wicked day, and not a
holy day!

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done
That it in golden letters should be set 85
Among the high tides in the calendar?

Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury 88

Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,

Least that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd
But on this day let seamen fear no wrack, 92

No bargains break that are not this day made,
This day all things begun come to ill end;

Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K Phi By heaven, lady, you shall have no
cause 96

To curse the fair proceedings of this day
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const You have beguil'd me with a counter-
feit

Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and
tried, 100

Proves valueless you are forsworn, forsworn,
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,

But now in arms you strengthen it with yours
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war

Is cold in amity and painted peace, 105
And our oppression hath made up this league

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd
kings!

A widow cries, be husband to me, heavens! 108
Let not the hours of this ungodly day

Wear out the day in peace, but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!

Hear me! O, hear me!

Aust Lady Constance, peace!

Const War! war! no peace! peace is to me
a war, 113

O, Lymoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil thou slave, thou wretch,

thou coward!

Thou little valiant, great in villany! 116

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too, 120

And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame, 128
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs
Aust O! that a man should speak those
words to me

East And hang a calf's-skin on those re-
creant limbs

Aust Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy
life 132

East And hang a calf's-skin on those re-
creant limbs

K John We like not this, thou dost forget
thyself

Enter PANDULPH.

K Phil Here comes the holy legate of the
pope

Pand Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is 137

I Pandulph of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,

Do in his name religiously demand 140
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So wilfully dost spurn, and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop

Of Canterbury, from that holy see? 144
Thus, in our foresaid holy father's name,

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee
K John What earthly name to interroga-

tories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king? 148

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,

To charge me to an answer, as the pope
Tell him thus tale, and from the mouth of Eng-

land 152
Add thus much more that no Italian priest

Shall tithes or toll in our dominions,
But as we under heaven are supreme head,

So under him that great supremacy, 156
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,

Without the assistance of a mortal hand
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart

To him, and his usurp'd authority 160
K Phil Brother of England, you blaspheme

in this
K John Though you and all the kings of
Christendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,

And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust, 165
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,

Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,
Though you and all the rest so grossly led 168

This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose

Against the pope, and count his friends my
foes

Pand Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cur'd and excommunicate

And blessed shall he be that doth revolt

From his allegiance to a heretic,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd, 176
Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life

Const O! lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile.

Good father cardinal, cry thou amen 181
To my keen curses, for without my wrong

There is no tongue hath power to curse him
right

Pand There's law and warrant, lady, for
my curse 184

Const And for mine too when law can do
no right,

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,

For he that holds his kingdom holds the law
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong, 189

How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand Philip of France, on peril of a curse,

Let go the hand of that arch-heretic, 192
And raise the power of France upon his head,

Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Eli Look st thou pale, France? do not let

go thy hand
Const Look 'o that, devil, lest that France

repent, 196
And by disjoining hands hell lose a soul

Aust King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
East And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant

limbs
Aust Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these
wrongs, 200

Because—
East Your breeches best may carry them.

K John Philip, what sayst thou to the car-
dinal?

Const What should he say, but as the car-
dinal?

Low Bethink you, father, for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome, 205

Or the light loss of England for a friend
Forego the easier

Blanch That's the curse of Rome.
Const O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts

thee here, 208
In likeness of a new untrussed bride.

Blanch The Lady Constance speaks not from
her faith,

But from her need
Const O! if thou grant my need,

Which only lives but by the death of faith, 212
That need must needs infer this principle,

That faith would live again by death of need
O! then, tread down my need, and faith mounts

up
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K John The king is mov'd, and answers
not to this. 217

Const O! be remov'd from him, and answer
well.

Aust Do so, King Philip. hang no more in
doubt.

East Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most
sweet lout. 220

K Ph I am perplex'd, and know not what to say

Pand What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

K Ph Good reverend father, make my person yours, ²²⁴

And tell me how you would bestow yourself

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Marr'd in league, coupl'd and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows, ²²⁹

The latest breath that gave the sound of words

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms and our royal selves, ²³²

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer than we well could wash our hands

To clasp this royal bargain up of peace,

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-

stain'd ²³⁶

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings

And shall these hands so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both, ²⁴⁰

Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?

Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with

heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm,

Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity? O! holy sir, ²⁴⁸

My reverend father, let it not be so!

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose

Some gentle order, and then we shall be bless'd

To do your pleasure and continue friends ²⁵²

Pand All form is formless, order orderless,

Save what is opposite to England's love

Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,

Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,

A mother's curse, on her revolting son. ²⁵⁷

France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,

A chafed lion by the mortal paw,

A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, ²⁶⁰

Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost

hold.

K Ph I may disjoin my hand, but not my

faith.

Pand So mak'st thou faith an enemy to

faith

And like a civil war sett'st oath to oath, ²⁶⁴

Thy tongue against thy tongue O! let thy vow

First made to heaven, first be to heaven per-

form'd,

That is, to be the champion of our church.

What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself

And may not be performed by thyself, ²⁶⁹

For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss

Is not amiss when it is truly done,

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it. ²⁷³

The better act of purposes mistook

Is to mistake agam, though indirect,

Yet induction thereby grows direct, ²⁷⁶

And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire

Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd,

It is religion that doth make vows kept,

But thou hast sworn against religion ²⁸⁰

By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou

swear'st,

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth

Against an oath the truth thou art unsure

To swear, swears only not to be forsworn, ²⁸⁴

Else what a mockery should it be to swear!

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn,

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost

swear

Therefore thy later vows against thy first ²⁸⁸

Is in thyself rebellion to thyself,

And better conquest never canst thou make

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions ²⁹²

Upon which better part our prayers come in,

If thou vouchsafe them, but, if not, then know

The peril of our curses light on thee

So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off, ²⁹⁶

But in despair die under their black weight

Aust Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew Father, to arms!

Blanch Upon thy wedding-day? ³⁰⁰

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What! shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd

men?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,

Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp? ³⁰⁴

O husband, hear me! ay, alack! how new

Is husband in my mouth, even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pro-

nounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms ³⁰⁸

Against mine uncle

Const O! upon my knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom

Forethought by heaven. ³¹²

Blanch Now shall I see thy love what

motive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const That which upholdeth him that thee

upholds,

His honour O! thine nonour, Lewis, thine

honour ³¹⁶

Lew I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,

When such profound respects do pull you on

Pand I will denounce a curse upon his head

K Ph Thou shalt not need England, I'll

fall from thee ³²⁰

Const O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K John France, thou shalt rue this hour

within this hour

Bast Old Time the clock-setter, that bald

sexton Time, ³²⁴

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch The sun's o'ercast with blood fair

day, adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both each army hath a hand; ³²⁸

And in their rage, I having hold of both.

They whirl asunder and dismember me
 Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win
 Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose,
 Father, I may not wish the fortune thine, 333
 Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive
 Whoever wins on that side shall I lose
 Assured loss before the match be play'd 336
Lew Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies
Blanch There where my fortune lies, there
 my life dies

K John Cousin, go draw our puissance together

[*Exit BASTARD*
 France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
 A rage whose heat hath this condition, 341

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
 The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of France

K Phi Thy rage shall burn thee up, and
 thou shalt turn 344

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire
 Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy

K John No more than he that threatens To
 arms let's hie! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II—The Same Plains near Angiers

Alarums, excursions Enter the BASTARD, with
 the DUKE OF AUSTRIA's head

Bast Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,

Some airy devil hovers in the sky

And pours down mischief Austria's head lie
 there,

While Philip breathes 4

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT

K John Hubert, keep this boy Philip, make
 up,

My mother is assailed in our tent,
 And ta'en, I fear

Bast My lord I rescu'd her,
 Her highness is in safety, fear you not 8

But on my hege for very little pains
 Will bring this labour to a happy end [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III—The Same

Alarums excursions retreat Enter KING JOHN,
 ELINOR, ARTHUR, the BASTARD, HUBERT, and
 Lords

K John [To ELINOR] So shall it be, your
 grace shall stay behind

So strongly guarded. [To ARTHUR] Cousin,
 look not sad

Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
 As dear be to thee as thy father was 4

Arth O! this will make my mother die with
 grief

K John [To the BASTARD] Cousin, away for
 England! haste before,

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
 Of hoarding abbots, set at liberty 8

Imprison'd angels the fat ribs of peace
 Must by the hungry now be fed upon

Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast Bell, book, and candle shall not drive
 me back 12

When gold and silver beckons me to come on
 I leave your highness Grandam, I will pray,—
 If ever I remember to be holy,

For your fair safety, so I kiss your hand. 16

Eli Farewell, gentle cousin.

K John Corz, farewell

[*Exit BASTARD*]

Eli Come hither, little kinsman, hark, a
 word [*She takes ARTHUR aside*]

K John Come hither, Hubert O my gentle

Hubert,

We owe thee much within this wall of flesh 20

There is a soul counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherish'd 24

Give me thy hand I had a thing to say,

But I will fit it with some better time

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed

To say what good respect I have of thee 28

Hub I am much bounden to your majesty

K John Good friend, thou hast no cause

to say so yet,

But thou shalt have, and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good 32

I had a thing to say, out let it go

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton and too full of gawds 36

To give me audience if the midnigh bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound one into the drowsy race of night

If this same were a churchyard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs, 41

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,

Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes 45

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes,

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes, 48

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using conceit alone,

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,

Then, in despite of brooded watchful day, 52

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts

But ah! I will not yet I love thee well,

And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub So well, that what you bid me under-
 take, 56

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,

By heaven, I would do it

K John Do not I know thou wouldst?

Good Hubert! Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye

On yon young boy I'll tell thee what, my
 friend, 60

He is a very serpent in my way,

And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread

He lies before me dost thou understand me?

Thou art his keeper

Hub And I'll keep him so 64

That he shall not offend your majesty

K John Death.

Hub My lord?

K John. A grave
Hub He shall not live.
K John Enough
 I could be merry now Hubert, I love thee,
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee 68
 Remember Madam, fare you well.
 I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty
El My blessing go with thee!
K John For England, cousin, go
 Hubert shall be your man, attend on you 72
 With all true duty On toward Calais ho!
 [Exeunt]

SCENE IV — *The Same The French King's Tent*

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants

K Ph So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
 A whole armada of convicted sail
 Is scatter'd and disjoint'd from fellowship
Pand Courage and comfort! all shall yet go
 well 4
K Ph What can go well when we have run
 so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
 Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
 And bloody England into England gone, 8
 O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lew What he hath won that hath he fortified

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
 Such temperate order in so fierce a cause, 12
 Doth want example who hath read or heard
 Of any kindred action like to this?

K Ph Well could I bear that England had
 this praise,
 So we could find some pattern of our shame 16

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul,
 Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
 In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
 I prithee lady, go away with me 20

Const Lo now! now see the issue of your
 peace.

K Ph Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle
 Constance!

Const No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
 But that which ends all counsel, true redress, 24
 Death, death O, amiable lovely death!
 Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity, 28
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones,
 And put my eyeballs in thy vauky brows,
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
 And be a carrion monster like thyself 32
 Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest
 And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
 O! come to me.

K Ph. O fair affliction, peace! 36
Const No, no, I will not, having breath to
 cry—

O! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!

Then with a passion would I shake the world,
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy 40
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
 Which scorns a modern invocation
Pand Lady, you utter madness, and not
 sorrow

Const Thou art not holy to belie me so, 44
 I am not mad this hair I tear is mine,
 My name is Constance, I was Geoffrey's wife,
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
 I am not mad I would to heaven I were! 48
 For then 'tis like I should forget myself
 O! if I could, what grief should I forget
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal, 52
 For being not mad but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself 56
 If I were mad, I should forget my son,
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he
 I am not mad too well, too well I feel
 The different plague of each calamity 60

K Ph Bind up those tresses O! what love
 I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
 Even to that drop ten thousand wry friends 64
 Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
 Sticking together in calamity
Const To England, if you will
K Ph Bind up your hairs 68
Const Yes, that I will, and wherefore will I
 do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud
 O! that these hands could so redeem my son
 As they have given these hairs their liberty! 72
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds,
 Because my poor child is a prisoner
 And, father cardinal, I have heard you say 76
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again,
 For since the birth of Cain the first male child,
 To him that did but yesterday expire, 80
 There was not such a gracious creature born
 But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost, 84
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
 And so he'll die, and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
 I shall not know him therefore never, never 88
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more

Pand You hold too hemous a respect of
 grief

Const He talks to me, that never had a son
K Ph You are as fond of grief as of your
 child 92
Const Grief fills the room up of my absent
 child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts, 96
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form

Then have I reason to be fond of grief
 Fare you well had you such a loss as I,
 I could give better comfort than you do 100
 I will not keep this form upon my head
 When there is such disorder in my wit
 O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world! 104
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

K. Phi I fear some outrage, and I'll follow
 her

Lew There's nothing in this world can make
 me joy

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, 108
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man,
 And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's
 taste,

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness
Pand Before the curing of a strong disease,
 Even in the instant of repair and health, 113
 The fit is strongest evils that take leave,
 On their departure most of all show evil

What have you lost by losing of this day? 116
Lew All days of glory, joy, and happiness

Pand If you had won it, certainly you had
 No, no when Fortune means to men most
 good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye 120
 'Tis strange to think how much King John
 hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won
 Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew As heartily as he is glad he hath him
Pand Your mind is all as youthful as your
 blood 125

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit,
 For even the breath of what I mean to speak
 Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
 Out of the path which shall directly lead 120
 Thy foot to England's throne, and therefore
 mark

John hath seiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be,
 That whiles warm life plays in that infant's
 veins 132

The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
 A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
 Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd,
 And he that stands upon a slippery place 137
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up
 That John may stand, then Arthur needs must
 fall,

So be it, for it cannot be but so 140
Lew But what shall I gain by young Arthur's
 fall?

Pand You, in the right of Lady Blanch your
 wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lew And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand How green you are and fresh in this
 old world! 145

John lays you plots, the times conspire with you,
 For he that steeps his safety in true blood
 Shall find but bloody safety and untrue 148
 This act so evilly borne shall cool the hearts
 Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,

That none so small advantage shall step forth
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it, 152
 No natural exhalation in the sky,
 No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
 No common wind, no custom'd event,
 But they will pluck away his natural cause 156
 And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
 Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John

Lew May be he will not touch young
 Arthur's life, 160

But hold himself safe in his imprisonment.
Pand O! sir, when he shall hear of your
 approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,
 Even at that news he dies, and then the hearts
 Of all his people shall revolt from him 165
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
 And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John 168

Methinks I see this hurly all on foot
 And, O! what better matter breeds for you
 Than I have nam'd The bastard Faulconbridge

Is now in England ransacking the church, 172
 Offending charity if but a dozen French
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call
 To train ten thousand English to their side,

Or as a little snow, tumbled about, 176
 anon becomes a mountain O noble Dauphin!
 Go with me to the king his wonderful

What may be wrought out of their discontent
 Now that their souls are t'pful of offence 180
 For England go, I will v'het on the king

Lew Strong reasons make strong actions
 Let us go

If you say ay, the king will not say no
 {Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I—Northampton A Room in the
 Castle

Enter HUBERT and Two Attendants

Hub Heat me these irons hot, and look
 thou stand

Within the arras when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
 And bind the boy which you shall find with me

Fast to the chair be heedful Hence, and watch.
First Attend I hope your warrant will bear
 out the deed 6

Hub Uncleanly scruples! fear not you look
 to't. {Exeunt Attendants.

Young lad, come forth, I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub Good morrow, little prince

Arth As little prince,—having so great a title
 To be more prince,—as may be You are sad.

Hub Indeed, I have been merrier
Arth Mercy on me! 12

Methinks nobody should be sad but I
 Yet I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness By my christendom, 16
 So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
 I should be as merry as the day is long,
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me 20
 He is afraid of me, and I of him
 Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
 No, indeed, is't not, and I would to heaven
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert
Hub [Aside] If I talk to him with his inno-
 cent prate 25
 He will awe my mercy which lies dead
 Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch
Arth Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale
 to-day 28
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
 That I might sit all night and watch with you
 I warrant I love you more than you do me
Hub [Aside] His words do take possession
 of my bosom 32
 Read here, young Arthur *[Showing a paper]*
[Aside] How now, foolish rheum!
 Turning spiteous torture out of door!
 I must be brief, lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears 36
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine
 eyes?
Hub Young boy, I must.
Arth And will you?
Hub And I will 40
Arth Have you the heart? When your head
 did but ache,
 I knit my handkercher about your brows,—
 The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—
 And I did never ask it you again 44
 And with my hand at midnight held your head,
 And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
 Saying, 'What lack you?' and, 'Where lies your
 grief?' 48
 Or, 'What good love may I perform for you?'
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you,
 But you at your sick-service had a prince 52
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
 And call it cunning do an if you will
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill
 Why then you must. Will you put out mine
 eyes? 56
 These eyes that never did nor never shall
 So much as frown on you?
Hub I have sworn to do it,
 And with hot irons must I burn them out
Arth Ah! none but in this iron age would
 do it! 60
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my
 tears
 And quench this fiery indignation
 Even in the matter of mine innocence, 64
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd
 iron?

An if an angel should have come to me 68
 And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd him, no tongue but
 Hubert's
Hub [Stamps] Come forth
Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c
 Do as I bid you do 72
Arth O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes
 are out
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men
Hub Give me the iron, I say, and bind him
 here
Arth Alas! what need you be so boisterous-
 rough? 76
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
 Nay, hear me Hubert drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb, 80
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angrily
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to 84
Hub Go, stand within let me alone with him
First Attend I am best pleas'd to be from
 such a deed *[Exeunt Attendants]*
Arth Alas! I then have chid away my friend
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart 88
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours
Hub Come, boy, prepare yourself
Arth Is there no remedy?
Hub None, but to lose your eyes
Arth O heaven! that there were but a mote
 in yours 92
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
 Any annoyance in that precious sense,
 Then feeling what small things are boisterous
 there,
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible 96
Hub Is this your promise? go to, hold your
 tongue
Arth Hubert, the utterance of a brace of
 tongues
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes
 Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert
 Or Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue, 100
 So I may keep mine eyes O! spare mine eyes,
 Though to no use but still to look on you
 Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold 104
 And would not harm me
Hub I can heat it, boy
Arth No, in good sooth, the fire is dead
 with grief,
 Being create for comfort, to be us'd
 In undeserv'd extremes see else yourself, 108
 There is no malice in this burning coal
 The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out
 And strew'd repentant ashes on his head
Hub But with my breath I can revive it,
 boy 112
Arth An if you do you will but make it blush
 And glow with shame of your proceedings,
 Hubert
 Nay, if perchance will sparkle in your eyes,
 And like a dog that is compell'd to fight, 116

Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on
 All things that you should use to do me wrong
 Deny their office only you do lack
 That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
 Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses 121
Hub Well, see to live, I will not touch thine eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes
 Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy, 124
 With this same very iron to burn them out

Arth O! now you look like Hubert, all this while

You were disguised.

Hub Peace! no more Adieu.
 Your uncle must not know but you are dead,
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports 129
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
 That Hubert for the wealth of all the world
 Will not offend thee

Arth O heaven! I thank you, Hubert

Hub Silence! no more, go closely in with me 133

Much danger do I undergo for thee [Exeunt

SCENE II.—The Same A Room of State in the Palace

Enter KING JOHN, crowned, PEMROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords The KING takes his state

K John Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes

Pem This 'once again,' but that your highness pleas'd,

Was once superfluous you were crown'd before,
 And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off, 5
 The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt,
 Fresh expectation troubled not the land
 With any long'd-for change or better state 8

Sal Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before,
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

To throw a perfume on the violet, 12

To smooth the ice, or add another hue

Unto the rainbow, or with taper light

To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess 16

Pem But that your royal pleasure must be done,

This act is as an ancient tale new told,

And in the last repeating troublesome,

Being urged at a time unseasonable. 20

Sal In this the antique and well-noted face
 Of plain old form is much disfigured,

And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,

It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,

Startles and frights consideration. 25

Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem When workmen strive to do better than well 28

They do confound their skill in covetousness,

And oftentimes excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse
 As patches set upon a little breach 32

Discredit more in hiding of the fault

Than did the fault before it was so patch'd

Sal To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,

We breath'd our counsel but it pleas'd your highness 36

To overbear it, and we are all well pleas'd,

Since all and every part of what we would

Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K John Some reasons of this double coronation 40

I have possess'd you with and think them strong,
 And more, more strong,—when lesser is my fear,—

I shall induce you with meantime but ask

What you would have reform'd that is not well,

And well shall you perceive how willingly 45

I will both hear and grant you your requests

Pem Then I,—as one that am the tongue of these

To sound the purposes of all their hearts,— 48

Both for myself and them,—but, chief of all,

Your safety, for the which myself and them

Bend their best studies,—heartily request

The enfranchisement of Arthur, whose restraint

Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent 53

To break into this dangerous argument

If what in rest you have in right you hold,

Why then your fears,—which, as they say, attend

The steps of wrong,—should move you to mew up

Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days

With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth

The rich advantage of good exercise? 60

That the time's enemies may not have this

To grace occasions, let it be our suit

That you have bid us ask, his liberty,

Which for our goods we do no further ask 64

Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,

Counts it your weal he have his liberty

Enter HUBERT

K John Let it be so I do commit his youth
 To your direction. Hubert, what news with you? 68

Pem This is the man should do the bloody deed, 69

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine

The image of a wicked heinous fault

Lives in his eye, that close aspect of his 72

Does show the mood of a much troubled breast,

And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,

What we so fear'd he had a charge to do

Sal The colour of the king doth come and go

Between his purpose and his conscience, 77

Like heralds' twixt two dreadful battles set.

His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

Pem And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence 80

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K John We cannot hold mortality's strong hand

Good lords, although my will to give is living,

The suit which you demand is gone and dead

He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night. 85

Sal Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure

Pem Indeed we heard how near his death he was

Before the child himself felt he was sick 88
This must be answer'd, either here or hence

K John Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life? 92

Sal It is apparent foul play, and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell

Pem Stay yet, Lord Salisbury, I'll go with thee, 96

And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this
isle,

Three foot of it doth hold bad world the
while! 100

This must not be thus borne this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

[*Exeunt* Lords.
K John They burn in indignation I repent
There is no sure foundation set on blood, 104
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

Enter a Messenger

A fearful eye thou hast where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm 108
Pour down thy weather how goes all in
France?

Mess From France to England Never such
a power

For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land 112
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them,
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are arriv'd

K John O! where hath our intelligence been
drunk? 116

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's
care

That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust the first of April died 120
Your noble mother, and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before but this from rumour's
tongue

I idly heard, if true or false I know not. 124
K John Withhold thy speed, dreadful occa-
sion!

O! make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France! 128
Under whose conduct came those powers of
France

That thou for truth giv'st out art landed here?
Mess Under the Dauphin.

K John Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter the BASTARD, and PETER OF POMFRET

Now, what says the world 132
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full

Bast But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head

K John Bear with me, cousin, for I was
amaz'd 137

Under the tide, but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience

To any tongue, speak it of what it will. 140
Bast How I have sped among the clergy-
men,

The sums I have collected shall express
But as I travell'd hither through the land,

I find the people strangely fantasied, 144
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear

And here's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I
found 148

With many hundreds treading on his heels,
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rimes,

That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown 152

K John Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst
thou so?

Peter Foreknowing that the truth will fall
out so

K John Hubert, away with him, imprison
him

And on that day at noon, whereon, he says, 156
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd
Deliver him to safety, and return,

For I must use thee [Exit HUBERT, with PETER.

O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast The French, my lord, men's mouths
are full of it 161

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,

And others more, going to seek the grave 164
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion

K John Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies

I have a way to win their loves again, 168
Bring them before me

Bast I will seek them out
K John Nay, but make haste, the better
foot before

O! let me have no subject enemies
When adverse foreigners affright my towns 172

With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,

And fly like thought from them to me again.
Bast The spirit of the time shall teach me
speed 176

K John Spoke like a sprightly noble gen-
tleman. [Exit BASTARD

Go after him, for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger between me and the peers,

And be thou he
Mess With all my heart, my liege. [Exit.

K John My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT

Hub My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion 184

K John Five moons!

Hub Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,

And when they talk of him, they shake their heads 188

And whisper one another in the ear,
And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes 192

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news,
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on shippers,—which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,—
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent. 200
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death

K John Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him I had a mighty cause 205

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K John It is the curse of kings to be attended 208

By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority

To understand a law, to know the meaning 212
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns

More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K John O! when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth 216

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd, 221
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind,
But taking note of thy abhor'd aspect, 224

Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death,
And thou, to be endeared to a king, 228

Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub My lord,—

K John Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause

When I spake darkly what I purposed, 232

Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me 236

But thou didst understand me by my signs
And didst in signs again parley with sin,
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act 240
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land, 245
This kingdom, thus confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand, 252
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form, 256
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K John Doth Arthur live? O! haste thee to the peers, 260

Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience

Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind, 264

And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.

O! answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste 268

I conjure thee but slowly, run more fast.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same Before the Castle*

Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls

Arth The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.

Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me, if they did,

This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite 4

I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,

I'll find a thousand shifts to get away
As good to die and go, as die and stay 8

[*Leaps down.*]
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones

Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies*]

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT

Sal Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury

It is our safety, and we must embrace 12

This gentle offer of the perilous time.

- Pem* Who brought that letter from the cardinal? 64
- Sal* The Count Melun, a noble lord of France, whose private with me of the Dauphin's love, 16
is much more general than these lines import
- Big* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
- Sal* Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet
- Enter the BASTARD*
- Bast* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords! 21
- The king* by me requests your presence straight.
- Sal* The king hath dispossest himself of us. We will not line his thin bestained cloak 24
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks
- Return* and tell him so we know the worst
- Bast* Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best 28
- Sal* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now
- Bast* But there is little reason in your grief, therefore 'twere reason you had manners now
- Pem* Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege
- Bast* 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else 33
- Sal* This is the prison. [Seeing ARTHUR.] What is he lies here?
- Pem* O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
- The earth* had not a hole to hide this deed. 36
- Sal* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge
- Big* Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave. 40
- Sal* Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
- Or do you* almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object, 44
- Form* such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke, 48
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse
- Pem* All murders past do stand excus'd in this
- And this,* so sole and so unmatchable, 52
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times,
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exemplary by this heinous spectacle. 56
- Bast* It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand
- Sal* If that it be the work of any hand! 60
We had a kind of light what would ensue
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand,
The practice and the purpose of the king
- From whose obedience* I forbid my soul, 64
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world, 68
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge 72
- Pem* } Our souls religiously confirm thy
Big } words
- Enter HUBERT*
- Hub* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you
- Arthur* doth live the king hath sent for you.
- Sal* O! he is bold and blushes not at death.
- Avant*, thou hateful villain! get thee gone 77
- Hub* I am no villain
- Sal* [Drawing his sword] Must I rob the law?
- Bast* Your sword is bright, sir, put it up again
- Sal* Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin
- Hub* Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say 81
- By heaven,* I think my sword's as sharp as yours
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence, 84
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility
- Big* Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?
- Hub* Not for my life, but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor 89
- Sal* Thou art a murderer
- Hub* Do not prove me so,
Yet I am none Whose tongue soe'er speaks
false,
Not truly speaks, who speaks not truly, lies 92
- Pem* Cut him to pieces
- Bast* Keep the peace, I say
- Sal* Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge
- Bast* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury
- If thou* but frown on me, or stir thy foot, 96
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell
- Big* What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge? 102
- Second* a villain and a murderer?
- Hub* Lord Bigot, I am none
- Big* Who kill'd this prince?
- Hub* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep 105
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss
- Sal* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum, 108
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin. 11

Big Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
Pem There tell the king he may inquire us out
Hub Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
 Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
 Art thou damn'd, Hubert

Hub Do but hear me, sir
Bast Ha! I'll tell thee what,
 Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer
 There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
 As thou shalt be, if thou dost kill this child

Hub Upon my soul,—
Bast It thou didst but consent
 To this most cruel act, do but despair,
 And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
 That ever spider twisted from her womb
 Will serve to strangle thee, a rush will be a beam
 To hang thee on, or wouldst thou drown thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,
 And it shall be as all the ocean,
 Enough to stifle such a villain up
 I do suspect thee very grievously

Hub If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
 Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
 Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
 Let hell want pains enough to torture me
 I left him well.

Bast Go, bear him in thine arms
 I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world
 How easy dost thou take all England up!
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
 The life, the right and truth of all this realm
 Is fled to heaven and England now is left
 To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth
 The unow'd interest of proud swelling state
 Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
 And snarl in the gentle eyes of peace
 Now powers from home and discontents at home

Meet in one line, and vast confusion waits,—
 As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,—
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp
 Now happy he whose cloak and censure can
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child
 And follow me with speed I'll to the king
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I.—The Same A Room in the Palace

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH with the crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
 The circle of my glory.

Pand [Giving JOHN the crown] Take again
 From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
 Your sovereign greatness and authority
K. John Now keep your holy word go meet
 the French,

And from his holiness use all your power
 To stop their marches 'fore we are inflam'd
 Our discontented counties do revolt,
 Our people quarrel with obedience,
 Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
 To stranger blood, to foreign royalty
 This inundation of mustemper'd humour
 Rests by you only to be qualified
 Then pause not, for the present time's so sick,
 That present medicine must be minister'd,
 Or overthrow incurable ensues

Pand It was my breath that blew this tempest up
 Upon your stubborn usage of the pope,
 But since you are a gentle convertite,
 My tongue shall hush again this storm of war
 And make fair weather in your blustering land.
 On this Ascension-day, remember well,
 Upon your oath of service to the pope,
 Go I to make the French lay down their arms

[Exit]
K. John Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet

Say that before Ascension-day at noon
 My crown I should give off? Even so I have
 I did suppose it should be on constraint,
 But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary

Enter the BASTARD

Bast All Kent hath yielded, nothing there
 holds out
 But Dover Castle London hath receiv'd,
 Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy,
 And wild amazement hurries up and down
 The little number of your doubtful friends

K. John Would not my lords return to me again
 After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast They found him dead and cast into the streets,
 An empty casket, where the jewel of life
 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and taken away

K. John That villain Hubert told me he did live.
Bast So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought,
 Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye.

Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire;
 Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
 Of bragging horror so shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,
 Grow great by your example and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away! and glister like the god of war
 When he intendeth to become the field.
 Show boldness and aspiring confidence.

What! shall they seek the hon in his den
And fright him there? and make him tremble
there?

O! let it not be said. Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors, 60
And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh.

K John The legate of the pope hath been
with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers 64
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley and base truce 68

To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a war-like soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread, 72
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace,
Or if he do, let it at least be said

They saw we had a purpose of defence 76

K John Have thou the ordering of this
present time

Bast Away then, with good courage! yet, I
know,

Our party may well meet a prouder foe
[Exeunt]

SCENE II.—*A Plain, near St Edmundsbury
The French Camp*

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.

Lew My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance
Return the precedent to these lords again,
That, having our fair order written down, 4
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken. 8
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, an unurg'd faith
To your proceedings, yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time 12
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many O! it grieves my soul
That I must draw this metal from my side 16
To be a widow-maker! O! and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury
But such is the infection of the time, 20
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong
And is't not pity, O my griev'd friends! 24
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up 28
Her enemies' ranks—I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—

To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here? 32
What, here? O nation! that thou couldst re-
move,

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore, 36
Where these two Christian armies might com-
bine

The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew A noble temper dost thou show in this,
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom 41
Do make an earthquake of nobility

O! what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect 44

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks

My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation, 48

But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd

Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven 52
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors

Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm

Commend these waters to those baby eyes 56
That never saw the giant world enrag'd,

Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping

Come, come, for thou shalt thrust thy hand as
deep 60

Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine

Enter PANDULPH attended

And even there, methinks, an angel spake 64
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath

Pand Hail, noble prince of France! 68
The next is this King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in

That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome 72

Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,

That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace, 76

And be no further harmful than in show

Lew Your grace shall pardon me, I will not
back

I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control, 80

Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself, 84

And brought in matter that should feed this
fire,

And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.

You taught me how to know the face of right, 88

Accquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart,
And come you now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to
me? 92

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine,
And now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with
Rome? 96

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome
borne

What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I, 100
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?

Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns? 104

Have I not here the best cards for the game
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?

And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said 108

Pand You look but on the outside of this
work

Lew Outside or inside I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified

As to my ample hope was promised 112
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown

Even in the jaws of danger and of death 116
[*Trumpet sounds*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the BASTARD, attended

Bast According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience, I am sent to speak

My holy Lord of Milan, from the king 120
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him,
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limed unto my tongue

Pand The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties 125
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms

Bast By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well. Now hear our English
king, 128

For thus his royalty doth speak in me
He is prepar'd, and reason too he should

This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel, 132
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories. 136

That hand which had the strength, even at
your door,

To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells,

To crouch in litter of your stable planks, 140
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow, 144
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman

Shall that victorious hand be feeble here
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?

No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms, 148
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest

And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb 152
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame
For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change, 156
Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination

Lew There end thy brave, and turn thy face
in peace,

We grant thou canst outscold us fare thee
well, 160

We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler

Pand Give me leave to speak
Bast No, I will speak.

Lew We will attend to neither
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of
war 164

Plead for our interest and our being here
Bast Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will
cry out,

And so shall you, being beaten Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum, 168
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine,
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear 172
And mock the deep mouth'd thunder for at
hand,—

Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,—
Is warlike John, and in his forehead sits 176
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is thus day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French

Lew Strike up our drums, to find this danger
out.

Bast And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do
not doubt. [Exit

SCENE III.—*The Same A Field of Battle*

Alarums Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT

K John How goes the day with us? O! tell
me, Hubert.

Hub Badly, I fear How fares your majesty?

K John This fever, that hath troubled me
so long,

Lies heavy on me O! my heart is sick. 4

Enter a Messenger

Mess My lord, your valiant kinsman, Fau-
conbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go

K John Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the
abbey there. 8

Mess Be of good comfort for the great
supply

That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.

This news was brought to Richard but even now
 The French fight coldly, and retire themselves 13
K John Aye! this tyrant fever burns me up,
 And will not let me welcome this good news
 Set on toward Swinestead to my litter straight,
 Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint 17
 [Exeunt]

SCENE IV — *The Same Another Part of the Same*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Others

Sal I did not think the king so stor'd with friends
Pem Up once again, put spirit in the French
 If they miscarry we miscarry too
Sal That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
 In spite of spite, alone upholds the day 5
Pem They say King John, sore sick, hath left the field

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here
Sal When we were happy we had other names. 8
Pem. It is the Count Melun.
Sal Wounded to death
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold,
 Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
 And welcome home again discarded faith 12
 Seek out King John and fall before his feet,
 For if the French be lords of this loud day,
 He means to recompense the pains you take
 By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,
 And I with him, and many more with me, 17
 Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury,
 Even on that altar where we swore to you
 Dear amity and everlasting love. 20
Sal May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
 Retaining but a quantity of life,
 Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax 24
 Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
 What in the world should make me now deceive,
 Since I must lose the use of all decent?
 Why should I then be false, since it is true 28
 That I must die here and live hence by truth?
 I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
 He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
 Behold another day break in the east 32
 But even thus night, whose black contagious
 breath
 Already smokes about the burning crest
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
 Even thus ill night, your breathing shall expire,
 Paying the fine of rated treachery 37
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
 If Lewis by your assistance win the day
 Command me to one Hubert with your king, 40
 The love of him, and this respect besides,
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.

In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence 44
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires 48
Sal We do believe thee and beshrew my soul

But I do love the favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight, 52
 And like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd
 And calmly run on in obedience, 56
 Even to our ocean, to our great King John
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye Away, my friends! New fight, 60
 And happy newness, that intends old right
 [Exeunt, leading off MELUN]

SCENE V — *The Same The French Camp*

Enter LEWIS and his Train

Lew The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,
 But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
 When the English measur'd backward their own ground
 In faint retire O! bravely came we off, 4
 When with a volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night,
 And wound our tottering colours clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it! 8

Enter a Messenger

Mess Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew Here what news?
Mess The Count Melun is slain, the English lords,
 By his persuasion, are again fall'n off,
 And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
 Are cast away and sunk, on Goodwin sands 13
Lew Ah, foul shrewd news! Beshrew thy very heart!
 I did not think to be so sad to-night
 As this hath made me Who was he that said 16
 King John did fly an hour or two before
 The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord
Lew Well, keep good quarter and good care to-night 20
 The day shall not be up so soon as I,
 To try the far adventure of to-morrow [Exeunt]

SCENE VI — *An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinestead Abbey*

Enter the BASTARD and HUBERT, severally

Hub Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast A friend. What art thou?
Hub Of the part of England.

Bast Whither dost thou go?
Hub What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
 Of thine affairs as well as thou of mine?
Bast Hubert, I think?
Hub Thou hast a perfect thought
 I will upon all hazards well believe
 Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well
 Who art thou?
Bast Who thou wilt and if thou please,
 Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
 I come one way of the Plantagenets
Hub Unkind remembrance! thou and eye-
 less night
 Have done me shame brave soldier, pardon
 me,
 That any accent breaking from thy tongue
 Should scape the true acquaintance of mine
 ear
Bast Come, come, sans compliment, what
 news abroad?
Hub Why, here walk I in the black brow of
 night,
 To find you out.
Bast Brief then and what's the news?
Hub O! my sweet sir, news fitting to the
 night,
 Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible
Bast Show me the very wound of this ill
 news
 I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it
Hub The king, I fear is poison'd by a monk
 I left him almost speechless, and broke out
 To acquaint you with this evil that you might
 The better arm you to the sudden time
 Than if you had at leisure known of this
Bast How did he take it? who did taste to
 him?
Hub A monk, I tell you, a resolved villain,
 Whose bowels suddenly burst out the king
 Yet speaks and peradventure may recover
Bast Whom didst thou leave to tend his
 majesty?
Hub Why, know you not? the lords are all
 come back,
 And brought Prince Henry in their company,
 At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
 And they are all about his majesty
Bast Withhold thine indignation, mighty
 heaven,
 And tempt us not to bear above our power!
 I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
 Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
 These Lincoln Washes have devoured them
 Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd
 Away before! conduct me to the king
 I doubt he will be dead or ere I come [Exeunt.

SCENE VII —The Orchard of Swinstead
 Abbey

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT

P Hen It is too late the life of all his blood
 Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,—

Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
 house,—
 Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
 Foretell the ending of mortality

Enter PEMBROKE

Pem His highness yet doth speak and holds
 belief
 That, being brought into the open air,
 It would allay the burning quality
 Of that fell poison which assaileth him
P Hen Let him be brought into the orchard
 here

Doth he still rage? [Exit BIGOT
Pem He is more patient

Than when you left him even now he sung
P Hen O, vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
 In their continuance will not feel themselves
 Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
 Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
 Against the mind, the which he pricks and
 wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies,
 Which, in their throng and press to that last
 hold,

Confound themselves 'Tis strange that death
 should sing

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
 Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
 And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
 His soul and body to their lasting rest

Sal Be of good comfort, prince, for you are
 born
 To set a form upon that indigest
 Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude

Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants carrying
 KING JOHN in a chair

K John Ay, marry, now my soul hath
 elbow-room,

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
 There is so hot a summer in my bosom

That all my bowels crumble up to dust
 I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
 Upon a parchment, and against this fire

Do I shrink up
P Hen How fares your majesty?

K John Poison'd, ill-fare, dead, forsook,
 cast off,

And none of you will bid the winter come
 To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,

Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
 Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the
 north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
 And comfort me with cold I do not ask you
 much

I beg cold comfort, and you are so strait
 And so ingrateful you deny me that.

P Hen O! that there were some virtue in
 my tears,

That might relieve you.
K John The salt in them is hot

Within me is a hell, and there the poison
 Is as a fiend confin'd to tyrannize

On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD

Bast O! I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleen of speed to see your majesty

K John O cousin! thou art come to set mine
eye

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd, 52
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should
sail

Are turned to one thread, one little hair,
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered, 56
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty

Bast The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven he knows how we shall answer
him 60

For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood 64

Sal You breathe these dead news in as dead
an ear

P Hen Even so must I run on, and even so
stop

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay? 69

Bast Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still 73
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right
spheres,

Where be your powers? Show now your mended
faiths,

And instantly return with me again, 76
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be
sought

The Dauphin rages at our very heels. 80

Sal It seems you know not then so much as
we

The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace 84
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war

Bast He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well snewed to our defence 88

Sal Nay, it is in a manner done already,
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal 92
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily

Bast Let it be so And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd, 97
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P Hen At Worcester must his body be in-
terr'd,

For so he will'd it
Bast Thither shall it then 100

And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!

To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services 104
And true subjection everlastingly

Sal And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore

P Hen I have a kind soul that would give
you thanks, 108

And knows not how to do it but with tears
Bast O! let us pay the time but needful woe

Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs
Thus England never did, nor never shall, 112
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror

But when it first did help to wound itself
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms, 116
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make
us rue,

If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

JOHN OF GAUNT DUKE
of Lancaster
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, } Uncles to the King
Duke of York,

HENRY surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford,

Son to John of Gaunt afterwards King Henry IV

DUKE OF AUMERLE, Son to the Duke of York.

THOMAS MOWBRAY Duke of Norfolk.

DUKE OF SURREY

EARL OF SALISBURY

LORD BERKELEY

BUSHY

BAGOT

GREEN

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his Son.

LORD ROSS

LORD WILLOUGHBY

LORD FITZWATER.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.

LORD MARSHAL.

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP

Captain of a Band of Welshmen.

QUEEN TO KING RICHARD

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper,
Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE — *Dispersedly in England and Wales.*

ACT I

SCENE I — *London. A Room in the Palace*

Enter KING RICHARD, attended, JOHN OF GAUNT,
and other Nobles

K Rich Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd
Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal, 4
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-
bray?

Gaunt I have, my hege

K Rich Tell me, moreover, hast thou
sounded him, 8

If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt As near as I could sift him on that
argument, 12

On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice

K Rich. Then call them to our presence
face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak 17

[*Exit some Attendants*]
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire

*Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and
MOWBRAY*

Boling. Many years of happy days befall 20
My gracious sovereign, my most loving hege!

Mow Each day still better other's happiness,

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown! 24

K Rich We thank you both yet one but
flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object 28
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-
bray?

Boling First,—heaven be the record to my
speech!—

In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince, 32
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well, for what I speak 36
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant
Too good to be so and too bad to live, 40

Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat, 44

And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword

may prove.

Mow Let not my cold words here accuse my
zeal

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war, 48
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,

Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain,
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this

Yet can I not of such tame patience boast 52
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say

First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs
me

From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would post until it had return'd. 56
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot. 64
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime let this defend my loyalty
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie. 68

Boling Pale trembling coward, there I throw
my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king,
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to ex-
cept 72

If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm, 76
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Mow I take it up, and by that sword I
swear,

Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoul-
der,

I'll answer thee in any fair degree, 80
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

K Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mow-
bray's charge? 84

It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling Look, what I speak, my life shall
prove it true,

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand
nobles 88

In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employ-
ments,

Like a false traitor and injurious villain. 92

Besides I say and will in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,

That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land, 96

Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and
spring

Further I say and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,

That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries, 101

And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Slur'd out his innocent soul through streams
of blood

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries, 104

Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement,

And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent. 108

K Rich How high a pitch his resolution
soars!

Thomas of Norfolk, what sayst thou to this?
Mow O! let my sovereign turn away his
face

And bid his ears a little while be deaf, 112

Till I have told this slander of his blood
How God and good men hate so foul a liar

K Rich Mowbray, impartial are our eyes
and ears

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,—
As he is but my father's brother's son,— 117

Now, by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize

The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou

Free speech and fearless I to thee allow
Mow Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy
heart, 124

Through the false passage of thy throat, thou
liest

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers,

The other part reserv'd I by consent, 128

For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account,

Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
Now swallow down that lie For Gloucester's
death, 132

I slew him not, but to mine own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case

For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe, 136

Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul,

But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd 140

Your Grace's pardon, and I hope I had it
This is my fault as for the rest appeal'd,

It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor, 144

Which in myself I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage

Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman 148

Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray

Your highness to assign our trial day
K Rich Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd
by me, 152

Let's purge this choler without letting blood
Thus we prescribe, though no physician,

Deep malice makes too deep incision
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed, 156

Our doctors say this is no month to bleed
Good uncle, let this end where it begun,

We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your
son.

Gaunt To be a make-peace shall become my
age 160

Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's
gage

K Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt When, Harry, when?

Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K Rich Norfolk, throw down, we bid, there
is no boot. 164
Mow Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at
thy foot
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame
The one my duty owes, but my fair name,—
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,— 168
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-
blood. 172
Which breath'd this poison
K Rich Rage must be withstood
Give me his gage lions make leopards tame
Mow Yea, but not change his spots take
but my shame,
And I resign my gage My dear lord, 176
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation, that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest 180
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one,
Take honour from me, and my life is done
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try,
In that I live and for that will I die 185
K Rich Cousin, throw down your gage do
you begin
Boling O! God defend my soul from such
deep sin
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight, 188
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble
wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear 192
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's
face [Exit GAUNT
K Rich We were not born to sue, but to
command 196
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day
Thereshall your swords and lances arbitrate 200
The swelling difference of your settled hate
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry
Marshal, command our officers-at-arms 204
Be ready to direct these home alarms [Exit

SCENE II —The Same A Room in the DUKE
OF LANCASTER'S Palace

Enter GAUNT and DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Gaunt Alas! the part I had in Woodstock's
blood

Doth more solicit me than your exclams,
To stir against the butchers of his life
But since correction lieth in those hands 4
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven,
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,

Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads 8

Duch Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper
spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?

Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,

Were as seven vials of his sacred blood, 12

Or seven fair branches springing from one root

Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,

Some of those branches by the Destinies cut,

But Thomas my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,

One vial full of Edward's sacred blood, 17

One flourishing branch of his most royal root,

Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,

Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all wither'd,

By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe. 21

Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine that bed, that

womb,

That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee

Made him a man, and though thou liv'st and

breath'st, 24

Yet art thou slain in him thou dost consent

In some large measure to thy father's death

In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,

Who was the model of thy father's life 28

Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair

In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd

Thou snow'st the naked pathway to thy life,

Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee 32

That which in mean men we entitle patience

Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts

What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,

The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

Gaunt God's is the quarrel, for God's sub-
stitute, 37

His deputy anointed in his sight,

Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully,

Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift 40

An angry arm against his minister

Duch Where then, alas! may I complain
myself?

Gaunt To God, the widow's champion and
defence

Duch Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold 45

Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight

O! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,

That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast. 48

Or if misfortune miss the first career,

Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom

That they may break his foaming courser's back,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists, 52

A catiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!

Farewell, old Gaunt thy sometimes brother's

wife

With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt Sister, farewell, I must to Coventry

As much good stay with thee as go with me! 57

Duch Yet one word more Grief boundeth

where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight

I take my leave before I have begun, 60

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.

Lo! this is all nay, yet depart not so,

Though this be all, do not so quickly go, 64

I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?

With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack! and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls, 68
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what heart therefor welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where 72
Desolate desolate will I hence, and die
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye
[Exeunt

Before King Richard in his royal lists? 32
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy
quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!
Boling Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,
Am I, who ready here do stand in arms, 36
To prove by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven! 41

SCENE III — *Open Space, near Coventry Lists
set out, and a Throne* Heralds, &c, attending

Enter the Lord Marshal and AUMERLE

Mar My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford
arm'd?

Aum Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in
Mar The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and
bold,

Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet 4

Aum Why then, the champions are pre-
par'd, and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach

Flourish *Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his
seat on his Throne, GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT,
GREEN, and Others, who take their places* A
trumpet is sounded and answered by another
trumpet within Then enter MOWBRAY, in
armour, defendant, preceded by a Herald
K Rich Marshal, demand of yonder cham-
pion

The cause of his arrival here in arms 8
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause

Mar In God's name, and the king's, say
who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms,
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy
quarrel 13

Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine oath,
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!

Mow My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke
of Norfolk, 16

Who hither come engaged by my oath,—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth

To God, my king, and his succeeding issue, 20
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me,
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,

A traitor to my God, my king, and me 24
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
[He takes his seat,

Trumpet sounds *Enter BOLINGBROKE, appel-
lant, in armour, preceded by a Herald*

K Rich Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war, 28
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause

Mar What is thy name? and wherefore
com'st thou hither,

Mar On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal and such officers 44
Appointed to direct these fair designs

Boling Lord marshal, let me kiss my sove-
reign's hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage, 49
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends

Mar The appellant in all duty greets your
highness, 52
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave

K Rich [Descends from his throne] We will
descend and fold him in our arms
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight! 56

Farewell, my blood, which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead
Boling O! let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear 60

As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord I take my leave of you,
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle, 64

Not sick, although I have to do with death
But lusty, young, and cheerily drawing breath
Lo! as at English feasts, so I regret
The damtiest last, to make the end most sweet
O thou, the earthly author of my blood, 69
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head, 72

Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furnish new the name of John a Gaunt, 76
Even in the lusty haviour of his son

Gaunt God in thy good cause make thee
prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled, 80
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy

Rouse up thy youthful blood, bevalant and live
Boling Mine innocence and Saint George
to thrive! [He takes his seat

Mow [Rising] However God or fortune cast
my lot, 85

There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart 88
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace

His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary 92
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.
As gentle and as jocund as to jest,
Go I to fight: truth has a quiet breast. 96
K Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The KING and the Lords return to their seats*]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, 100
Receive thy lance, and God defend the right!
Boling. [Rising.] Strong as a tower in hope,
I cry 'amen'

Mar. [To an Officer.] Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk

First Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, 104
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself.
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,

A traitor to his God, his king, and him, 108
And dares him to set forward to the fight

Sec Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve 112
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal,
Courageously and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin. 116

Mar. Sound, trumpet, and set forward, combatants [A charge sounded]
Stay, stay, the king hath thrown his warder down

K Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again 120
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets sound
While we return these dukes what we decree

[A long flourish.]

[To the Combatants.] Draw near,
And list what with our council we have done
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd 125

With that dear blood which it hath fostered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords, 128

And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle 132

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep,
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,

With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms, 136
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood
Therefore, we banish you our territories.

You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life, 140
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: thus must my comfort be, 144

That sun that warms you here shall shine on me,
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom, 148

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce
The sly slow hours shall not determinate

The dateless limit of thy dear exile,
The hopeless word of 'never to return' 152

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life
Mow. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign

liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth

A dearer merit, not so deep a main 156
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.

The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego, 160

And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstring'd viol or a harp,

Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands 164

That knows no touch to tune the harmony
Within my mouth you have engaul'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips,

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance 168
Is made my gaoler to attend on me
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,

Too far in years to be a pupil now
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath? 173

K Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate
After our sentence plaining comes too late

Mow. Then, thus I turn me from my country's light, 176
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[Retiring]

K Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands,
Swear by the duty that you owe to God— 180

Our part therein we banish with yourselves—
To keep the oath that we administer

You never shall,—so help you truth and God!—
Embrace each other's love in banishment, 184

Nor never look upon each other's face,
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile

This low'ring tempest of your home-red hate,
Nor never by advised purpose meet 188

To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear

Mow. And I, to keep all this, 192

Boling. Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy—
By this time, had the king permitted us,

One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh, 196

As now our flesh is banish'd from this land.

Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm,
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
 The clogging burden of a guilty soul 200
Mow No, Bolingbroke if ever I were traitor,
 My name be blotted from the book of life,
 And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!
 But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know, 204
 And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue
 Farewell, my hege Now no way can I stray,
 Save back to England, all the world s my way.

[*Exit*]
K Rich Uncle, even in the glasses of thine
 eyes 208

I see thy griev'd heart thy sad aspect
 Hath from the number of his banish'd years
 Pluck'd four away — [To BOLINGBROKE] Six
 frozen winters spent,
 Return with welcome home from banishment
Boling How long a time lies in one little
 word! 213

Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
 End in a word such is the breath of kings

Gaunt I thank my hege, that in regard of me
 He shortens four years of my son's exile, 217
 But little vantage shall I reap thereby
 For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
 Can change their moons and bring their times
 about, 220

My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
 Shall be extinct with age and endless night,
 My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
 And blindfold death not let me see my son 224

K Rich Why, uncle, thou hast many years
 to live

Gaunt But not a minute, king, that thou
 canst give
 Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a mor-
 row, 228

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage,
 Thy word is current with him for my death,
 But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath

K Rich Thy son is banish'd upon good
 advice 233

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave
 Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

Gaunt Things sweet to taste prove in diges-
 tion sour 236

You urg'd me as a judge, but I had rather
 You would have bid me argue like a father
 O! had it been a stranger, not my child,
 To smooth his fault I should have been more
 mild 240

A partial slander sought I to avoid,
 And in the sentence my own life destroy'd
 Alas! I look'd when some of you should say,
 I was too strict to make mine own away, 244
 But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
 Against my will to do myself this wrong

K Rich Cousin, farewell, and, uncle, bid
 him so

Six years we banish him, and he shall go 248

[*Flourish* *Exit* KING RICHARD and *Train*
Aum Cousin, farewell what presence must
 not know,

From where you do remain let paper show
Mar My lord, no leave take I, for I will ride,
 As far as land will let me, by your side 252
Gaunt O! to what purpose dost thou hoard
 thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Boling I have too few to take my leave of
 you

When the tongue's office should be prodigal 256
 To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart

Gaunt Thy grief is but thy absence for a time
Boling Joy absent, grief is present for that
 time

Gaunt What is six winters? they are quickly
 gone 260

Boling To men in joy, but grief makes one
 hour ten

Gaunt Call it a travel that thou tak'st for
 pleasure

Boling My heart will sigh when I miscall
 it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage 264
Gaunt The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set
 The precious jewel of thy home return

Boling Nay, rather, every tedious stride I
 make 268

Will but remember me what a deal of world
 I wander from the jewels that I love

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
 To foreign passages, and in the end, 272

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
 But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt All places that the eye of heaven visits
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens 276

Teach thy necessity to reason thus,
 There is no virtue like necessity

Think not the king did banish thee,
 But thou the king Woe doth the heavier sit,

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne 281
 Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,

And not the king exil'd thee, or suppose
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air, 284

And thou art flying to a fresher clime
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou
 com'st

Suppose the singing birds musicians, 288
 The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence

strew'd,
 The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more

Than a delightful measure or a dance,
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite 292

The man that mocks at it and sets it light
Boling O! who can hold a fire in his hand

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite 296

By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in December snow

By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
 O, no! the apprehension of the good 300

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more

Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore
Gaunt Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee
 on thy way 304

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay
Boling Then, England's ground, farewell,
 sweet soil, adieu
 My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
 Where'er I wander, boast of this I can, 308
 Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.
 [Exeunt]

SCENE IV—*London. A Room in the KING'S
 Castle*

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN at one
 door, AUMERLE at another

K Rich We did observe Cousin Aumerle,
 How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum I brought high Hereford, if you call
 him so,

But to the next highway, and there I left him. 4
K Rich And say, what store of parting tears
 were shed?

Aum Faith, none for me, except the north-
 east wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
 Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance 8
 Did grace our hollow parting with a tear

K Rich What said our cousin when you
 parted with him?

Aum 'Farewell'

And, for my heart dismained that my tongue 12
 Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
 To counterfeit oppression of such grief
 That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave
 Marry, would the word 'farewell' have length-
 en'd hours 16

And added years to his short banishment,
 He should have had a volume of farewells,
 But, since it would not, he had none of me

K Rich He is our cousin, cousin, but 'tis
 doubt, 20

When time shall call him home from banish-
 ment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
 Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green
 Observ'd his courtship to the common people,
 How he did seem to dive into their hearts 25

With humble and familiar courtesy,
 What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
 Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
 And patient underbearing of his fortune, 29

As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench,
 A brace of draymen bid God speed him well, 32

And had the tribute of his supple knee,
 With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving
 friends.'

As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope 36

Green Well, he is gone, and with him go
 these thoughts

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
 Expedient manage must be made, my hege,
 Ere further leisure yield them further means 40

For their advantage and your highness' loss
K Rich We will ourselves in person to this war
 And, for our coffers with too great a court
 And liberal largess are grown somewhat light,

We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm, 45
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank
 charters, 48
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are
 rich,

They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
 And send them after to supply our wants,
 For we will make for Ireland presently 52

Enter BUSHY

Bushy, what news?

Bushy Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick,
 my lord,

Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste
 To entreat your majesty to visit him. 56

K Rich Where lies he?

Bushy At Ely House

K Rich Now, put it, God, in his physician's
 mind

To help him to his grave immediately! 60

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him

Pray God we may make haste, and come too
 late 64

All Amen.

[Exeunt]

ACT II

SCENE I—*London. An Apartment in Ely
 House*

GAUNT on a couch, the DUKE OF YORK and
 Others standing by him

Gaunt Will the king come, that I may breathe
 my last

In wholesome counsel to his unsta'd youth?

York Vex not yourself, nor strive not with
 your breath,

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear 4

Gaunt O! but they sav the tongues of dying
 men

Enforce attention like deep harmony
 Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent
 in vain,

For they breathe truth that breathe their words
 in pain. 8

He that no more must say is listen'd more
 Than they whom youth and ease have taught
 to glose,

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives
 before

The setting sun and music at the close, 12
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,

Writ in remembrance more than things long
 past

Though Richard my life's counsel would not
 hear,

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear 16

York No, it is stopp'd with other flattering
 sounds,

As praises of his state then there are fond

Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound

The open ear of youth doth always listen 20

Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,— 24
So it be new there's no respect how vile,—
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard. 28
Direct not him whose way himself will choose
"His breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt
thou lose

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring do foretell of him 32
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves,
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are
short,

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes, 36
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle, 40
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war, 44
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house, 48
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their
birth, 52
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
For Christian service and true chivalry,—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son 56
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out,—I die pronouncing it,—
Like to a tenement, or pelling farm 60
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds 64
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death. 68

*Enter KING RICHARD and QUEEN, AUMERLE,
BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WIL-
LOUGHBY*

York The king is come deal mildly with
his youth,
*For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the
more*

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lan-
caster?

K Rich. What comfort, man? How is 't with
aged Gaunt?

Gaunt O! how that name befits my com-
position, 72

Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old.
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast, 75
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd,
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks, 80
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones
K Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with
their names? 84

Gaunt No, misery makes sport to mock it-
self

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee
K Rich. Should dying men flatter with those
that live? 88

Gaunt No, no, men living flatter those that
die

K Rich. Thou, now a-dying, sayst thou flatter-
er'st me

Gaunt O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker
be

K Rich. I am in health I breathe, and see
thee ill 92

Gaunt Now, he that made me knows I see
thee ill,

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land 96

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, 100
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land
O! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye, 104
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy
shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself 108

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease,
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so? 112
Landlord of England art thou now, not king
Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law,
And—

K Rich. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an age's privilege, 116

Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty, 120
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,—
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent
shoulders

Gaunt O! spare me not, my brother Ed-
ward's son, 124

For that I was his father Edward's son
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly carous'd

My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning
soul,—
Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy
souls!—

May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's
blood

Join with the present sickness that I have, 132
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be! 136
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave
Love they to live that love and honour have

[Exit, borne out by his Attendants.]

K Rich And let them die that age and sullen
have,

For both hast thou, and both become the grave
Hereford I do beseech your majesty, impute his
words 141

To wayward sickness and age in him
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here 144

K Rich Right, you say true as Hereford's
love, so his,

As theirs, so mine, and all be as it is

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

North My liege, old Gaunt commends him
to your majesty

K Rich What says he? 148

North Nay, nothing, all is said
His tongue is now a stringless instrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent

York Be York the next that must be bank-
rupt so! 152

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe
K Rich The ripest fruit first falls, and so
doth he

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that Now for our Irish wars 156

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.

And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us 162

The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York How long shall I be patient? Ah! how
long 164

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banish-
ment,

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private
wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke 168
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,

Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face

I am the last of noble Edward's sons, 172
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first,

In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,

Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he, 177

Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours,

But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends, his noble hand 180
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin. 184
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K Rich Why, uncle, what's the matter?
York

Pardon me, if you please, if not, I pleas'd 188
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true? 193
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?

Take Hereford's rights away, and take from
Time

His charters and his customary rights, 197
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day,

Be not thyself, for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession? 200

Now, afore God—God forbid I say true!—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,

Call in the letters-patent that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue 204

His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts

Which honour and allegiance cannot think 209
K Rich Think what you will we seize into
our hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York I'll not be by the while my liege, fare-
well 212

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell,
But by bad courses may be understood

That their events can never fall out good [Exit
K Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire
straight 216

Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see this business To-morrow next

We will for Ireland, and 'tis time, I trow—
And we create, in absence of ourself, 220

Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.

Come on, our queen to-morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish
[Exeunt KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE,
GREEN, and BAGOT 225

North Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is
dead. 225

Ross And living too, for now his son is duke.
Willow Barely in title, not in revenue.

North Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross My heart is great, but it must break
with silence, 229

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.
North Nay, speak thy mind, and let him
ne'er speak more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willow Tends that thou'dst speak to the
Duke of Hereford? 233

If it be so, out with it boldly, man,
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards
him.

Ross No good at all that I can do for him, 236
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony

North Now, afore God, 'tis shame such
wrongs are borne

In him, a royal prince, and many more 240
Of noble blood in this declining land

The king is not himself but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all, 244
That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs
Ross The commons hath he pill'd with

grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts the nobles hath he

fin'd 248
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts

Will And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what.

But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
North Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd

he hath no, 253
But basely yielded upon compromise

That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows.
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars

Ross The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm
in farm 257

Will The king's grown bankrupt, like a
broken man

North Reproach and dissolution hangeth
over him.

Ross He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdensome taxations notwithstanding, 261

But by the robbing of the banish'd duke
North His noble kinsman most degenerate

king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sung, 264

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm,
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish
Ross We see the very wrack that we must

suffer, 268
And unavoids is the danger now,

For suffering so the causes of our wrack
North Not so even through the hollow eyes

of death
I spy life peering, but I dare not say 272

How near the tidings of our comfort is
Will Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as

thou dost ours.
Ross Be confident to speak, Northumber-

land
We three are but thyself and, speaking so, 276

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore, be
bold

North Then thus I have from Port le Blanc,
a bay

In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord

Cobham, 280
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,

His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,

Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and
Francis Quoint, 284

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Britaine,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of

war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,

And shortly mean to touch our northern shore
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay 289

The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,

Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd

crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,

And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh, 296

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go

Ross To horse, to horse! urge doubts to
them that fear

Will Hold out my horse, and I will first be
there [Exeunt

SCENE II.—The Same A Room in the Palace

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT

Bushy Madam, your majesty is too much
sad

You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,

And entertain a cheerful disposition 4
Queen To please the king I did, to please

myself
I cannot do it, yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest. 8

As my sweet Richard yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,

Is coming towards me, and my inward soul 11
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieves

More than with parting from my lord the king
Bushy Each substance of a grief hath twenty

shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so

For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears, 16
Divides one thing entire to many objects,

Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Show nothing but confusion, ey'd awry

Distinguish form so your sweet majesty, 20
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,

Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail,
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows

Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not

more's not seen, 25
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,

Which for things true weeps things imaginary
Queen It may be so, but yet my inward soul

Persuades me it is otherwise how'er it be, 29
I cannot but be sad, so heavy sad,

As, though in thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious
lady

Queen 'Tis nothing less conceit is still
deriv'd 33

From some forefather grief, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief, 36
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve
'Tis in reversion that I do possess,
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameless woe, I wot. 40

Enter GREEN

Green God save your majesty! and well met,
gentlemen

I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope
he is, 43

For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

Green That he, our hope, might have retir'd
his power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land 48

The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd

At Ravenspurgh.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. Ah! madam, 'tis too true and that is
worse, 52

The Lord Northumberland, his son young
Henry Percy,

The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy Why have you not proclaim'd North-
umberland 56

And all the rest of the revolted faction traitors?

Green. We have whereupon the Earl of
Worcester

Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him 60

To Bolingbroke.

Queen So, *Green*, thou art the midwife to
my woe,

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy, 64

And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy Despair not, madam.

Queen Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity 68

With cozening hope he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,

Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity 72

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen With signs of war about his aged
neck

O! full of careful business are his looks.
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York Should I do so, I should belie my
thoughts 77

Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and grief

Your husband, he is gone to save far off, 80
Whilst others come to make him lose at home

Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.

Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made,
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv My lord, your son was gone before I
came

York He was? Why, so! go all which way
it will!

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are
cold, 88

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side

Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester,

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.

Hold, take my ring 92

Serv My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship
To-day, as I came by, I called there,

But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York What is't, knave? 96

Serv An hour before I came the duchess
died

York God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!

I know not what to do I would to God,— 100
So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,—

The king had cut off my head with my brother's.

What! are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?

How shall we do for money for these wars? 104

Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray,
pardon me—

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts
And bring away the armour that is there

[Exit Servant.]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know
How or which way to order these affairs 109

Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me Both are my kinsmen

The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend, the other again 113

Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right

Well, somewhat we must do Come, cousin, 116
I'll dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster up

your men,
And meet me presently at Berkeley Castle.

I should to Plashy too

But time will not permit. All is uneven, 120
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[Exit YORK and QUEEN]

Bushy The wind sits fair for news to go to
Ireland,

But none returns For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy 124

Is all impossible

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in
love

Is near the hate of those love not the king

Bagot And that's the wavering commons,
for their love 128

Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy Wherean the king stands generally
condemn'd.

Bagot If judgment be in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king. 133

Green Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol Castle,
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there
Bushy Thither will I with you, for little office 136
Will the hateful commons perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces
Will you go along with us?
Bagot No, I will to Ireland to his majesty
Farewell if heart's presages be not vain, 141
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.
Bushy That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke
Green Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes 144
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly
Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever
Bushy Well, we may meet again.
Bagot I fear me, never 148
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III—*The Wolds in Gloucestershire*

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces

Boling How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?
North Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways 4
Draw out our miles and make them wearisome,
But yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable
But I bethink me what a weary way 8
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd 12
The tediousness and process of my travel
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess,
And hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoy'd by thus the weary lords 16
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company
Boling Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HENRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy, 21
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever
Harry, how fares your uncle?
H. Percy I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you. 24
North Why, is he not with the queen?
H. Percy No, my good lord, he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king
North What was his reason? 28
He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together

H. Percy Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford, 32
And sent me over by Berkeley to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there,
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh.
North Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy? 36
H. Percy No, my good lord, for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember to my knowledge
I never in my life did look on him
North Then learn to know him now this is the duke 40
H. Percy My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert. 44
Boling I thank thee, gentle Percy, and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends,
And as my fortune ripens with thy love, 48
It shall be still thy true love's recompense
My heart thus covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
North How far is it to Berkeley? and what str
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?
H. Percy There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees, 53
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour,
None else of name and noble estimate 56

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY

North Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
Boling Welcome, my lords I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor, all my treasury 60
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense
Ross Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord
Willo And far surmounts our labour to attain it. 64
Boling Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor,
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKELEY

North. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.
Berk My lord of Hereford, my message is to you. 69
Boling My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster,
And I am come to seek that name in England,
And I must find that title in your tongue 72
Before I make reply to aught you say

Berk Mistake me not, my lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will, 76
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time
And fright our native peace with self-born arms

Enter YORK, attended

Boling I shall not need transport my words
by you 81
Here comes his Grace in person

York Show me thy humble heart, and not
thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false 84

Boling My gracious uncle—
York Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle
I am no traitor's uncle, and that word 'grace'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane 89
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then, more 'why?' why have they dar'd to
march 92

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Fighting her pale-fac'd villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?

Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind, 97

And in my loyal bosom lies his power
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth

As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself, 100
Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of
men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee 104

And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling My gracious uncle, let me know my
fault

On that condition stands it and wherein
York Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason 109

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,

In braving arms against thy sovereign. 112
Boling As I was banish'd, I was banish'd
Hereford,

But as I come, I come for Lancaster
And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace

Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye 116
You are my father, for methinks in you

I see old Gaunt alive O! then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd

A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away

To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,

It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster 124
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman,

Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,

To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay
I am demed to sue my livery here, 129

And yet my letters-patent give me leave
My father's goods are all distraint'd and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employ'd 132
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law attorneys are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent. 136

North The noble duke hath been too much
abus'd

Ross It stands your Grace upon to do him
right.

Will Base men by his endowments are
made great

York My lords of England, let me tell you
this 140

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right,

But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way, 144

To find out right with wrong, it may not be,
And you that do abet him in this kind

Cherish rebellion and are rebels all
North The noble duke hath sworn his com-
ing is 148

But for his own, and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;

And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!
York Well, well, I see the issue of these
arms 152

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left,

But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stoop 156

Unto the sovereign mercy of the king,
But since I cannot, be it known to you

I do remain as neuter So, fare you well,
Unless you please to enter in the castle 160

And there repose you for this night.
Boling An offer, uncle, that we will accept

But we must win your Grace to go with us
To Bristol Castle, which they say is held 164

By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,

Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away
York It may be I will go with you, but yet

I'll pause, 168
For I am loath to break our country's laws

Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are
Things past redress are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV—A Camp in Wales

Enter SALISBURY and a Captain.

Cap My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd
ten days,

And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king,

Therefore we will disperse ourselves farewell. 4
Sal Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welsh-
man

The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Cap 'Tis thought the king is dead. we will
not stay

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd 12
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heav'n,

The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful
change,
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy, 13
The other to enjoy by rage and war
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings
Farewell our countrymen are gone and fled, 16
As well as Richard their king is dead

[Exit
mind
Sal Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament 20
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest.
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes [Exit

Green My comfort is, that heaven will take
our souls 33
And plague iniustice with the pains of hell
Boling My Lord Northumberland, see them
dispatch'd

[Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND and Others,
with BUSHY and GREEN
Uncle, you say the queen is at your house, 36
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated
Tell her I send to her my kind commends,
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd
York A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large 41
Boling Thanks, gentle uncle Come, lords,
away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices
Awhile to work, and after holiday [Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE I — Bristol BOLINGBROKE'S Camp

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND,
HENRY PERCY, WILLUGHBY, ROSS, Officers
behind, with BUSHY and GREEN prisoners

Boling Bring forth these men
Busby and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part your
bodies—

With too much urging your pernicious lives, 4
For 'twere no charity, yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths
You have misled a prince, a royal king, 8
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him, 12
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul
wrongs.

Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth, 16
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment, 21
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispar'd my parks, and felled my forest woods,
From mine own windows torn my household
coat, 24

Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
Thus and much more, much more than twice
all this, 28
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
over

To execution and the hand of death
Busby More welcome is the stroke of death
to me
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

SCENE II — The Coast of Wales A Castle
in view

Flourish drums and trumpets Enter KING
RICHARD, the BISHOP of CARLISLE, AUMERLE,
and Soldiers

K Rich Barkloughly Castle call they this
at hand?

Aum Yea, my lord How brooks your Grace
the air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas?
K Rich Needs must I like it well I weep
for joy 4

To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses'
hoofs

As a long-parted mother with her child 8
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth, 12
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense,
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gated toads he in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet 16

Which with usurping steps do trample thee
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies,
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder 20
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king 25
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms

Car Fear not, my lord that power that
made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all 28
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected, else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress 32

Aum He means, my lord, that we are too
remiss,
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in
friends.

K Rich Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not 36

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad un-
seen,

In murders and in outrage bloody here, 40
But when, from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every guilty hole
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins 44
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their
backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night 48
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day, 52
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king,
The breath of worldly men cannot depose 56
The deputy elected by the Lord
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay 60
A glorious angel; then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards
the right

Enter SALISBURY

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?
Sal Nor near nor further off, my gracious
lord, 64

Than this weak arm discomfort guides my
tongue

And bids me speak of nothing but despair
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth. 68
O! call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting
men

To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy
state, 72

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum Comfort, my liege! why looks your
Grace so pale?

K Rich But now, the blood of twenty thou-
sand men 76

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And till so much blood thither come again

Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side, 80
For time hath set a blot upon my pride

Aum Comfort, my liege! remember who you
are

K Rich I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest. 84

Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory: Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high? 88

High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn: But who
comes here?

Enter SIR STEPHEN SCROOP

Scroop More health and happiness betide
my liege

Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him! 92

K Rich Mine ear is open and my heart pre-
par'd

The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care,
And what loss is it to be rid of care? 96

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be: if he serve God

We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend, 100

They break their faith to God as well as us
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay,

The worst is death, and death will have his day

Scroop Glad am I that your highness is so
arm'd 104

To bear the tidings of calamity
Like an unseasonable stormy day

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears, 108

So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land

With hard bright steel and hearts harder than
steel

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hair-
less scalps 112

Against thy majesty, and boys, with women's
voices,

Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown,

Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state, 117

Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,

And all goes worse than I have power to tell 120
K Rich Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale
so ill.

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?

That they have let the dangerous enemy 124
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Boling-
broke

Scroop Peace have they made with him,
indeed, my lord - 128

K Rich O villains, vipers, damn'd without
redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting
my heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence!
Scroop Sweet love, I see, changing his pro-
perty,

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate, 136
Again uncurses their souls, their peace is made

With heads and not with hands: those whom
you curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound
And he full low, grav'd in the hollow ground 140

Aum Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Scroop Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads

Aum Where is the duke my father with his power?

K Rich. No matter where Of comfort no man speak 144

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,
Let's choose executors and talk of wills 148

And yet not so—for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death, 152

And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings 156

How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,

All murder'd for within the hollow crown 160
That rounds the mortal temples of a king

Keeps Death his court, and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,

Allowing him a breath, a little scene, 164
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,

Infusing him with self and vain conceit
As if this flesh which walls about our life

Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
Comes at the last, and with a little pin 169

Bore through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood

With solemn reverence throw away respect, 172
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,

For you have but mistook me all this while
I live with bread like you, feel want,

Taste grief, need friends subjected thus, 176
How can you say to me I am a king?

Car My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail
their woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,

Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself

Fear and be slain, no worse can come to fight
And fight and die is death destroying death, 184

Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.
Aum My father hath a power; inquire of him

And learn to make a body of a limb.

K Rich. Though I'd stme well. Proud Bolingbroke, I come 188

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;

An easy task it is, to win our own.—
Say, *Scroop*, where lies our uncle with his power?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour
Scroop Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day;

So may you by my dull and heavy eye, 196

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say
I play the torturer, by small and small

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke, 200

And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms

Upon his party
K Rich Thou hast said enough

[*To Aumerle*] Beshrew thee, cousin, which
didst lead me forth 204

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we

now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly

That bids me be of comfort any more 208
Go to Flint Castle there I'll pine away,

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey
That power I have, discharge, and let them go

To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none let no man speak again 213

To alter this, for counsel is but vain
Aum My liege, one word

K Rich He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue

Discharge my followers let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — Wales Before Flint Castle

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Others

Boling So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispers'd and Salisbury

Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast. 4

North The news is very fair and good, my lord

Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York It would besem the Lord Northumberland

To say, 'King Richard' alack the heavy day 8
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North Your Grace mistakes, only to be brief
Left I his title out.

York The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he

would 12
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,

Fortaking so the head, your whole head's length
Boling Mistake not, uncle, further than you

should.

York Take not, good cousin, further than
you should, 16

Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads
Boling I know it, uncle, and oppose not my-

self
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter HENRY PERCY.

Welcome, Harry what, will not this castle
yield? 20

H Percy The castle royally is mann'd, my
lord,

Against thy entrance.

Boling Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

H Percy Yes, my good lord, 24
It doth contain a king King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone,
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord
Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman 28
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn

North O! belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle

Boling [To NORTH] Noble lord,

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle, 32

Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver

Henry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's

hand, 36

And sends allegiance and true faith of heart

To his most royal person, hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,

Provided that my banishment repeal'd, 40

And lands restor'd again be freely granted

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,

And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Eng-

lishmen 44

The which, how far off from the mind of Bol-

ingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show 48

Go, signify as much, while here we march

Upon the grassy carpet of this plain

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning

drum,

That from the castle's totter'd battlements 52

Our fair appointments may be well perus'd

Methinks King Richard and myself should meet

With no less terror than the elements

Of fire and water, when their thundering shock

At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water

The rage be his, while on the earth I rain

My waters, on the earth, and not on him 60

March on, and mark King Richard how he looks

A Parley sounded, and answered by a Trumpet

within Flourish Enter on the Walls KING

RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE,

SCROOP, and SALISBURY

H Percy See, see, King Richard doth him-

self appear,

As doth the blushing discontented sun

From out the fiery portal of the east, 64

When he perceives the envious clouds are bent

To dim his glory and to stain the track

Of his bright passage to the occident.

York Yet looks he like a king behold, his

eye, 68

As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth

Controlling majesty alack, alack, for woe,

That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K Rich. [To NORTHUMBERLAND] We are

amaz'd, and thus long have we stood 72

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king

And if we be, how dare thy joints forget

To pay their awful duty to our presence? 76

If we be not, show us the hand of God

That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship,

For well we know, no hand of blood and bone

Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, 80

Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp

And though you think that all, as you have done,

Have torn their souls by turning them from us,

And we are barren and bereft of friends, 84

Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,

Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf

Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike 88

Your children yet unborn and unbegot,

That lift your vassal hands against my head

And threaten the glory of my precious crown

Tell Bolingbroke,—for yond methinks he is,—

That every stride he makes upon my land 92

Is dangerous treason he is come to open

The purple testament of bleeding war,

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,

Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' 96

sons

Shall ill become the flower of England's face,

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace

To scarlet indignation, and bedew

Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood

North The king of heaven forbid our lord

the king 102

Should so with civil and uncivil arms

Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,

Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,

And by the honourable tomb he swears, 106

That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,

And by the royalties of both your bloods,

Currents that spring from one most gracious

head, 108

And by the bured hand of war-like Gaunt,

And by the worth and honour of himself,

Comprising all that may be sworn or said,

His coming hither hath no further scope 112

Than for his lineal royalties and to beg

Enfranchisement immediate on his knees

Which on thy royal party granted once,

His glittering arms he will commend to rust, 116

His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart

To faithful service of your majesty

Thus swears he, as he is a prince, is just;

And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him 120

K Rich. Northumberland, say, thus the king

returns

His noble cousin is right welcome hither,

And all the number of his fair demands

Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction

With all the gracious utterance thou hast 125

Speak to his gentle hearing kind commands.

[NORTHUMBERLAND retires to BOLINGBROKE.

[To AUMERLE.] We do debase ourself, cousin,

do we not,

To look so poorly and to speak so fair? 128

Shall we call back Northumberland and send

Defiance to the traitor and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord, let's fight with

gentle words,

Till time lend friends and friends their helpful

swords, 132

K Rich O God! O God! that e'er this tongue
of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth O! that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name, 137
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope
to beat, 140

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me
Aum Northumberland comes back from
Bolingbroke

K Rich What must the king do now? Must
he submit?

The king shall do it must he be depos'd? 144
The king shall be contented must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage, 148
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints, 152
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave,
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects'
feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head,
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live,
And buried once, why not upon my head? 159
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted
cousin!

We'll make foul weather with despised tears,
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes, 164
And make some pretty match with shedding
tears?

As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth, and, there inlaid There lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping
eyes? 169

Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idly and you laugh at me
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay

North My lord, in the base court he doth
attend 176
To speak with you, may't please you to come
down?

K Rich Down, down, I come, like glister-
ing Phaethon,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades
In the base court? Base court, where kings
grow base, 180
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace
In the base court? Come down? Down, court!
down, king!

For night-owls shriek where mounting larks
should sing [Exeunt from above
Boling What says his majesty?

North Sorrow and grief of heart 184
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man
Yet he is come

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Attendants
Boling Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty [Kneeling
My gracious lord,— 189
K Rich Fair cousin, you debase your
princely knee

To make the base earth proud with kissing it
Me rather had my heart might feel your love 192
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy
Up, cousin, up, your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low

Boling My gracious lord, I come but for
mine own 196

K Rich Your own is yours, and I am yours,
and all

Boling So far be mine, my most redoubted
lord,

As my true service shall deserve your love

K Rich Well you deserve they well deserve
to have 200

That know the strong'st and surest way to get
Uncle, give me your hand nay, dry your eyes,
Tears show their love, but want their remedies
Cousin, I am too young to be your father, 204
Though you are old enough to be my heir
What you will have I'll give, and willing too,
For do we must what force will have us do
Set on towards London Cousin, is it so? 208

Boling Yea, my good lord

K. Rich Then I must not say no
[Flourish Exeunt

SCENE IV —Langley The DUKE OF YORK'S
Garden

Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies

Queen What sport shall we devise here in
this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

First Lady Madam, we'll play at bowls

Queen 'Twill make me think the world is
full of rubs, 4

And that my fortune runs against the bias

First Lady Madam, we'll dance

Queen My legs can keep no measure in de-
light

When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief
Therefore, no dancing, girl, some other sport 9

First Lady Madam, we'll tell tales

Queen Of sorrow or of joy?

First Lady Of either, madam

Queen Of neither, girl 12

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow,

Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy 16

For what I have I need not to repeat,
And what I want it boots not to complain.

First Lady Madam, I'll sing

Queen 'Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst
thou weep 20

First Lady I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen And I could sing would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee
But stay, here come the gardeners
Let's step into the shadow of these trees,
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state, for every one doth so
Against a change woe is forerun with woe 28

[*QUEEN and Ladies retire*]

Enter a Gardener and two Servants

Gard Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight
Give some supportance to the bending twigs 32
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth
All must be even in our government 36
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers

First Serv Why should we in the compass of a pale 40

Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd up, 44
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges run'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard Hold thy peace
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring 48
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf,
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke, 52
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green

First Serv What! are they dead?

Gard They are, and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king O! what pity 56
is it

That he hath not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden We at time of year 57

Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,

With too much riches it confound itself 60
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear and he to taste

Their fruits of duty superfluous branches
We lop away that bearing boughs may live 64

Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown 66
down

First Serv What! think you then the king
shall be depos'd?

Gard Depress'd he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubt he will be letters came last night 69

To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings

Queen O! I am press'd to death through
want of speaking [Coming forward

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this
garden, 73

How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this
unpleasing news?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man? 76

Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,

Drive him down-fall? Say, where, when, and
how

Can'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou
wretch 80

Gard Pardon me, madam little joy have I
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true

King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke, their fortunes both are
weigh'd

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself, 85
And some few vanities that make him light,
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,

Besides himself, are all the English peers, 88
And with that odds he weighs King Richard
down

Post you to London and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know

Queen Numbless mischance, that art so light
of foot, 92

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O! thou think'st

To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go, 96

To meet at London London's king in woe
What! was I born to this, that my sad look

Should grace the triumph of great Boling-
broke?

Gardener, for telling me these news of woe, 100
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never
grow [Exit *QUEEN and Ladies*

Gard Poor queen! so that thy state might
be no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse
Here did she fall a tear, here, in this place, 104

I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace,
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,

In the remembrance of a weeping queen.
[Exit

ACT IV

SCENE I.—London Westminster Hall

*The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne
the Lords temporal on the left, the Commons
below* Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SUR-
REY, NORTHUMBERLAND, HENRY PERCY, FITZ-
WATER, another Lord, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE,
the ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and Attendants.
Officers behind with BAGOT

Boling Call forth Bagot.
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,

What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's
death,

Who wrought it with the king, and who per-
form'd 4

The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot Then set before my face the Lord
Aumerle
Boling Cousin, stand forth, and look upon
 that man
Bagot My Lord Aumerle, I know your dar-
 ing tongue 8
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd
 In that dead time when Gloucester's death was
 plotted,
 I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length,
 That reacheth from the restful English court 12
 As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?'
 Amongst much other talk, that very time,
 I heard you say that you had rather refuse
 The offer of a hundred thousand crowns 16
 Than Bolingbroke's return to England,
 Adding withal, how blest this land would be
 In this your cousin's death
Aum Princes and noble lords,
 What answer shall I make to this base man? 20
 Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
 On equal terms to give him chastisement?
 Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
 With the attainder of his slanderous lips 24
 There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
 That marks thee out for hell I say thou hest,
 And will maintain what thou hast said is
 false
 In thy heart-blood, though being all too base 28
 To stain the temper of my knightly sword
Boling Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take
 it up
Aum Excepting one, I would he were the
 best
 In all this presence that hath mov'd me so 32
Fitz If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
 There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine
 By that fair sun which shows me where thou
 stand'st,
 I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
 That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's
 death 37
 If thou deny'st it twent' times, thou hest,
 And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
 Where it was forged, with my rapier's point 40
Aum Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see
 that day
Fitz Now, by my soul, I would it were this
 hour
Aum Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for
 this
H Percy Aumerle, thou hest, his honour is
 as true 44
 In this appeal as thou art all unjust,
 And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
 To prove it on thee to the extremest point
 Of mortal breathing seize it if thou dar'st 48
Aum And if I do not may my hands rot off
 And never brandish more revengful steel
 Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Lord I task the earth to the like, forsworn
 Aumerle, 52
 And spur thee on with full as many lies
 As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
 From sun to sun there is my honour's pawn,
 Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st. 56

Aum Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw
 at all
 I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
 To answer twenty thousand such as you
Surrey My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember
 well 60
 The very time Aumerle and you did talk
Fitz 'Tis very true you were in presence
 then,
 And you can witness with me this is true
Surrey As false, by heaven, as heaven itself
 is true 64
Fitz Surrey, thou hest
Surrey Dishonourable boy!
 That he shall lie so heavy on my sword
 That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
 Till thou the lie-giver and that he do lie 68
 In earth as quiet as thy father's skull
 In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn
 Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st
Fitz How fondly dost thou spur a forward
 horse! 72
 If I dare eat or drink, or breathe, or live,
 I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
 And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
 And lies, and lies there is my bond of faith 76
 To tie thee to my strong correction.
 As I intend to thrive in this new world,
 Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal
 Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say— 80
 That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
 To execute the noble duke at Calais
Aum Some honest Christian trust me with
 a gage
 That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this, 84
 If he may be repeal'd to try his honour
Boling These differences shall all rest under
 gage
 Till Norfolk be repeal'd repeal'd he shall be,
 And though mine enemy, restor'd again 88
 To all his lands and signories, when he's re-
 turn'd,
 Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial
Car That honourable day shall ne'er be seen
 Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought 92
 For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
 Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
 Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens,
 And toil'd with works of war, retr'd himself 96
 To Italy, and there at Venice gave
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,
 And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
 Under whose colours he had fought so long 100
Boling Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Car As surely as I live, my lord
Boling Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul
 to the bosom
 Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants, 104
 Your differences shall all rest under gage
 Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended
York Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to
 thee
 From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with will-
 ing soul 108

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!
Boling In God's name, I'll ascend the regal
throne 113

Car Marry, God forbid!
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth 116
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then, true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong 120
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them, 124
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath, 128
And he himself not present? O! forfend it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks, 132
Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king,
And if you crown him, let me prophesy, 136
The blood of English shall manure the ground
And future ages groan for this foul act,
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars 140
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound,
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls 144
O! if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woofullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so, 148
Lest child, child's children, cry against you
woe!

York Well have you argu'd, sir, and, for
your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here
My Lord of Westminster be it your charge 152
To keep him safely till his day of trial
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons'
suit?

Boling Fetch hither Richard, that in com-
mon view
He may surrender so we shall proceed 156
Without suspicion

York I will be his conduct [*Exit*]
Boling Lords you that here are under our
arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer
[*To CARLISLE*] Little are we beholding to your
love, 160
And little look'd for at your helping hands

*Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers
bearing the Crown, &c*

K Rich Alack! why am I sent for to a king
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts

Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs.
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission Yet I well remember
The favours of these men were they not
mine? 168

Did they not sometime cry, 'All hail!' to me?
So Judas did to Christ but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one, I, in twelve thou-
sand, none

God save the king! Will no man say, amen? 172
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen
God save the king! although I be not he,
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me
To do what service am I sent for hither? 176

York To do that office of thine own good
will

Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke 180

K Rich Give me the crown Here, cousin,
seize the crown,

Here cousin,
On this side my hand and on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well 184
That owes two buckets filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water
That bucket down and full of tears am I, 188
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on
high

Boling I thought you had been willing to
resign

K Rich My crown, I am, but still my griefs
are mine

You may my glories and my state depose, 192
But not my griefs, still am I king of those

Boling Part of your cares you give me with
your crown

K Rich Your cares set up do not pluck my
cares down

My care is loss of care, by old care done, 196
Your care is gain of care by new care won

The cares I give I have, though given away
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay

Boling Are you contented to resign the
crown? 200

K Rich Ay, no, no, ay, for I must nothing
be

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee
Now mark me how I will undo myself

I give this heavy weight from off my head, 204
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,

The pride of king's sway from out my heart,
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,

With mine own hands I give away my crown 208
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duteous rites
All pomp and majesty I do forswear

My manors, rents, revenues, I forego, 212
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing
griev'd, 216

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!

Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days! 221
What more remains?

North [Offering a paper] No more, but that
you read

These accusations and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land, 225
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd

K Rich Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst, 232
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of
heaven 236

Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you with Pilate wash your
hands,

Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates 240
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin

North My lord, dispatch, read o'er these
articles.

K Rich Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot
see 244

And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here
Nay if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest, 248
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king,
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant 252

North My lord,—

K Rich No lord of thine, thou haught in-
sulting man,

Nor no man's lord, I have no name, no title
No, not that name was given me at the font, 256
But 'tis usurp'd alack the heavy day!
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself
O! that I were a mockery king of snow, 260
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops
Good king, great king,—and yet not greatly
good,

An if my word be sterling yet in England, 264
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty

Boling Go some of you and fetch a looking-
glass [Exit an Attendant.]

North Read o'er this paper while the glass
doth come 269

K Rich Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I
come to hell

Boling Urge it no more, my Lord North-
umberland.

North The commons will not then be satis-
fied. 272

K Rich They shall be satisfied I'll read
enough

When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass

Give me the glass, and therein will I read 276
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine
And made no deeper wounds? O, flattering
glass!

Like to my followers in prosperity, 280
Thou dost beguile me Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That like the sun did make beholders wink? 284
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face
As brittle as the glory is the face, 288

[Dashes the glass against the ground]
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face
Boling The shadow of your sorrow hath
destroy'd 292

The shadow of your face

K Rich Say that again
The shadow of my sorrow! Ha! let's see
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within,
And these external manners of laments 296
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul,
There lies the substance and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st 300
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more
Shall I obtain it?

Boling Name it, fair cousin 304

K Rich 'Fair cousin!' I am greater than
a king,

For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects, being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer 308
Being so great, I have no need to beg

Boling Yet ask

K Rich And shall I have?

Boling You shall 312

K Rich Then give me leave to go

Boling Whither?

K Rich Whither you will, so I were from
your sights

Boling Go, some of you convey him to the
Tower 316

K Rich O, good! convey? conveyers are
you all,

That rise thus mimby by a true king's fall

[Exeunt KING RICHARD and Guard]

Boling On Wednesday next we solemnly set
down

Our coronation lords, prepare yourselves. 320
[Exeunt all except the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, the
ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and AUMERLE]

Abbot A woeful pageant have we here
beheld

Bishop The woe's to come, the children yet
unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot? 325

Abbot My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament 328
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears
Come home with me to supper, I will lay 333
A plot shall show us all a merry day [*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I—*London. A Street leading to the
Tower*

Enter the QUEEN and LADIES

Queen Thus way the king will come, this is
the way

To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,
To whose fume bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke 4
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen

Enter KING RICHARD and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither yet look up, behold, 8
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears
Ah! thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's 12
tomb,
And not King Richard, thou most beauteous
inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in
thee,

When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich Join not with grief, fair woman, do
not so, 16
To make my end too sudden learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but thus I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I 21
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown, 24
Which our profane hours here have stricken
down.

Queen. What! is my Richard both in shape
and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd! Hath Bolingbroke
depos'd

Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart? 28
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd, and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod, 32

And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

K. Rich A king of beasts indeed, if aught
but beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men 36
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for
France,

Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire 40
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid,
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me, 44
And send the hearers weeping to their beds
For why the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out, 48
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended

North My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is
chang'd,

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower 52
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you,
With all swift speed you must away to France

K. Rich Northumberland, thou ladder
wherewithal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age 57
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all, 61
And he shall think that thou, which know'st
the way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way 64
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne
The love of wicked friends converts to fear,
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death. 68

North. My guilt be on my head, and there
an end.

Take leave and part, for you must part forth-
with

K. Rich Doubly divorc'd! Bad men, ye
violate

A two-fold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
And then, betwixt me and my married wife. 73
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me,
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made
Part us, Northumberland I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the
clime, 77

My wife to France from whence, set forth in
pomp,

She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day 80

Queen. And must we be divided? must we
part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and
heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both and send the king
with me.

North That were some love but little policy 84
Queen Then whither he goes, thither let me go
K Rich So two, together weeping, make one woe
 Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here,
 Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near 88
 Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans
Queen So longest way shall have the longest moans
K Rich Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
 And piece the way out with a heavy heart 92
 Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
 Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief
 One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part,
 Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart 96
 [They kiss]
Queen Give me mine own again, 'twere no good part
 To take on me to keep and kill thy heart
 [They kiss again]
 So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
 That I may strive to kill it with a groan 100
K Rich We make woe wanton with this fond delay
 Once more, adieu, the rest let sorrow say
 [Exeunt]

Duch Welcome, my son who are the violets now
 That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?
Aum Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not 48
 God knows I had as lief be none as one
York Well, bear you well in this new spring of time
 Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime
 What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?
Aum For aught I know, my lord, they do 52
York You will be there, I know
Aum If God prevent it not, I purpose so
York What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?
 Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing
Aum My lord, 'tis nothing
York No matter then, who sees it
 I will be satisfied, let me see the writing
Aum I do beseech your Grace to pardon me 60
 It is a matter of small consequence,
 Which for some reasons I would not have seen
York Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see
 I fear, I fear,—
Duch What should you fear? 64
 'Tis nothing but some bond he's enter'd into
 For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day
York Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
 That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool 68
 Boy, let me see the writing
Aum I do beseech you, pardon me, I may not show it.

SCENE II — *The Same* A Room in the DUKE OF YORK'S Palace

Enter YORK and his DUCHESS

Duch My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
 When weeping made you break the story off,
 Of our two cousins coming into London
York Where did I leave?
Duch At that sad stop, my lord, 4
 Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
 Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head
York Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed, 8
 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
 With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
 While all tongues cried, 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'
 You would have thought the very windows spake, 12
 So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage, and that all the walls
 With painted imagery had said at once 16
 'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespake them thus, 'I thank you, countrymen
 And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along 21
Duch Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?
York As in a theatre, the eyes of men,

York I will be satisfied, let me see it I say
 [Snatches it, and reads]
 Treason! foul treason! villain! traitor! slave! 72
Duch What is the matter, my lord?
York Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant

Saddle my horse
 God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch Why, what is it, my lord? 76
York Give me my boots, I say, saddle my horse
 Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
 I will appeach the villain [Exit Servant]
Duch What is the matter?
York Peace, foolish woman 80
Duch I will not peace What is the matter,
 Aumerle?
Aum Good mother, be content, it is no more
 Than my poor life must answer
Duch Thy life answer!
York Bring me my boots I will unto the
 king 84

Re-enter Servant with boots

Duch Strike him, Aumerle Poor boy, thou
 art amazed
 [To Servant] Hence, villain! never more come
 in my sight [Exit Servant]
York Give me my boots, I say
Duch Why, York, what wilt thou do? 88
 Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
 Have we more sons, or are we like to have?
 Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
 And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
 And rob me of a happy mother's name? 93
 Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York Thou fond, mad woman,
 Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy? 96
 A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
 And interchangeably set down their hands,
 To kill the king at Oxford
Duch He shall be none,
 We'll keep him here then, what is that to him?
York Away, fond woman! were he twenty
 times 100
 My son, I would appeach him.
Duch Hadst thou groan'd for him
 As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful
 But now I know thy mind thou dost suspect
 That I have been disloyal to thy bed, 105
 And that he is a bastard, not thy son
 Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind
 He is as like thee as a man may be, 108
 Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
 And yet I love him
York Make way, unruly woman! [Exit
Duch After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his
 horse,
 Spur post, and get before him to the king, 112
 And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee
 I'll not be long behind, though I be old,
 I doubt not but to ride as fast as York
 And never will I rise up from the ground 116
 Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away!
 be gone. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III — Windsor A Room in the Castle

*Enter BOLINGBROKE as King HENRY PERCY,
 and other Lords*

Boling Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
 'Tis full three months since I did see him last
 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he
 I would to God, my lords he might be found
 Inquire at London amongst the taverns there,
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With unrestrained loose companions,
 Even such, they say as stand in narrow lanes 8
 And beat our watch and rob our passengers,
 While he young wanton and effeminate boy,
 Takes on the point of honour to support
 So dissolute a crew 12
H Percy My lord, some two days since I
 saw the prince,
 And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford
Boling And what said the gallant?
H Percy His answer was he would unto
 the stewes, 16
 And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
 And wear it as a favour and with that
 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger
Boling As dissolute as desperate, yet, through
 both, 20
 I see some sparkles of a better hope,
 Which elder days may happily bring forth.
 But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE

Aum Where is the king?
Boling What means
 Our cousin that he stares and looks so wildly?
Aum God save your Grace! I do beseech
 your majesty, 25
 To have some conference with your Grace
 alone
Boling Withdraw yourselves, and leave us
 here alone [Exeunt H. PERCY and Lords.
 What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aum [Kneels] For ever may my knees grow
 to the earth, 29
 My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
 Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.
Boling Intended or committed was this fault?
 If on the first, how heinous e'er it be, 33
 To win thy after-love I pardon thee
Aum Then give me leave that I may turn
 the key,
 That no man enter till my tale be done. 36
Boling Have thy desire
 [AUMERLE locks the door
York [Within.] My liege, beware! look to
 thyself
 Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there 39
Boling [Drawing] Villain, I'll make thee safe.
Aum Stay thy revengeful hand, thou hast
 no cause to fear
York [Within] Open the door, secure, fool-
 hardy king
 Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
 Open the door, or I will break it open. 44
 [BOLINGBROKE unlocks the door and
 afterwards relocks it.]

Enter YORK

Boling What is the matter, uncle? speak,
Recover breath tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it

York Peruse this writing here, and thou
shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me show
Aum Remember, as thou read st, thy promise pass'd

I do repent me, read not my name there, 51
My heart is not confederate with my hand

York 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it
down

I tore it from the traitor's bosom king,
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove 56
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart

Boling O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!

O loyal father of a treacherous son! 59
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages

Hath held his current and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse 64
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies 70
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,

The traitor lives, the true man's put to death
Duch [Within] What ho, my liege! for God's
sake let me in

Boling What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes
this eager cry?

Duch [Within] A woman, and thine aunt,
great king, 'tis I

Speak with me, pity me, open the door 76
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before

Boling Our scene is alter'd from a serious
thing,

And now chang'd to 'The Beggar and the King'
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in 80
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin

[AUMERLE unlocks the door]
York If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound,
Thus, let alone, will all the rest confound. 85

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch O king! believe not this hard-hearted
man

Love, loving not itself, none other can
York Thou frantic woman, what dost thou
make here? 88

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch Sweet York, be patient [Kneels]
Hear me, gentle liege

Boling Rise up, good aunt
Duch Not yet, I thee beseech.

For ever will I walk upon my knees, 92
And never see day that the happy sees,

Till thou give joy, until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy 95

Aum Unto my mother's prayers I bend my
knee [Kneels]

York Against them both my true joints
bended be [Kneels]

Ill mayst thou thrive if thou grant any grace!
Duch Pleads he in earnest? look upon his
face, 99

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest,
His words come from his mouth, ours from our
breast

He prays but faintly and would be denied,
We pray with heart and soul and all beside

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know,
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they
grow 105

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy,
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity

Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them
have 108

That mercy which true prayer ought to have
Boling Good aunt, stand up

Duch Nay, do not say 'stand up',
But 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up',

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach, 112
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now,
Say 'pardon, king, let pity teach thee how

The word is short, but not so short as sweet,
No word like 'pardon,' for kings' mouths so
meet 117

York Speak it in French, king, say, 'par-
donnez moy',

Duch Dost thou teach pardon pardon to
destroy? 119

Ah! my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word

Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land,
The chopping French we do not understand

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,

That hearing how our plaints and prayers do
pierce, 126

Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse
Boling Good aunt, stand up

Duch I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand

Boling I pardon him, as God shall pardon
me 130

Duch O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear speak it again,

Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong

Boling With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch A god on earth thou art
Boling But for our trusty brother-in-law and
the abbot, 136

With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels

Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are

They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell and cousin too, adieu

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you
Duch Come, my old son I pray God make
 thee new *[Exeunt]*

SCENE IV — Another Room in the Castle.

Enter EXTON and a Servant

Exton Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
 'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?'
 Was it not so?

Serv Those were his very words

Exton 'Have I no friend' quoth he he spake it twice,

And urg'd it twice together, did he not?

Serv He did

Exton And speaking it, he wistly looked on me,

As who should say, 'I would thou wert the man That would divorce this terror from my heart Meaning the king at Pomfret Come, let's go I am 'the king's friend, and will rid his foe'

[Exeunt]

SCENE V Pomfret The Dungeon of the Castle

Enter KING RICHARD

K Rich I have been studying how I may compare

This prison where I live unto the world And for because the world is populous, And here is not a creature but myself, I cannot do it, yet I'll hammer it out My brain I'll prove the female to my soul, My soul the father and these two beget A generation of sul-breeding thoughts, And these same thoughts people this little world In humours like the people of this world For no thought is contented The better sort, As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd With scruples, and do set the word itself Against the word

As thus, 'Come, little ones' and then again, 'It is as hard to come as for a camel To thread the postern of a needle's eye' Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot Unlikely wonders, how these vain weak nails May tear a passage through the flinty ribs Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls, And, for they cannot, die in their own pride. Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves That they are not the first of fortune's slaves, Nor shall not be the last like silly beggars Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame, That many have and others must sit there. And in this thought they find a kind of ease, Bearing their own misfortune on the back Of such as have before endur'd the like. Thus play I in one person many people, And none contented sometimes am I king, Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar, And so I am then crushing penury Persuades me I was better when a king, Then am I king'd again and by and by

Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke, And straight am nothing but what ere I be, Nor I nor any man that but man is With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd 40 With being nothing Music do I hear? *[Music]* Ha, ha! keep time How sour sweet music is When time is broke and no proportion kept! So is it in the music of men's lives 44 And here have I the daintiness of ear To check time broke in a disorder'd string, But for the concord of my state and time Had not an ear to hear my true time broke 48 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me, For now hath time made me his numbering clock

My thoughts are minutes and with sighs they jar Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,

Whereof my finger, like a dial's point, Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears Now sur, the sound that tells what hour it is A clamorous groans that strike upon my heart Which is the bell so sighs and tears and groans Show minutes, times, and hours, but my time Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy, While I stand fooling here his Jack o' the clock This music mads me let it sound no more, 61 For though it have help madmen to their wits, In me it seems it will make wise men mad Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me! 64 For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world

Enter Groom of the Stable

Groom Hail, royal prince!

K Rich Thanks, noble peer, The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear 68 What art thou? and how comest thou hither, man,

Where no man never comes but that sad dog That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Groom I was a poor groom of thy stable, king, When thou wert king, who, travelling towards York,

With much ado at length have gotten leave To look upon my sometimes royal master's face O! how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld 76 In London streets, that coronation day When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary, That horse that thou so often hast bestrid, That horse that I so carefully have dress'd 80

K Rich Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,

How went he under him?

Groom So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground

K Rich So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand, This hand hath made him proud with clapping him

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,—

Since pride must have a fall,—and break the neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back? 88

Forgiveness, horse! whv do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw d by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse, 92
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke

Enter Keeper, with a dish

Keeper [To the Groom] Fellow, give place,
here is no longer stay

K Rich If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert
away 96

Groom What my tongue dares not, that my
heart shall say [Exit]

Keeper My lord, will't please you to fall to?
K Rich Taste of it first, as thou art wont
to do

Keeper My lord I dare not Sir Pierce of Ex-
ton, who lately came from the king, commands
the contrary

K Rich The devil take Henry of Lancaster,
and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it 104
[Strikes the Keeper]

Keeper Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON and Servants, armed

K Rich How now! what means death in
this rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's in-
strument

[Snatching a weapon and killing one]
Go thou and fill another room in hell. 108

[He kills another then EXTON strikes
him down]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy
fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's
own land 111

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to
die [Dies]

Exton As full of valour as of royal blood
Both have I spilt, O! would the deed were good,

For now the devil, that told me I did well, 116
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear
Take hence the rest and give them burial here

[Exeunt]

SCENE VI — Windsor An Apartment in the
Castle

Flourish Enter BOLINGBROKE and YORK, with
Lords and Attendants.

Boling Kind uncle York, the latest news we
hear

Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire,
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not. 4

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?

North First, to thy sacred state wish I all
happiness

The next news is I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and
Kent 8

The manner of their taking may appear

At large discoursed in this paper here
Boling We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy
pains,

And 'o thy worth will add right worthy gains 12

Enter FITZWATER

Fitz My lord, I have from Oxford sent to
London

The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors

That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow 16
Boling Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be
forgot,

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter HENRY PERCY, with the BISHOP OF
CARLISLE*

H Percy The grand conspirator, Abbot of
Westminster,

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy, 20
Hath yielded up his body to the grave,

But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride

Boling Carlisle, this is your doom 24
Choose out some secret place, some reverend
room

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life,
So, as thou livest in peace, die free from strife

For though mine enemy thou hast ever been, 28
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a coffin

Exton Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear herein all breathless lies

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies, 32
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling Exton, I thank thee not, for thou
hast wrought

A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land 36

Exton From your own mouth, my lord, did
I this deed

Boling They love not poison that do poison
need,

Nor do I thee though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered 40

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour

With Cam go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light. 44

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow

Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent. 48

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

March sadly after, grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier [Exeunt.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY Prince of Wales, } Sons to the King.
JOHN OF LANCASTER, }
EARL OF WESTMORELAND
SIR WALTER BLUNT
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester
HENRY PERCY Earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY surnamed Hotspur, his son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD Earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON
SIR JOHN FAUSTAFF

SIR MICHAEL, a Friend to the Archbishop of York.

POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO
BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer
LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower and Wife to
Mortimer

MISTRESS QUICKLY Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern
in Eastcheap

Lords, Officers, Sheriff Vintner Chamberlain, Drawers,
two Carters, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE —England

ACT I

SCENE I.—London The palace

Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, and
Others

K Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with
care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote 4
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's
blood,
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs 8
Of hostile paces those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock 12
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies 16
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore,
friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,—
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impress'd and engag'd to fight,— 21
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's
womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields 24
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old, 28
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go
Therefore we meet not now Then let me hear

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree 32
In forwarding this dear expedience
West My liege, this haste was hot in ques-
tion,

And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news, 37
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower, 40
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered,
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation 44
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of
K Hen. It seems then that the tidings of
this broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land. 48
West This match'd with other like, my
gracious lord,
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there, 52
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,
That ever-vaillant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery, 57
And shape of likelihood, the news was told,
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse, 60
Uncertain of the issue any way

K Hen. Here is a dear and true industrious
friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse, 64
Stam'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours,

And he hath brought us smooth and welcome
news

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty
knights,

Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains of prisoners Hotspur
took

Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beateen Douglas, and the Earls of Athol, 72
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith
And is not this an honourable spoil?

A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West In faith, 76

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of

K Hen Yea, there thou mak'st me sad and
mak'st me sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son, 80

A son who is the theme of honour's tongue,
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant,

Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him, 84

See not and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry O! that it could be prov'd

That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay, 88

And call'd mine Percy his Plantagenet
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine

But let him from my thoughts What think
you, coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners, 92

Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word

I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife

West This is his uncle's teaching, this is 96

Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects,
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up

The crest of youth against your dignity

K Hen. But I have sent for him to answer
this, 100

And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords 104

But come yourself with speed to us again,
For more is to be said and to be done

Than out of anger can be uttered.

West I will, my hege

[Exeunt

SCENE II—The Same An Apartment of the
PRINCE'S.

Enter the PRINCE and FALSTAFF

Fal Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking

of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper,

and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou

hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou

wouldst truly know What a devil hast thou to

do with the time of the day? unless hours were

cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks

the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of

leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a

fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffeta, I see no

reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to

demand the time of the day 13

Fal Indeed, you come near me now, Hal,

for we that take purses go by the moon and the

seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, 'that wander-

ing knight so fair' And, I prithee, sweet

wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy

Grace,—majesty, I should say, for grace thou

wilt have none,— 20

Prince What? none?

Fal No, by my troth, not so much as will

serve to be prologue to an egg and butter

Prince Well, how then? come, roundly, 25

roundly

Fal Marry, then sweet wag, when thou art

king, let not us that are squires of the night's

body be called thieves of the day's beauty let

us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade,

munions of the moon, and let men say, we be

men of good government, being governed as the

sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the

moon, under whose countenance we steal 33

Prince Thou sayest well, and it holds well

too, for the fortune of us that are the moon's

men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being go-

vern'd as the sea is, by the moon As for proof

now a purse of gold most resolutely snatched

on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on

Tuesday morning, got with swearing 'Lay by,'

and spent with crying 'Bring in' now in as

low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and

by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows

Fal By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad And

is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet

wench? 46

Prince As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of

the castle And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet

robe of durance? 49

Fal How now, how now, mad wag! what,

in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague

have I to do with a buff jerkin? 52

Prince Why, what a pox have I to do with

my hostess of the tavern?

Fal Well, thou hast called her to a reckon-

ing many a time and oft 56

Prince Did I ever call for thee to pay thy

part?

Fal No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast

paid all there 60

Prince Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin

would stretch, and where it would not, I have

used my credit

Fal Yea, and so used it that, were it not here

apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I

prithee sweet wag, shall there be gallows stand-

ing in England when thou art king, and resolu-

tion thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of

old father antick the law? Do not thou, when

thou art king, hang a thief 70

Prince No, thou shalt

Fal Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a

brave judge 73

Prince Thou judgest false already I mean,

thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and

so become a rare hangman 76

Fal Well, Hal, well, and in some sort it

jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you

Prince For obtaining of suits? 80

Fal Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe "Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear

Prince Or an old lion, or a lover's lute 84

Fal Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe

Prince What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch? 88

Fal Thou hast the most unsavory smiles, and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascal-liest, sweet young prince, but, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not, and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too 98

Prince Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it. 100

Fal O! thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked I must give over this life, and I will give it over, by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack? 111

Fal Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one, an I do not, call me a villain and baffle me

Prince I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking 115

Enter POINS, at a distance

Fal Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal, 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand!' to a true man. 122

Prince Good morrow, Ned.

Poins Good morrow, sweet Hal What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldst him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg? 129

Prince Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs he will give the devil his due.

Poins Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince Else he had been damned for cozening the devil 136

Poins But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses I have vizards for you all, you have

horses for yourselves Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester, I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap we may do it as secure as sleep If you will go I will stuff your purses full of crowns, if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged 147

Fal Hear ye, Yedward if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going

Poins You will, chops?

Fal Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith. 153

Fal There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou dardest not stand for ten shillings 157

Prince Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap

Fal Why, that's well said 160

Prince Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home

Fal By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king 164

Prince I care not.

Poins Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go 168

Fal Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief, for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell you shall find me in Eastcheap 175

Prince Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallow summer! [Exit FALSTAFF

Poins Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid, yourself and I will not be there, and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders 185

Prince But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved but we'll set upon them. 193

Prince Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves 196

Poins Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change after we leave them, and, surrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to mask our noted outward garments. 201

Prince Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back, and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this

jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper how thurt, at least, he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured, and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince Well, I'll go with thee provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup Farewell.

Poins Farewell, my lord.

Prince I know you all, and will awhile uphold

The unyok'd humour of your idleness
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world, 221
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him. 225

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work,
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents 229
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am 232
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes,
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off. 237
I'll so offend to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[Exit

SCENE III.—The Same The Palace

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and Others

K Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,

Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me, for accordingly
You tread upon my patience but, be sure, 4
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,

And therefore lost that title of respect 8
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud

Wor Our house, my sovereign hege, little deserves

The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it,
And that same greatness too which our own hands

Have help to make so portly 12
North My lord,—

K Hen Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye. 16
O, sir, your presence is too bold and presumptuous,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow

You have good leave to leave us, when we need
Your use and counsel we shall send for you. 21

[Exit WORCESTER.

[To NORTHUMBERLAND] You were about to speak.

North Yea, my good lord
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took, 24
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty

Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault and not my son. 28

Hot My liege, I did deny no prisoners
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword, 32
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home
He was perfum'd like a milliner, 36

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,

Took it in snuff and still he smil'd and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse 44

Betwixt the wind and his nobility
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me, among the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf 48

I then all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what, 52

Heshould, or he should not, for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—God save

the mark!— 56
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise,
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd 60

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly, and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier 64

This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said,
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation 68

Betwixt my love and your high majesty
Blunt The circumstance consider'd, good
my lord,

Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place, 72
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die and never rise

To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now 76
K Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,

That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer, 80
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then 85
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve, 89
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer 92

Hot Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign hege,
But by the chance of war to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those 96
wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he
took,

When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour 100
In changing hardiment with great Glendower
Three times they breath'd and three times did
they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks, 104
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants
Never did base and rotten policy 108
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt 112

K Hen Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou
dost belie him

He never did encounter with Glendower
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone 116
As Owen Glendower for an enemy
Art thou not asham'd? But, surrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer
Send me your prisoners with the speediest 120
means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumber-
land,

We license your departure with your son
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it. 124
[*Exeunt KING HENRY, BLUNT, and Train*]

Hot An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albert I make a hazard of my head 128

North. What! drunk with choler? stay, and
pause awhile
Here comes your uncle

Re-enter WORCESTER

Hot Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds! I will speak of him, and let my soul
Want mercy if I do not join with him 132
In his behalf I'll empty all these veins,

And shed my dear blood drop by drop! the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high 'r' the air as this unthankful king, 136
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke
North Brother, the king hath made your
nephew mad.

Wor Who struck this heat up after I was
gone?

Hot He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners,
And when I urg'd the ransom once again 141
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer 144

Wor I cannot blame him was he not pro-
claim'd

By Richard that dead is the next of blood?

North He was, I heard the proclamation
And then it was when the unhappy king,— 148
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition,

From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered 152

Wor And for whose death we in the world's
wide mouth

Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of

Hot But, soft! I pray you, did King Richard
then

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer 156
Heir to the crown?

North He did, myself did hear it
Hot Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin
king,

That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve
But shall it be that you, that set the crown 160
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo, 164

Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?

O! pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament 168

Wherein you range under this subtle king
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility and power, 172
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,

And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?

No, yet time serves wherein you may redeem 180
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you, 185
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.

Therefore, I say,—

Wor Peace, cousin! say no more
And now I will unclasp a secret book, 188

And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit

As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud, 192
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear

Hot If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim

Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south, 196
And let them grapple O! the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare

North Imagination of some great exploit

Drives him beyond the bounds of patience 200

Hot By heaven methinks it were an easy leap

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground, 204

And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without carnal all her dignities

But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship! 208

Wor He apprehends a world of figures here,

But not the form of what he should attend
Good cousin, give me audience for a while

Hot I cry you mercy

Wor Those same noble Scots 212
That are your prisoners,—

Hot I'll keep them all,

By God, he shall not have a Scot of them
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not

I'll keep them, by this hand

Wor You start away, 216
And lend no ear unto my purposes
Those prisoners you shall keep

Hot Nay, I will, that's flat

He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer, 220

But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak 224
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor Hear you, cousin, a word

Hot All studies here I solemnly defy, 228
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of

Wales,

But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale 233

Wor Farewell, kinsman I will talk to you

When you are better temper'd to attend

North Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool 236

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot Whv, look you, I am whipp'd and

scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear

Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke. 241

In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place?—
A plague upon't—it is in Gloucestershire,—

'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,

His uncle York where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
'Sblood!

When you and he came back from Ravens-
purgh 248

North At Berkeley Castle

Hot You say true

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,' 253

And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin',
O! the devil take such cozeners God forgive me!

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done 256

Wor Nay, if you have not, to't again,
We'll stay your leisure

Hot I have done, I' faith

Wor Then once more to your Scottish
prisoners

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean 261

For powers in Scotland, which, for divers

reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted. [To NORTHUMBERLAND]

You, my lord, 264

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble prelate well belov'd,

The Archbishop 268

Hot Of York, is it not?

Wor True, who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop

I speak not this in estimation, 272

As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,

And only stays but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring it on 276

Hot I smell it

Upon my life it will do wondrous well
North Before the game's afoot thou still

lett'st slip

Hot Why, it cannot choose but be a noble
plot 280

And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor And so they shall

Hot In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd

Wor And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,

To save our heads by raising of a head, 285

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,

The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied, 288

Till he hath found a time to pay us home

And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love

Hot He does, he does we'll be reveng'd on
him 292

Wor Cousin, farewell no further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe,—which will be suddenly,—

I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer, 296

Where you and Douglas and our powers at

once —

As I will fashion it,—shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty 300

North Farewell, good brother we shall thrive, I trust
Hot Uncle, adieu O! let the hours be short,
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!
[Exeunt]

ACT II

SCENE I—Rochester An Inn-Yard

Enter a Carrier, with a lanthorn in his hand
First Car Heigh-ho! An't be not four by the day I'll be hanged Charles' Wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed
What, ostler!

Ost [Within] Anon, anon.
First Car I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point, the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess

Enter another Carrier

Sec Car Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots, this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died

First Car Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him

Sec Car I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas I am stung like a tench

First Car Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

Sec Car Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in the chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach

First Car What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away

Sec Car I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing cross

First Car Godsbod! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate on thee I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL

Gads Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?
First Car I think it be two o'clock.

Gads I prithee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable

First Car Nay, by God, soft I know a trick worth two of that, I' faith

Gads I prithee, lend me thine

Sec Car Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a? marry, I'll see thee hanged first

Gads Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Sec Car Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen they will along with company, for they have great charge
[Exeunt Carriers.]

Gads What, ho! chamberlain!
Cham [Within] 'At hand, quoth pick-purse'
Gads That's even as fair as, 'at hand, quoth the chamberlain', for thou varnest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring, thou layest the plot how

Enter CHAMBERLAIN

Cham Good morrow, Master Gadshill It holds current that I told you yesternight there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what They are up already and call for eggs and butter they will away presently

Gads Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck

Cham No, I'll none of it I prithee, keep that for the hangman, for I know thou worship'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may

Gads What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If I hang I'll make a fat pair of gallows, for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he's no starveling Tut! there are other Troyans that thou darest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace, that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all whole I am joined with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio-purple-hued malt worms, but with nobility and tranquility, burgomasters and great oneyers such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray and yet I lie, for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth, or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots

Cham What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads She will, she will, justice hath hquored her We steal as in a castle, cock-sure, we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible

Cham Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible

Gads Give me thy hand thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief

Gads Go to, homo is a common name to all men Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Road by Gadshill

Enter the PRINCE and POINS.

Poins Come, shelter, shelter I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Prince Stand close.

*Enter FALSTAFF**Fal* Poin! Poin, and be hanged! Poin!*Prince* Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep!*Fal* Where's Poin, Hal? 8*Prince* He is walked up to the top of the hill I'll go seek him*[Pretends to seek POINS, and retires]*

Fal I am accused to rob in that thief's company, the rascal hath removed my horse and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him I'll be hanged it could not be else. I have drunk medicines. Poin! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to turn true man and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon t' when thieves cannot be true one to another! *[They whistle]* Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues give me my horse and be hanged 34

Prince *[Coming forward]* Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers 38

Fal Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? Sblood! I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince Thou liest thou art not colted, thou art uncolted. 45

Fal I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal Go, hang thyself in thine own heir apparent garters! If I be ta'en I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it. 53

*Enter GADSHILL.**Gads* Stand*Fal* So I do, against my will*Poin* O! 'tis our setter I know his voice.*Enter BARDOLPH and PETO**Bard* What news? 57

Gads Case ye, case ye, on with your vizards there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer 60

Fal You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads There's enough to make us all.

Fal To be hanged 64

Prince Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane, Ned Poin and I will walk lower if they 'scape from your encounter then they light on us 68

Peto How many be there of them?

Gads Some eight or ten.

Fal 'Zounds! will they not rob us?

Prince What! a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather, but yet no coward, Hal 74

Prince Well, we leave that to the proof

Poin Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge when thou needst him there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast

Fal Now cannot I strike him if I should be hanged 80

Prince *[Aside to POINS]* Ned where are our disguises?

Poin Here, hard by, stand close

[Exeunt PRINCE and POINS]

Fal Now my masters, happy man be his dole, say I every man to his business 85

Enter Travellers

First Trav Come neighbour, the boy shall lead our horses down the hill, we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs 88

Thieves Stand!

Travellers Jesu b'less us!

Fal Strike, down with them, cut the villains' throats ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth down with them, fleece them

Travellers O! we are undone, both we and ours for ever 96

Fal Hang ye, gorballed knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs, I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What! ye knaves, young men must live. You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye i' faith 101

[Here they rob and bind them. Exeunt]

Re-enter the PRINCE and POINS

Prince The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever 106

Poin Stand close, I hear them coming

Re-enter Thieves

Fal Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poin be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring there's no more valour in that Poin than in a wild duck. 112

Prince Your money!

Poin Villains!

[As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINS set upon them. They all run away, and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind]

Prince Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse 115

The thieves are scatter'd and possess'd with fear

So strongly that they dare not meet each other,
Each takes his fellow for an officer
Away, good Ned Falstaff sweats to death
And lards the lean earth as he walks along 120
Were't not for laughing I should pity him.

Poins How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — Warkworth A Room in the Castle

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter

But for mine own part, my lord I could be well
contented to be there in respect of the love I bear
your house

He could be contented, why is he not then? In
respect of the love he bears our house he shows
in this he loves his own barn better than he
loves our house Let me see some more

The purpose you undertake is dangerous — 8

Why, that's certain 'tis dangerous to take a
cold, to sleep, to drink, but I tell you, my lord
fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this
flower, safety 12

The purpose you undertake is dangerous the
friends you have named uncertain the time itself
unsorted and your whole plot too light for the
counterpoise of so great an opposition 15

Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again,
you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie
What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord our plot
is a good plot as ever was laid our friends true
and constant a good plot, good friends, and full
of expectation, an excellent plot, very good
friends What a frosty-spirited rogue is this!
Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the
general course of the action Zounds! an
I were now by this rascal, I could brain him
with his lad's fan Is there not my father, my
uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my
Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there
not besides the Douglas? Have I not all their
letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the
next month, and are they not some of them set
forward already? What a pagan rascal is this!
an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sin-
cerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king
and lay open all our proceedings O! I could
divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such
a dish of skim milk with so honourable an
action Hang him! let him tell the king, we
are prepared I will set forward to-night. 40

Enter LADY PERCY

How now Kate! I must leave you within these
two hours

Lady P O, my good lord! why are you thus
alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? 44
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from
thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone? 48
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy
cheeks,

And given my treasures and my rights of thee

To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, 52
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,
Cry, 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast
talk'd

Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents. 56
Of palisades, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight 60
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy
brow,

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream 64
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O! what portents
are these? 67

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot What, ho!

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv He is, my lord, an hour ago

Hot Hath Butler brought those horses from
the sheriff? 72

Serv One horse, my lord, he brought even
now

Hot What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it
not?

Serv It is, my lord.

Hot That roan shall be my throne
Well, I will back him straight O, *Esperance!*
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. 77

[*Exit* Servant.]

Lady P But hear you, my lord.

Hot What sayst thou, my lady?

Lady P What is it carries you away? 80

Hot Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady P Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In faith, 84

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprise But if you go— 88

Hot So far afoot, I shall be weary, love

Lady P Come, come, you paraquito, answer
me

Directly unto this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry, 92

As if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot Away,

Away, you trifter! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate this is no world. 96

To play with mamnets and to tilt with lips

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too God's me, my

horse!

What sayst thou, Kate? what wouldst thou

have with me? 100

Lady P Do you not love me? do you not,
indeed?

Well, do not, then, for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no 104

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate,
I must not have you henceforth question me 108
Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts
Whither I must, I must, and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise 112
Than Harry Percy's wife constant you are,
But yet a woman and for secrecy,
No lady closer, for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate 117

Lady P. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But, hark you,
Kate,

Whither I go, thither shall you go too, 120
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady P. It must, of force
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—*Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's
Head Tavern.*

Enter the PRINCE and POINS.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat
room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little

Poins. Where hast been, Hal? 3

Prince. With three or four loggerheads a-
mongst three or four score hogsheads. I have
sounded the very base string of humility. Sir-
rah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers,
and can call them all by their christen names,
as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already
upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince
of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, and tell
me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but
a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by
the Lord, so they call me,—and when I am king
of England, I shall command all the good lads
in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing
scarlet, and when you breathe in your watering,
they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To
conclude, I am so good a proficient in one
quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any
tinker in his own language during my life. I
tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that
thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet
Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee
this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into
my hand by an undersinker, one that never
spake other English in his life than—'Eight
shillings and sixpence,' and—'You are welcome,'
with this shrill addition,—'Anon, anon, sir!
Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or
so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff
come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room,
while I question my puny drawer to what end
he gave me the sugar, and do thou never leave
calling 'Francis!' that his tale to me may be
nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside, and I'll show
thee a precedent. 37

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit POINS*]

Enter FRANCIS

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the
Pomgarret, Ralph

Prince. Come hither, Francis

Fran. My lord

Prince. How long hast thou to serve Francis? 44

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir

Prince. Five years! by'r lady a long lease for
the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest
thou be so valiant as to play the coward with
thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels
and run from it? 53

Fran. O Lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the
books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I
shall be— 60

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray you, stay a little, my
lord

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the
sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth,
was't not? 66

Fran. O Lord, sir! I would it had been two

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand
pound, ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt
have it

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis, but
to-morrow, Francis, or, Francis, o' Thurs-
day, or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But,
Francis!

Fran. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin,
crystal-button, knot-pated, agate-ring, puke-
stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-
pouch,— 81

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why then, your brown bastard is
your only drunk, for, look you, Francis, your
white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir,
it cannot come to so much

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! Dost thou not
hear them call?

[*Here they both call him, the Drawer stands
amazed, not knowing which way to go*]

Enter VINTNER

Vint. What! standest thou still, and hearest
such a calling? Look to the guests within
[*Exit FRANCIS*]. My lord, old Sir John, with
half a dozen more, are at the door. Shall I let
them in?

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then
open the door. [*Exit VINTNER.*] Poins! 97

Re-enter POINS

POINS Anon, anon, sir

PRINCE Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door shall we be merry? 100

POINS As merry as crickets, my lad But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue? 104

PRINCE I am now of all humours that have show'd themselves humours since the old days of Goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight [FRANCIS crosses the stage, with wine] What's o'clock, Francis? 110

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir

[Exit]

PRINCE That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' O my sweet Harry, says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he, and answers, 'Some fourteen,' an hour after, 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee call in Falstaff I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife 'Rivo' says the drunkard. Call in nbs, call in tallow 127

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, PETO, and FRANCIS

POINS Welcome, Jack where hast thou been?

FAL A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks and mend them and foot them too A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue — Is there no virtue extant? 138

[He drinks]

PRINCE Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter — pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst then behold that compound. 138

FAL You rogue, here's lime in this sack too there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it, a villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack, die when thou wilt. If manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unbanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old. God help the while! a bad world, I say I would I were a weaver, I could sing psalms or anything A plague of all cowards, I say still. 152

PRINCE How now, wool-sack! what mutter you? 152

FAL A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more You Prince of Wales! 157

PRINCE Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

FAL Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and Poins there? 161

POINS 'Zounds! ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee

FAL I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward, but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me Give me a cup of sack I am a rogue if I drunk to-day 172

PRINCE O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

FAL All's one for that. [He drinks] A plague of all cowards, still say I 176

PRINCE What's the matter?

FAL What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning 180

PRINCE Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FAL Where is it? taken from us it is a hundred upon poor four of us

PRINCE What, a hundred, man? 184

FAL I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together I have 'scap'd by miracle I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a hand-saw ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man all would not do A plague of all cowards! Let them speak if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness

PRINCE Speak, sirs, how was it?

GADS We four set upon some dozen, — 196

FAL Sixteen, at least, my lord.

GADS And bound them

PETO No, no, they were not bound

FAL You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew

GADS As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us, — 204

FAL And unbound the rest, and then come in the other

PRINCE What, fought ye with them all?

FAL All! I know not what ye call all, but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature 212

PRINCE Pray God you have not murdered some of them

FAL Nay, that's past praying for. I have peppered two of them two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse Thou knowest my old ward, here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me, — 221

PRINCE What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal Four, Hal, I told thee four
Poins Ay, ay, he said four
Fal These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus
Prince Seven? why, there were but four even now

Fal In buckram
Poins Ay, four, in buckram suits.
Fal Seven, by these huits, or I am a villain else

Prince Prithce, let him alone, we shall have more anon

Fal Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince Ay, and mark thee too, Jack

Fal Do so, for it is worth the listening to
 These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

Prince So, two more already

Fal Their points being broken,—

Poins Down fell their hose

Fal Began to give me ground, but I followed me close, came in foot and hand and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two

Fal But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green came at my back and let drive at me, for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable
 Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,—

Fal What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason what sayest thou to this?

Poins Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds! an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince I'll be no longer guilty of this sin this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O! for breath to utter what is like thee, you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

Prince Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again and when thou hast tured thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins Mark, Jack

Prince We two saw you four set on four and you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it you here in the house And, Falstaff, you earned your guts away

as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins Come, let's hear, Jack, what trick hast thou now?

Fal By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye Why, hear you, my masters was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules, but beware instinct, the lion will not touch the true prince Instinct is a great matter, I was a coward on instinct I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life, I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money Hostess, clap to the doors watch to-night, pray to-morrow Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince Content, and the argument shall be thy running away

Fal Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Quick O Jesu! my lord the prince!

Prince How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Quick Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you he says he comes from your father

Prince Give him as much as will make him a royal man and send him back again to my mother

Fal What manner of man is he?

Quick An old man

Fal What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prince Prithce, do, Jack.

Fal Faith, and I'll send him packing [Exit]

Prince Now, sirs by'r lady, you fought fair, so did you, Peto, so did you, Bardolph you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no, fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run
Prince Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard Yea, and to tackle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side,

and yet thou rannest away What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard [Pointing to his face] My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations? 357

Prince I do

Bard What think you they portend?

Prince Hot livers and cold purses 360

Bard Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince No, if rightly taken, halter —

Re-enter FALSTAFF

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone — How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee? 366

Fal My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist, I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad here was Sir John Bracy from your father you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amaumon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him? 378

Poins Owen Glendower

Fal Owen, Owen, the same, and his son-in-law Mortimer and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular

Prince He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying 385

Fal You have hit it

Prince So did he never the sparrow

Fal Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him, he will not run 389

Prince Why, what a rascal art thou then to praise him so for running!

Fal O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot he will not budge a foot. 393

Prince Yes, Jack, upon instinct

Fal I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night, thy father's beard is turned white with the news you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel. 400

Prince Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds 404

Fal By the mass, lad, thou sayest true, it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it? 412

Prince Not a whit, I' faith, I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-

morrow when thou comest to thy father if thou love me, practise an answer 417

Prince Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life

Fal Shall I? content this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown. 422

Prince Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown! 425

Fal Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyse's vein [Drinks]

Prince Well, here is my leg [Makes a bow]
Fal And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility 434

Quick O Jesu! This is excellent sport, I' faith!
Fal Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain 436

Quick O, the father! how he holds his countenance

Fal For God's sake, lords, convey my trustful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes. 440
Quick O Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal Peace, good pmt-pot! peace, good tickle-brain! Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thymother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point, why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a mcher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile, so doth the company thou keepest, for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name. 467

Prince What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal A goodly portly man, I' faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage, and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by'r lady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me, for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff. him keep with, the rest

banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father 483

Fal Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare

Prince Well, here I am set. 488

Fal And here I stand. Judge, my masters

Prince Now, Harry! whence come you?

Fal My noble lord, from Eastcheap

Prince The complaints I hear of thee are grievous 493

Fal 'Sblood, my lord, they are false nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, I' faith

Prince Swearst thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me Thou art violently carried away from grace there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man, a tun of man is thy companion Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastiness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning but in craft? wherein crafty but in villany? wherein villanous but in all things? wherein worthy but in nothing? 512

Fal I would your Grace would take me with you whom means your Grace?

Prince That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan

Fal My lord, the man I know 517

Prince I know thou dost.

Fal But to say I know more harm in him than in myself were to say more than I know That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it, but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be beloved No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins, but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company banish not him thy Harry's company banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. 535

Prince I do, I will [A knocking heard]

[*Exeunt* MISTRESS QUICKLY, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running

Bard O! my lord, my lord, the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door

Fal Out, ye rogue! Play out the play I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff

Re-enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Quick O Jesu! my lord, my lord! 541

Prince Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick what's the matter?

Quick The sheriff and all the watch are at the door they are come to search the house Shall I let them in? 546

Fal Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit thou art essentially mad without seeming so 549

Prince And thou a natural coward without instinct

Fal I deny your major If you will deny the sheriff, so, if not, let him enter if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another 556

Prince Go, hide thee behind the arras the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience

Fal Both which I have had, but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me 561

[*Exeunt* all but the PRINCE and PETO]

Prince Call in the sheriff

Enter Sheriff and Carrier

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sher First, pardon me, my lord A hue and cry 564

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house

Prince What men?

Sher One of them is well known, my gracious lord,

A gross fat man

Car As fat as butter 568

Prince The man, I do assure you, is not here, For I myself at this time have employ'd him And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, 572 Send him to answer thee, or any man, For anything he shall be charg'd withal - And so let me entreat you leave the house

Sher I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen 576

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks

Prince It may be so if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable, and so farewell.

Sher Good night, my noble lord 580

Prince I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock [Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier]

Prince This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's

Go, call him forth 584

Peto Falstaff! fast asleep behind the arras, and snoring like a horse

Prince Hark, how hard he fetches breath Search his pockets [He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers] What hast thou found? 590

Peto Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince Let's see what they be read them.

Peto Item A capon 2s 2d
 Item Sauce 4d
 Item Sack two gallons 5s 8d
 Item Anchovies and sack after supper 2s 6d
 Item Bread ob

Prince O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is ease, keep close we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning, and so good morrow, *Peto* 608

Peto Good morrow, good my lord [Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I — *Bangor* A Room in the
Archdeacon's House

Enter *HOTSPUR*, *WORCESTER*, *MORTIMER*, and
GLENDOWER

Mort These promises are fair, the parties sure,

And our induction full of prosperous hope

Hot Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down? 4

And uncle Worcester a plague upon it!

I have forgot the map

Glend No, here it is
 Sit, cousin Percy, sit, good cousin Hotspur,
 For by that name as oft as Lancaster 8
 Doth speak of you his cheek looks pale and with
 A rising sigh he wishes you in heaven.

Hot And you in hell, as often as he hears

Owen Glendower spoke of 12

Glend I cannot blame him at my nativity

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

Of burning cressets, and at my birth

The frame and huge foundation of the earth 16

Shak'd like a coward

Hot Why, so it would have done at the same
 season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd,

though yourself had never been born 20

Glend I say the earth did snake when I was
 born

Hot And I say the earth was not of my mind,
 If you suppose as fearing you it shook

Glend The heavens were all on fire, the earth
 did tremble 24

Hot O! then the earth shook to see the
 heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth 28

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb, which, for enlargement
 striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down

Steeple and moss-grown towers At your
 birth 33

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
 In passion shook

Glend Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings Give me leave 36

To tell you once again that at my birth

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

The goats ran from the mountains, and the
 herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary, 41

And all the courses of my life do show

I am not in the roll of common men

Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea 44

That chides the banks of England, Scotland,

Wales,

Which calls me pupil or hath read to me?

And bring him out that is but woman's son

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art 48

And hold me pace in deep experiments

Hot I think there's no man speaks better

Welsh

I'll to dinner

Mort Peace, cousin Percy! you will make
 him mad 52

Glend I can call spirits from the vasty deep

Hot Why, so can I or so can any man,

But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to
 command 56

The devil

Hot And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the
 devil

By telling truth tell truth and shame the devil

If thou have power to raise him, bring him
 hither, 60

And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him
 hence

O! while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!

Mort Come, come,

No more of this unprofitable chat 64

Glend Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke
 made head

Against my power, thrice from the banks of
 Wye

And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him

Bootless home and weather-beaten back 68

Hot Home without boots, and in foul wea-
 ther too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend Come, here's the map shall we divide
 our right

According to our threefold order ta'en? 72

Mort The archdeacon hath divided it

Into three lumps very equally

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,

By south and east is to my part assign'd 76

All westward Wales beyond the Severn shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound,

Then Owen Glendower and, dear coz, to you

The remnant northward, lying off from Trent 80

And our adventures tripartite are drawn,

Which being sealed interchangeably,

A business that this night may execute,

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I 84

And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury
My father Glendower is not ready yet, 88
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days
[To GLENDOWER] Within that space you may
have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you,
lords, 92

And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal and take no
leave,

For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you 96

Hot Methinks my moiety, north from Burton
here,

In quantity equals not one of yours.

See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land 100

A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up,

And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly 104

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here

Glend. Not wind! it shall, it must, you see
it doth.

Mort. Yea, but 108

Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side,

Gelding the opposed contentment as much,
As on the other side it takes from you. 112

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him
here,

And on this north side win this cape of land,
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot I'll have it so, a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot Will not you? 117

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I

Hot Let me not understand you then

Speak it in Welsh. 120

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as
you,

For I was train'd up in the English court,
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp

Many an English ditty lovely well, 124

And gave the tongue an helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my
heart.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew 128

Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers,
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,

Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

Nothing so much as muzzling poetry 133

'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot I do not care I'll give thrice so much
land 136

To any well-deserving friend

But in the way of bargain, mark you me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away
by night 141

I'll haste the writer and withal

Break with your wives of your departure hence

I am afraid my daughter will run mad, 144

So much she doteth on her Mortimer [Exit

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my
father!

Hot I cannot choose sometimes he angers
me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies, 149

And of a dragon, and a finless fish,

A chip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,

A couching lion, and a ramping cat, 152

And such a deal of skumble skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith. I'll tell thee what,

He held me last night at least nine hours

In reckoning up the several devils' names 156

That were his lackeys I cried 'hum!' and 'well,

go to'

But mark'd him not a word O! he's as tedious

As a tired horse a railing wife,

Worse than a smoky house I had rather live

With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far, 161

Than feed on cates and have him talk to me

In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman, 164

Exceedingly well read, and profited

In strange concealments, valiant as a lion

And wondrous affable, and as bountiful

As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin? 168

He holds your temper in a high respect,

And curbs himself even of his natural scope

When you do cross his humour, faith, he does

I warrant you, that man is not alive 172

Might so have tempted him as you have done,

Without the taste of danger and reproof

But do not use it oft, let me entreat you

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-
blame, 176

And since your coming hither have done enough

To put him quite beside his patience

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault

Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,
blood,— 180

And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,

Defect of manners, want of government,

Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain 184

The least of which haunting a nobleman

Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain

Upon the beauty of all parts besides,

Beguiling them of commendation. 188

Hot Well, I am school'd, good manners be
your speed!

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies

Mort. This is the deadly spute that angers me,

My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh. 192

Glend. My daughter weeps, she will not part
with you

She'll be a soldier too she'll to the wars
Mort Good father, tell her that she and my
 aunt Percy,

Shall follow in your conduct speedily 196

[*GLENDOWER speaks to LADY MORTIMER
 in Welsh, and she answers him in the
 same*]

Glend She's desperate here, a peevish self-
 will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion can do
 good upon [*She speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh*]

Mort I understand thy looks that pretty
 Welsh 200

Which thou pour'st down from these swelling
 heavens

I am too perfect in, and, but for shame,
 In such a parley would I answer thee

[*She speaks again.*]

I understand thy kisses and thou mine, 204

And that's a feeling disputation

But I will never be a truant, love,

Till I have learn'd thy language, for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower, 209

With ravishing division, to her lute

Glend Nay, if you melt, then will she run
 mad.

[*She speaks again.*]

Mort O! I am ignorance itself in this. 212

Glend She bids you

Upon the wanton rushes lay you down

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,

And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep, 217

Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,

Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep

As is the difference between day and night 220

The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team

Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort With all my heart I'll sit and hear her
 sing

By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend Do so 225

And those musicians that shall play to you

Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,

And straight they shall be here sit, and at-
 tend. 228

Hot Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying

down come, quick, quick, that I may lay my

head in thy lap

Lady P Go, ye giddy goose 232

[*GLENDOWER speaks some Welsh words,
 and music is heard*]

Hot Now I perceive the devil understands
 Welsh,

And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous

By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P Then should you be nothing but

musical for you are altogether governed by

humours Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady

sing in Welsh.

Hot I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl
 in Irish 240

Lady P Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot No.

Lady P Then be still

Hot Neither, 'tis a woman's fault. 244

Lady P Now, God! help thee!

Hot To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P What's that?

Hot Peace! she sings 248

[*A Welsh song sung by LADY MORTIMER.*]

Hot Come, Kate, I'll have your song too

Lady P Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot Not yours, 'in good sooth!' Heart!

you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you,

'in good sooth,' and, 'as true as I live,' and,

'as God shall mend me,' and, 'as sure as day'

And giv'st such sarcent surety for thy oaths,

As if thou never walk'dst further than Fins-
 bury 256

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'

And such protest of pepper gingerbread,

To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens 260

Come, sing

Lady P I will not sing.

Hot 'Tis the next way to turn tailor or be

red-breast teacher An the indentures be drawn,

I'll away within these two hours, and so, come

in when ye will. [*Exit*]

Glend Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are

as slow

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go 268

By this our book is drawn, we will but seal,

And then to horse immediately

Mort With all my heart. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — London A Room in the Palace

Enter KING HENRY, the PRINCE, and Lords.

K Hen Lords, give us leave, the Prince of

Wales and I

Must have some private conference but be near

at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

I know not whether God will have it so, 4

For some displeasing service I have done,

That, in his secret doom, out of my blood

He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me,

But thou dost in thy passages of life 8

Make me believe that thou art only mark'd

For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven

To punish my mistreadings Tell me else,

Could such inordinate and low desires, 12

Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean

attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,

As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,

Accompany the greatness of thy blood 16

And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Prince So please your majesty, I would I

could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse

As well as I am doubtless I can purge 20

Myself of many I am charg'd withal

Yet such extenuation let me beg,

As, in reproof of many takes devis'd,

Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,

By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,

I may, for some things true, wherein my youth

Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,

Find pardon on my true submission. 28

K Hen. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder,
Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a comet I was wonder'd at
That men would tell their children, 'This is he'
Others would say, 'Where' which is Boling-
broke?'

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt, carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity,
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.

So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded, seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes,
But rather drows'd and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and
full

And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou,
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation not an eye
But is weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more,
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness

Prince I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious
lord,

Be more myself 92

K Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now 96
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession,
For of no right, nor colour like to right, 100
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms 105
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas' whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority, 109
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
Christ,

Thine hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing
clothes, 112

This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up 116
And shake the peace and safety of our throne
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumber-
land,

The Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas,
Mortimer,

Capitulate against us and are up 120
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen, 125
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate 128

Prince Do not think so, you shall not find
it so
And God forgive them, that so much have
sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head, 132
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son,
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favours in a bloody mask, 136
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with
it

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,— 142
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled!—for the time will come
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord, 147
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf,

And I will call him to so strict account
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart 152
Thus, in the name of God, I promise here
The which, if he oe pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may save
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance
If not, the end of life cancels all bands, 157
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow

K Hen A hundred thousand rebels die in
this 160
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust
herein

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT

How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of
speed.

Blunt So hath the business that I come to
speak of
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word 164
That Douglas and the English rebels met,
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury
A mighty and a fearful head they are,—
If promises be kept on every hand,— 168
As ever offer'd foul play in a state

K Hen The Earl of Westmoreland set forth
to-day,
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster,
For this advertisement is five days old. 172
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward,

On Thursday we ourselves will march: our
meeting
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire, by which account, 176
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business let's away,
Advantage feeds him fat while men delay 180

[*Exeunt*]

went to a bawdy-house not above once in a
quarter—of an hour, paid money that I bor-
rowed three or four times, lived well and in good
compass, and now I live out of all order, out of
all compass. 23

Bard Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that
you must needs be out of all compass, out of all
reasonable compass, Sir John. 26

Fal Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend
my life thou art our admiral, thou bearest the
lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee
thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp

Bard Why, Sir John, my face does you no
harm 32

Fal No, I'll be sworn, I make as good use
of it as many a man doth of a Death's head, or
a *memento mori* I never see thy face but I think
upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple,
for there he is in his robes, burning, burning If
thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear
by thy face, my oath should be, 'By this fire,
that's God's angel' but thou art altogether
given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in
thy face, the son of utter darkness When thou
rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my
horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an
ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no
purchase in money O! thou art a perpetual
triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light Thou hast
saved me a thousand marks in links and torches,
walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern
and tavern but the sack that thou hast drunk
me would have bought me lights as good cheap
at the dearest chandler's in Europe I have
maintained that salamander of yours with fire
any time this two-and-thirty years, God reward
me for it! 55

Bard 'Sblood, I would my face were in your
belly

Fal God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be
heart-burned.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you
inquired yet who picked my pocket? 61

Quick Why, Sir John, what do you think,
Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my
house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has
my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant
by servant the title of a hair was never lost in
my house before. 67

Fal You lie, hostess Bardolph was shaved
and lost many a hair, and I'll be sworn my
pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go

Quick Who, I? No, I defy thee God's light!
I was never called so in my own house before. 72

Fal Go to, I know you well enough.

Quick. No, Sir John, you do not know me,
Sir John I know you, Sir John you owe me
money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to
beguile me of it I bought you a dozen of shirts
to your back. 78

Fal Dowlas, filthy dowlas I have given
them away to bakers' wives, and they have
made bolters of them. 81

Quick Now, as I am true woman, holland of

SCENE III.—*Eastcheap A Room in the
Boar's Head Tavern*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely
since this last action? do I not bate? do I not
dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an
old lady's loose gown, I am withered like an old
apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly,
while I am in some liking, I shall be out of heart
shortly, and then I shall have no strength to re-
pent An I have not forgotten what the inside
of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a
brewer's horse the inside of a church! Compa-
ny, villainous company, hath been the spoil
of me 12

Bard Sir John, you are so fretful, you can-
not live long.

Fal. Why, there is it come, sing me a bawdy
song, make me merry I was as virtuously given
as a gentleman need to be, virtuous enough
swore little, dined not above seven times a week,

eight shillings an ell You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound. 85

Fal He had his part of it, let him pay

Quick He! alas! he is poor, he hath nothing
Fal How! poor? look upon his face, what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks I'll not pay a denier What! will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark

Quick O Jesu I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper 97

Fal How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup, 'sblood! an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so 100

Enter the PRINCE and POINS marching FALSTAFF meets them, playing on his truncheon like a fife

Fal How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion

Quick My lord, I pray you, hear me 104

Prince What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man

Quick Good my lord, hear me 108

Fal Prithce, let her alone, and list to me

Prince What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked this house is turned bawdy-house they pick pockets 113

Prince What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's 117

Prince A trifle, some eight-penny matter

Quick So I told him, my lord, and I said I heard your Grace say so and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you 122

Prince What! he did not?

Quick There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else 125

Fal There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox, and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee Go, you thing, go

Quick Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal What thing! why, a thing to thank God on 133

Quick I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest man's wife and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so 137

Fal Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise

Quick Say what beast, thou knave thou? 140

Fal What beast! why, an otter

Prince An otter, Sir John! why, an otter?

Fal Why? she's neither fish nor flesh, a man knows not where to have her 144

Quick Thou art an unjust man in saying so thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

Prince Thou sayest true, hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly 149

Quick So he doth you, my lord, and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince Sirrah! do I owe you a thousand pound? 153

Fal A thousand pound, Hal! a million thy love is worth a million, thou owest me thy love

Quick Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you 157

Fal Did I, Bardoiph?

Bard Indeed, Sir John, you said so

Fal Yea, if he said my ring was copper 160

Prince I say 'tis copper darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare, but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp 165

Prince And why not as the lion?

Fal The king himself is to be feared as the lion dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break! 170

Prince O! if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, or honesty in this bosom of thine, it is all filled up with guts and midriff Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, emooosed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong Art thou not ashamed? 183

Fal Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell, and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty You confess then, you picked my pocket? 189

Prince It appears so by the story

Fal Hostess I forgive thee Go make ready breakfast, lo thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason thou seest I am pacified Still! Nay prithce, be gone [Exit MISTRESS QUICKLY] Now, Hal, to the news at court for the robbery, lad, how is that answered? 197

Prince O! my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again

Fal O! I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour 201

Prince I am good friends with my father and may do anything

Fal Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too

Bard Do, my lord

Prince I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot 208

Fal I would it had been of horse Where shall I find one that can steal well? O! for a

fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts, I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous I laud them, I praise them.

Prince Bardolph!

Bard My lord?

Prince Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,

To my brother John, this to my Lord of Westmoreland

Go, Poms, to horse, to horse! for thou and I

Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time 220

Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall

At two o'clock in the afternoon

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there

receive

Money and order for their furniture 224

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,

And either we or they must lower lie

[*Exeunt the PRINCE, POMS, and BARDOLPH.*]

Fal Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my

breakfast, come!

O! I could wish this tavern were my drum 228

[*Exit*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS

Hot Well said, my noble Scot if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,

Such attribution should the Douglas have,

As not a soldier of this season's stamp 4

Should go so general current through the world.

By God, I cannot flatter, do defy

The tongues of soothers, but a braver place

In my heart's love hath no man than yourself 8

Nay, task me to my word, approve me, lord.

Doug Thou art the king of honour.

No man so potent breathes upon the ground

But I will beard him.

Hot Do so, and 'tis well. 12

Enter a Messenger, with letters

What letters hast thou there? [*To DOUGLAS.*]

I can but thank you.

Mess These letters come from your father

Hot Letters from him! why comes he not

himself?

Mess He cannot come, my lord: he's grievous

sick. 16

Hot 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be

sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

Mess His letters bear his mind, not I, my

lord. 20

Wor I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess He did, my lord, four days ere I set

forth,

And at the time of my departure thence

He was much fear'd by his physicians. 24

Wor I would the state of time had first been

whole

Ere he by sickness had been visited

His health was never better worth than now

Hot Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect 28

The very life-blood of our enterprise,

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp

He writes me here, that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not 32

So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement, 36

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us,

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd 40

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off

And yet, in faith, 'tis not, his present want 44

Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour? 48

It were not good, for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope,

The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes

Doug Faith, and so we should, 52

Where now remains a sweet reversion

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what

Is to come in

A comfort of retirement lives in this. 56

Hot A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

If that the devil and mischance look big

Upon the maidenhead of our affairs

Wor But yet, I would your father had been

here 60

The quality and hair of our attempt

Brooks no division. It will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,

That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike 64

Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.

And think how such an apprehension

May turn the tide of fearful faction

And breed a kind of question in our cause, 68

For well you know we of the offering side

Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,

And stop all sight-holes, every loop from

whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us 72

This absence of your father's draws a curtain,

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear

Before not dreamt of

Hot You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use: 76

It lends a lustre and more great opinion,

A larger dare to our great enterprise,

Than if the earl were here, for men must think, 80

If we without his help, can make a head

To push against the kingdom, with his help

We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug As heart can think there is not such

a word 84

Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON

Hot My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul

Ver Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,

Is marching hitherwards, with him Prince John

Hot No harm what more?

Ver And further, I have learn'd, the king himself in person is set forth,

Or hitherwards intended speedily, 92

With strong and mighty preparation

Hot He shall be welcome too Where is his son,

The numble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,

And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside, 96

And bid it pass?

Ver All furnish'd, all in arms, All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind,

Bated like eagles having lately bath'd, Glittering in golden coats, like images, 100

As full of spirit as the month of May, And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer,

Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls. I saw young Harry, with his beaver on, 104

His cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd, Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,

And vaulted with such ease into his seat, As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus 109

And witch the world with noble horsemanship

Hot No more, no more worse than the sun in March

This praise doth nourish agues Let them come They come like sacrifices in their trim, 113

And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war All hot and bleeding will we offer them

The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit Up to the ears in blood I am on fire 116

To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh And yet not ours Come, let me taste my horse,

Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales

Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse, Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse

O! that Glendower were come

Ver There is more news 124

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along, He cannot draw his power these fourteen days.

Doug That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet

Wor Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound 128

Hot What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver To thirty thousand.

Hot Forty let it be My father and Glendower being both away,

The powers of us may serve so great a day 132

Come, let us take a muster speedily

Doomsday is near, die all, die merrily

Doug Talk not of dying I am out of fear Of death or death's hand for this one half year

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — A public Road near Coventry

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH

Fal Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a bottle of sack our soldiers shall march through we'll to Sutton-Co'fil' to-night

Bard Will you give me money, captain? 4

Fal Lay out, lay out

Bard This bottle makes an angel

Fal An if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage

Did my Lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end 10

Bard I will, captain farewell [Exit]

Fal If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably

I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds

I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons, inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns, such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum, such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck

I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services, and now my whole charge consists of

ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores, and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers

trade fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a longpeace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks

A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies

No eye hath seen such scarecrows I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on, for, indeed I had the most of them out of prison

There's but a shirt and a half in all my company, and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves, and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or thered-nose inn-keeper of Daventry

But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge. 53

Enter the PRINCE and WESTMORELAND

Prince How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal What, Hal! How now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury

West Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too, but my powers

are there already The king, I can tell you, looks for us all we must away all night. 63

Fal Tut, never fear me I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream

Prince I think to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal Mine, Hal, mine 70

Prince I did never see such pitiful rascals

Fal Tut, tut, good enough to toss, food for powder, food for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly 76

Fal Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that, and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me 79

Prince No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare But sirrah, make haste Percy is already in the field

Fal What, is the king encamped?

West He is, Sir John I fear we shall stay too long 84

Fal Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest [Exeunt

SCENE III—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury

Enter HOTSPUR WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON

Hot We'll fight with him to-night

Wor It may not be

Doug You give him then advantage

Ver Not a whit

Hot Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver So do we

Hot His is certain, ours is doubtful 4

Wor Good cousin, be advis'd stir not to-night

Ver Do not, my lord

Doug You do not counsel well You speak it out of fear and cold heart

Ver Domesday, Douglas by my life,— And I dare well maintain it with my life,— 9

If well-respected honour bid me on, I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle 13

Which of us fears.

Doug Yea, or to-night.

Ver Content.

Hot To-night, say I.

Ver Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much, 16

Being men of such great leading as you are, That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up 20

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day,

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself. 24

Hot So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated and brought low

The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor The number of the king exceeds hours

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in, 29

[The trumpet sounds a parley

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT

Blunt I come with gracious offers from the king,

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect

Hot Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt, and would to God 32

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well, and even those some

Envy your great deservings and good name,

Because you are not of our quality, 36

But stand against us like an enemy

Blunt And God defend but still I should stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule

You stand against appointed majesty 40

But, to my charge The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs, and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his dutiful land 44

Audacious cruelty If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,—

Which he confesseth to be manifold,—

He bids you name your griefs, and with all

speed. 48

You shall have your desires with interest,

And pardon absolute for yourself and these

Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot The king is kind, and well we know the 52

king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay

My father and my uncle and myself

Did give him that same royalty he wears,

And when he was not six-and-twenty strong, 56

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

A poor unmindful outlaw sneaking home,

My father gave him welcome to the shore,

And when he heard him swear and vow to God

He came but to be Duke of Lancaster, 61

To sue his livery and beg his peace,

With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,

My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd, 64

Swore him assistance and perform'd it too

Now when the lords and barons of the realm

Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,

The more and less came in with cap and knee,

Met him in boroughs, cities, villages, 69

Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,

Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,

Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him 72

Even at the heels in golden multitudes.

He presently, as greatness knows itself,

Steps me a little higher than his vow

Made to my father, while his blood was poor, 76

Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurn,

And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform

Some certain edicts and some strait decrees

That he too heavy on the commonwealth, 80

Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep

Over his country's wrongs, and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for,
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war

Blunt Tut, I came not to hear this
Hot Then to the point
In short time after, he depos'd the king,
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state,
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman
March—

Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king—to be engag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to be forfeited,
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence,
Rated my uncle from the council-board,
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court, 100
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find 104
Too indirect for long continuance

Blunt Shall I return this answer to the king?
Hot Not so, Sir Walter well withdraw
awhile

Go to the king, and let there be impawn'd 108
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes, and so farewell

Blunt I would you would accept of grace and
love 112

Hot And may be so we shall

Blunt Pray God, you do!
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV—*York A Room in the ARCH- BISHOP'S Palace*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and
SIR MICHAEL*

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael, bear this sealed
brief

With winged haste to the lord marshal,
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed If you knew 4
How much they do import, you would make
haste

Sir M My good lord,
I guess their tenour

Arch Like enough you do
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day 8
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch, for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand, 11
The king with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,—
Whose power was in the first proportion,—
And what with Owen Glendower's absence
thence, 16
Who with them was a rated snaw too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,—

I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king 20
Sir M Why, my good lord, you need not
fear

There is the Douglas and Lord Mortimer

Arch No, Mortimer is not there
Sir M But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord
Harry Percy, 24

And there's my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen
Arch And so there is, but yet the king hath
drawn

The special head of all the land together 28
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and war-like Blunt,
And many more courials and dear men

Of estimation and command in arms 32
Sir M Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well
oppos'd

Arch I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear,
And, to prevent the worse, Sir Michael, speed
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king 36
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against
him

Therefore make haste I must go write again 40
To other friends, and so farewell, Sir Michael
[*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I—*The KING'S Camp near Shrewsbury*

*Enter KING HENRY, the PRINCE, JOHN OF LAN-
CASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and SIR JOHN
FALSTAFF*

K Hen How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature

Prince The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes, 4
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day

K Hen Then with the losers let it sym-
pathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win 8
[*Trumpet sounds*]

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace, 12
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel
This is not well, my lord this is not well
What say you to it? will you again unknit 16
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear and a portent 20
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor Hear me, my hege
For mine own part, I could be well content

To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours, for I do protest
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K Hen You have not sought it! how comes
it then?

Fal Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prince Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor It pleas'd your majesty to turn your
looks

Of favour from myself and all our house,
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster

To thus we swore our aid but, in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,

What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,

That all in England did repute him dead
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand,
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,
And being fed by us you us'd us so

As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird
Useth the sparrow did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your
sight

For fear of swallowing, but with numble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety's sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise

K Hen These things indeed, you have artic-
ulate,

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation

And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause,
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

Prince In both our armies there is many a
soul

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,

24 If once they join in trial Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the
world

In praise of Henry Percy by his hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,

I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,

More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,

And so I hear he doth account me too,
Yet thus before my father's majesty—

I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,

And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight

K Hen And, Prince of Wales, so dare we
venture thee,

Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it No, good Worcester, no,

We love our people well, even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part,

And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man

Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his
So tell your cousin, and bring me word

What he will do, but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,

And they shall do their office So, be gone
We will not now be troubled with reply

We offer fair, take it advicedly
[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON*]

Prince It will not be accepted on my life
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together

Are confident against the world in arms
K Hen Hence, therefore, every leader to his
charge,

For, on their answer, will we set on them,
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt KING HENRY, BLUNT, and JOHN
OF LANCASTER*]

Fal Hal, if thou see me down in the battle,
and bestride me, so, 'tis a point of friendship

Prince Nothing but a colossus can do thee
that friendship Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all
well.

Prince Why, thou owest God a death [*Exit*].
Fal 'Tis not due yet I would be loath to

pay him before his day What need I be so
forward with him that calls not on me? Well,

'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. Yea, but
how if honour prick me off when I come on?

how then? Can honour set to a leg? No Or an
arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound?

No Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No
What is honour? a word. What is that word,

honour? Arr A trim reckoning! Who hath it?
he that died o' Wednesday Doth he feel it?

No. Doth he hear it? No. It is insensible
then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live

with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not
suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it honour is a
mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

[*Exit*].

SCENE II—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury**Enter WORCESTER and VERNON*

Wor O, no! my nephew must not know,
Sir Richard,
 The liberal kind offer of the king
Ver 'Twere best he did
Wor Then are we all undone
 It is not possible it cannot be,
 The king should keep his word in loving us,
 He will suspect us still, and find a time
 To punish this offence in other faults
 Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes,
 For treason is but trusted like the fox,
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors
 Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks,
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
 It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
 And an adopted name of privilege,
 A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen
 All his offences live upon my head
 And on his father's we did train him on,
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know
 In any case the offer of the king
Ver Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so
 Here comes your cousin

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS, Officers and Soldiers behind

Hot My uncle is return'd deliver up
 My Lord of Westmoreland Uncle, what news?
Wor The king will bid you battle presently
Doug Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland
Hot Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so
Doug Marry, and shall, and very willingly
[Exit]
Wor There is no seeming mercy in the king
Hot Did you beg any? God forbid!
Wor I told him gently of our grievances,
 Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus,
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn
 He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have
 thrown
 A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
 And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it,
 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Wor The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth be-
 fore the king,
 And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hot O! would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
 And that no man might draw short breath to-
 day
 But I and Harry Monmouth Tell me, tell me,
 How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?
Ver No, by my soul, I never in my life
 Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,

Unless a brother dare
 To gentle exercise and proof of arms
 He gave you all the duties of a man,
 I'mm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
 Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
 Making you ever better than his praise,
 By still dispraising praise valu'd with you,
 And, which became him like a prince indeed,
 He made a blushing cital of himself,
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace
 As if he master'd there a double spirit
 Of teaching and of learning instantly
 There did he pause But let me tell the world,
 If he outlive the envy of this day,
 England did never owe so sweet a hope,
 So much misconstru'd in his wantonness
Hot Cousin, I think thou art enamour'd
 On his follies never did I hear
 Of any prince so wild a libertine
 But be he as he will, yet once ere night
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy
 Arm, arm, with speed! And, fellows, soldiers,
 friends,
 Better consider what you have to do,
 Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion

Enter a Messenger

Mess My lord, here are letters for you
Hot I cannot read them now
 O gentlemen! the time of life is short,
 To spend that shortness basely were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending, at the arrival of an hour
 An if we live, we live to tread on kings,
 If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
 Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
 When the intent of bearing them is just

Enter another Messenger

Mess My lord, prepare, the king comes on
 apace
Hot I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
 For I profess not talking Only this,—
 Let each man do his best and here draw I
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal
 In the adventure of this perilous day
 Now, *Esperance!* Percy! and set on
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that music let us all embrace,
 For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
 A second time do such a courtesy
[The trumpets sound They embrace, and exeunt]

SCENE III.—*Between the Camps.*

Excursions and Parties fighting Alarum to the Battle Then enter DOUGLAS and SIR WALTER BLUNT, meeting

Blunt What is thy name, that in the battle
 thus
 Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
 Upon my head?

Doug Know then, my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus

Because some tell me that thou art a king

Blunt They tell thee true

Doug The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
bought

Thy likeness for, instead of thee King Harry, 8

Thus sword hath ended him so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner

Blunt I was not born a yelder, thou proud
Scot,

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge 12
Lord Stafford's death

[*They fight, and BLUNT is slain*]

Enter HOTSPUR

Hot O, Douglas! hadst thou fought at
Holmedon thus,

I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug All's done, all's won here breathless
lies the king 16

Hot Where?

Doug Here

Hot This, Douglas! no, I know this face full
well,

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Sensibly furnish'd like the king himself 21

Doug A fool go with thy soul, whither it
goes!

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a
king? 24

Hot The king hath many marching in his
coats

Doug Now, by my sword, I will kill all his
coats,

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king

Hot Up, and away! 28

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day
[*Exeunt*]

Alarums Enter FALSTAFF

Fal Though I could 'scape shot-free at
London, I fear the shot here, here's no scoring

but upon the pate. Soft! who art thou? Sir
Walter Blunt there's honour for you! here's

no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as
heavy too God keep lead out of me! I need

no more weight than mine own bowels I have
led my ragamuffins where they are peppered

there's not three of my hundred and fifty left
alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg

during life But who comes here? 40

Enter the PRINCE

Prince What! stand'st thou idle here? lend
me thy sword

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are unreveng'd prithee, lend
me thy sword 44

Fal O Hal! I prithee, give me leave to
breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such

deeds in arms as I have done this day I have
paid Percy, I have made him sure. 48

Prince He is, indeed, and living to kill thee
I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive,
thou gett'st not my sword, but take my pistol,

if thou wilt 53

Prince Give it me What! is it in the case?

Fal Ay, Hal, 'tis hot, 'tis hot there's that
will sack a city 56

[*The PRINCE draws out a bottle of sack*]

Prince What! is't a time to jest and dally
now? [*Throws it at him, and exits*]

Fal Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.

If he do come in my way, so if he do not, if I
come in his, willingly, let him make a carbado

of me I like not such grinning honour as Sir
Walter hath give me life, which if I can save,

so if not, honour comes unlooked for, and
there's an end [Exit]

SCENE IV — Another Part of the Field

Alarums *Excursions* Enter KING HENRY, the
PRINCE, JOHN OF LANCASTER, and WESTMORE-

LAND

K Hen I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself, thou bleed'st too

much

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him

Lanc Not I, my lord unless I did bleed too 4

Prince I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends

K Hen I will do so

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his
tent 8

West Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your
tent

Prince Lead me, my lord? I do not need
your help

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this, 12

Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lanc We breathe too long come, cousin
Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies for God's sake, come 16
[*Exeunt JOHN OF LANCASTER and*

WESTMORELAND

Prince By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lan-

caster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John,

But now, I do respect thee as my soul 20

K Hen I saw him hold Lord Percy at the
point

With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior

Prince O! this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [Exit]

Alarums Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug Another king! they grow like Hydra's
heads 25

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them what art
thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king? 28

K Hen The long himself, who, Douglas,
grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very king I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee, so defend thyself

Doug I fear thou art another counterfeit,
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king
But mine I am sure thou art, whose'er thou be,
And thus I win thee

[*They fight* KING HENRY being in
danger, re-enter the PRINCE.

Prince Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou
art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shurley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my
arms

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth but he means to pay

[*They fight* DOUGLAS flies
Cheerly, my lord how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton I'll to Clifton straight

K Hen Stay, and breathe awhile.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my
life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
Prince O God! they did me too much
injury

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your
end

As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your
son

K Hen. Make up to Clifton I'll to Sir
Nicholas Gawsey [Exit

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot If I mistake not, thou art Harry Mon-
mouth.

Prince Thou speak'st as if I would deny my
name.

Hot My name is Harry Percy
Prince Why, then, I see

A very valiant rebel of that name
I am the Prince of Wales, and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales

Hot Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is
come

To end the one of us, and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince I'll make it greater ere I part from
thee,

And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head

Hot I can no longer brook thy vanities
[*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you
shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS, he fights with FALSTAFF, who
falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS
HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls

Hot O, Harry! thou hast robb'd me of my
youth.

I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me,
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword
my flesh

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's
fool,

And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop O! I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

Prince For worms, brave Percy Fare thee
well, great heart!

All-weav'd ambition, how much art thou
shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound,

But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough this earth, that bears thee
dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

[*He spies FALSTAFF on the ground*
What! old acquaintance! could not all this
flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man

O! I should have a heavy miss of thee
If I were much in love with vanity
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray

Embowl'd will I see thee by and by
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie

[Exit
Fal [Rising] Embowelled! if thou embowel
me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and
eat me too, to-morrow 'Sblood! 'twas time to
counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid
me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no
counterfeit to die, is to be a counterfeit, for he
is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not
the life of a man, but to counterfeit dying, when
a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but
the true and perfect image of life indeed. The
better part of valour is discretion, in the which
better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I
am afraid of this gunpowder Percy though he
be dead how, if he should counterfeit too and
rise? By my faith I am afraid he would prove
the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him

sure, yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me therefore, sirrah [stabbing him], with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me

[He takes HOTSPUR on his back]

Re-enter the PRINCE and JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Prince Come, brother John full bravely hast thou flesh'd 132
Thy maiden sword

Lanc But, soft! whom have we here? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince I did I saw him dead, Breathless and bleeding on the ground 136

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy That plays upon our eyesight? I prithee, speak,

We will not trust our eyes without our ears Thou art not what thou seem'st 140

Fal No, that's certain I am not a double man but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack There is Percy [throwing the body down] if your father will do me any honour, so, if not, let him kill the next Percy himself I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you

Prince Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead 147

Fal Didst thou? Lord, Lord! how this world is given to lying I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock If I may be believed, so, if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads I'll take it upon my death I gave him this wound in the thigh if the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword 157

Lanc This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard

Prince This is the strangest fellow brother John

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back 160

For my part if a he may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have

[A retreat is sounded.]
The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours

Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field 164

To see what friends are living, who are dead

[Exeunt the PRINCE and JOHN OF LANCASTER.]

Fal I'll follow, as they say for reward He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great I'll grow less for I'll purge and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do

[Exit]

SCENE V — Another Part of the Field
The trumpets sound Enter KING HENRY, the PRINCE, JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER and VERNON prisoners

K Hen Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace, Pardon, and terms of love to all of you? And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary? 4
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust? Three knights upon our party slain to-day
A noble earl and many a creature else Had been alive this hour, 8
If like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne Betwixt our armies true intelligence

Wor What I have done my safety urg'd me to, And I embrace this fortune patiently, 12
Since not to be avoided it falls on me

K Hen Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too
Other offenders we will pause upon

[Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded]
How goes the field? 16

Prince The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him, The noble Percy slain, and all his men Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest, 20
And falling from a hill he was so bruised That the pursuers took him At my tent The Douglas is and I beseech your Grace I may dispose of him

K Hen With all my heart 24

Prince Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong Go to the Douglas, and deliver him Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free 28
His valour shown upon our crests to-day Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds, Even in the bosom of our adversaries

Lanc I thank your Grace for this high courtesy, 32

Which I shall give away immediately
K Hen Then this remains, that we divide our power

You, son John and my cousin Westmoreland Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed, 36

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop, Who, as we hear, are busily in arms
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales, To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway, 41
Meeting the check of such another day
And since this business so far is done, Let us not leave till all our own be won. [Exeunt.]

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

RUMOUR the Presenter		TRAVERS and MORTON, Retainers of Northumberland.
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.		SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
HENRY, Prince of Wales afterwards		His Page.
King Henry the Fifth,	} His Sons.	BARDOLPH.
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,		PISTOL.
JOHN OF LANCASTER,		POINS.
HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER,		PETO
EARL OF WARWICK,		SHALLOW and SILENCE Country Justices.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,	} Of the King's party	DAVY, Servant to Shallow
EARL OF SURREY,		MOULDY SHADOW, WART FEEBLE, and BULLCalf
GOWER,		Recruits
HARCOURT,		FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers.
BLUNT,		A Porter
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the King's Bench.	} Opposites to the King.	A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue
A Servant of the Chief Justice.		
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND		LADY NORTHUMBERLAND
RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop		LADY PERCY
of York,		MISTRESS QUICKLY, Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap
LORD MOWBRAY,		DOLL TEARSHEET
LORD HASTINGS,		
LORD BARDOLPH,		Lords and Attendants Officers, Soldiers, Messenger
SIR JOHN COLEVILLE,		Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE.—*England.*

INDUCTION

Warkworth. Before NORTHUMBERLAND'S Castle

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of tongues

Rum. Open your ears, for which of you will stop

The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?

I, from the orient to the drooping west,

Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold 4

The acts commenced on this ball of earth:

Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,

The which in every language I pronounce,

Stuffing the ears of men with false reports. 8

I speak of peace, while covert enmity

Under the smile of safety wounds the world.

And who but Rumour, who but only I,

Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence, 12

Whilst the big year, swollen with some other grief,

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,

And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe

Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures, 16

And of so easy and so plain a stop

That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,

The still-discordant wavering multitude,

Can play upon it But what need I thus 20

My well-known body to anatomize

Among my household? Why is Rumour here?

I run before King Harry's victory

Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury 24

Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,

Quenching the flame of bold rebellion

Even with the rebels' blood But what mean I

To speak so true at first? my office is 28

To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell

Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,

And that the king before the Douglas' rage

Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death 32

This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns

Between the royal field of Shrewsbury

And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,

Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,

Lies crafty-sick The posts come tiring on, 37

And not a man of them brings other news

Than they have learn'd of me from Rumour's

tongues

They bring smooth comforts false, worse than

true wrongs [Exit.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Warkworth Before NORTHUMBERLAND'S Castle*

Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here? ho!

[*The Porter opens the gate*

Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl

That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here

Port. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the

orchard 4

Please it your honour knock but at the gate,

And he himself will answer

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

L Bard Here comes the earl
[Exit Porter]
North What news, Lord Bardolph? every
 minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem. 8
 The times are wild contention, like a horse
 Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
 And bears down all before him.

L Bard Noble earl,
 I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury 12
North Good, an God will!

L Bard As good as heart can wish.
 The king is almost wounded to the death,
 And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
 Prince Harry slain outright, and both the

Blunts 16
 Kill'd by the hand of Douglas, young Prince
 John

And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field
 And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir
 John

Is prisoner to your son. O! such a day, 20
 So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
 Came not till now to dignify the times
 Since Cæsar's fortunes

North How is this deriv'd?
 Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L Bard I spake with one, my lord, that
 came from thence, 25

A gentleman well bred and of good name,
 That freely render'd me these news for true

North Here comes my servant Travers,
 whom I sent 28

On Tuesday last to listen after news.
L Bard My lord, I over-rode him on the
 way,

And he is furnish'd with no certainties
 More than he haply may retail from me. 32

Enter TRAVERS.

North Now, Travers, what good tidings come
 with you?

Tra My lord, Sir John Umfreville turn'd me
 back

With joyful tidings, and, being better hors'd,
 Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard 36
 A gentleman, almost spent with speed,
 That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied

horse

He ask'd the way to Chester, and of him
 I did demand what news from Shrewsbury 40

He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.

With that he gave his able horse the head,
 And, bending forward struck his armed heels 44

Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowl-head, and, starting so,

He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

North Ha! Agam 48
 Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
 Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion

Had met ill luck?
L Bard My lord, I'll tell you what
 If my young lord your son have not the day, 52

Upon mine honour, for a silken point

I'll give my barony never talk of it.

North Why should the gentleman that rode
 by Travers

Give then such instances of loss?

L Bard Who, he? 56

He was some hilding fellow that had stolen

The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,

Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more

news

Enter MORTON

North Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-
 leaf, 60

Foretells the nature of a tragic volume

So looks the strond, whereon the imperious

flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrews-
 bury? 64

Mor I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,
 Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask

To fright our party

North How doth my son and brother?

Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek

Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand. 69

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,

So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,

Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night, 72

And would have told him half his Troy was

burn'd,

But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,

And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.

This thou wouldst say, 'Your son did thus and

thus, 76

Your brother thus, so fought the noble Douglas,

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds

But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,

Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, 80

Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead'

Mor Douglas is living, and your brother,

yet,

But, for my lord your son,—

North Why, he is dead.—

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath! 84

He that but fears the thing he would not know

Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes

That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak,

Morton

Tell thou thy earl his divination lies, 88

And I will take it as a sweet disgrace

And make thee rich for doing me such wrong

Mor You are too great to be by me gainsaid,

Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's

dead

I see a strange confession in thine eye

Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin

To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so, 96

The tongue offends not that reports his death—

And he doth sin that doth belie the dead.

Not he which says the dead is not alive.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100

Hath but a losing office, and his tongue

Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,

Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

L Bard I cannot think, my lord, your son
is dead 104

Mor I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen,
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, weaned and out-
breath'd, 108
To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath bear
down

The never daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up
In few, his death,—whose spirit lent a fire 112
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,—
Being bruted once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops,
For from his metal was his party steel'd, 116
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed, 120
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their
fear

That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field Then was that noble Wor-
cester 125

Too soon ta'en prisoner, and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring
sword

Had three times slain the appearance of the
king 128

'Gan vault his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his
flight,

Stumbling in fear, was took The sum of all
Is, that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland This is the news at full

North For this I shall have time enough to
mourn 136

In poison there is physic, and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well
And as the wretch, whose fever-weak'n'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life, 141
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with
grief, 144

Are thrice themselves Hence, therefore, thou
nice crutch!

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel
Must glove this hand and hence, thou sickly
quail!

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head 148
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The ragged st hour that time and spite dare
bring

To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not nature's
hand 153

Keep the wud flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage

To feed contention in a lingering act, 156
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead! 160

Tra This strained passion doth you wrong,
my lord

L Bard Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom
from your honour

Mor The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health, the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion must perforce decay 165
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you
said,

'Let us make head' It was your presumise 168
That in the dole of blows your son might drop
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in than to get o'er,
You were advis'd his flesh was capable 172
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger
rang'd

Yet did you say, 'Go forth' and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could re-
strain 176

The stiff-borne action what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought
forth,

More than that being which was like to be?

L Bard We all that are engaged to this loss
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd, 184
And since we are o'er-set, venture again
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods

Mor 'Tis more than time and, my most
noble lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth, 188
The gentle Archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers
My lord your son had only but the corpse', 192
But shadows and the shows of men to fight,
For that same word rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls,
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drunk potions, that their weapons
only

Seem'd on our side but, for their spirits and
souls,

This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond But now the bishop 200
Turns insurrection to religion
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts
He's follow'd both with body and with mind,
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood 204
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret
stones,

Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause,
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke, 208
And more and less do flock to follow him

North I knew of this before, but, to speak
truth,

This present grief had wip'd it from my mind
Go in with me, and counsel every man 212
The aptest way for safety and revenge
Get posts and letters, and make friends with
speed
Never so few, and never yet more need

[Exeunt]

SCENE II — London A Street

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing
his sword and buckler

Fal Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor
to my water?

Page He said, sir, the water itself was a good
healthy water, but, for the party that owed it, he
might have more diseases than he knew for 5

Fal Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at
me the brim of this foolish-compounded clay,
man, is not able to invent anything that tends
to laughter, more than I invent or is invented
on me I am not only witty in myself, but the
cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk
before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all
her litter but one If the prince put thee into
my service for any other reason than to set me
off, why then I have no judgment Thou whoreson
mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my
cap than to wait at my heels I was never
manned with an agate till now, but I will set
you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel,
and send you back again to your master, for a
jewel, the juvenal, the prince your master, whose
chin is not yet fledged I will sooner have a
beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall
get one on his cheek, and yet he will not stick
to say, his face is a face-royal God may finish it
when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet he may
keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall
never earn sixpence out of it, and yet he will
be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his
father was a bachelor He may keep his own
grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure
him What said Master Dombledon about the
satin for my short cloak and my slops? 33

Page He said, sir, you should procure him
better assurance than Bardolph, he would not
take his bond and vours he liked not the
security 37

Fal Let him be damned like the glutton!
may his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel!
a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a
gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security
The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing
but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their
girdles, and if a man is thorough with them in
honest taking up, then they must stand upon
security I had as lief they would put ratsbane
in my mouth as offer to stop it with security I
looked a' should have sent me two and twenty
yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he
sends me security Well, he may sleep in security;
for he hath the horn of abundance, and the light-
ness of his wife shines through it and yet can-
not he see, though he have his own lantern to
light him. Where's Bardolph? 54

Page He's gone into Smithfield to buy your
worship a horse

Fal I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy
me a horse in Smithfield an I could get me
but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed,
and wived. 60

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and
Servant

Page Sir, here comes the nobleman that
committed the prince for stinking him about
Bardolph

Fal Wait close, I will not see him. 64

Ch Just What's he that goes there?

Ser Falstaff, an't please your lordship

Ch Just He that was in question for the
robbery? 68

Ser He, my lord, but he hath since done
good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is
now going with some charge to the Lord John
of Lancaster 72

Ch Just What, to York? Call him back
again

Ser Sir John Falstaff!

Fal Boy, tell him I am deaf 76

Page You must speak louder, my master is
deaf

Ch Just I am sure he is, to the hearing of
anything good Go, pluck him by the elbow, I
must speak with him.

Ser Sir John!

Fal What! a young knave and beg! Is there
not wars? is there not employment? doth not
the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want
soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any
side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be
on the worst side, were it worse than the name
of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser You mistake me, sir 90

Fal Why, sir, did I say you were an honest
man? setting my knighthood and my soldier-
ship aside, I had had in my throat if I had
said so 94

Ser I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood
and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to
tell you you he in your throat if you say I
am any other than an honest man. 98

Fal I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay
aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st
any leave of me, hang me if thou takest leave,
thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter
hence! avaunt! 103

Ser Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch Just Sir John Falstaff, a word with
you.

Fal My good lord! God give your lordship
good time of day I am glad to see your lord-
ship abroad I heard say your lordship was sick.
I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice.
Your lordship, though not clean past your youth,
hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish
of the saltiness of time, and I most humbly be-
seech your lordship to have a reverend care of
your health. 115

Ch Just Sir John, I send for you before your
expedition to Shrewsbury

Fal An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales. 120

Ch. Just I talk not of his majesty. You would not come when I sent for you. 120

Fal And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy. 124

Ch. Just Well, heaven mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you. 124

Fal This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling. 124

Ch. Just What tell you me of it? be it as it is. 131

Fal It hath its original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness. 131

Ch. Just I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you. 137

Fal Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal. 141

Ch. Just To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears, and I care not if I do become your physician. 144

Fal I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty, but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself. 150

Ch. Just I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me. 150

Fal As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come. 156

Ch. Just Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy. 156

Fal He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less. 160

Ch. Just Your means are very slender, and your waste is great. 160

Fal I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer. 160

Ch. Just You have misled the youthful prince. 160

Fal The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog. 168

Ch. Just Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action. 173

Fal My lord! 173

Ch. Just But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf. 176

Fal To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox. 176

Ch. Just What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out. 180

Fal A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth. 180

Ch. Just There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity. 183

Fal His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity. 183

Ch. Just You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel. 188

Fal Not so, my lord, your ill angel is light, but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young, you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls, and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too. 203

Ch. Just Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity, and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John! 212

Fal My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hollang, and singing of anthems: To approve my youth further, I will not the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding, and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord: I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents, marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack. 226

Ch. Just Well, God send the prince a better companion! 226

Fal God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him. 230

Ch. Just Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland. 234

Fal Yea, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day, for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever. But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death. 234

with rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch Just Well, be honest, be honest, and God bless your expedition.

Fal Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch Just Not a penny, not a penny, you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exit* CHIEF JUSTICE and Servant.
Fal If I do, fill me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than he can part young lumbs and lechery, but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

Page Sir!

Fal What money is in my purse?

Page Seven groats and twopence.

Fal I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the prince, this to the Earl of Westmoreland, and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it you know where to find me. [*Exit* PAGE.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything, I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit*

SCENE III — *York. A Room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, LORD HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH

Arch Thus have you heard our cause and known our means,

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes

And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb I well allow the occasion of our arms, But gladly would be better satisfied

How in our means we should advance ourselves To look with forehead bold and big enough

Upon the power and puissance of the king

Hast Our present musters grow upon the file To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice,

And our supplies live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns

With an incensed fire of injuries

L Bard The question, then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus

Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand May hold up head without Northumberland

Hast With him, we may

L Bard Ay, marry, there's the point But if without him we be thought too feeble,

My judgment is, we should not step too far so Till we had his assistance by the hand,

For in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this, Conjecture, expectation, and surmise

Of aids incertain should not be admitted

Arch 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph, for, indeed

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury

L Bard It was, my lord, who lnd himself with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply,

Flattering himself with project of a power Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts,

And so, with great imagination Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,

And winking leap'd into destruction

Hast But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope

L Bard Yes, if this present quality of war,— Indeed the instant action,—a cause on foot,

Lives so in hope, as in an early spring We see the appearing buds, which, to prove fruit,

Hope gives not so much warrant as despair That frosts will bite them When we mean to

build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model, And when we see the figure of the house,

Then must we rate the cost of the erection, Which if we find outweighs ability,

What do we then but draw anew the model In fewer offices or at last deist

To build at all? Much more, in this great work,— Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down

And set another up,—should we survey The plot of situation and the model,

Consent upon a sure foundation, Question surveyors, know our own estate,

How able such a work to undergo, To weigh against his opposite, or else,

We fortify in paper, and in figures, Using the names of men instead of men

Like one that draws the model of a house Beyond his power to build it, who, half through,

Grives o'er and leaves his part-created cost A naked subject to the weeping clouds,

And waste for churlish winter's tyranny

Hast Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,

Should be still-born, and that we now possess d The utmost man of expectation,

I think we are a body strong enough, Even as we are, to equal with the king

L Bard What! is the king but five-and-twenty thousand?

Hast To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl, Are in three heads one power against the

French, And one against Glendower, perforce, a third Must take up us so is the unfirm king

In three divided, and his coffers sound With hollow poverty and emptiness

Arch That he should draw his several strengths together

And come against us in full puissance, Need not be dreaded.

Hast If he should do so, He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh

Baying him at the heels never fear that. 80
L. Bard Who is it like should lead his forces
 hither?

Hast The Duke of Lancaster and West-
 moreland,
 Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Mon-
 mouth

But who is substituted 'gainst the French 84
 I have no certain notice.

Arch Let us on
 And publish the occasion of our arms
 The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
 Their over-greedy love hath surfeited 88
 A habitation giddy and unsure
 Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart
 O thou fond many! with what loud applause
 Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-
 broke 92

Before he was what thou wouldst have him be
 And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
 Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of hum
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up 96
 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,
 And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
 And howl'st to find it! What trust is in these
 times? 100

They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him
 die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave
 Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
 When through proud London he came sighing
 on 104

After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
 Cry'st now, 'O earth! yield us that king again,
 And take thou this!' O, thoughts of men ac-
 curst!

Past and to come seem best, things present
 worst. 108

Mowb Shall we go draw our numbers and
 set on?

Hast We are time's subjects, and time bids
 be gone. [Exeunt]

ACT II

SCENE I.—London A Street

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY FANG, and his Boy,
 with her, and SNARE following

Quick Master Fang, have you entered the
 exion?

Fang It is entered.

Quick Where's your yeoman? Is it a lusty
 yeoman? will a' stand to't?

Fang Sirrah, where's Snare?

Quick O Lord, ay! good Master Snare

Snare Here, here

Fang Snare we must arrest Sir John Fal-
 staff 8

Quick Yea, good Master Snare, I have en-
 tered him and all 12

Snare It may chance cost some of us our
 lives, for he will stab

Quick Alas the day! take heed of him he
 stabbed me in mine own house, and that most
 beastly In good faith, he cares not what
 mischief he doth if his weapon be out he
 will foam like any devil, he will spare neither
 man, woman, nor child 20

Fang If I can close with him I care not for
 his thrust

Quick No, nor I neither I'll be at your
 elbow 24

Fang An I but fist him once, an a' come but
 within my vice,—

Quick I am undone by his going, I warrant
 you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score
 Good Master Fang, hold him sure good Master
 Snare, let him not 'scape A comes continually
 to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy
 a saddle, and he's indited to dinner to the Lub-
 ber's Head in Lumber-Street, to Master Smooth's
 the silkman I pray ye, since my exion is entered,
 and my case so openly known to the world, let
 him be brought in to his answer A hundred
 mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to
 bear, and I have borne, and borne, and borne,
 and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and
 fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a
 shame to be thought on There is no honesty in
 such dealing, unless a woman should be made
 an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong
 Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmsey-
 nose knave, Bardolph, with him Doyour offices,
 do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare,
 do me, do me, do me your offices 47

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH

Fal How now! whose mare's dead? what's
 the matter?

Fang Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of
 Mistress Quickly 51

Fal Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph cut
 me off the villain's head, throw the quean in
 the channel! 54

Quick Throw me in the channel! I'll throw
 thee in the channel Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou
 bastardy rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou
 honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers
 and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue!
 thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a
 woman-queller 61

Fal Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang A rescue! a rescue!

Quick Good people, bring a rescue or two!
 Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? do,
 do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed! 66

Fal Away, you scullion! you rampallian!
 you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, attended

Ch Just What is the matter? keep the peace
 here, ho!

Quick Good my lord, be good to me! I be-
 seech you, stand to me! 72

Ch Just How now, Sir John! what! are you
 brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time and
 business?

You should have been well on your way to York

Stand from him, fellow wherefore hang'st upon him?

Quick O, my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch Just For what sum?

Quick It is more than for so me, my lord, it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home, he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fal I think I am as like to ride the mare if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch Just How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Quick Marry, if thou wert in honest man, thyself and the money too. I thou didst swear to me upon a parrot-gilt goblet sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar telling us she had a good dish of prawns whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath deny it if thou canst.

Fal My lord, this is a poor mad soul, and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch Just Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration, you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Quick Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch Just Prithce peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and repay the villany you have done her the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness

impudent sauciness if a man will make curtsy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deurance from these officers being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch Just You speak as having power to do wrong but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal Come hither, hostess [Taking her aside]

Enter GOWER

Ch Just Now, Master Gower! what news?

Gow The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales

Are near at hand the rest the paper tells.

Fal As I am a gentleman [Gives a letter]

Quick Nay, you said so before.

Fal As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Quick By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal Glasses glasses, is the only drinking and for the walls a pretty sight drollery or the story of the Prodigal or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst. Come an it were not for thy humours there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me dost not know me? Come, come I know thou wast set on to this.

Quick Prithce Sir John let it be but twenty nobles in faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me! Ja!

Fal Let it alone, I'll make other shift you'll be a fool still.

Quick Well you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal Will I live? [To BARDOLPH] Go, with her, with her hook on, hook on.

Quick Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal No more words let's have her.

[Exeunt MISTRESS QUICKLY, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page]

Ch Just I have heard better news.

Fal What's the news, my good lord?

Ch Just Where lay the king last night?

Gow At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal I hope, my lord, all's well what is the news, my lord?

Ch Just Come all his forces back?

Gow No, fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse.

Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

Fal Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch Just You shall have letters of me presently.

Come, so along with me, good Master Gower

Fal My lord!
Ch Just What's the matter?
Fal Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?
Gow I must wait upon my good lord here, I thank you, good Sir John.
Ch Just Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.
Fal Will you sup with me, Master Gower?
Ch Just What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?
Fal Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord, tap for tap, and so part far.
Ch Just Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

Prince Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick. Albeit I could tell to thee,—as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,—I could be sad, and sad indeed too.
Poins Very hardly upon such a subject.
Prince By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and pers'ency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick, and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.
Poins The reason?
Prince What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep?
Poins I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

SCENE II—The Same Another Street

Enter the PRINCE and POINS.

Prince Before God, I am exceeding weary.
Poins Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.
Prince Faith, it does me, though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?
Poins Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince Belike then my appetite was not princely got, for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name, or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and one other for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland. And God knows whether those that bawl out the runs of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom, but the madwives say the children are not in the fault, whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Prince Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?
Poins Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than mine.

Poins Go for! I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince It would be every man's thought, and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks. Never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine. Every man would think me a hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?
Poins Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engrafted to Falstaff.
Prince And to thee.
Poins By this light, I am well spoke on, I can hear it with mine own ears. The worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and these two things I confess I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page

Prince And the boy that I gave Falstaff a' had him from me Christian, and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bard God save your Grace!

Prince And yours, most noble Bardolph.

Bard [To the Page] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page A' calls me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window. At last, I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

Prince Hath not the boy profited?

Bard Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

Prince Instruct us, boy, what dream, boy?

Page Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince A crown's worth of good interpretation. There it is, boy.

Poins O! that this good blessing could be kept from cankers. Well, there is s'pence to preserve thee.

Bard An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong

Prince And how doth thy master, Bardolph?
Bard Well, my lord. He heard of your
 Grace's coming to town there's a letter for you.
Poins Delivered with good respect. And
 how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard In bodily health, sir.
Poins Marry, the immortal part needs a
 physician, but that moves not him though
 that be sick, it dies not.

Prince I do allow this wen to be as familiar
 with me as my dog, and he holds his place, for
 look you how he writes.

Poins 'John Falstaff, knight,'—every man
 must know that, as oft as he has occasion to
 name himself even like those that are akin to
 the king, for they never prick their finger but
 they say, 'There is some of the king's blood
 spilt.' How comes that? says he that takes
 upon him not to conceive. The answer is as
 ready as a borrower's cap, I am the king's poor
 cousin, sir.

Prince Nay, they will be kin to us, or they
 will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter.

Poins Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son
 of the king nearest his father, Harry Prince of
 Wales, greeting. Why, this is a certificate.

Prince Peace!

Poins I will imitate the honourable Romans
 in brevity sure he means brevity in breath,
 short-winded—I commend me to thee, I com-
 mend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar
 with Poins for he misuses thy favours so much
 that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell.
 Repent at idle times as thou mayest, and so
 farewell.

*Thine, by yea and no,—which is as much
 as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FAL-
 STAFF, with my familiars JOHN, with
 my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN
 with all Europe.*

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make
 him eat it.

Prince That's to make him eat twenty of
 his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must
 I marry your sister?

Poins God send the wench no worse fortune!
 but I never said so.

Prince Well, thus we play the fools with the
 time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds
 and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard Yes, my lord.

Prince Where sups he? doth the old boar
 feed in the old frank?

Bard At the old place, my lord, in East-
 cheap.

Prince What company?

Page Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince Sup any women with him?

Page None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly
 and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince What pagan may that be?

Page A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kins-
 woman of my master's.

Prince Even such kin as the parish herfers
 are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them,
 Ned, at supper?

Poins I am your shadow, my lord; I'll
 follow you.

Prince Surrah, you boy, and Bardolph; he
 word to your master that I am yet come to
 town there's for your silence.

Bard I have no tongue, sir.

Page And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince Fare ye well, go. [Exeunt BARDOLPH
 and Page.] His Doll Tearsheet should be some
 road.

Poins I warrant you, as common as the way
 between Saint Alban's and London.

Prince How might we see Falstaff bestow
 himself to-night in his true colours, and not
 ourselves be seen?

Poins Put on two leathern jerkins and
 aprons and wait upon him at his table as
 drawers.

Prince From a god to a bull! a heavy
 descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince
 to a prentice! a low transformation! that shall
 be mine, for in every thing the purpose must
 weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exeunt]

SCENE III — Warkworth Before NORTHUMBER- LAND'S Castle

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBER-
 LAND, and LADY PERCY

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle
 daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs.
 Put not you on the visage of the times,
 And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no
 more.

Do what you will, your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas! sweet wife, my honour is at
 pawn,

And, but my going nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O! yet for God's sake, go not to
 these wars.

The time was, father, that you broke your word.
 When you were more endear'd to it than now.

When your own Percy, when my heart's dear
 Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father
 Bring up his powers, but he did long in vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

There were two honours lost, yours and your
 son's.

For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
 For his, it stuck upon him as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
 Did all the chivalry of England move.

To do brave acts he was indeed the glass
 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait,
 And speaking thick, which nature made his
 blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant,
 For those that could speak low and tardily,

Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
 To seem like him so that, in speech, in gait, in

in diet, in affections of delight,
 in military rules, humours of blood,

He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous
him!

O miracle or men! him did you leave,—
Second to none, unseconded by you,—
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage, to abide a field 35
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's
name

Did seem defensible so you left him
Never, O! never do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice 40
With others than with him let them alone
The marshal and the archbishop are strong
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck, 44
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave

North Peshew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights
But I must go and meet with danger there, 48
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided

Lady N O! 'twas to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste 52

Lady P If they get ground and vantage of
the King,

Then join you to them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger, but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son,
He was so suffer'd so came I a widow, 57
And never shall have length of life enough
To run upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband 61

North Come, come, go in with me 'Tis with
my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way 64
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company 68
[Exeunt]

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Boar's
Head Tavern, in Eastcheap

Enter two Drawers.

First Draw What the devil hast thou brought
there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John can-
not endure an apple-john. 3

Sec Draw Mass, thou sayst true The prince
once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and
told him there were five more Sir Johns, and,
putting off his hat, said, 'I will now take my
leave of these six dry, round, old withered
knights.' It angered him to the heart, but he
hath forgot that. 10

First Draw Why then, cover, and set them
down and see if thou canst find out Sneak's
noise, Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some
music. Dispatch the room where they supped
is too hot they'll come in straight. 15

Sec Draw Surrah, here will be the prince

and Master Poms anon, and they will put on
two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John
must not know of it Bardolph hath brought
word 20

First Draw By the mass, here will be old
utus it will be an excellent stratagem

Sec Draw I'll see if I can find out Sneak
[Exit]

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY and DOLL TEAR-
SHEET

Quick I'faith, sweetheart, methinks now you
are in an excellent good temperality your pul-
sidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would
desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as
red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i'faith,
you have drunk too much canaries, and that's
a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes
the blood ere one can say, What's this? How
do you now? 32

Doll Better than I was hem!

Quick Why, that's well said, a good heart's
worth gold Lo! here comes Sir John

Enter FALSTAFF, singing

Fal When Arthur first in court—Empty
the jordan —[Exit First Drawer]—And was a
worthy king How now, Mistress Doll! 38

Quick Sick of a calm yea, good sooth

Fal So is all her sect, an they be once in a
calm they are sick 41

Doll You muddy rascal, is that all the com-
fort you give me?

Fal You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll 44

Do! I make them! gluttony and diseases
make them, I make them not

Fal If the cook help to make the glut-
tony, you help to make the diseases, Doll we
catch of you, Doll, we catch of you, grant that,
my poor virtue, grant that 50

Doll Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels

Fal Your brooches, pearls, and owches '—
for to serve bravely is to come halting off you
know to come off the breach with his pike bent
bravely, and to surgery bravely, to venture upon
the charged chambers bravely,— 56

Doll Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang
yourself!

Quick By my troth, this is the old fashion,
you two never meet but you fall to some discord,
you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two
dry toasts, you cannot one bear with another's
confirmities What the good-year! one must
bear, and that must be you you are the weaker
vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel 65

Doll Can a weak empty vessel bear such a
huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's
venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him you have not
seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold Come,
I'll be friends with thee, Jack, thou art going
to the wars, and whether I shall ever see thee
again or no, there is nobody cares. 72

Re-enter First Drawer

First Draw Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and
would speak with you.

Dol Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul mouthed rascal here in England.

Quick If he swagger, let him not come here no, by my faith, I must live amongst my neighbours, I'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best. Shut the door, there comes no swaggerers here. I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now shut the door, I pray you.

Fal Dost thou hear, hostess?

Quick Pray you, pacify yourself. Sir John there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Quick Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, the other day, and, as he said to me — 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, — 'Neighbour Quickly,' says he, — 'Master Dumble, our minister, was by then, — 'Neighbour Quickly,' says he, receive those that are civil, for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name,' now, a' sa d so, I can tell whereupon, 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on, therefore take heed what guests you receive.' receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here — you would bless you to hear what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal He's no swaggerer, hostess: a tame cheater, I' faith, you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

[Exit First Drawer]

Quick Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater, but I do not love swaggering, by my troth, I am the worse, when one says swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake look you, I warrant you.

Dol So you do, hostess.

Quick Do I? vea, in very truth do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page

Pist God save you, Sir John!

Fal Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal She is pistol-proof, sir, you shall hardly offend her.

Quick Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets. I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist Then to you, Mistress Dorothy, I will charge you.

Dol Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy hung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife

in your mouldy chaps: an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light! with two points on your shou'lder? much!

Pist God let me not live. I will murder your ruff for this!

Fal No more, Pistol. I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Quick No, good captain Pistol, not here, sweet captain.

Dol Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard Pray tace, go down, good ancient.

Fal Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist Not I, I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her. I'll be revenged of her.

Page Pray thee, go down.

Pist I'll see her damned first to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dog! down fates! Have we not Hiren here?

Quick Good Captain Peesel, be quiet, it is very late, I' faith. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,

And hollow pumper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Caribæas,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them
with

King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar

Shall we fall foul for toys?

Quick By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

Quick O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake! be quiet.

Pist Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, give's some sack.

Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contento
I fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire. Gave me some sack, and, sweetheart, be thou there.

[Laying down his sword]
Come we to full points here, and are at ceteras nothing?

Fal Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif What! we have seen the seven stars. 200

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs! I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist 'Thrust him down stairs!' know we not Galloway nags? 204

Fal. Quot him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs 208

Pist What! shall we have incision? we imbrue? *[Snatching up his sword]*
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos,
I say! 212

Quick Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw 216

Fal. Get you down stairs *[Drawing]*

Quick Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tinnits and frights. So, murder, I warrant now Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons *[Exeunt BARDOLPH and PISTOL.]*

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet, the rascal's gone. Ah! you whoreson little valiant villain, you! 225

Quick Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly

Re-enter BARDOLPH

Fal. Have you turned him out o' doors? 228

Bard. Yes, sir the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder

Fal. A rascal, to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! Come, let me wipe thy face, come on, you whoreson chops. Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket. 240

Dol. Do, an thou darest for thy heart an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page The music is come, sir 244

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver

Dol. I faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew bear-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and fighting o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven? 252

Enter behind the arras and doors, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of? *Fal.* A good shallow young fellow a' would have made a good pantler, a' would have chipped bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit 260

Fal. He a good wit! hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard: there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet

Dol. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admires him for the prince himself is such another, the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois 277

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore 280

Prince. Look'st, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance? 284

Fal. Kiss me, Doll

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not hisping to his master's old tables, his note-book his counsel-keeper 290

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all 296

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song! come it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone 301

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping an thou sayst so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken at the end. 305

Fal. Some sack, Francis!

Prince. *[Coming forward]* Anon, anon

Poins. Sir 308

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead! 312

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears. 316

Quick. O! the Lord preserve thy good Grace, by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu! are you come from Wales? 320

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of

majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood
[pointing to DOLL], thou art welcome

Dol How, you fat fool! I scorn you. 324

Poins My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince Youwhoreson candle-mme, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Quick Blessing on your good heart! and so she is, by my troth. 332

Fal Didst thou hear me?

Prince Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience 337

Fal No, no, no, not so, I did not think thou wast within hearing

Prince I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you

Fal No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour, no abuse 344

Prince Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

Fal No abuse, Hal.

Poins No abuse! 348

Fal No abuse, Ned, in the world, honest Ned, none I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him, in which doing I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal, none, Ned, none no, faith, boys, none. 355

Prince See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked? 362

Poins Answer, thou dead elm, answer

Fal The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too 368

Prince For the women?

Fal For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not. 373

Quick No, I warrant you.

Fal No, I think thou art not, I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Quick All victuals do so what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent? 381

Prince You, gentlewoman,—

Dol What says your Grace?

Fal His Grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [Knocking within]

Quick Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO

Prince Peto, how now! what news? 388

Peto The king your father is at Westminster, And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north and as I came along, I met and overtook a dozen captains, 392

Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff

Prince By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,

So idly to profane the precious time, 396

When tempest of commotion, like the south,

Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt

And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good

night. [Exeunt the PRINCE, POINS, PETO, and

BARDOLPH.

Fal Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence and leave it unpicked. [Knocking within] More knocking at the door! 404

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now! what's the matter?

Bard You must away to court, sir, presently,

A dozen captains stay at door for you. 407

Fal [To the Page] Pay the musicians, sirrah.

Farewell, hostess, farewell, Doll. You see, my

good wenches, how men of merit are sought

after the undeserver may sleep when the man

of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches

If I be not sent away post, I will see you again

ere I go 414

Dol I cannot speak, if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself 417

Fal Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Quick Well, fare thee well I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peace of time, but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

Bard [Within] Mistress Tearsheet!

Quick What's the matter? 424

Bard [Within] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master

Quick. O! run, Doll, run, run, good Doll.

[Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE I.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY in his night-gown, with a Page.

K Hen. Go, call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick,

But ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

And well consider of them. Make good speed.

[Exit Page.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects 4

Are at this hour asleep! O sleep! O gentle sleep!

Nature's soft nurse, how have I flighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness? 8
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
slumber,

Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great, 12
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum bell? 17
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge, 20
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging
them

With deaf'ning clamour in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly death itself awakes? 25
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night, 28
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY

War Many good morrows to your majesty!

K Hen Is it good morrow, lords? 33

War 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K Hen Why then, good morrow to you all,
my lords

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War We have, my liege 37

K Hen Then you perceive the body of our
kingdom,

How foul it is, what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it 40

War It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd
With good advice and little medicine

My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd 44

K Hen O God! that one might read the
book of fate,

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,—
Weary of solid firmness,—melt itself 48
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beaky girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips, how chances
mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration 52
With divers liquors! O! if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die
'Tis not ten years gone 57
Since Richard and Northumberland, great
friends,

Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars! it is but eight years since 60
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs
And laid his love and life under my foot,

Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard 64
Gave him defiance! But which of you was by,—
[*To WARWICK.*] You, cousin Nevil, as I may
remember,—

When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland, 68
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
'Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne.'
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state 73
That I and greatness were compelled to kiss
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it
'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering
head, 76

Shall break into corruption!—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition
And the division of our amity

War There is a history in all men's lives, 80
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd,
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds 84
And weak beginnings lie intresured
Such things become the hatch and brood of time,
And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess 88
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K Hen Are these things then necessities? 93
Then let us meet them like necessities,
And that same word even now cries out on us
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong

War It cannot be, my lord!
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd! Please it your Grace
To go to bed upon my soul, my lord, 99
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill, 104
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness

K Hen I will take your counsel
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land 108
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II—*Court before JUSTICE SHALLOW'S
House in Gloucestershire*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting, MOULDY,
SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCalf and Ser-
vants, behind*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir, give
me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir
an early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my
good cousin Silence? 4

Sil Good morrow, good cousin Shallow
Shal And how doth my cousin, your bed-
fellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my
god-daughter Ellen? 8

Shal Alas! a black ousel, cousin Shallow!
Shal By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my
 cousin William is become a good scholar. He is
 at Oxford still, is he not? 12

Sir Indeed, sir, to my cost
Shal A' must, then, to the inns o' court
 shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn, where I
 think they will talk of mad Shallow yet. 16
Sir You were called 'lusty Shallow' then,
 cousin.

Shal By the mass, I was called any thing
 and I would have done any thing indeed too
 and roundly too. There was I and Little John
 Doit of Staffordsire and Black George Barnes,
 and Francis Picklore, and Will Squeale a Cots-
 wold man, you had not four such swinge-buck-
 lers in all the inns o' court again. And, I may
 say to you, we knew where the *bona-robas* were
 and red the best of them all at commandment.
 I was Jack Falstaff now, Sir John a boy and
 page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sir Thus Sir John, cousin, that comes nether
 anon about soldiers? 31

Shal The same Sir John, the very same. I
 saw him break Skogan's head at the cou- gate
 when a' was a crack not thus high, and the very
 same day did I fight with one Sampson Stock-
 fish, a flutterer behind Gray's Inn. Jesu! Jesu!
 the mad days that I have spent, and to see how
 many of mine old acquaintance are dead! 38

Sir We shall all follow cousin
Shal Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very
 sure, death, 'tis the Psalmist saith, is certain to
 all, all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks
 at Stamford fair? 44

Sir Truly, cousin, I was not there.
Shal Dead his certain. Is old Double of your
 town living yet? 48

Sir Dead, sir.
Shal Jesu! Jesu! dead! a' drew a good
 bow, and dead! a' shot a fine shoot. John a
 Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money
 on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the
 clout at twelve score, and carried you a fore-
 hand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half,
 that it would have done a man's heart good to
 see. How a score of ewes now? 55

Sir Thereafter as they be a score of good
 ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal And is old Double dead?
Sir Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's
 men as I think. 60

Enter BARDOLPH, and One with him

Bard Good morrow, honest gentlemen. I
 beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal I am Robert Shallow, sir, a poor
 esquire of this country, and one of the king's
 justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure
 with me? 66

Bard My captain, sir, commends him to you,
 my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman,
 by heaven, and a most gallant leader. 69

Shal He greets me well, sir. I knew him a
 good backward man. How doth the good
 knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard Sir, pardon, a soldier is better accom-
 modated than with a wife. 74

Shal It is well said in faith, sir, and it is
 well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it
 is good, yea indeed, is it good phrases are
 surely and ever were, very commendable. Ac-
 commodated! it comes of *accommodo* very
 good, a good phrase. 80

Bard Pardon me, sir, I have heard the
 word 'Phrase, call you it.' By this good day,
 I know not the phrase, but I will maintain the
 word with my sword to be a soldier like word,
 and a word of exceeding good command, by
 heaven. Accommodated that is, when a man
 is, as they say accommodated, or when a man
 is being whereby a may be thought to be
 accommodated, which is an excellent thing. 89

Enter FALSTAFF

Shal It is very just. Look, here comes good
 Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me
 your worship's good hand. By my troth, you
 look well and bear your years very well. Wel-
 come, good Sir John. 94

Fal I am glad to see you well, good Master
 Robert Shallow. Master Sureward as I think.

Shal No, Sir John, it is my cousin, Silence
 in commission with me.

Fal Good Master Silence, it well befits you
 should be of the peace. 100

Sir Your good worship is welcome.
Fal Fie! his is hot weather, gentlemen.
 Have you provided me here half a dozen
 sufficient men? 104

Shal Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?
Fal Let me see them. I beseech you.

Shal Where's the roll? where's the roll?
 where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see.
 So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so, yea, marry, sir, Ralph
 Mouldy! let them appear as I call, let them do so.
 Let them do so. Let me see where is Mouldy? 112

Moul Here, an't please you.
Shal What think you, Sir John? a good-
 limbed fellow, young, strong, and of good
 friends. 116

Fal Is thy name Mouldy?
Moul Yea, an't please you.

Fal 'Tis the more time thou wert used.
Shal Ha, ha, ha! most excellent i' faith!
 things that are mouldy lack use, very singular
 good. In faith, well said, Sir John, very well
 said. 122

Fal Prick him.
Moul I was pricked well enough before, an
 you could have let me alone, my old dame will
 be undone now for you to do her husbandry and
 her drudgery, you need not to have pricked me,
 there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal Go to, peace, Mouldy! you shall go
 Mouldy, it is time you were spent. 130

Moul Spent!

Shal Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside, know
 you where you are? For the other, Sir John,
 let me see, Simon Shadow!

Fal Yea, marry, let me have him to sit
 under, he's like to be a cold soldier. 136

Shal Where's Shadow?
Shad Here, sir
Fal Shadow, whose son art thou
Shad My mother's son sir 140
Fal Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow so the son of the female is the shadow of the male it is often so, indeed, but not o' the father's substance 144
Shal Do you like him, Sir John?
Fal Shadow will serve for summer, prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book 148
Shal Thomas Wart?
Fal Where's he?
Wart Here, sir
Fal Is thy name Wart? 152
Wart Yea, sir
Fal Thou art a very ragged wart
Shal Shall I prick him, Sir John?
Fal It were superfluous, for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins prick him no more 158
Shal Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir, you can do it I commend you well Francis Feeble!
Fee Here, sir
Fal What trade art thou, Feeble?
Fee A woman's tailor, sir
Shal Shall I prick him, sir? 164
Fal You may, but if he had been a man's tailor he'd have pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat? 168
Fee I will do my good will, sir you can have no more
Fal Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse Prick the woman's tailor, well, Master Shallow, deep, Master Shallow
Fee I would Wart might have gone, sir 176
Fal I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands let that suffice, most forcible Feeble 181
Fee It shall suffice, sir
Fal I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble Who is next? 184
Shal Peter Bullcalf o' the green!
Fal Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf
Bull Here, sir
Fal 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again 189
Bull O Lord! good my lord captain,—
Fal What! dost thou roar before thou art pricked? 192
Bull O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.
Fal What disease hast thou?
Bull A whoreson cold, sir a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir 197
Fal Come thou shalt go to the wars in a gown, we will have away thy cold, and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee Is here all? 201
Shal Here is two more called than your

number, you must have but four here, sir and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner 204
Fal Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner I am glad to see you, by my troth Master Shallow
Shal O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields?
Fal No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that 212
Shal Ha! it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?
Fal She lives, Master Shallow
Shal She never could away with me 216
Fal Never, never, she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow
Shal By the mass, I could anger her to the heart She was then a *bona-roba* Doth she hold her own well? 221
Fal Old, old, Master Shallow
Shal Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be old, certain she's old, and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn
Sir That's fifty-five year ago 227
Shal Ha! cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen Ha! Sir John, said I well?
Fal We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow 232
Shal That we have, that we have, that we have, in faith, Sir John, we have Our watchword was, 'Hem, boys!' Come, let's to dinner, come, let's to dinner Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come 237

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE]

Bull Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care, but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much. 245
Bard Go to, stand aside
Moul And, good Master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone, and she is old, and cannot help herself You shall have forty, sir
Bard Go to, stand aside 252
Fee By my troth, I care not, a man can die but once, we owe God a death I'll ne'er bear a base mind an't be my destiny, so, an't be not, so No man's too good to serve's prince, and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next
Bard Well said, thou'rt a good fellow
Fee Faith, I'll bear no base mind 260

Re-enter FALSTAFF and the Justices.

Fal Come, sir, which men shall I have?
Shal Four, of which you please.
Bard [To FALSTAFF] Sir, a word with you I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf

Fal [*Aside to BARDOLPH.*] Go to; well. 265
Shal Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal Do you choose for me 268
Shal Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow

Fal Mouldy, and Bullcalf for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it I will none of you 274

Shal Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best. 277

Fal Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart, you see what a ragged appearance it is a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And thus same half-faced fellow, Shadow, give me this man, he presents no mark to the enemy, the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O' give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph. 293

Bard Hold, Wart, traverse, thus, thus, thus
Fal Come, manage me your caliver. So very well go to, very good exceeding good O, give me always a little, lean, old, choppy'd, bald shot. Well said, I' faith, Wart, thou'rt a good scab hold, there's a tester for thee. 299

Shal He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus and a' would about and about, and come you in, and come you in, 'rah, tah, tah,' would a' say, 'bounce,' would a' say, and away again would a' go, and again would a' come I shall never see such a fellow 309

Fal These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence. I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both. I thank you. I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats

Shal Sir John, the Lord bless you! and prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house, let our old acquaintance be renewed. peradventure I will with ye to the court. 319

Fal Fore God I would you would, Master Shallow

Shal Go to, I have spoke at a word. God keep you. 323

Fal Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exit SHALLOW and SILENCE.*] On, Bardolph, lead the men away [*Exit BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices. I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow Lord, Lord! how subject we old men are to this vice of lying. This same starved justice hath

done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street, and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring when a' was naked he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife a' was so forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible a' was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion and sung those tunes to the over-scuthed huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him, and I'll be sworn a' never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name, for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin, the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court, and now has he land and beefs. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let um shape, and there an end. [*Exit*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—A Forest in Yorkshire

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and Others

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please your Grace

Arch. Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies. 4

Hast. We have sent forth already

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs, I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd

New-dated letters from Northumberland, 8

Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus

Here doth he wish his person, with such powers

As might hold sortance with his quality,

The which he could not levy, whereupon 12

He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,

To Scotland, and concludes in hearty prayers

That your attempts may overlive the hazard

And fearful meeting of their opposite. 16

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him

touch ground

And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Meis. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,

In goodly form comes on the enemy, 20
 And, by the ground they hide, I judge their
 number
 Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand
Mowb The just proportion that we gave
 them out
 Let us sway on and face them in the field 24

Enter WESTMORELAND

Arch What well-appointed leader fronts us
 here?
Mowb I think it is my Lord of Westmore-
 land
West Health and fair greeting from our
 general,
 The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster
Arch Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in
 peace, 29

What doth concern your coming
West Then, my lord,
 Unto your Grace do I in chief address
 The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
 Came like itself, in base and abject routs, 33
 Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
 And countenanc'd by boys and beggary,
 I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd, 36
 In his true, native, and most proper shape,
 You, reverend father, and these noble lords
 Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
 Of base and bloody insurrection 40
 With your fair honours You, lord archbishop,
 Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath
 touch'd,
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath
 tutor'd, 44

Whose white investments figure innocence,
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
 Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace
 Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war, 49
 Turning your books to greaves, your ink to
 blood,
 Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet and a point of war? 52

Arch Wherefore do I this? so the question
 stands
 Briefly to this end we are all diseas'd,
 And, with out surfeiting and wanton hours
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever 56
 And we must bleed for it of which disease
 Our late king, Richard, being infected died.
 But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
 I take not on me here as a physician, 60
 Nor do I as an enemy to peace
 Troop in the throngs of military men,
 But rather show a while like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds sick of happiness 64
 And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life Hear me more plainly
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs
 we suffer, 68

And find our griefs heavier than our offences
 We see which way the stream of time doth run
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere

By the rough torrent of occasion, 72
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to show in arduous,
 Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
 And might by no suit gain our audience 76
 When we are wrong'd and would unfold our
 griefs,

We are denied access unto his person
 Even by those men that most have done us
 wrong

The dangers of the days but newly gone,— 80
 Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet appearing blood,—and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, present now,
 Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms, 84
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality

West Whenever yet was your appeal denied?
 Wherein have you been galled by the king?
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book
 Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine, 92
 And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch My brother general, the common-
 wealth,

To brother born an household cruelty,
 I make my quarrel in particular 96

West There is no need of any such redress,
 Or if there were, it not belongs to you

Mowb Why not to him in part, and to us all
 That feel the bruises of the days before, 100
 And suffer the condition of these times
 To lay a heavy and unequal hand
 Upon our honours?

West O! my good Lord Mowbray,
 Construe the times to their necessities, 104
 And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
 And not the king, that doth you injures
 Yet, for your part, it not appears to me
 Either from the king or in the present time
 That you should have an inch of any ground
 To build a grief on were you not restor'd 110
 To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
 Your noble and right well-remember'd father's?

Mowb What thing, in honour, had my
 father lost, 113

That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
 The king that lov'd him as the state stood then,
 Was force perforce compell'd to banish him
 And then that Harry Bolingbroke and he, 117
 Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
 Their neighing couriers daring of the spur,
 Their armed staves in charge, their beavers
 down, 120

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of
 steel,

And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have
 stay'd

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, 124
 O! when the king did throw his warder down,
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw,
 Then threw he down himself and all their lives
 That by indictment and by dint of sword 128
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman
Who knows on whom Fortune would then have smiled?

But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry,
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him and all their prayers and love

Were set on Hereford whom they doted on
And bless'd and grac'd indeed, more than the king

But this is mere digression from my purpose
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs, to tell you from his Grace
That he will give you audience, and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies

Mowb But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love

West Mowbray, you overween to take it so
Thus offer comes from mercy, not from fear
For, lo! within a ken our army lies
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best,
Then reason will our hearts should be as good
Say you not then our offer is compell'd

Mowb Well, by my will we shall admit no parley

West That argues but the shame of your offence

A rotten case abides no handling
Hast Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West That is intended in the general's name
I muse you make so slight a question

Arch Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,

For this contains our general grievances
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes consign'd,
We come within our awful banks again
And knit our powers to the arm of peace

West This will I show the general. Please you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet,
And either end in peace, which God so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it

Arch My lord, we will do so
[Exit WESTMORELAND]

Mowb There is a thing within my bosom tells me

That no conditions of our peace can stand
Hast Fear you not that if we can make our peace

Upon such large terms, and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains

Mowb Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice and wanton reason
Shall to the king taste of this action

That, were our royal faith's martyrs in love
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition

Arch No, no, my lord. Note this: the king is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the hours of life

And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance, for full well he knows

He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion

His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,

He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,

That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up

And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution

Hast Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods

On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement,

So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold

Arch 'Tis very true
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,

If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken lumb united,

Grow stronger for the breaking
Mowb Be it so

Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

West The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship,

To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb Your Grace of York, in God's name then, set forward

Arch Before, and greet his Grace my lord, we come. [Exeunt]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and Others from the other side, JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.

Lanc You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop,

And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to a!
My Lord of York, it better shov'd with you, 4
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an iron man, 8
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death
That man that sits within a monarch's heart
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour, 12
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack! what mischief might he set abroad
In shadow of such greatness With you, lord
bishop,

It is even so Who hath not heard it spoken 16
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament,
To us the imagin'd voice of God himself,
The very opener and intelligencer 20
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings O! who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father, 28
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here upswarm'd them

Arch Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace,
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland, 32
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up I sent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,— 36
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from
the court,—

Whereon this Hydra son of war is Lorn,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd
asleep 39

With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty

Mowb If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man

Hast And though we here fall down, 44
We have supplies to second our attempt
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them,
And so success of mischief shall be born
And hear from heir shall hold this quarrel up 48
While England shall have generation

Lanc You are too shallow, Hastings, much
too shallow,

To sound the bottom of the after-times
West Pleaseth your Grace, to answer them
directly 52

How far forth you do like their articles.
Lanc I like them all, and do allow them
well,

And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook, 56
And come about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority
My lord these griefs shall be with speed re-
dress'd,

Upon my soul, they shall If this may please
you, 60

Discharge your powers unto their several coun-
ties,

As we will ours and here between the armies
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity 65

Arch I take you, princely word for these
addresses

Lanc I give it you, and will maintain my
word

And thereupon I drink unto your Grace 68
Hast [To an Officer] Go, captain, and deliver
to the army

This news of peace let them have pay, and
part

I know it will well please them, hie thee, captain
[Exit Officer]

Arch To you, my noble Lord of Westmore-
land 72

West I pledge your Grace and, if you know
what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely, but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter 76

Arch I do not doubt you
West

I am glad of it
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray
Mowb You wish me health in very happy
season,

For I am, on the sudden, something ill 80
Arch Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness forebuds the good event

West Therefore be merry, coz, since sudden
sorrow

Serves to sav thus, Some good thing comes
to-morrow 84

Arch Believe me I am passing light in spirit
Mowb So much the worse if your own rule
be true [Shouts within]

Lanc The word of peace is render'd hark,
how they shout! 87

Mowb This had been cheerful, after victory
Arch A peace is of the nature of a conquest,

For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser

Lanc Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too 92

[Exit WESTMORELAND]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our
trains

March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal

Arch Go, good Lord Hastings, 96
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by

[Exit HASTINGS]

Lanc I trust, lords, we shall be to-night to-
gether

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
West The leaders, having charge from you
to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak. 100

Lanc They know their duties

Re-enter HASTINGS

Hast My lord, our army is dispers'd already
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their
courses 104

East, west, north, south, or, like a school broke
up,

Each hurries toward his home and sporting-
place

West Good tidings, my Lord Hastings, for
the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason 108
And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord Mow-

bray,
Of capital treason I attach you both

Mowb Is this proceeding just and honour-
able?

West Is your assembly so? 112

Arch Will you thus break your faith?

Lanc I pawn'd thee none
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances

Whereof you did complain, which, by mine
honour

I will perform with a most Christian care 116
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence
Strike up our drums! pursue the scatter'd
stray

God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day
Some guard these traitors to the block of
death, 123

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath
[Exeunt

SCENE III—Another Part of the Forest

Alarums Excursions Enter FALSTAFF and
COLEVILLE, meeting

Fal What's your name, sir? of what con-
dition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole I am a knight, sir, and my name is
Coleville of the dale 4

Fal Well then, Coleville is your name, a
knight is your degree, and your place the dale.

Coleville shall still be your name, a traitor your
degree, and the dungeon your place, a place
deep enough, so shall you be still Coleville of
the dale

Cole Are not you Sir John Falstaff? 11

Fal As good a man as he, sir, whome'er I am.
Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If
I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers,

and they weep for thy death therefore rouse
up fear and trembling, and do observance to
my mercy 17

Cole I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and
in that thought yield me

Fal I have a whole school of tongues in this
belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all
speaks any other word but my name. An I had
but a belly of any indifference, I were simply the
most active fellow in Europe my womb, my
womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our
general. 26

Enter JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND,
BLUNT, and Others

Lanc The heat is past, follow no further
now

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland
[Exit WESTMORELAND

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this
while? 29

When everything is ended, then you come
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows back 32

Fal I would be sorry, my lord, but it should
be thus I never knew yet but rebuke and check

was the reward of valour Do you think me a
swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my
poor and old motion, the expedition of thought?

I have speeded hither with the very extremest
inch of possibility, I have foundered nine score
and odd posts, and here, travel-tainted as I am,

have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken
Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious
knight and valorous enemy But what of that?

he saw me, and yielded, that I may justly say
with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came,

saw, and overcame'

Lanc It was more of his courtesy than your
deserving 48

Fal I know not here he is, and here I yield
him, and I beseech your Grace, let it be booked
with the rest of this day's deeds, or, by the Lord,

I will have it in a particular ballad else, with
mine own picture on the top on't, Coleville
kissing my foot To the which course if I be

enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-
pences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame
o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth
the cinders of the element, which show like pins'

heads to her, believe not the word of the noble.
Therefore let me have right, and let desert
mount. 61

Lanc Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal Let it shine then

Lanc Thine's too thick to shine 64

Fal Let it do something, my good lord, that
may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lanc Is thy name Coleville?

Cole It is, my lord 68

Lanc A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal And a famous true subject took him

Cole I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither had they been rul'd by
me 72

You should have won them dearer than you
have

Fal I know not how they sold themselves
but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away
gratis, and I thank thee for thee 76

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

Lanc Have you left pursuit?

West Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

Lanc Send Coleville with his confederates
To York, to present execution. 80

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him
sure. [Exit BLUNT, and Others, with
COLEVILLE, guarded.

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords

I hear, the king my father is sore sick
Our news shall go before us to his majesty, 84
Which, cousin [addressing WESTMORELAND], you shall bear, to comfort him.

And we with sober speed will follow you
Fal My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go,

Through Gloucestershire, and when you come to court

Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report
Lanc Fare you well, Falstaff is, in my condition

Shall better speak of you than you deserve 91
[Exeunt all but FALSTAFF]

Fal I would you had but the wit 'twere better than your dukehood. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh, but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof, for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness, and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends into the brain, dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it, makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of numble fiery and delectable shapes, which deliver'd over to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood, which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm, and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage, and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work, and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant, for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack. 136

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard The army is discharged all and gone
Fal Let them go. I'll through Gloucester-

shire, and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire. I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [Exeunt]

SCENE IV — Westrunster The Jerusalem Chamber

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and Others

K Hen Now, lords, if God doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields
And draw no swords but what are sanctified. 4
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And everything lies level to our wish.

Only, we want a little personal strength, 8
And pause us, till these rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K Hen Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother? 13

Glo I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K Hen And how accompanied?

Glo I do not know, my lord.
K Hen Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence with him? 16

Glo No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

Cl What would my lord and father?

K Hen Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother? 20

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas,

Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect 24

Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.

Therefore omit him not, blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace. 28

By seeming cold or careless of his will,
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd.

He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity, 32

Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sudden.

As flaws congealed in the spring of day
His temper therefore must be well observ'd. 36

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth,

But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, 40

Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,

That the united vessel of their blood, 44
Mingled with venom of suggestion—

As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As aconitum or rash gunpowder 43

Cla I shall observe him with all care and love

K Hen Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla He is not there to-day, he dines in London.

K Hen And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Cla With Poins and other his continual followers

K Hen Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,

And he, the noble image of my youth,
 Is overspread with them therefore my grief 56
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death
 The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape

In forms imaginary the unguided days
 And rotten times that you shall look upon 60

When I am sleeping with my ancestors
 For when his headstrong not hath no curb

When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,

O! with what wings shall his affections fly 65
 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay

War My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite

The prince but studies his companions 68
 Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the

language,
 'Tis needful that the most immodest word

Be look'd upon, and learn'd, which once attain'd 71

Your highness knows, comes to no further use
 But to be known and hated So, like gross

terms,
 The prince will in the perfectness of time

Cast off his followers, and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live, 76

By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,
 Turning past evils to advantages

K Hen 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb

In the dead carrion

Enter WESTMORELAND

Who's here? Westmoreland!

West Health to my sovereign, and new happiness 81

Added to that that I am to deliver!

Prince John your son doth kiss your Grace's hand

Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all
 Are brought to the correction of your law 85

There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
 But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.

The manner how this action hath been borne,
 Here at more leisure may your highness read

With every course in his particular
K Hen O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird, 91

Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
 The lifting up of day

Enter HARCOURT

Look! here's more news

Har From enemies heaven keep your majesty,

And, when they stand against you, may they fall
 As those that I am come to tell you of! 96

The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bar-
 dolf,

With a great power of English and of Scots,
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown

The manner and true order of the fight 100
 This packet please it you, contains at large

K Hen And wherefore should these good
 news make me sick?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?

She either gives a stomach and no food, 105
 Such are the poor, in health, or else a feast

And takes away the stomach, such are the rich,
 That have abundance and enjoy it not 108

I should rejoice now at this happy news,
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy

O me! come near me, now I am much ill
Glo Comfort your majesty!

Cla O my royal father! 112
West My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself

look up!
War Be patient, princes you do know these

fits
 Are with his highness very ordinary

Stand from him, give him air, he'll straight
 be well 116

Cla No, no, he cannot long hold out these
 pangs

The incessant care and labour of his mind
 Hath wrought the mure that should confine

it in
 So thin, that life looks through and will break

out 120
Glo The people fear me, for they do observe

Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature
 The seasons change their manners, as the year

Had found some months asleep and leap'd
 them over 124

Cla The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb
 between,

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
 Say it did so a little time before

That our great-grandure, Edward, sick'd and
 died. 128

War Speak lower, princes, for the king re-
 covers

Glo This apoplexy will certain be his end.

K Hen I pray you take me up, and bear me
 hence

Into some other chamber. softly, pray 132

SCENE V—Another Chamber

KING HENRY lying on a bed CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and Others in attendance

K Hen Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,

Unless some dull and favourable hand
 Will whisper music to my weary spirit. 3

War Call for the music in the other room.

K Hen Set me the crown upon my pillow here
Cla His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War Less noise, less noise!

Enter the PRINCE

Prince Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
Cla I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
Prince How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
 How doth the king?

Glo Exceeding ill.

Prince Heard he the good news yet?
 Tell it him.

Glo He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince If he be sick with joy, he will recover without physic.

War Not so much noise, my lords. Sweet prince, speak low.

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla Let us withdraw into the other room.

War Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

Prince No, I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but the PRINCE*]
 Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
 Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
 To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet.
 As he whose brow with homely biggin bound

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
 That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not.
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!

This sleep is sound indeed, this is a sleep
 That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd

So many English kings. Thy due from me
 Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
 Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously.

My due from thee is this imperial crown,
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo! here it sits,
 [Putting it on his head]

Which heaven shall guard, and put the world's
 whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me. Thus from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit*]

K Hen [Waking] Warwick! Gloucester!

Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and the rest.

Cla Doth the king call?

War What would your majesty? How fares your Grace?

K Hen Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla We left the prince my brother here, my liege.

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K Hen The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him.

He is not here.

War The door is open, he is gone this way.
Glo He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K Hen Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K Hen The prince hath ta'en it hence. go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
 My sleep my death?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick, chide him hither.

[*Exit WARWICK*]
 This part of his conjoins with my disease,
 And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt
 When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers
 Have broke their sleeps with thought,

Their brains with care, their bones with industry.

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
 The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold,

For this they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts and martial exercises.

When like the bee, culling from every flower
 The virtuous sweets,

Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive, and like the bees,
 Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
 Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War My lord, I found the prince in the next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow

That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
 Would by beholding him have wash'd his knife

With gentle eye drops. He is coming hither.

K Hen But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter the PRINCE

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt WARWICK, and the rest*]
Prince I never thought to hear you speak again.

K Hen Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
thee 96
Stay but a little, for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop my day is dim
Thou hast stol'n that which after some few
hours 100
Were thine without offence, and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it 104
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself, 109
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head 113
Only compound me with forgotten dust,
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees
For now a time's come to mock at form 117
Harry the Fifth is crown'd! Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors,
hence!
And to the English court assemble now, 120
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your
scum
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit 124
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy! he will trouble you no more
England shall double gild his treble guilt
England shall give him office, honour, might
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent 131
O my poor kingdom! sick with civil blows
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when not is thy care?
O! thou wilt be a wilderness again
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants 136
Prince O! pardon me, my liege, but for my
tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown,
And he that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown, 144
Let me no more from this obedience rise,—
Which my most true and inward dutiful spirit
Teacheth,—this prostrate and exterior bending
God witness with me when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your
majesty, 149
How could it strike my heart! if I do feign,
O! let me in my present wildness die
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed 153
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,

I spake unto the crown as having sense 156
And thus upbraided it 'The care on thee de-
pending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious, 160
Preserving life in medicine potable
But thou most fine, most honour'd, most re-
nown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up' Thus, my most royal
liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head, 164
To try with it as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor
But if it did infect my blood with joy, 168
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it, 172
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
K. Hen. O my son! 176
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's
love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed 180
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown, and I myself know well 184
How troublesome it sat upon my head
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Be'er opinion, be'er confirmation,
For all the soil of the achievement goes 188
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances, 192
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
Thou seest with peril I have answered
For all my reign hath been but as a scene 196
Acting that argument, and now my death
Changes the mone for what in me was pur-
chas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort,
So thou the garment wear'st successively 200
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I
could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green,
And all my friends, which thou must make thy
friends
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out,
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd, 205
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd which to avoid,
I cut them off, and had a purpose now 208
To lead out many to the Holy Land
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course so busy giddy minds 212
With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne
out,

May waste the memory of the former days
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
 That strength of speech is utter'y denied me 216
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live
Prince My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me, 220
 Then plain and right must my possession be
 Which I with more than with a common pain
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain

Enter JOHN OF LANCASTER

K Hen Look, look, here comes my John of
 Lancaster 224
Lanc Health, peace, and happiness to my
 royal father!
K Hen Thou bring'st me happiness and
 peace, son John
 But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare wither'd trunk upon thy sight
 My worldly business makes a period 229
 Where is my Lord of Warwick?
Prince My Lord of Warwick!

Re-enter WARWICK and Others

K Hen Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoond? 232
War 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord
K Hen Laud be to God! even there my life
 must end
 It hath been prophesied to me many years
 I should not die but in Jerusalem, 236
 Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land
 But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. *[Exeunt]*

ACT V

SCENE I.—Gloucestershire A Hall in
 SHALLOW's House

*Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and
 Page*

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away
 to-night. What! Davy, I say
Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert
 Shallow 4
Shal. I will not excuse you, you shall not be
 excused, excuses shall not be admitted, there
 is no excuse shall serve, you shall not be ex-
 cused. Why, Davy! 8

Enter DAVY

Davy Here, sir
Shal Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see,
 Davy, let me see yea, marry, William cook, bid
 him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be
 excused. 13
Davy Marry, sir, thus, those precepts can-
 not be served and again, sir, shall we sow the
 headland with wheat? 16
Shal With red wheat, Davy But for William
 cook are there no young pigeons?
Davy Yes, sir Here is now the smith's note
 for shoeing and plough-irons 20

Shal Let it be cast and paid Sir John, you
 shall not be excused

Davy Now, sir, a new link to the bucket
 must needs be had, and, sir, do you mean to
 stop any of William's wages about the sack he
 lost the other day at Hinckley fair? 26

Shal A' snail answer it Some pigeons,
 Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of
 mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws,
 tell William cook

Davy Doth the man of war stay all night,
 sir? 32

Shal Yea, Davy I will use him well A
 friend i' t' e court is better than a penny in
 purse Use his men well, Davy, for they are
 arrant knaves, and will backbite 36

Davy No worse than they are back-bitten,
 sir, for they have marvellous foul linen

Shal Well conceited, Davy about thy busi-
 ness, Davy 40

Davy I beseech you, sir, to countenance
 William Visor of Wincot against Clement
 Perkes of the mill

Shal There are many complaints, Davy,
 against that Visor that Visor is an arrant
 knave, on my knowledge 46

Davy I grant your worship that he is a
 knave sir, but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave
 should have some countenance at his friend's
 request An honest man, sir, is able to speak for
 himself, when a knave is not I have served
 your worship truly, sir, this eight years, and if
 I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a
 knave against an honest man, I have but a very
 little credit with your worship The knave is
 mine honest friend, sir, therefore, I beseech
 your worship, let him be countenanced 57

Shal Go to, I say he shall have no wrong
 Look about, Davy *[Exit DAVY]* Where are you,
 Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your
 boots Give me your hand, Master Bardolph. 61

Bard I am glad to see your worship
Shal I thank thee with all my heart, kind
 Master Bardolph — *[To the Page]* and wel-
 come, my tall fellow Come, Sir John 65

Fal I'll follow you, good Master Robert
 Shallow *[Exit SHALLOW]* Bardolph, look to
 our horses *[Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page]* If I
 were sawed into quanties, I should make four
 dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as Master
 Shallow It is a wonderful thing to see the
 semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his
 they, by observing him, do bear themselves like
 foolish justices, he, by conversing with them, is
 turned into a justice-like serving-man Their
 spirits are so married in conjunction with the
 participation of society that they flock together
 in consent, like so many wild-geese If I had a
 suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men
 with the imputation of being near their master
 if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow
 that no man could better command his servants
 It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant
 carnage is caught, as men take diseases, one of
 another therefore let men take heed of their
 company I will devise matter enough out of

this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions,—which is four terms, or two actions,—and a shall laugh without intervallums O! it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders O! you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up! 94

Shal [Within] Sir John!
Fal I come, Master Shallow I come, Master Shallow
[Exit]

SCENE II — *Westminster An Apartment in the Palace*

Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

War How now, my Lord Chief Justice! whither away?

Ch Just How doth the king?

War Exceeding well his cares are now all ended

Ch Just I hope not dead

War He's walk'd the way of nature, 4
And to our purposes he lives no more

Ch Just I would his majesty had call'd me with him

The service that I truly did his life

Hath left me open to all injuries 8

War Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

Ch Just I know he doth not, and do arm myself,

To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me 12
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy

Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER,
WESTMORELAND and Others

War Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry

O! that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen. 16
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch Just O God! I fear all will be overturn'd

Lanc Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow 20

Glo } Good morrow, cousin.
Cl }

Lanc We meet like men that had forgot to speak

War We do remember, but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk. 24

Lanc Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch Just Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glo O! good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed, 27

And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow it is sure your own

Lanc Though no man be assur'd what grace
to find,

You stand in coldest expectation

I am the sornier, would 'twere otherwise 32

Cl Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair,

Which swims against your stream of quality
Ch Just Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul, 36

And never shall you see that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission

If truth and upright innocence fail me, 40

I'll to the king my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him

War Here comes the prince

Enter KING HENRY THE FIFTH, attended

Ch Just Good morrow, and God save your majesty!

K Hen V This new and gorgeous garment majesty, 44

Sits not so easy on me as you think

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear

This is the English, not the Turkish court,

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds, 48

But Harry Harry Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you

Sorrow so royally in you appears

That I will deeply put the fashion on 52

And wear it in my heart Why then, be sad,

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burden laid upon us all

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd, 56

I'll be your father and your brother too,

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares

Yet weep that Harry's dead and so will I

But Harry lives that shall convert those tears 60

By number into hours of happiness

Lanc, &c We hope no other from your majesty

K Hen V You all look strangely on me [To the CHIEF JUSTICE] and you most,

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not 64

Ch Just I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me

K Hen V No! 67

How might a prince of my great hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate rebuke and roughly send to prison

The immediate heir of England! Was this easy? 72

May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgott'n?

Ch Just I then did use the person of your father,

The image of his power lay then in me

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth 76

Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented

And struck me in my very seat of judgment, 80

Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave bold way to my authority,

And did commit you If the deed were ill,

Be you contented wearing now the garland, 84

To have a son set your decrees at nought,

To pluck down justice from your awful bench

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person 88

Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image

And mock your workings in a second body

Question your royal thoughts, make the case
yours

Be now the father and propose a son,
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your son
After this cold consideration, sentence me,
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that hath misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty

A Henry You are right, justice, and you
weigh this well,

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword
And I do wish your honours may increase
Till you do live to see a son of mine

Offend you and obey you, as I did
So shall I live to speak my father's words

'Happy am I, that have a man so bold
That dares do justice on my proper son,
And not less happy, having such a son,

That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice' You did commit me
For which, I do commit into your hand

The unsundered sword that you have us'd to bear,
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit

As you have done against me There is my hand
You shall be as a father to my youth
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,

And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-plac'd wise directions
And, princes all, believe me I beseech you,

My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections,
And with his spirit sadly I survive,

To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down

After my seeming The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,

Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
And flow henceforth in formal majesty
Now call we our high court of parliament,

And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation,

That war or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand

Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state
And, God consigning to my good intents,

No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day

[Exit

SCENE III — Gloucestershire The Garden of
SHALLOW'S House

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH,
the Page, and DAVY

Shal Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where,
in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of

my own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and
so forth come, cousin Silence, and then to bed

Fal Fore God, you have here a goodly
dwelling, and a rich

Shal Barren, barren, barren, beggars all,
beggars all, Sir John marry, good air Spread,
Davy, spread, Davy well said Davy

Fal This Davy serves you for good uses, he
is your serving-man and your husband

Shal A good varlet, a good varlet, a very
good varlet, Sir John by the mass, I have
drunk too much sack at supper a good varlet

Now sit down now sit down Come, cousin
Sil Ah, surrah! quoth a, we shall

Do nothing but eat and make good cheer
And praise God for the merry year
When flesh is cheap and females dear
And lusty lads roam here and there

So merrily
And ever among so merrily

Fal There's a merry heart! Good Master
Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon

Shal Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy
Davy Sweet sir, sit, I'll be with you anon
most sweet sir, sit, Master page good master
page, sit Proface! What you want in meat
we'll have in drink but you must bear the
heart's all [Exit

Shal Be merry, Master Bardolph, and my
little soldier there, be merry

Sil Be merry be merry my wife has all
For women are hew'd both short and tall
Tis merry in hall when beard, wag all
And welcome merry Shrove tide

Be merry be merry

Fal I did not think Master Silence had been
a man of this mettle

Sil Who, I? I have been merry twice and
once ere now

Re enter DAVY

Davy There's a dish of leather-coats for you.
[Setting them before BARDOLPH

Shal Davy!
Davy Your worship! I'll be with you straight
A cup of wine, sir?

Sil A cup of wine that's brisk and fin
And drink unto the leman mine,
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal Well said, Master Silence
Sil And we shall be merry, now comes in the
sweet o' the night

Fal Health and long life to you, Master
Silence

Sil Fill the cup and let it come
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom

Shal Honest Bardolph, welcome if thou want-
est anything and wilt not call beshrew thy heart,
[To the Page] Welcome, my little tony thief,
and welcome indeed too I'll drink to Master
Bardolph and to all the cavaleroes about London

Davy I hope to see London once ere I die

Bard An I might see you there, Davy,—
Shal By the mass, you'll crack a quart to-
gether ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot

Shal By God's higgins I thank thee The
 knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that
 a will not out, he is true bred 68
Bard And I'll stick by him, sir
Shal Why there spoke a king Lack nothing
 be merry [*Knocking with a*] Look who's at
 door there Ho! who knocks? [*Exit DAVY*]
Fal [*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper*]
 Why, now you have done me right 74
Sil Do me right
 And dub me knight
 Samirgo

Is't not so?
Fal 'Tis so
Sil Is't so? Why, then, say an old man can
 do somewhat 81

Re-enter DAVY

Davy An't please your worship there's one
 Pistol come from the court with news
Fal From the court! let him come in 84

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol!
Pst Sir John, God save you sir!
Fal What wind blew you hither, Pistol?
Pst Not the ill wind which blows no man to
 good 88
 Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest
 men in this realm

Sil By r lady, I think a' be, but Goodman
 Puff of Barson. 92
Pst Puff

Puff in thy teeth most recreant coward base!
 Sir John I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
 And helter-skelter have I rode to thee, 96
 And tidings do I bring and lucky joys
 And golden times and happy news of price
Fal I prithee now, deliver them like a man
 of this world

Pst A foutra for the world and worldlings
 base! 100
 I speak of Africa and golden joys
Fal O base Assyrian knight, what is thy
 news?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof
Sil And Robin Hood Scarlet and John 104
Pst Shall dunghill curs confront the Hel-
 cors?

And shall good news be baffled?
 Then, Pistol lay thy head in Furies' lap
Shal Honest gentleman, I know not your
 breeding 109

Pst Why then lament therefore
Shal Give me pardon, sir if sir you come with
 news from the court, I take it there is but two
 ways either to utter them or to conceal them.
 I am, sir under the king in some authority
Pst Under which king, Bezonian? speak
 or die 115

Shal Under King Harry
Pst Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?
Shal Harry the Fourth
Pst A foutra for thine office!
 Sir John thy tender lambkin now is king,

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth
 When Pistol lies, do this, and fig me like 120
 The bragging Spaniard

Fal What! is the old king dead?
Pst As rail in door the things I speak are
 just 123

Fal Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse
 Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou
 wilt in the land us thine Pistol I will double-
 charge thee with dignities

Bard O joyful day! 128

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune

Pst What! I do bring good news

Fal Carry Master Silence to bed Master

Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt I

am Fortune's steward Get on thy boots we'll

ride all night O sweet Pistol! Away Bardolph!

[*Exit BARDOLPH*] Come Pistol, utter more to

me and withal devise something to do thyself

good Boot, boot, Master Shallow I know the

young king is sick for me Let us take any

man's horses the laws of England are at my

commandment Happy are they which have

been my friends, and woe unto my lord chief

justice! 142

Pst Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

'Where is the life that late I led?' say they

Why, here it is welcome these pleasant days!

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV — London A Street

Enter BEADLES, dragging in MISTRESS QUICKLY
 and DOLL TEARSHEET

Quick No, thou arrant knave I would to
 God I might die that I might have thee hanged,
 thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint

First Bead The constables have delivered
 her over to me and she shall have whipping
 cheer enough I warrant her there hath been a
 man or two lately killed about her 7

Dol Nut-hook nu-hook, you lie Come on
 I'll tell thee what thou damned tripe visaged
 rascal an the child I now go with do miscarry,
 thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother
 thou paper-faced villain 12

Quick O the Lord! that Sir John were come,
 he would make this a bloody day to somebody
 But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

First Bead If it do you shall have a dozen
 of cushions again you have but eleven now
 Come, I charge you both go with me for the
 man's dead that you and Pistol beat among you

Dol I'll tell thee what thou thin man in a
 censer, I will have you as soundly swinged for
 this you blue bottle rogue! you filthy famished
 correctioner! if you be not swinged, I'll for-
 swear half-kirtles 24

First Bead Come come, you she knight-
 errant come

Quick O that right should thus overcome
 might! Well of sufferance comes ease

Dol Come, you rogue, come bring me to
 a justice 29

Quick Ay come, you starved blood hound.
Dol Goodman death! goodman bones!

Quick Thou atomy, thou! 32
Dol Come, you thun'ging, come, you rascal!
First Bead Very well [Exeunt]

SCENE V — *A public Place near Westminster Abbey*

Enter two Grooms, strewn with rushes

First Groom More rushes more rushes
Sec Groom The trumpets have sounded twice 3
First Groom It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Dispatch, dispatch [Exeunt]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page

Fal Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow, I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him as a comes by and do but mark the countenance that he will give me 9

Pist God bless thy lungs, good knight

Fal Come here, Pistol, stand behind me. O! if I had had time to have made new liveries I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter, this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him 16

Shal It doth so

Fal It shows my earnestness of affection

Shal It doth so

Fal My devotion 20

Shal It doth, it doth, it doth

Fal As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me 24

Shal It is most certain

Fal But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all in every part 32

Shal 'Tis so, indeed

Pist My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,

And make thee rage

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, 36
 Is in base durance and contagious prison,
 Hal'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell
 Alecto's snake, 40

For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth

Fal I will deliver her

[Shouts within and trumpets sound]
Pist There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds

Enter KING HENRY THE FIFTH and his Train, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE among them

Fal God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal! 45

Pist The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal God save thee, my sweet boy! 48

K Hen V My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch Just Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

K Hen V I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers, 52

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
 I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
 So surfeit-swell'd, so o'd, and so profane,
 But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream. 56
 Make less thy body hence, and more thy
 grace,
 Leave gormandising, know the grave doth
 gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest. 60

Presume not that I am the 'hung I was,
 For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self,
 So will I those that kept me company. 64

When thou dost hear I am a I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death, 68

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,

Not to come near our person by ten mile

For competence of life I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evil. 72

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will, according to your strength and qualities,

Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenour of our word. 76

Set on [Exeunt KING HENRY V and his Train]

Fal Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound

Shal Ay marry, Sir John, which I beseech you to let me have home with me. 80

Fal That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this. I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancements. I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal I cannot perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand. 89

Fal Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John. 93

Fal Fear no colours: go with me to dinner. Come, Lieutenant Pistol, come, Bardolph. I shall be sent for soon at night. 96

Re-enter JOHN OF LANCASTER, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, Officers with them

Ch Just Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.

Take all his company along with him.

Fal My lord, my lord!

Ch Just I cannot now speak I will hear
you soon 100

Take them away

Pist *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta*
[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL,*
BARDOLPH, Page, and Officers

Lanc I like this fair proceeding of the king's
He hath intent his wonted followers 104

Shall all be very well provided for,

But all are banish'd till their conversations

Appear more wise and modest to the world

Ch Just And so they are 108

Lanc The king hath call'd his parliament,
my lord

Ch Just He hath

Lanc I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords and native fire 112

As far as France I heard a bird so sing,

Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king

Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt*

EPILOGUE

Spoken by a Dancer

*First, my fear then, my curtsy, last my
speech. My fear is, your displeasure, my
curtsy, my duty, and my speech, to beg your
pardon. If you look for a good speech now, you
undo me for what I have to say is of mine
own making and what indeed I should say
will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to*

*the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known
to you,—as it is very well,—I was lately here in
the end of a displeasing play to pray your
patience for it and to promise you a better. I
did mean indeed to pay you with this which
if like an ill venture it come unluckily home I
break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here,
I promised you I would be, and here I commit
my body to your mercies: bate me some and I
will pay you some and as most debtors do,
promise you infinitely.* 18

*If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me,
will you command me to use my legs? and yet
that were but light payment to dance out of your
debt. But a good conscience will make any
possible satisfaction and so will I. All the
gentlewomen here have forgiven me if the
gentlemen will not then the gentlemen do not
agree with the gentlewomen which was never
seen before in such an assembly.* 27

*One word more, I beseech you. If you be not
too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble
author will continue the story with Sir John in
it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of
France where for anything I know, Falstaff
shall die of a sweat unless already a be killed
with your hard opinions for Oldcastle died a
martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is
weary when my legs are too, I will bid you
good night and so kneel down before you but
indeed, to pray for the queen.* 38

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FIFTH
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER } Brothers to the King.
DUKE OF BEDFORD }
DUKE OF EXETER, Uncle to the King
DUKE OF YORK, Cousin to the King
EARLS OF SALISBURY WESTMORELAND and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
BISHOP OF ELY
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP
SIR THOMAS GREY
SIR THOMAS LEPINGHAM GOWER FLUELLEN MAC-
MORRIS JAMY Officers in King Henry's Army
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers in the Same.
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
Boy
A Herald

CHARLES THE SIXTH King of France
LEWIS the Dauphin
DUKES OF BURGUNDY ORLEANS and BOURBON
THE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE
RAMBOURES and GRANDPRÉ French Lords
MONTJOY a French Herald
Governor of Harfleur
Ambassadors to the King of England

ISABEL, Queen of France
KATHARINE Daughter to Charles and Isabel
ALICE a Lady attending on the Princess Katharine
Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern, formerly Mistress
Quickly and now married to Pistol

Lords, Ladies, Officers French and English Soldiers,
Citizens, Messengers and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE —England, afterwards France

Enter Chorus.

Chor O! for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene 4
Then should the war-like Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword,
and fire
Crouch for employment But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that hath dar'd 9
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram 12
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million,
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarches,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts
Into a thousand parts divide one man, 24
And make imaginary puissance
Think when we talk of horses that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
kings, 28
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years

Into an hour-glass for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history, 32
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play [Exit

ACT I

SCENE I.—London An Antechamber in the
KING'S Palace

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the
BISHOP OF ELY*

Cant My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is
urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's
reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time 4
Did push it out of farther question
Ely But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Cant It must be thought on. If it pass
against us,
We lose the better half of our possession, 8
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the church
Would they strip from us, being valu'd thus
As much as would maintain, to the king's
honour, 12
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires,
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil, 16
A hundred almshouses right well supplied,

And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year Thus runs the
bill

Ely This would drink deep

Cant 'Twould drink the cup and all

Ely But what prevention?

Cant The king is full of grace and fair regard

Ely And a true lover of the holy church

Cant The courses of his youth promis'd it

not

The breath no sooner left his father's body

But that his wildness, mortified in him,

Seem'd to die too, yea, at that very moment,

Consideration like an angel came,

And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,

Leaving his body as a paradise,

To envelop and contain celestial spirits

Never was such a sudden scholar made,

Never came reformation in a flood,

With such a heady currance, scouring faults,

Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness

So soon did lose his seat and all at once

As in this king

Ely We are blessed in the change

Cant Hear him but reason in divinity,

And, all-admiring, with an inward wish

You would desire the king were made a pre-

late

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,

You would say it hath been all in all his study

List his discourse of war and you shall hear

A fearful battle render'd you in music

Turn him to any cause of policy,

The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,

Familiar as his garter that, when he speaks,

The air, a charter'd libertine is still

And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,

To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences,

So that the art and practice part of life

Must be the mistress to this theoric

Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean

it,

Since his addiction was to courses vain,

His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,

His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets,

sports,

And never noted in him any study,

Any retirement, any sequestration

From open haunts and popularity

Ely The strawberry grows underneath the

nettle,

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best

Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality

And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation

Under the veil of wildness, which, no doubt,

Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,

Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty

Cant It must be so, for miracles are ceas'd,

And therefore we must needs admit the means

How things are perfected

Ely But my good lord,

How now for mitigation of this bill

Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty

Incline to it, or no?

Cant He seems indifferent,

Or rather swaying more upon our part

Than cherishing the exhibitors against us,
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation,

And in regard of causes now in hand,

Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,

As touching France, to give a greater sum

Than ever at one time the clergy yet

Did to his predecessors part withal

Ely How did this offer seem receiv'd, my

lord?

Cant With good acceptance of his majesty,

Save that there was not time enough to

hear,—

As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,—

The severals and unhidden passages

Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,

And generally to the crown and seat of France,

Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather

Ely What was the impediment that broke

this off?

Cant The French ambassador upon that

instant

Crav'd audience and the hour I think is come

To give him hearing is it four o'clock?

Ely It is

Cant Then go we in to know his embassy,

Which I could with a ready guess declare

Before the Frenchman speak a word of it

Ely I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—The Same The Presence Chamber

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD,

EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and At-

tendants

K Hen Where is my gracious lord of Can-

terbury?

Exe Not here in presence

K Hen Send for him, good uncle

West Shall we call in the ambassador, my

hege?

K Hen Not yet, my cousin we would be

resolv'd,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight

That task our thoughts, concerning us and

France

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the

BISHOP OF ELY

Cant God and his angels guard your sacred

throne,

And make you long become it!

K Hen Sure, we thank you

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,

And justly and religiously unfold

Why the law Salique that they have in France

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,

That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your

reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul

With opening titles miscreate, whose right

Suits not in native colours with the truth;

For God doth know how many now in health

Shall drop their blood in approbation

-- what your reverence shall incite us to 20
 Therefore take heed how you impawn our
 person,
 How you awake the sleeping sword of war
 We charge you in the name of God, take heed
 For never two such kingdoms did contend 24
 Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless
 drops
 Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
 Against him whose wrongs give edge unto the
 swords
 That make such waste in brief mortality 28
 Under this conjuration speak, my lord,
 And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
 That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
 As pure as sin with baptism 32
Cant Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and
 you peers,
 That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
 To this imperial throne There is no bar
 To make against your highness' claim to France
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
in terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant, 38
 No woman shall succeed in Salique land
 Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond 41
 The founder of this law and female bar
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
 That the land Salique is in Germany, 44
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe,
 Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the
 Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certain French,
 Who, holding in disdain the German women
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 Establish'd then this law, to wit no female
 Should be inheritrix in Salique land 51
 Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
 Then doth it well appear the Salique law
 Was not devised for the realm of France,
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land 56
 Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
 After defunction of King Pharamond,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law,
 Who died within the year of our redemption 60
 Four hundred twenty-six, and Charles the Great
 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year
 Eight hundred five Besides, their writers say,
 King Pepin, which deposed Childeric, 65
 Did, as heir general, being descended
 Of Balthild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France. 68
 Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
 To find his title with some shows of truth,— 72
 Though in pure truth, it was corrupt and
 naught,—
 Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Ingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son 76
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the
 Tenth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,

Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France till satisfied 80
 That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the aforesaid Duke of
 Lorraine
 By the which marriage the line of Charles the
 Great 84
 Was re-united to the crown of France
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction all appear 88
 To hold in right and title of the female
 So do the kings of France unto this day,
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
 To bar your highness claiming from the female,
 And rather choose to lude them in a net 93
 Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors
K Hen May I with right and conscience
 make this claim? 96
Cant The sin upon my head, dread sove-
 reign!
 For in the book of Numbers is it writ
 'When the son dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter' Gracious lord, 100
 Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,
 Look back into your mighty ancestors
 Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's
 tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his war-like
 spirit, 104
 And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black
 Prince,
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France,
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill 108
 Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of French nobility
 O noble English! that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pride of France,
 And let another half stand laughing by, 113
 All out of work, and cold for action
Ely Awake remembrance of these valiant
 dead,
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne,
 The blood and courage that renowned them
 Runs in your veins, and my thrice-puissant hege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth, 120
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises
Exe Your brother kings and monarchs of
 the earth
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood 124
West They know your Grace hath cause and
 means and might,
 So hath your highness, never King of England
 Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in Eng-
 land 128
 And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.
Cant O! let their bodies follow, my dear
 hege,
 With blood and sword and fire to win your
 right,

In aid whereof we of the spirituality 132
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors

K Hen We must not only arm to invade the
French, 136

But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages

Cant They of those marches, gracious so-
vereign, 140

Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers

K Hen We do not mean the coursing
snatchers only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot, 144
Who hath been such a giddy neighbour to us,

For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France

But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach, 149

With ample and brim fullness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,

Girding with grievous siege castles and towns,
That England, being empty of defence 153

Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbour-
hood

Cant She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege,

For hear her but exemplified by herself 156
When all her chivalry hath been in France

And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,

But taken and impounded as a stray 160
The King of Scots, whom she did send to

France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,

And make your chronicle as rich with praise 164
As is the owse and bottom of the sea

With sunken wrack and sunless treasuries
West But there's a saying very old and true,

*If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin* 168

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot

Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat, 172

To tear and havoc more than she can eat
Exe It follows then the cat must stay at

home
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,

Since we have locks to safeguard necessities 176
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves

While that the armed hand doth fight abroad
The advised head defends itself at home

For government, though high and low and
lower, 180

Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreering in a full and natural close,

Like music.
Cant Therefore doth heaven divide 184

The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion,

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience for so work the honey-bees,

Creatures that by a rule in nature teach 188

The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

They have a king and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,

Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings, 193

Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring

home
To the tent-royal of their emperor 196

Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,

The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in 200

Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,

Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I thus infer, 204

That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously,

As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark as many ways meet in one

town, 208
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea

As many lines close in the dial's centre,
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,

End in one purpose, and be all well borne 212
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege,

Divide your happy England into four,
Whereof take you one quarter into France,

And you withal shall make all Gallia shake 216
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,

Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose

The name of hardness and policy 220
K Hen Call in the messengers sent from

the Dauphin [Exit an Attendant.
Now are we well resolv'd, and by God's help,

And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe

Or break it all to pieces or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery

O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn, 228

Tombless, with no remembrance over them
Either our history shall with full mouth

Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless

mouth, 232
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin, for we hear

Your greeting is from him, not from the king
First Amb May't please your majesty to

give us leave 237
Freely to render what we have in charge;

Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy? 240

K Hen We are no tyrant, but a Christian
king,

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons

Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plain-
ness 244

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Amb Thus then, in few
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the

Third
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd there's nought in
France

That can be with a numble galliard won, 252
You cannot revel into dukedoms there
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure, and, in lieu of this
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you This the Dauphin speaks

K Hen. What treasure, uncle?
Eve Tennis-balls, my liege
K Hen We are glad the Dauphin is so
pleasant with us

His present and your pains we thank you for
When we have match'd our rackets to these
balls, 261

We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard
Tell him he hath made a match with such a
wrangler 264

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them 268
We never valu'd this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence, as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from
home 272

But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France
For that I have laid by my majesty 276
And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones, and his
soul

Shall stand sore-charged for the wasteful ven-
geance

That shall fly with them, for many a thou-
sand widows 284

Shall thus his mock mock out of their dear hus-
bands,
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles
down,

And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's
scorn 288

But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal, and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To vengeance as I may and to put forth 292
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause
So get you hence in peace, and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit
V' thousands weep more than did laugh at 296

Convey them with safe conduct Fare you well
[*Exeunt Ambassadors*]

Eve This was a merry message

K Hen We hope to make the sender blush
at it

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour 300
That may give furtherance to our expedition,
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add 306
More feathers to our wings, for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought
[*Exeunt Flourish*]

ACT II

Enter Chorus

Chor Now all the youth of England are on
fire,

And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man 4

They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the murmur of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries
For now sits Expectation in the air 8

And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers

The French, advis'd by good intelligence 12
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy

Seek to divert the English purposes
O England! model to thy mind and greatness, 16
Like little body with a mighty heart,

What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found 20

A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns and three corrupted
men,

One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,

Have, for the guilt of France,—O guilt, indeed!—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France,
And by their hands this grace of kings must 28

die —
If hell and treason hold their promises,—
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton
Linger your patience on and well digest

The abuse of distance while we force a play 32
The sum is paid the traitors are agreed
The king is set from London, and the scene

Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas

To give you gentle pass for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play 40
But, till the king come forth and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene

[Exit.

SCENE I—London Eastcheap

Enter NYM and BARDOLPH.

Bard Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph

Bard What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym For my part, I care not I say little
but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles,
but that shall be as it may I dare not fight,
but I will wink and hold out mine iron It is a
simple one, but what though? it will toast
cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's
sword will and there's an end 11

Bard I will bestow a breakfast to make you
friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to
France let it be so, good Corporal Nym

Nym Faith, I will live so long as I may,
that's the certain of it, and when I cannot live
any longer, I will do as I may that is my rest,
that is the rendezvous of it 18

Bard It is certain, corporal, that he is
married to Nell Quickly, and, certainly she did
you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her 21

Nym I cannot tell, things must be as they
may men may sleep, and they may have their
throats about them at that time, and, some say,
knives have edges It must be as it may though
patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod
There must be conclusions Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and Hostess.

Bard Here comes Ancient Pistol and his
wife Good corporal, be patient here How
now, mine host Pistol!

Pistol Base like, callst thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term, 32
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers

Host No, by my troth, not long, for we cannot
lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentle-
women that live honestly by the prick of their
needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-
house straight [NYM and PISTOL draw] O well-
a-day, Lady! if he be not drawn now we shall
see wilful adultery and murder committed 40

Bard Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer
nothing here

Nym Pish!

Pistol Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-
eared cur of Iceland! 44

Host Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour
and put up your sword

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you
solus [Sheathing his sword]

Pistol Solus, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The solus in thy most mercurious face;

The solus in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw,
perdy,

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth! 52

I do retort the solus in thy bowels,
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow 56

Nym I am not Barbason, you cannot con-
jure me I have an humour to knock you in-
differently well If you grow foul with me, Pistol,
I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in
fair terms if you would walk off, I would prick
your guts a little, in good terms, as I may, and
that's the humour of it

Pistol O braggart vile and damned furious
wight! 64

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near,
Therefore exhale

Bard Hear me, hear me what I say he that
strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the
hilt, as I am a soldier [Draws]

Pistol An oath of mickle might, and fury shall
abate

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give,

Thy spirits are most tall

Nym I will cut thy throat, one time or other,
in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

Pistol Coupe le gorge!

That is the word I thee defy again 76

O hound of Crete, thinkst thou my spouse to
get?

No, to the spital go,

And from the powdering-tub of infamy

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind, 80

Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse
I have, and I will hold, the *quoi dam* Quickly

For the only she, and—*pauca*, there's enough
Go to

Enter the Boy

Boy Mine host Pistol, you must come to my
master, and your hostess he is very sick, and
would to bed Good Bardolph, put thy face be-
tween his sheets and do the office of a warming-
pan Faith, he's very ill. 89

Bard Away, you rogue!

Host By my troth, he'll yield the crow a
pudding one of these days The king has killed
his heart. Good husband, come home presently

[Exeunt Hostess and Boy]
Bard Come, shall I make you two friends?
We must to France together Why the devil
should we keep knives to cut one another's
throats? 97

Pistol Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food
howl on!

Nym You'll pay me the eight shillings I won
of you at betting?

Pistol Base is the slave that pays 101

Nym That now I will have, that's the
humour of it,

Pistol As manhood shall compound push
home [They draw]

Bard By this sword, he that makes the first
thrust, I'll kill him, by this sword, I will

Pistol Sword is an oath, and oaths must have
their course 107

Bard Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends,
be friends an thou wilt not, why then, be ene-
mies with me too Prithce, put up.

Nym I shall have my eight shillings I won
of you at betting? 112

Pist A noble shalt thou have, and present
pay,
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brother-
hood

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me
Is not this just? for I shall suttler be 117
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue
Give me thy hand

Nym I shall have my noble? 120

Pist In cash most justly paid [*Paying him*

Nym Well then, that's the humour of it

Re-enter Hostess

Host As ever you came of women come in
quickly to Sir John Ah poor heart! he is so
shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is
most lamentable to behold Sweet men, come to
him

Nym The king hath run bad humours on
the knight, that's the even of it 129

Pist Nym thou hast spoke the right,
His heart is fracted and corroborate

Nym The king is a good king but it must
be as it may, he passes some humours and
careers 134

Pist Let us condole the knight, for, lamb-
kins, we will live [*Exeunt*

SCENE II — *Southampton A Council-chamber*

Enter EXETER, BLDFOED, and WESTMORELAND

Bed 'Fore God, his Grace is bold to trust
these traitors

Exe They shall be apprehended by and by
West How smooth and even they do bear
themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat, 4

Crowned with faith and constant loyalty
Bed The king hath note of all that they in-
tend,

By interception which they dream not of

Exe Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious
favours, 9

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpets sound Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP,
CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants*

K Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will
aboard 12

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of
Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your
thoughts

Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of
France, 16

Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop No doubt, my liege, if each man do
his best.

K Hen I doubt not that, since we are well
persuaded 20

We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us 24

Cam Never was monarch better fear'd and
lov'd

Than is your majesty there's not I think, a
subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government 28

Grey True those that were your father's
enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve
you

With hearts create of duty and of zeal

K Hen We therefore have great cause of
thankfulness, 32

And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quitance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness

Scroop So service shall with steeled sinews
toil, 36

And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services

K Hen We judge no less Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committ'd yesterday 40

That rail'd against our person we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on,

And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop That's mercy, but too much security
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example

Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind
K Hen O! let us yet be merciful

Cam So may your highness, and yet punish
too 48

Grey Sir,
You show great mercy, if you can save him life

After the taste of much correction.

K Hen Alas! your too much love and care
of me 52

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch
our eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and
digested, 56

Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their
dear care,

And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our
French causes 60

Who are the late commissioners?

Cam I one, my lord
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day

Scroop So did you me, my liege 64

Grey And I, my royal sovereign

K Hen Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
there is yours,

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham, and, sir
knight, 67

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours
Read them, and know, I know your worthiness

My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter.

We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
 What see you in those papers that you lose 72
 So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
 Their cheeks are paper Why, what read you there,
 That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
 Out of appearance? I do confess my fault, 76
 And do submit me to your highness' mercy
Grey } To which we all appeal
Scroop }
K Hen The mercy that was quick in us but late 79
 By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying you
 See you, my princes and my noble peers, 84
 These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,
 You know how apt our love was to accord
 To furnish him with all appertinents
 Belonging to his honour, and this man 88
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
 And sworn unto the practices of France,
 To kill us here in Hampton to the which
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us 92
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou
 cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul, 97
 That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold
 Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use!
 May it be possible that foreign hire 100
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
 That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it
 Treason and murder ever kept together, 105
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly in a natural cause
 That admiration did not whoop at them 108
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously 112
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence
 And other devils that suggest by treasons
 Do both and bungle up damnation
 With patches, colours, and with forms, being
 fetch'd 116
 From glistering semblances of piety,
 But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do
 treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor
 If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the legions, 'I can never win 124
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
 O! how hast thou with jealousy infected

The sweetness of affiance. Show men dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou seem they grave and
 learned? 128
 Why, so didst thou come they of noble family?
 Why, so didst thou seem they religious?
 Why, so didst thou or are they spare in diet,
 Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger, 132
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
 Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem 137
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man and best indu'd
 With some suspicion I will weep for thee, 140
 For this revolt of thine methinks, is like
 Another fall of man Their faults are open
 Arrest them to the answer of the law,
 And God acquit them of their practices! 144
Exe I arrest thee of high treason, by the
 name of Richard Earl of Cambridge
 I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham 148
 I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland
Scroop Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
 And I repent my fault more than my death, 152
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it
Cam For me, the gold of France did not
 seduce,
 Although I did admit it as a motive 156
 The sooner to effect what I intended
 But God be thanked for prevention,
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me 160
Grey Never did faithful subject more rejoice
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
 Prevented from a damned enterprise 164
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign
K Hen God quit you in his mercy! Hear
 your sentence
 You have conspir'd against our royal person,
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his
 coffers 168
 Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death,
 Wherein you would have sold your king to
 slaughter,
 His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt, 172
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.
 Touching our person seek we no revenge
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death,
 The taste whereof, God of his mercy give you
 Patience to endure and true repentance 180
 Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.
 [Exeunt CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, and
 GREY, guarded.
 Now, lords, for France! the enterprise whereof
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war, 184

Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous treason lurking in our way
 To hinder our beginnings We doubt not now
 But every rub is smoothened on our way 183
 Then forth, dear countrymen let us deliver
 Our pussance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition
 Cheerly to sea! the signs of war advance 192
 No king of England, if not king of France

[Exeunt

SCENE III — London Before a Tavern in
Lastcheap

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH,
 and Boy

Host Prithce, honey-sweet husband, let me
 bring thee to Staines

Pist No, for my manly heart doth yearn
 Bardolph, be blithe, Nym, rouse thy vaunting
 veins, 4

Boy, bristle thy courage up, for Falstaff he is
 dead,

And we must yearn therefore

Bard Would I were with him, wheresome'er
 he is, either in heaven or in hell! 8

Host Nay, sure, he's not in hell he's in Ar-
 thur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bo-
 som A made a finer end and went away an it
 had been any christom child, a' parted even just
 between twelve and one, even at the turning o'
 the tide for after I saw him fumble with the
 sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his
 fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way, for
 his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of
 green fields 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I
 'what man! be of good cheer' So a' cried out
 'God, God, God!' three or four times now I,
 to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of
 God, I hoped there was no need to trouble him-
 self with any such thoughts yet So a' bade me
 lay more clothes on his feet I put my hand
 into the bed and felt them, and they were as
 cold as any stone, then I felt to his knees, and
 so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as
 any stone 28

Nym They say he cried out of sack.

Host Ay, that a' did.

Bard And of women

Host Nay, that a' did not. 32

Boy Yes, that a' did, and said they were
 devils incarnate.

Host A' could never abide carnation, 'twas
 a colour he never liked 36

Boy A' said once, the devil would have him
 about women.

Host A' did in some sort, indeed, handle
 women, but then he was rheumatic, and talked
 of the whore of Babylon. 41

Boy Do you not remember a' saw a flea
 stuck upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was
 a black soul burning in hell-fire? 44

Bard Well, the fuel is gone that maintained
 that fire that s all the riches I got in his ser-
 vice

Nym Shall we shog? the king will be gone
 from Southampton 49

Pist Come, let's away My love, give me
 thy lips

Look to my chattels and my moveables
 Let senses rue, the word is, 'Pitch and pay,' 52
 Trust more,

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-
 cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck
 Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor 56

Go, clear thy crystals Yoke-fellows in arms,
 Let us to France, like horse-leeches, my boys,
 To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy And that's but unwholesome food,
 they say 61

Pist Touch her soft mouth, and march
 Bard Farewell, hostess [Kissing her

Nym I cannot kiss, that is the humour of
 it, but, adieu 65

Pist Let housewifery appear keep close, I
 tnee command

Host Farewell, adieu [Exeunt

SCENE IV — France An Apartment in the
FRENCH KING'S Palace

Flourish Enter the FRENCH KING, attended the
 DAUPHIN, the DUKES of BERRI and BRITAINNE,
 the CONSTABLE, and Others

Fr King Thus come the English with full
 power upon us,

And more than carefully it us concerns

To answer royally in our defences

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and Britaine, 4

Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make
 forth,

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dis-
 patch,

To line and new repair our towns of war

With men of courage and with means defend-
 ant 8

For England his approaches makes as fierce

As waters to the sucking of a gulf

It fits us then to be as provident

As fear may teach us, out of late examples 12

Left by the fatal and neglected English

Upon our fields

Dau My most redoubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe,
 For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,—

Though war nor no known quarrel were in
 question,— 17

But that defences, musters, preparations,
 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,

As were a war in expectation 20

Therefore I say 'tis meet we all go forth

To view the sick and feeble parts of France

And let us do it with no show of fear,

No, with no more than if we heard that England 25

Were busied with a Whatsun morris-dance

For, my good hege, she is so idly kmg'd,

Her sceptre so fantastically borne

By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth, 28

That fear attends her not.

Con O peace, Prince Dauphin!
 You are too much mistal en in this krig
 Question your Grace he late ampassadors
 With what great statc he heard their embassv
 How well supplied with noble co inselors, 23
 How modest in exception and, w. hal
 How terrible in constant resolution,
 And you shall find his var iet es fort-sent 36
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly,
 As gardeners do with ordure hide th ose roots
 That shall first spring and be most d.lic e 40

Dau Well, 'tis not so my lord high con-
 stable,

But though we think it so, it is no matter
 In cases of defence us best to weigh
 The enemy more nightv than ne seems 44
 So the proportions of defence are fill d
 Which of a weak and ruggardly p-ect on
 Doth like a muser spoil his coat with scanning
 A little cloth

Fr King Think we King Harry strong, 48
 And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet
 him

The k ndred of him hath been fles'd upon us,
 And he is bred out of that bloody strar
 That haunted us in our familiar paths 52
 W nes, our too much memorabl'e share
 When Cressy bu t'l' fatally was struck
 And all our princes captiv d by the hand
 Of that black nam., Edward Black Prince of
 Wales 56

Whiles that his mounting sire, on mountain
 standing

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun
 Saw his heroical seed and smul d to see him
 Mangle the work of nature and deface 60
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers
 Had twenty years been made ' This is a stem
 Of that victorious stock and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him 64

Enter a Messenger

Mess Ambassadors from Harry King of
 England

Do crave admittance to your majesty
Fr King We'll give them present audience
 Go, and bring them

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords*
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends

Dau Turn head, and stop pursuit, for
 coward dogs 69
 Most spend their mouths when what they seem
 to threaten

Runs far before them Good my sovergn,
 Take up the English short, and let them know
 Of what a monarchy you are the head 73
 Self-love my liege, is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting

Re enter Lords, with EXETER and Train

Fr King From our brother England?
Exe From him, and thus he greets your
 majesty 76

He wils you, in the name of God Almighty,
 That you divest yourself, and lay apart

The borrow d glories that by gift of heaven,
 In law or nature and of nations long 80
 To him ar l d as hars namely, the crown
 And all w d stetched honours th a. pertain
 By cus om and the ordir nce of times
 Unto the crown of France That you may know
 'Tis no smister nor no awv ar' clam, 85
 P ch d fion t e worm noes of long-vanish d
 a y s

Nor f om the dust of old solvior rak'd,
 He sends you this most mer'vial e line, 88

[*Gives a red gree*
In every briner truly demonstra' e,
Wuling you ov r'look thas pedigree

And wh- r you find him evenly deriv d
 From his most fam d of famous arcestors, 92

Eoa and ths Thurd he bids you then resign
 Your cion and kingsom indrectly held

From your tre tative and true chall'nger
Fr King Or else what fol ovs? 96

Exe Bloody constrat nt for if you hide the
 crown

Ev n your hearts there will be rake for it
 Therefore in fierc tempest is he coming

In thunder and in err tempe like a Jove, 100
 That if requirng fau he w ll corpel,

Ar d bds you r the bowels of he Lord,
 Delve up the crown, and to take mercy

On the poor soul's for whom this hungry war 104
 Opens his vasty jaws, and on your head

Turning the widows ears the orphans cries
 The dead mens b'ood the pining maidens

groans,
 For husbands fathers and betrotnd lovers 108

That shall be swallow d in this controversy
 This is his clam, his threatning, and my mes-
 sage

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too 112

Fr King For us, we will consider of this
 further

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother England

Dau For the Dauphin
 I stand here for him what to him from Eng-
 land? 116

Exe Scorn and defiance, slight regard, con-
 tempt

And anything that may not misbecome
 The mighty sender doth he prize you at

Thus says my king an if your father's high-
 ness 120

Do not in grant of all demands at large,
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,

He ll call you to so hot an answer of it,
 That caves and womby vaultages of France 124

Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
 In second accent of his ornaunce

Dau Say, if my father render fair return,
 It is against my wil for I desire 128

Nothing but odds with England to that end,
 As matching to his youth and vanity

I did present him with the Paris baills
Exe He ll make your Paris Louvre shake
 for it, 132

Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe

And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference—
As we his subjects have in wonder found—
Between the promise of his greener days 136
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France

Fr King To-morrow shall you know our
mind at full 140

Exe King Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our
king 142

Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this land already

Fr King You shall be soon dispatch'd with
fair conditions 144

A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence

[*Flourish. Exeunt*]

ACT III

Enter Chorus

Chor Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene
flies 146

In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have
seen 148

The well-appointed king at Hampton pier 4
Embark his royalty and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phæbus fan-
ning 150

Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys clumping 8
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd
sea, 12

Breasting the lofty surge O! do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing,
For so appears this fleet majestical, 16
Holding due course to Harfleur Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandures, babies, and old women,
Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Those cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to
France? 24

Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a
siege 26
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on grided Harfleur
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes
back 28

Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms
The offer likes not and the humble gunner 32
With instock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum, and chambers go off*]
And down goes all before them Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I—France Before Harfleur

*Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EALTER, BEDFORD,
GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers, with scaling
ladders*

A Hen Once more unto the breach, dear
friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility 4

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger,
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage,
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect,
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon, let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled 'ock 12

O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! On, on, you noblest English!
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argu-
ment 21

Dishonour not your mothers' row attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget
you.

Be copy now to men of grosser blood, 24
And teach them how to war. And you, good
yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us
here

The mettle of your pasture, let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I
doubt not, 28

For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot
Follow your spirit and, upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry! England and Saint George!'
[*Exeunt Alarum, and chambers go off*]

SCENE II—The Same

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy

Bard On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to
the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay the knocks
are too hot, and for mine own part, I have not
a case of lives the number of it is too hot, that
is the very plain-song of it

Pist The plain-song is most just, for hu-
mours do abound 8

Knocks go and come God's vassals drop and die
And sword and shield
In bloody field
Doth win immortal fame. 12

Boy Would I were in an alehouse in London!
I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and
safety

Pist And I

If wishes would prevail with me
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I lie.

Boy

As duly
But not as truly
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN

Flu Up to the breach, you dogs! avault, you
culhons! [*Driving them forward*]

Pist Be merciful, great duke, to men of
mould!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage, use lenity, sweet
chuck!

Nym These be good humours! your honour
wins bad humours

[*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH,*
followed by FLUELLEN]

Boy As young as I am, I have observed these
threeswashers I am boy to them all three, but
all they three, though they would serve me, could
not be man to me, for indeed three such
antiques do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,
he is white-livered and red-faced, by the means
whereof, a' faces it out but fights not. For
Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet
sword, by the means whereof a' breaks words,
and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath
heard that men of few words are the best men
and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a'
should be thought a coward. But his few bad words
are matched with as few good deeds, for a' never
broke any man's head but his own, and that was
against a post when he was drunk. They will
steal any thing and call it purchase. Bardolph
stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold
it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are
sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they
stole a fire-shovel,—I knew by that piece of service
the men would carry coals,—they would
have me as familiar with men's pockets as their
gloves or their handkerchers which makes
much against my manhood if I should take
from another's pocket to put into mine, for it is
plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them
and seek some better service. Their villany goes
against my weak stomach, and therefore I must
cast it up. [*Exit*]

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following

Gow Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines. The Duke of Gloucester
would speak with you.

Flu To the mines! tell you the duke it is
not so good to come to the mines. For look
you, the mines is not according to the disciplines
of the war, the concavities of it is not sufficient,
for, look you, th' athversary—you may discuss
under the duke, look you—is digt himself four
yards under the countermines by Cheshu, I
think, a' will plow up all if there is not better
directions.

Gow The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the

16 order of the siege is given, is altogether directed
by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i'
faith

Flu It is Captain Macmorris, is it not? 76

Gow I think it be

20 *Flu* By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world
I will verify as much in his beard. He has no
more directions in the true disciplines of the
wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than
is a puppy-dog. 82

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance

Gow Here a' comes, and the Scots captain,
Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous
gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedi-
tion and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon
my particular knowledge of his directions by
Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well
as any military man in the world, in the disci-
plines of the pristine wars of the Romans. 91

Jamy I say gud day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu God-den to your worship, good Captain
James

Gow How now, Captain Macmorris! have
you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac By Chrish, la! tish ill done the work
ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By
my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the
work ish ill done, it ish give over. I would have
blowed up the town so Chrish save me, la! in an
hour. O! tish ill done, tish ill done, by my
hand tish ill done! 103

Flu Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now,
will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputa-
tions with you, as partly touching or concern-
ing the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars,
in the way of argument, look you, and friendly
communication, partly to satisfy my opinion,
and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my
mind, as touching the direction of the military
discipline that is the point. 112

Jamy It sa'll be vary gud, gud feith, gud cap-
tains bath [*Aside*] and I sall quit you with gud
leve, as I may pick occasion, that sall I, marry.

Mac It is no time to discourse, so Chrish
save me the day is hot, and the weather, and
the wars, and the king, and the dukes. It is no
time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and
the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk,
and be Chrish, do nothing. tis shame for us all,
so God sa' me, tis shame to stand still, it is
shame, by my hand, and there is throats to be
cut, and works to be done, and there ish no-
thing done, so Chrish sa' me, la! 125

Jamy By the mess, ere these eyes of mine
take themselves to slumber, aile do gud service,
or aile hg i' the grund for it, ay, or go to death,
and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that
sal I suerly do, that is the breff and the long.
Marry, I wad full farn heard some question
'tween you tway. 132

Flu Captain Macmorris, I think, look you,
under your correction, there is not many of
your nation.— 135

Mac Of my nation! What ish my nation?
ish a villan, and a bastard, and a knave, and a

1 rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of
2 my nation? 159

Flu Look you, if you take the matter other-
wise than is meant Captain Macmorris, per-
adventure I shall think you do not use me with
that a facility as in discretion you ought to use
me, look you, being as good a man as yourself,
both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation
of my birth, and in other particularities 146

Mac I do not know you so good a man as
myself so Christ save me, I will cut off your
head. 149

Cow Gentlemen both, you will mistake each
other

Jamy A! that's a foul fault
[4 parley sounded

Gow The town sounds a parley 153

Flu Captain Macmorris, when there is more
better opportunity to be required, look you, I
will be so bold as to tell you I know the disci-
plines of wars, and there is an end [Exeunt

SCENE III — *The Scene Before the Gates of
Harfleur*

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls,
the English forces below Enter KING HENRY
and his Train

K Hen How yet resolves the governor of
the town?

This is the latest parley we will admit
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or like to men proud of destruction 4
Defy us to our worst for, as I am a soldier —
A name that in my thoughts, becomes me best, —

If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur 8
Till in her ashes she lie buried

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range 12
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering in-
fants

What is it then to me if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends 16
Do, with his smutch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause
If your pure maidens fall into the hand 20
Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil 25
As send precepts to the leviathan

To come ashore Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people 28
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command

Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder spoil and vulgary 32

If not why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daugh-
ters,

Your fathers taken by the silver beards 36
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the
walls,

Your naked infants spilt upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls con-
fus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen 41
What say you? will you yield and thus avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gow Our expectation hath this day an end
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated, 45
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege Therefore, great
sir,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy
Enter our gates dispose of us and ours, 49
For we no longer are defensible

K Hen Open your gates! Come, uncle
Exeter

Go you and enter Harfleur, there remain 52
And fortify it strongly against the French
Use mercy to them all For us dear uncle,
The winter coming on and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais 56

To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest,
To-morrow for the march are we address'd
[Flourish KING HENRY and his Train
enter the town

SCENE IV — *Rouen A Room in the Palace*

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE

Kath Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, et tu
parles bien le langage

Alice Un peu, madame 3

Kath Je te prie, m'enseignez il faut que
j'apprenne a parler Comment appelez vous la
main en Anglois?

Alice La main? elle est appelee, de hand 8

Kath De hand? Et les doigts?

Alice Les doigts? ma foy, je oublie les
doigts mais je me souviendrai Les doigts?
je pense qu'ils sont appellees de fingres, ouv, de
fingres 12

Kath La main, de hand les doigts, de
fingres Je pense que je suis le bon escolier
J'ai gagne deux mots d'Anglois vistement

Comment appelez vous les ongles? 16

Alice Les ongles? nous les appellons de nails

Kath De nails Escoutez dites moy, si je
pa le bien de hand, de fingres, et de nails

Alice C'est bien dict, madame il est fort
bon Anglois 21

Kath Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras

Alice De arm, madame

Kath Et le coude? 24

Alice De elbow

Kath De elbow Je m'en fais la repetition
de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris des a
present 28

Alice Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je
pense

Kath Excusez moy Alice escoutez de hand,
de fingres de nails, de arma de bilbow 32

Alice De elbow, madame

Kath O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie, de
elbow Comment appelez vous le col?
Alice De nick, madame
Kath De nick. Et le menton?
Alice De chin
Kath De sin Le col, de nick le menton, de
 sin
Alice Ouy Sauf vostre honneur, en vérité
 vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les
 natifs d'Angleterre
Kath Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la
 grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps
Alice N'avez vous déjà oublié ce que je vous
 ay enseignée?
Kath Non, je reciteray a vous promptement
 De hand, de fingre, de mails,
Alice De nails, madame
Kath De nails, de arme, de elbow
Alice Sauf vostre honneur, d'elbow
Kath Ainsi dis je d'elbow, de nick, et de
 sin. Comment appelez vous le pied et la robe?
Alice De foot, madame et de coun
Kath De foot, et de coun? O Seigneur
 Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible,
 gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames
 d'honneur d'user Je ne voudrais prononcer
 ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour
 tout le monde Foh! le foot, et le coun Néant-
 moins je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon
 ensemble de hand, de fingre, de nails, d'arm,
 d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun
Alice Excellent, madame!
Kath C'est assez pour une fois allons nous
 a diner.

SCENE V—The Same Another Room in
 the Palace

Enter the FRENCH KING, the DAUPHIN, DUKE
 OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, and
 Others

Fr King 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the
 river Somme

Con And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
 Let us not live in France, let us quit all,
 And give our vineyards to a barbarous people

Dau. O D eu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
 The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
 Our scions, put in wild and savage stock.
 Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,

And overlook their grafters?
Bour Normans, but bastard Normans, Nor-
 man bastards!

Mort de ma vie! if they march along
 Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
 To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
 In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they
 this mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
 On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
 Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden
 water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
 Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
 And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,

Seem frosty? O! for honour of our land,
 Let us not hang like roping icicles
 Upon our houses thatch, whiles a more frosty
 people
 Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,
 Poor we may call them in their native lords
Dau By faith and honour,
 Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
 Our mettle is bred out, and they will give
 Their bodies to the lust of English youth
 To new-store France with bastard warriors
Bour They bid us to the English dancing-
 schools
 And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos,
 Saying our grace is only in our heels,
 And that we are most lofty runaways
Fr King Where is Montjoy the herald?
 speed him hence
 Let him greet England with our sharp defiance
 Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd
 More sharper than your swords, hie to the field
 Charles Delabreth High Constable of France,
 You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and Berni,
 Alençon, Brabant Bar and Burgundy,
 Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
 Foix, Lestrale, Bouciquait, and Charolois,
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and
 knights,

For your great seats now quit you of great
 shames

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our
 land

With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon
 Go down upon him, you have power enough.
 And in a captive chariot into Roan
 Bring him our prisoner

Con This becomes the great
 Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
 For I am sure when he shall see our army
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And for achievement offer us his ransom

Fr King Therefore, lord constable, haste on
 Montjoy,

And let him say to England that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roan

Dau Not so, I do beseech your majesty
Fr King Be patient, for you shall remain
 with us

Now forth lord constable and princes all,
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall

[Exeunt]

SCENE VI—The English Camp in Picardy

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN

Gow How now, Captain Fluellen! come you
 from the bridge?

Flu I assure you, there is very excellent
 services committed at the bridge.

Gow Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon, and a man that I love and honour with my soul and my heart, and my duty and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power he is not—God be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the world but keeps the pride most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ancient lieutenant there at the pride. I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the world, but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow What do you call him?

Flu He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu Here is the man.

Pist Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours.

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu Ay, I praise God, and I have mented some love at his hands.

Pist Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,

And of buckram valour, hath, by cruel fate And giddy Fortune's furious sickle wheel, That goddess blind

That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu By our patience, Aunchient Pistol Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation, and her foot look you is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it. Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him,

For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must a' be, A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free.

And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate.

But Exeter hath given the doom of death.

For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice.

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut.

With edge of penny cord and vile reproach.

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at, for, if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure and put him to execution, for discipline ought to be used.

Pist Die and be damn'd, and figo for thy friendship!

Flu It is well.

Pist The fig of Spain!

[Exit

Flu Very good.

Gow Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal. I remember him now, a bawd, a cut-purse.

Flu I'll assure you a' uttered as prave words at the pride as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well, what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names and they will learn you by rote where services were done, at such and such a scone, at such a breach, at such a convoy, who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on, and thus they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mislook.

Flu I tell you what, Captain Gower, I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is. If I find a hole in his coat I will tell him my mind. [Drum heard.] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pride.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers.

Flu God pless your majesty!

K Hen How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter hath very gallantly maintained the pride, the Frenchsgone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pride, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pride. I can tell your majesty the duke is a prave man.

K Hen What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great, marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man, his face is all bubukles, and wheelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire, and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K Hen We would have all such offenders so cut off and we give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language, for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket Enter MONTJOY

Mont You know me by my habit. 124

K Hen Well then I know thee. what shall I know of thee?

Mont My master's mind.

K Hen Unfold it. 127

Mont Thus says my king Say thou to Harry of England Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep advantage is a better soldier than rashness Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe now we speak upon our cue and our voices imperial England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance Bid him therefore consider of his ransom which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested, which, in weight to re- answer, his pettiness would bow under For our losses his exchequer is too poor, for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number, and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction To this add defiance and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced So far my king and master, so much my office

K Hen What is thy name? I know thy quality. 149

Mont Montjoy

K Hen Thou dost thy office fairly Turn thee back.

And tell thy king I do not seek him now. 152

But could be willing to march on to Calais

Without impeachment, for, to say the sooth,—

Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much

Unto an enemy of craft and vantage.— 156

My people are with sickness much enfeebled,

My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have

Almost no better than so many French

Who, when they were in health, I tell thee,

herald, 160

I thought upon one pair of English legs

Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me,

God,

That I do brag thus! this your air of France

Hath blown that vice in me, I must repent. 164

Go therefore, tell thy master here I am

My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,

My army but a weak and sickly guard,

Yet, God before, tell him we will come on, 168

Though France himself and such another neigh-

bour

Stand in our way There's for thy labour,

Montjoy

Go, bid thy master well advise himself

If we may pass, we will, if we be hinder'd, 172

We shall your tawny ground with your red

blood

Discolour and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

The sum of all our answer is but this

We would not seek a battle as we are, 176

Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it

So tell your master

Mont. I shall deliver so Thanks to your

highness. [Exit

Glo I hope they will not come upon us

now 180

K Hen We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs

March to the bridge, it now draws toward night

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,

And on to-morrow bid them march away 184

[Exit

SCENE VII.—The French Camp, near Agincourt

Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, the LORD RAMBURES the DUKE OF ORLEANS, the DAUPHIN, and Others

Con Tut! I have the best armour of the world Would it were day

Orl You have an excellent armour, but let my horse have his due 4

Con It is the best horse of Europe

Orl Will it never be morning?

Dau My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour— 8

Orl You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world

Dau What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narnes de feu!*

When I bestride him I soar, I am a hawk he trots the air, the earth sings when he touches it, the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes

Orl He's of the colour of the nutmeg. 20

Dau And of the heat of the ginger It is a beast for Perseus he is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him he is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts

Con Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse 28

Dau It is the prince of palfreys, his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage

Orl No more, cousin. 32

Dau Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey it is a theme as fluent as the sea, turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on, and for the world—familiar to us, and unknown—to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus 'Wonder of nature!'

Orl I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress 44

Dau Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Orl Your mistress bears well
Dau Me well, which is the prescript praise
 and perfection of a good and particular mis-
 tress 53

Con *Ma foi*, methought yesterday your mis-
 tress shrewdly sh'ook your back. 53

Dau So perhaps did yours 56

Con Mine was not bridled

Dau O! then belike she was old and gentle,
 and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French
 hose off and in your straight strossers 60

Con You have good judgment in horsemanship

Dau Be warned by me, then they that ride
 so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs I
 had rather have my horse to my mistress 65

Con I had as lief have my mistress a jade

Dau I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears
 his own hair 68

Con I could make as true a boast as that if I
 had a sow to my mistress

Dau *Le chien est retourne à son propre
 vomissement, et la truie lavee au boubrier* thou
 makest use of any thing 73

Con Yet do I not use my horse for my mis-
 tress or any such proverb so little kin to the
 purpose 76

Ram My lord constable, the armour that I
 saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or
 suns upon it?

Con Stars, my lord 80

Dau Some of them will fall to-morrow, I
 hope

Con And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau That may be, for you bear a many
 superfluously, and 'twere more honour some
 were away 86

Con Even as your horse bears your praises,
 who would trot as well were some of your brags
 dismounted 89

Dau Would I were able to load him with his
 desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-
 morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with
 English faces 93

Con I will not say so for fear I should be
 faced out of my way But I would it were
 morning, for I would fain be about the ears of
 the English. 97

Ram Who will go to hazard with me for
 twenty prisoners?

Con You must first go yourself to hazard,
 ere you have them 101

Dau 'Tis midnight I'll go arm myself

[Exit]

Orl The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram He longs to eat the English. 104

Con I think he will eat all he kills

Orl By the white hand of my lady, he's a
 gallant prince.

Con Swear by her foot, that she may tread
 out the oath 109

Orl He is simply the most active gentleman
 of France

Con Doing is activity, and he will stul be
 doing 113

Orl He never did harm, that I heard of

Con Nor will do none to-morrow he will
 keep that good name still 116

Orl I know him to be valiant

Con I was told that by one that knows him
 better than you

Orl What's he? 120

Con Marry, he told me so himself and he
 said he cared not who knew it

Orl He needs not, it is no hidden virtue
 in him. 124

Con By my faith, sir, but it is, never any
 body saw it but his lackey 'tis a hooded valour,
 and when it appears, it will bate

Orl 'Til will never said well? 128

Con I will cap that proverb with 'There is
 flattery in friendship'

Orl And I will take up that with 'Give the
 devil his due' 132

Con Well placed there stands your friend
 for the devil have at the very eye of that
 proverb, with 'A pox of the devil'

Orl You are the better at proverbs, by how
 much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot' 137

Con You have shot over

Orl 'Tis not the first time you were overshot

Enter a Messenger

Mess My lord high constable, the English he
 within fifteen hundred paces of your tents 141

Con Who hath measured the ground?

Mess The Lord Grandpre

Con A valiant and most expert gentleman
 Would it were day! Alas! poor Harry of En-
 gland, he longs not for the dawning as we do

Orl What a wretched and peevish fellow is
 this King of England, to mope with his fat-
 brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con If the English had any apprehension
 they would run away 151

Orl That they lack, for if their heads had
 any intellectual armour they could never wear
 such heavy head-pieces

Ram That island of England breeds very
 valiant creatures their mastiffs are of un-
 matchable courage 157

Orl Foolish curs! that run winking into the
 mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads
 crushed like rotten apples You may as well say
 that a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast
 on the lip of a lion. 162

Con Just, rust, and the men do sympathize
 with the mastiffs in robustious and rough com-
 ing on, leaving their wits with their wives
 and then give them great meals of beef and iron
 and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight
 like devils 168

Orl Ay, but these English are shrewdly out
 of beef

Con Then shall we find to-morrow they have
 only stromachs to eat and none to fight. Now is
 it time to arm, come, shall we about it? 173

Orl It is now two o'clock. But, let me see,
 by ten

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[Exeunt]

ACT IV

Enter Chorus

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the idle vessel of the universe
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of
night,

The hum of either army stilly sounds
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch
Fire answers fire, and through their pale flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth lump
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will be-
hold

The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen

Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrouned him,
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watch'd night
But freshly looks and overbars attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty,
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the right
And so our scene must to the battle fly
Where — O for pity! — we shall much disgrace,
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see
Minding true things by what their mockeries be
[Exit]

SCENE I — The English Camp at Agincourt

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER

K Hen Gloucester, tis true that we are in
great danger,
The greater therefore should our courage be

Goodmorrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out,
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end,
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself

Enter ERPINGHAM

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham.
A good soft pillow for that good white head.
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
Erp Not so, my liege. This lodging likes me
better,

Since I may say, 'Now lie I like a king.'
K Hen 'Tis good for men to love their
present pains.
Upon example, so the spirit is eas'd.
And when the mind squaken'd out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legibility.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both
Commend me to the princes in our camp,
Do my good morrow to them and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion

Glo We shall, my liege.

[Exeunt GLOUCESTER and BEDFORD]

Erp Shall I attend your Grace?

K Hen No, my good knight,

Go with my brothers to my lords of England.

I and my bosom must debate awhile,

And then I would ro other company.

Erp The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble

Harry!

K Hen God-a-mercy, old heart! thou
speakest cheerfully

Enter PISTOL

Pist Qui va la?

K Hen A friend.

Pist Discuss unto me, art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common and popular?

K Hen I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist Trailst thou the püssant pike?

K Hen Even so. What are you?

Pist As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K Hen Then you are a better than the king.

Pist The king's a bawcock, and a heart of

gold.

A lid of hilt, an imp of fame

Of parents good, of fist most valiant

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-string

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K Hen Harry le Roy.

Pist Le Roy! a Cornish name, art thou of

Cornish crew?

K Hen No, I am a Welshman.

Pist Knowst thou Fluellen?

K Hen Yes.

Pist Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his

pate.

Upon Saint Davy's day

K Hen Do not you wear your dagger in; our cap that day, lest he knock that about yours 57

Pist Art thou his friend?

K Hen And his kinsman too

Pist The figo for thee then! 60

K Hen I thank you God be with you!

Pist My name is Pistol called [Exit

K Hen It sorts well with your fierceness [Retires

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally

Gow Captain Fluellen! 64

Flu So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp, I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cries of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise 76

Gow Why, the enemy is loud, you heard him all night

Flu If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb in your own conscience now?

Gow I will speak lower 83

Flu I pray you and peseech you that you will [Exit GOWER and FLUELLEN

K Hen Though it appear a little out of fashion,

There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Court Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder? 89

Bates I think it be, but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day

Will We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it Who goes there?

K Hen A friend.

Will Under what captain serve you? 96

K Hen Under Sir Thomas Erpingham

Will A good old commander and a most kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate? 100

K Hen Even as men wracked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide

Bates He hath not told his thought to the king? 104

K Hen No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am the violet smells to him as it doth to me, the element shows to him as it doth to me, all his senses have but human conditions his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man, and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do,

his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army 118

Bates He may show what outward courage he will, but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck, and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here 123

K Hen By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is

Bates Then I would he were here alone, so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved 129

K Hen I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak thus to feel other men's minds Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honourable

Will That's more than we know 136

Bates Ay, or more than we should seek after, for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us 140

Will But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, 'We died at such a place,' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle, for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection 155

K Hen So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcilable iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation But this is not so the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant, for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers Some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder, some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury, some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God war is his beadle,

war is his vengeance, so that here men are punished for being e-brac'd of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel where they feared the death they have borne life away, and where they would be safe they perish. Then, if they die unapprov'd, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore could every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every nook out of his conscience and dying so, death is to him advantage, or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained, and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, if at making God so free an offer he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

A. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully, but when our throats are cut he may be ransom'd, and we never the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round, I should be angry with you if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove, give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap, if ever thou come to me and say after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hang'd.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word, fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us, for

they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt* Soldiers]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, Our children, and our sins lay on the king! 252 We must bear all. O hard condition!

Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel But his own wringing! What infinite heart's ease 256

Must kings neglect that private men enjoy! And what have kings that privates have not too? Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idle ceremony? 260 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings in? O ceremony! show me but thy worth! 264 What is thy soul of adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form, Creating awe and fear in other men? Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd, 268 Than they in fearing?

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet, But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness! 272

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure. Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low-bending? Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee, 276

Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream, That play'st so subtly with a king's repose,

I am a king that find thee, and I know 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball, 280 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The intertissued robe of gold and pearl, The farced title running 'fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp 284 That beats upon the high shore of this world,

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony, Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave, 288 Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind

Get him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread, Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,

But, like a lackey, from the rise to set 292 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night Sleeps in Elysium, next day after dawn,

Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse, And follows so the ever-running year 296 With profitable labour to his grave.

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch, Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king 300 The slave, a member of the country's peace,

Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace, Whose hours the peasant best advantages. 304

Re-enter ERPINGHAM

Erp My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you
K Hen Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent
I'll be before thee

Erp I shall do't, my lord [*Exit*]
K Hen O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts,
Possess them not with fear, take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them Not to-day, O Lord!
312

O! not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interr'd anew,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood, and I have
buit 320
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul More will I do,
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all, 324
Imploring pardon

Re-enter GLOUCESTER

Glo My liege!
K Hen My brother Gloucester's voice! Ay,
I know thy errand, I will go with thee 328
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — *The French Camp*

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and Others

Orl The sun doth gild our armour up, my lords!
Dau Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet!
lacquais! ha!
Orl O brave spirit!
Dau Via! les eaux et la terre!
Orl Rien plus? l'air et le feu.
Dau Ciel! cousin Orleans.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord constable!
Con Hark how our steeds for present service neigh!
Dau Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spm in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage ha!
Ram What! will you have them weep our horses' blood? 12
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger

Mess The English are embattail'd, you French peers.
Con To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band, 16

And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 20
To give each naked curtal-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport let us but blow on them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them 24
'Tis positive ganst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow 28
To purge this field of such a hiding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do, 33
And all is done Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ

Grand Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field, 40
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps 44
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand, and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes, 48
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless,
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour 52
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself
Con They have said their prayers, and they stay for death. 56
Dau Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?
Con I stay but for my guard on, to the field! 60
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — *The English Camp*

Enter the English host GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND
Glo Where is the king?
Bed The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand

Ene There's five to one, besides, they all are fresh

Sal God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds

God be wi' you, princes all, I'll to my charge
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford, 8
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord

Exeter
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee!

Ene Farewell, kind lord Fight valiantly to-day 12

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour

[Exit SALISBURY]
Bed He is as full of valour as of kindness,
Princely in both.

Enter KING HENRY

West O! that we now had here 16
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day

K Hen What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow 20
To do our country loss, and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honour
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold, 24
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost,

It yearns me not if men my garments wear,
Such outward things dwell not in my desires

But if it be a sin to covet honour, 28
I am the most offending soul alive

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour

As one man more, methinks, would share from me, 32

For the best hope I have O! do not wish one more

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart, his passport shall be made, 36

And crowns for convoy put into his purse
We would not die in that man's company

That fears his fellowship to die with us
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian 40

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age, 44

Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian'

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day' 48

Old men forget yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages

What feats he did that day Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words, 52

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd
This story shall the good man teach his son, 56

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered,
We few, we happy few we band of brothers 60

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother, be he ne'er so vile

This day shall gentle his condition
And gentlemen in England now a-bed 64

Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,

And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day

Re-enter SALISBURY

Sal My sov'reign lord, bestow yourself with speed 68

The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us

K Hen All things are ready, if our minds be so

West Perish the man whose mind is backward now! 72

K Hen Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K Hen Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men, 76

Which likes me better than to wish us one
You know your places God be with you all!

Tucket Enter MONTJOY

Mont Once more I come to know of thee,
King Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, 80
Before thy most assured overthrow

For certainly thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be engulft. Besides, in mercy,

The constable desires thee thou wilt mind 84
Thy followers of repentance, that their souls

May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies

Must lie and fester

K Hen Who hath sent thee now? 88
Mont The Constable of France.

K Hen I pray thee, bear my former answer back

Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus? 92

The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust, 96

Shall witness live in brass of this day's work,
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dung-
hills,
They shall be fam'd, for there the sun shall
greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in
France

Mark then abounding valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality
Let me speak proudly tell the constable, 108
We are but warriors for the working-day,
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmurch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field,
There's not a piece of feather in our host— 112
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night 116
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers'
heads,

And turn them out of service If they do this,—
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
Will soon be levied Herald, save thou thy
labour, 121
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald
They shall have none, I swear, but these my
joints,

Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable
Mont I shall, King Harry And so, fare
thee well

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit
K. Hen I fear thou'lt once more come again
for ransom. 128

Enter YORK.

York My lord, most humbly on my knee I
beg

The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York Now, soldiers,
march away

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
[Exeunt

SCENE IV.—The Field of Battle

Alarums Excursions Enter French Soldier,
PISTOL, and Boy

Pist Yield, cur!

Fr Sol. Je pense que vous estes le gentil-
homme de bonne qualité

Pist. Quality? Calen O custure me! Art
thou a gentleman? 4

What is thy name? discuss.

Fr Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pist O Signieur Dew should be a gentle-
man—

Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox y
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr Sol O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de
moy! 13

Pist Moy shall not serve, I will have forty
moys,

Or I will fetch thy rum out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood 16

Fr Sol Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force
de ton bras?

Pist Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, 20
Offer st me brass?

Fr Sol O pardonnez moy!

Pist Sayst thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy ask me this slave in French
What is his name 25

Boy Escoutez comment estes vous appelle?

Fr Sol Monsieur le Fer

Boy He says his name is Master Fer 28

Pist Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firke him,
and ferret him Discuss the same in French
unto him

Boy I do not know the French for fer, and
ferret, and firke. 33

Pist Bid him prepare, for I will cut his
throat

Fr Sol Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy Il me commande à vous dire que vous
faites vous prest, car ce soldat icy est disposé
tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.

Pist Ouy, cuppele gorge, permafoy

Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave
crowns, 40

Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword

Fr Sol O! je vous supplie pour l'amour de
Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis le gentilhomme de
bonne maison gardez ma vie, et je vous don-
neray deux cents escus 45

Pist What are his words?

Boy He prays you to save his life he is a
gentleman of a good house, and, for his ransom
he will give you two hundred crowns 49

Pist Tell him, my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take

Fr Sol Petit monsieur, que dit-il? 52

Boy Encore qu'il est contre son jurement
de pardonner aucun prisonnier, neant-moins,
pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est
content de vous donner la liberté, le franchise-
ment 57

Fr Sol Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille
remerciements et je m'estime heureux que je
suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je
pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué
seigneur d'Angleterre

Pist Expound unto me, boy 63

Boy He gives you, upon his knees, a thou-
sand thanks, and he esteems himself happy
that he hath fallen into the hands of one—as he
thinks—the most brave, valorous, and thrice-
worthy signieur of England. 68

Pist As I suck blood, I will some metcye
show—

Follow me!

[Exeunt PISTOL and French Soldier
Boy Survez vous le grand capitaine I did
never know so full a voice issue from so empty

a heart but the saving is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil! the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are born raised, and so would this be if he durst steal anything adventurously I must stay with the 'ackys, with the luggage of our camp the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but oovs

[Exit

SCENE V—Another Part of the Field

Alarums Enter DALPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMBURES, and Others

Con O diable!

Orl O seigneur! le jour est perdu! tout est perdu!

Dau Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all! Reproach and everlasting shame

Sit mocking in our plumes O meschante fortune!

Do not run away [4 short *alarum*

Con V hy, all our ranks are broke

Dau O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let's die in honour! once more back again, And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand, Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog, His fairest daughter is contaminated

Con Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives

Orl We are enough yet living in the field

To smother up the English in our throngs, so If any order might be thought upon

Bour The devil take order now! I'll to the throng

Let life be short, else shame will be too long

[Exeunt

SCENE VI—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums Enter KING HENRY and Forces, EXETER, and Others

K Hen Well have we done, thrice-vaunt countrymen

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field

Exe The Duke of York commends him to your majesty

K Hen Lives he good uncle? thrice within this hour

I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting, From helmet to the spur all blood he was

Exe In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie, Larding the plain, and by his bloody side,— Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,—

The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies
Suffolk first died and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd, 12
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face
And cries aloud, 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven, 16
Tarry, sweet soul for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!'

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up
He smil'd me in the face, taught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe says, 'Dear my lord
Commend my service to my sovereign'

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck 24
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips,
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble ending love

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd 28
Those waters from me which I would have
stopp'd,

But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears

K Hen I blame you not, 32
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too

[*Alarums*
But hark! what new alarm is this same?

The French have runforc'd their scatter'd men
Then every soldier kill his prisoners! 37
Give the word through

[Exeunt

SCENE VII—Another Part of the Field

Alarums Enter ELUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu Kill the boys and the 'uggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't in your conscience now, is it not? 4

Gow 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive, and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle have done this slaughter besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent, wherefore the king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O! 'tis a gallant king, 11

Flu Ay, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow Alexander the Great. 15

Flu Why, I pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations. 19

Gow I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon, his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prams

what is the name of the other river, but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander,—God knows, and you know,—in his rages, and his fumes, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moocs, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicated in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Cleitus.

Gow Our king is not like him in that he never killed any of his friends.

Flu It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it, as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great belly-douplet he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks, I have forgot his name.

Gow Sir John Falstaff.

Flu That is he. I'll tell you, there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, with a part of the English Forces, WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and Others.

K Hen I was not angry since I came to France.

Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald, 60
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill.
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field, they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them, 64
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take. 68
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY

Exe Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not?

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont No, great king.

I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field. 76
To book our dead, and then to bury them,
To sort our nobles from our common men,
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood. 80
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes, and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock-deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,

Killing them twice. O! give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K Hen I tell thee truly, herald, I know not if the day be ours or no, 88
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont The day is yours.
K Hen Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont They call it Agincourt. 93

K Hen Then call we this the field of Agincourt.

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave battle here in France. 100

K Hen They did, Fluellen.

Flu Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service, and I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day. 109

K Hen I wear it for a memorable honour, For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh blood out of your body, I can tell you that. Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K Hen Thanks, good my countryman. 116

Flu By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it, I will confess it to all the 'orld. I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man. 121

K Hen God keep me so! Our heralds go with him.

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead.

On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY and Others.]

Exe Soldier, you must come to the king.
K Hen Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap? 127

Will An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K Hen An Englishman?

Will An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night, who, if a' live and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear. Or, if I can see my glove in his cap,—which he swore as he was a soldier he would wear if alive,—I will strike it out soundly. 137

K Hen What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience. 141

K Hen It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la! 151

K Hen Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow

Will So I will, my liege, as I live

K Hen Who servest thou under?

Will Under Captain Gower my liege 156

Flu Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literated in the wars

K Hen Call him hither to me, soldier

Will I will, my liege

[Exit

K Hen Here, Fluellen wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together I plucked this glove from his helm. If any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person, if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love 167

Flu Your Grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects. I would fain see the man that has but two legs that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all, but I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see 173

K Hen Knowest thou Gower?

Flu He is my dear friend, an't please you.

K Hen Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent 177

Flu I will fetch him

[Exit

K Hen My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels 180

The glove which I have given him for a favour, May haply purchase him a box o' the ear, It is the soldier's, I by bargain should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick

If that the soldier strike him,—as, I judge 185

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,—

Some sudden mischief may arise of it,

For I do know Fluellen valiant, 188

And touch'd with choier hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury

Follow and see there be no harm between them

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter [Exeunt

SCENE VIII —Before KING HENRY's Pavilion

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS

Will I warrant it is to knight you, captain

Enter FLUELLEN

Flu God's will and his pleasure, captain I beseech you now come apace to the king there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of 5

Will Sir, know you this glove?

Flu Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove. 8

Will I know this, and thus I challenge it

[Strikes him

Flu 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any's in the universal orld, or in France or in England

Gow How now, sir! you villain! 12

Will Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu Stand away, Captain Gower, I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you

Will I am no traitor 16

Flu That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name apprehend him: he is a friend o' the Duke Alençon's

Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER

War How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu My Lord of Warwick, here is,—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty 24

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER

K Hen How now! what's the matter?

Flu My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon

Will My liege, this was my glove: here is the fellow of it and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap. I promised to strike him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word 34

Flu Your majesty hear now,—saving your majesty's manhood,—what an arrant rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is. I hope your majesty is peer me testimony and witness, and avowments, that this is the glove of Alençon that your majesty is give me in your conscience now

K Hen Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it 42

'Twas I, indeed thou promisedst to strike And thou hast given me most bitter terms

Flu An't please your majesty, let his neck answer for it: if there is any martial law in the world

K Hen How canst thou make me satisfaction? 49

Will All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty 52

K Hen It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will Your majesty came not like yourself you appeared to me but as a common man witness the night, your garments, your lowliness, and what your highness suffered under that shape. I beseech you, take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for I made no offence: therefore, I beseech your highness pardon me 61

K Hen Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow, And wear it for an honour in thy cap 64

Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns And, captain, you must needs be friends with him

Flu By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve

God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, 'tis the better for you 72

Will I will none of your money

Flu It is with a good will, I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes come, wherefore should you be so pashu? your shoes is not so good 'tis a good shilling, I warrant you, or I will change it 78

Enter an English Herald

K Hen Now herald, are the dead number'd?

Her Here is 'the number of the slaughtered French *[Delivers a paper]*

K Hen What prisoners of good sort are taken uncle? 81

Exc Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king,

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciquault Of other lords and barons, knights and squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men

K Hen This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lie slain of princes, in this number, 87

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead One hundred twenty-six added to these, Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen Eight thousand and four hundred, of the which Five hundred were but yesterday duob'd knights So that, in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries, The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality 96

The names of those their nobles that lie dead Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France, Jacques of Chatillon, Admiral of France, The master of the cross-bows, Lord Ramibures Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischaud Dauphin, 101

John Duke of Alençon, Antony Duke of Brabant,

The brother to the Duke of Burgundy, And Edward Duke of Bar of lussy earls, 104 Grandpré and Roussi Fauconberg and Foix Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale Here was a royal fellowship of death!

Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald presents another paper]

Edward the Duke of York the Earl of Suffolk, Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire

None else of name and of all other men 111

But five and twenty O God! thy arm was here,

And not to us, but to thy arm alone,

Ascribe we all When, without stratagem,

But in plain shock and even play of battle,

Was ever known so great and little loss 116

On one part and on the other? Take it, God,

For it is none but thine!

Exc 'Tis wonderful!

K Hen Come, go we in procession to the village 119

And be it death proclaimed through our host

To boast of this or take the praise from God

Which is his only

Flu Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed? 124

K Hen Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgment,

That God fought for us

Flu Yes, my conscience, he did us great good

K Hen Do we all holy rites 128

Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*,

The dead with charity enclosed in clay

'Ye'd then to Calais, and to England then,

Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men *[Exit]*

ACT V

Enter Chorus

Chor Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,

That I may prompt them and of such as have, I humbly pray them to admit the excuse

Of time, of numbers, and due course of things, 4

Which cannot in their huge and proper life

Be here presented Now we bear the king

Toward Calais grant him there, there seen,

Heave him away upon your winged thoughts 8

Athwart the sea Behold, the English beach

Pules in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,

Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-

moun'd sea,

Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king, 12

Seems to prepare his way so let him land

And solemnly see him set on to London

So swift a pace hath thought that ever now

You may imagine him upon Blackheath 16

Where that his lords desire him to have borne

His bruised helmet and his banded sword

Before him through the city he forbids it,

Being free from vaunness and self-glorious

pride 20

Giving full trophy signal and ostent,

Quite from himself, to God But now behold,

In the quick forge and working-house of thought,

How London doth pour out her citizens 24

The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,

Like to the senators of the antique Rome

With the plebeians swarming at their heels,

Go forth and fetch their conquering Caesar in

As, by a lower but loving likelihood, 29

Were now the general of our gracious empress,—

As in good time he may,—from Ireland coming,

Bringing rebellion broached on his sword, 32

How many would the peaceful city quit

To welcome him! much more, and much more

cause,

Did they this Harry Now in London place him!

As yet the lamentation of the French 36

Invites the King of England's stay at home,—

The emperor's coming in behalf of France,

To order peace between them,—and omit

All the occurrences, whatever chance'd, 40

Till Harry's back-return again to France

There must we bring him and myself have play'd

The interim, by remembering you 'tis past

Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,

After your thoughts, straight back again to

France *[Exit]*

SCENE I—*France. An English Court of Guard**Enter FLUELLEN and GOVER*

Gow Now thou'st right but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you asse my friend Captain Gover. I ne rascally, scald beggar yousy praggng knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself and all the world know to be no better than a fellow—look you now, of non ems, he is come to me and pings me pread and salt yesterday, look you and pings me my leek. It was in a place where I could not preed no creature with him, but I will be so po'd as to wear it in my cap all I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey cock.

Enter PISTOL

Flu 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God bless you, Auncient Pistol! you scurvy lousy knave. God bless you!

Pist Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst base Troyan?

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web? Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu I pesech you heartily, scurvy lousy knave, at my desires and my requests and my petitions to eat, look you, this leek, because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions does not agree with it. I would desire you to eat it.

Pist Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu [Strikes him] There is one goat for you. Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist Base Troyan, thou shalt die.

Flu You say very true, scald knave, when God's will's. I will desire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals, come, there is sauce for it. [Strikes him again] You called me yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall to if you can mock a leek. You can eat a leek.

Gow Enough, captain. You have astonished him.

Flu I say I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will beat his pate four days. Brie I pray you, it is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist Must I bite?

Flu Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too and ambiguities.

Pist By this leek, I will most horribly revenge I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist O, yet thy cudgel thou dost see I eat.

Flu Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away, the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em, that is all.

Pist Good.
Flu Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist Me a groat!
Flu Yes, verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.
Flu If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels. You shall be a wood-nonger and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God bless you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit]

Pist Ah, hell shall sit for thee.

Gow Go go, you are a cowardly cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition legua upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of pre-eminence, your honour, and daring to a touch in your worded an of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gun-man twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel. You find it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [Exit]

Pist Dost Fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I that my Nell is dead in the spital Of malady of France.

And there my rencevous is quite cut off. 88
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal. 92
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit]

SCENE II—*Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French King's Palace*

Enter, from one side, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords, from the other side the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, ALICE and other Ladies, the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his Train

K Hen Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister, Health and fair time of day, joy and good wishes

To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine, And, as a branch and member of this royalty,

By whom this great assembly is contriv'd, We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy,

And, princes French, and peers, health to you all.

Fr King Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England, fairly met. So are you, princes English, every one.

Q Isa So happy be the issue, brother England,

Of this good day and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes;

Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them

Against the French, that met them in their
 bent,

The fatal balls of murdering basilisks
 The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
 Have lost their quality, and that this day
 Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love

K Hen To cry amen to that, thus we appear

Q Isa. You English princes all, I do salute
 you.

Bar My duty to you both, on equal love,
 Great Kings of France and England! That I
 have labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong en-
 deavours,

To bring your most imperial majesties
 Unto this bar and royal interview,
 Your mightiness on both parts best can wit-
 ness

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
 That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
 You have congreed, let it not disgrace me
 If I demand before this royal view,

What rub or what impediment there is,
 Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,

Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
 Should not in this best garden of the world,

Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
 Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
 Corrupting in its own fertility

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
 Unpruned dies, her hedges even-pleach'd,

Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs, her fallow leas

The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
 Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts

That should deracinate such savagery,
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth

The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,

Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,

Losing both beauty and utility,
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and

hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,

Even so our houses and ourselves and children
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,

The sciences that should become our country,
 But grow like savages,—as soldiers will,

That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
 To swearing and stern looks diffus'd attire,

And every thing that seems unnatural
 Which to reduce into our former favour

You are assembled, and my speech entreats
 That I may know the let why gentle Peace

Should not expel these inconveniences,
 And bless us with her former qualities

K Hen If, Duke of Burgundy, you would
 the peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that

peace
 With full accord to all our just demands,

Whose tenours and particular effects
 You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands

Bur The king hath heard them, to the which
 as yet

There is no answer made

K Hen Well then the peace,
 Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer

Fr King I have but with a cursory eye
 O'erglanc'd the articles pleaseeth your Grace

To appoint some of your council presently
 To sit with us once more, with better heed

To re-survey them, we will suddenly
 Pass our accept and peremptory answer

K Hen Brother, we shall Go, uncle Exeter,
 And brother Clarence, and you, brother Glou-

cester,
 Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king,

And take with you free power to ratify,
 Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best

Shall see advantageous for our dignity,
 Anything in or out of our demands,

And we'll consign thereto Will you, fair sister,
 Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q Isa Our gracious brother, I will go with
 them

Haply a woman's voice may do some good
 When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on

K Hen Yet leave our cousin Katharine nere
 with us

She is our capital demand, compris'd
 Within the fore-rank of our articles

Q Isa She hath good leave
 [Exeunt all except KING HENRY,

KATHARINE, and ALICE
K Hen Fair Katharine, and most fair!

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
 Such as will enter at a lady's ear,

And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?
Kath Your majesty shall mock at me, I can-

not speak your English
K Hen O fair Katharine! if you will love

me soundly with your French heart, I will be
 glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your

English tongue Do you like me, Kate?
Kath Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is

'like me'
K Hen An angel is like you, Kate, and you

are like an angel
Kath Que dit-il? que je suis semblable a les

anges?
Alice Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre grace, ainsi

dit-il
K Hen I said so, dear Katharine, and I

must not blush to affirm it
Kath O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes

sont pleines des tromperies
K Hen What says she, fair one? that the

tongues of men are full of deceits?
Alice Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be

full of deceits dat is de princess
K Hen The princess is the better English-

woman I faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy
 understanding I am glad thou canst speak no

better English, for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst
 find me such a plain king that thou wouldst

think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I
 know no ways to munge it in love, but directly

to say I love you then, if you urge me further

than to say 'Do you in faith?' I wear out my suit Give me your answer 'I' faith do and so clap hands and a bargain How say you, lady?

Kath *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand vell
K Hen Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure yet a reasonable measure in strength If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off But before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation, only downright oaths which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook I speak to thee plain soldier if thou canst love me for this, take me if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true, but for thy love, by the Lord, no, yet I love thee too And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncomely constancy, for he performs must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places, for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rime themselves in a ladies' favours they do always reason themselves out again What! a speaker is but a prater, a rime is but a ballad A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow, but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon, or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly If thou would have such a one, take me, and take me, take a soldier, take a soldier, take a king And what sayest thou to me my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee

Kath. Is it possible that I should love the enemy of France? 178

K Hen No, it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate, but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it, I will have it all mine and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine. 185

Kath I cannot tell what is dat.

K Hen No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off *Je quand sur le possession de France*, et quand vous avez le possession de moy,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—*donc vostre est France*, et vous estes mienne It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me. 197

Kath *Sauf vostre honneur*, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle 200

K Hen No, faith, is't not, Kate, but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, Canst thou love me? 205

Kath I cannot tell

K Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them Come, I know thou lovest me, and at night when you come into your closet you'll question this gentlewoman about me, and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly If ever thou be'st mine, Kate,—as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,—I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier breeder Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce? 224

Kath I do not know dat.

K Hen No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde*, mon très cher et divine déesse? 231

Kath Your majesty avefausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France 234

K Hen Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English I love thee, Kate by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst, and thou shalt wear me if thou wear me better and better And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress, take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine' which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine,' who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music, for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all,

Catharine, break thy mind to me in broken English wilt thou have me? 265

Kath Dat is as it sall please de roy mon pere

K Hen Nay, it will please him well, Kate, shall please him, Kate 268

Kath Den it sall also content me

K Hen Upon that I kiss your hand, and I ill you my queen

Kath Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! la foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez vostre andeur, en baissant la main d'une vostre ingne serviteure excusez moy, je vous supplie, on tres puissan' seigneur 276

K Hen Then I will kiss your lips, Kate

Kath Les dames, et demoiselles, pour estre usées devant leur nocces, il n'est pas la coume de France 280

K Hen Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice Dat it is not be de fashion pour les dies of France,—I cannot tell what is baiser English. 284

K Hen To kiss

Alice Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy*

K Hen It is not a fashion for the maids in rance to kiss before they are married, would ie say? 289

Alice Ouy, vrayment

K Hen O Kate nice customs curtsy to great ings Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined tllun the weak list of a country's fashion we e the makers of manners, Kate, and the erty that follows our pines stops the mouths fall find-faults as I will do yours, for uphold- ing the nice fashion of your country in denying e a kiss therefore, patiently, and yielding *issing her*] You have watchcraft in your lips, ate there is more eloquence in a sugar touch them, than in the tongues of the French uncl, and they should sooner persuade arry of England than a general petition of onarchs Here comes your father 304

Enter the KING and QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BED-
FORD, GLOUCESTER EXETER, WARWICK, WEST-
MORELAND, and other French and English
Lords

Bur God save your majesty! My royal usin, teach you our princess English?

K Hen I would have her learn, my fair usin, how perfectly I love her, and that is ed English 309

Bur Is she not apt?

K Hen Our tongue is rough, coz, and my addition is not smooth, so that, having neither voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I anot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, at he will appear in his true likeness 315

Bur Pardon the frankness of my mirth if I ewer you for that If you would conjure in , you must make a circle, if conjure up Love her in his true likeness, he must appear ed and blind Can you blame her then, ng a maid yet rosed over with the virgin ason of modesty, if she deny the appearance a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self?

It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to 325

K Hen Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces

Bur They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do 329

K Hen Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking

Bur I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind though they have their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K Hen This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer, and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too 341

Bur As love is, my lord, before it loves

K Hen It is so and you may some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way 346

Fr King Yes, my lord, you see them per- spectively, the cities turned into a maid, for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K Hen Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr King So please you 352

K Hen I am content so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her so the ma d that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will 356

Fr King We have consented to all terms of reason.

K Hen Is't so, my lords of England?

West The king hath granted every article His daughter first, and then in sequel all, 361 According to their firm proposed natures

Exe Only he hath not yet subscribed this Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French, *Notre très cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, Hcriter de France,* and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ*

Fr King Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,

But your request shall make me let it pass 372

K Hen I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest,

And thereupon give me your daughter
Fr King Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up 376

Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms Of France and England, whose very shores look pale

With envy of each other's happiness, May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France

All Amen!

K Hen Now, welcome, Kate and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen

[Flourish]
Q Isa God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!

As man and wife, being two, are one in love, 389
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal

That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,

To make divorce of their incorporate league
That English may as French, French Englishmen,

Receive each other! God speak this Amen! 396
All Amen!

K Hen Prepare we for our marriage on which day

My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues 400

Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me,
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[Sennet. Exeunt]

Enter Chorus

*Thus far, with rough and all unable pen
Our bending author hath pursued the story*

*In little room confining mighty men, 405
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory*

*Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
This star of England Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd, 409*

*And of it left his son imperial lord
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed,*

*Whose state so many had the managing, 413
That they lost France and made his England bleed*

Which oft our stage hath shown and, for their sake,

In your fair minds let this acceptance take 416
[Exit.]

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector
DUKE OF BEDFORD Uncle to the King, Regent of France
THOMAS BEAUFORT Duke of Exeter, Great-uncle to the King.

HENRY BEAUFORT Great uncle to the King Bishop of Winchester and afterwards Cardinal.

JOHN BEAUFORT Earl afterwards Duke of Somerset
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge afterwards Duke of York.

EARL OF WARWICK

EARL OF SALISBURY

EARL OF SUFFOLK

LORD TALBOT afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury

JOHN TALBOT his Son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.

SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE

WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower Mayor of London.
Mortimer's Keepers A Lawyer

VERNON of the White Rose or York Faction
BASSET of the Red Rose or Lancaster Faction.
CHARLES, Dauphin and afterwards King of France
REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Governor of Paris

Master Gunner of Orleans and his Son

General of the French Forces in Bourdeaux.

A French Sergeant.

A Porter

An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle

MARGARET Daughter to Reignier afterwards married to King Henry
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE

JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Lords, Warders of the Tower Heralds, Officers, Soldiers,
Messengers, and Attendants

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle

SCENE — *Partly in England, and partly in France*

ACT I

SCENE I — *Westminster Abbey*

Dead March Enter the Funeral of KING HENRY THE FIFTH attended on by the DUKES OF BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER, the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.

Bed Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death! 5
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth

Glo England ne'er had a king until his time
Virtue he had, deserving to command 9
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams,

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings,
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire, 12
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces

What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered 16
Exe We mourn in black why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead and never shall revive.

Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory 20
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow? 24
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win He was a king bless'd of the King of kings 28

Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought
The church's prayers made him so prosperous
Glo The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd 3

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom like a school-boy you may over-awe 36

Win Gloucester, whate'er we like thou art protector,
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may 40

Glo Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed Cease, cease these jars and rest your
minds in peace!
Let s to the altar heralds, wait on us
Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall
suck,
Our isle be made a marsh of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright—

Enter a Messenger

Mess My honourable lords, health to you
all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfigure
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers are all quite lost

Bed What sayst thou, man, before dead
Henry's corse?

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from
death

Glo Is Paris lost? is Roan yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again

These news would cause him once more yield
the ghost

Exe How were they lost? what treachery
was us'd?

Mess No treachery, but want of men and
money

Among the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions,
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and
fought,

You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost,

Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings,
A third thinks, without expense at all,

By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd
Awake, awake English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms,

Of England's coat one half is cut away
Exe Were our tears wanting to this funeral

These tidings would call forth their flowing tides
Bed Me they concern, Regent I am of

France
Give me my steeld coat I'll fight for France.

Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,

To weep their intermissive miseries

Enter another Messenger

Sec *Mess* Lords, view these letters, full of
bad mischance

France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import

The Dauphin Charles is crowned king
Rheims,

The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd,

Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side

Exe The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to
him!

O! whither shall we fly from this reproach?
Glo We will not fly, but to our enemies'

throats
Bedford if thou be slack, I'll fight it out

Bed Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my
forwardness?

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun

Enter a third Messenger

Thurd *Mess* My gracious lords, to add to
your laments,

Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight

Between the stout Lord Talbot and the French
Win What! wherein Talbot overcame?

Thurd *Mess* O, no! wherein Lord Talbot was
o'erthrown

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,

By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.

No leisure had he to enrank his men,
He wanted pikes to set before his archers,

Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of
hedges

They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in

More than three hours the fight continued,
Where valiant Talbot above human thought

Enacted wonders with his sword and lance
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand

him,
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew

The French exclaim'd the devil was in arms,
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.

His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! A Talbot! cried out amain,

And rush'd into the bowels of the battle
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,

If Sir John Fastolf had not play'd the coward
He, being in the vaward,—plac'd behind,—

With purpose to relieve and follow them,—
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke

Hence grew the general wrack and massacre,
Enclosed were they with their enemies

A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,

Whom all France, with their chief assembled
strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face.
Bed Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,

For living idly here in pomp and ease
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,

Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd,
Thurd *Mess* O no! he liveth, but is took

prisoner,
And Lord Scalls with him, and Lord Hunger-

ford

Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise
Bed His ransom there is none but I shall
 pay ¹⁴⁸
 I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
 His crown shall be the ransom of my friend,
 Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours
 Farewell, my masters, to my task will I, ¹⁵²
 Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
 To keep our great Saint George's feast withal
 Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
 Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe
 quake ¹⁵⁶
Third Mess So you had need, for Orleans is
 besieg'd,
 The English army is grown weak and faint,
 The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
 And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, ¹⁶⁰
 Since they, so few, watch such a multitude
Exe Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry
 sworn,
 Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
 Or bring him in obedience to your yoke ¹⁶⁴
Bed I do remember it, and her- take my
 leave,
 To go about my preparation. *[Exit*
Glo I'll to the Tower with all the haste I
 can,
 To view the artillery and munition, ¹⁶⁸
 And then I will proclaim young Henry king *[Exit*
Exe To Eltham will I, where the young
 king is,
 Being ordain'd his special governor,
 And for his safety there I'll best devise *[Exit*
Win Each hath his place and function to
 attend ¹⁷³
 I am left out, for me nothing remains
 But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office
 The king from Eltham I intend to steal, ¹⁷⁶
 And sit at chiefest stern of public weal *[Exit*

SCENE II —France Before Orleans

Flourish Enter CHARLES, with his Forces
 ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Others

Char Mars his true moving, even as in the
 heavens
 So in the earth, to this day is not known
 Late did he shine upon the English side,
 Now we are victors, upon us he smiles ⁴
 What towns of any moment but we have
 At pleasure here we lie near Orleans,
 Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale
 ghosts,
 Faintly besiege us one hour in a month ⁸
Alen They want their porridge and their fat
 bull-beeves
 Either they must be dieted like mules
 And have their provender tied to their mouths,
 Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice, ¹²
Reig Let's raise the siege why live we idly
 here
 Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear
 Remaneth none but mad-bran'd Salisbury,
 And he may well in fretting spend his gall, ¹⁶
 Nor men nor money hath he to make war

Char Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on
 them
 Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
 Him I forgive my death that killeth me ²⁰
 When he sees me go back one foot or fly
[Exeunt

Alarum. Excursions afterwards a retreat
Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and
 Others

Char Who ever saw the like? what men
 have I!
 Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have
 fled
 But that they left me 'midst my enemies ²⁴
Reig Salisbury is a desperate homicide,
 He fighteth as one weary of his life
 The other lords, like lions wanting food,
 Do rush upon us as their hungry prey ²⁸
Alen Froissart, a countryman of ours, re-
 cords,
 England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
 During the time Edward the Third did reign
 More truly now may this be verified, ³²
 For none but Samsons and Goliases,
 It sendeth forth to skirmish One to ten!
 Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'ersuppose
 They had such courage and audacity? ³⁶
Char Let's leave this town, for they are
 hare-bran'd slaves,
 And hunger will enforce them to be more eager.
 Of old I know them, rather with their teeth
 The walls they'll tear down than forsake the
 siege ⁴⁰
Reig I think, by some odd gimmals or
 device,
 Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on,
 Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do
 By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone ⁴⁴
Alen Be it so

Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Bast Where's the prince Dauphin? I have
 news for him
Char Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome
 to us
Bast Methinks your looks are sad, your
 cheer appall'd ⁴⁸
 Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
 Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand
 A holy maid hither with me I bring,
 Which by a vision sent to her from heaven ⁵²
 Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
 And drive the English forth the bounds of
 France
 The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
 Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome, ⁵⁶
 What's past and what's to come she can descry
 Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
 For they are certain and unfallible
Char Go call her in. *[Exit BASTARD]* But
 first, to try her skill, ⁶⁰
 Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place
 Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern
 By this means shall we sound what skill she
 hath. *[Retires]*

Re-enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, with JOAN LA PUCELLE and Others

Reig Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats? 64

Joan Reigmer, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?

Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind.

I know thee well, though never seen before. Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me 68

In private will I talk with thee apart.

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while

Reig She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Joan Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter, 72

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art. Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd

To shine on my contemptible estate

Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs, 76

And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,

God's mother deigned to appear to me,

And in a vision full of majesty

Will'd me to leave my base vocation 80

And free my country from calamity

Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success,

In complete glory she reveal'd herself,

And, whereas I was black and swart before, 84

With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,

That beauty am I bless'd with which you see

Ask me what question thou canst possible

And I will answer unpremeditated. 88

My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,

And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate

If thou receive me for thy war-like mate 92

Char Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,

In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,

And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true, 96

Otherwise I renounce all confidence

Joan I am prepar'd here is my keen-edg'd sword,

Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side,

The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard, 100

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char Then come, o' God's name, I fear no woman.

Joan And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight, and JOAN LA PUCELLE overcomes*

Char Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon, 104

And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Joan Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me

Impatiently I burn with thy desire, 108

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,

Let me thy servant and not sovereign be,

'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus. 112

Joan I must not yield to any rites of love,

For my profession's sacred from above

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,

Then will I think upon a recompense 116

Char Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock,

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean? 121

Alen He may mean more than we poor men do know

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues

Reig My lord, where are you? what devise you on? 124

Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Joan Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!

Fight till the last gasp, I will be your guard.

Char What she says, I'll confirm we'll fight it out. 128

Joan Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,

Since I have entered into these wars. 132

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death the English circle ends,

Dispersed are the glories it included. 137

Now am I like that proud insulting ship

Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.

Char Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?

Thou with an eagle art inspired then. 141

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters were like thee,

Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,

How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen Leave off delays and let us raise the siege. 146

Reig Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours

Drive them from Orleans and be immortalis'd.

Char Presently we'll try Come, let's away about it

No prophet will I trust if she prove false 150

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—London. Before the Tower.

Enter at the Gates the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,

with his Serving-men, in blue coats

Glo I am come to survey the Tower this day,

Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance

Where be these warders that they wait not here?

Open the gates! 'Tis Gloucester that calls. 4

[*Servants knock*

First Ward [*Within*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

First Serv It is the noble Duke of Gloucester

Sec Ward [*Within*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

First Serv Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector? 8

First Ward [Within] The Lord protect him!
so we answer him

We do not otherwise than we are will'd
Glo Who willed you? or whose will stands
but mine?

There's none protector of the realm but I 12
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[*GLOUCESTER's Men rush at the Tower gates,*
and WOODVILLE the Lieutenant speaks within
Wood What noise is this? what traitors have
we here?

Glo Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates! here's Gloucester that would
enter 17

Wood [Within] Have patience, noble Duke,
I may not open,
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids

From him I have express commandment 20
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in
Glo Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him
fore me?

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could
brook? 24

Thou art no friend to God or to the king
Open the gates or I'll shut thee out shortly
First Serv Open the gates unto the Lord
Protector,

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not
quickly 28

*Enter WINCHESTER, attended by Serving-men in
tawny coats*

Win How now, ambitious Humphrey! what
means this?

Glo Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to
be shut out?

Win I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm. 32

Glo Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead
lord,

Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat, 36
If thou proceed in this thy insolence

Win Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge
a foot

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt 40

Glo I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee
back

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place

Win Do what thou dar'st, I'll beard thee to
thy face 44

Glo What! am I dar'd and bearded to my
face?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place,
Blue coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your
beard, [*GLOUCESTER and his men attack the*
CARDINAL

I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly 48
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,
In spite of pope or dignities of church,

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down

Win Gloucester, thou'lt answer this before
the pope 52

Glo Winchester goose! I cry a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array
Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite! 56

*Here GLOUCESTER's Men beat out the Cardinal's
Men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor
of London and his Officers*

May Fie, lords! that you, being supreme
magistrates

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!
Glo Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my
wrongs

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor
King,

Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use 61

Win Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war and never peace,

O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seeks to overthrow religion 65

Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,

To crown himself king and suppress the prince
Glo I will not answer thee with words, but
blows [*Here they skirmish again*

May Nought rests for me, in this tumultu-
ous strife

But to make open proclamation
Come, officer as loud as e'er thou canst, 72

Cry

Off All manner of men, assembled here in
arms this day, against God's peace and the
king's, we charge and command you, in his high-
ness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-
places, and not to wear, handle or use, any
sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon
pain of death 80

Glo Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law,
But we shall meet and break our minds at large

Win Gloucester, we will meet to thy cost,
be sure

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work
May I'll call for clubs if you will not away

This cardinal's more haughty than the devil 86
Glo Mayor, farewell thou dost but what
thou mayst

Win Abominable Gloucester! guard thy head,
For I intend to have it ere long

[*Exeunt, severally, GLOUCESTER and WIN-
CHESTER, with their Serving-men*

May See the coast clear'd, and then we will
depart 90

Good God! these nobles should such stomachs
bear,

I myself fight not once in forty year [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*France Before Orleans*
*Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and
his Boy*

M Gun Surrah, thou know'st how Orleans
is besieg'd,

And how the English have the suburbs won
Son Father, I know and oft have shot at them,

Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim. 4

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not Be thou
 rul'd by me
 Chief master-gunner am I of this town,
 Something I must do to procure me grace
 The prince's espials have informed me 8
 How the English, in the suburbs, close entrench'd
 Wont through a secret gate of iron bars
 In yonder tower to overpeer the city,
 And thence discover how with most advantage
 They may vex us with shot or with assault 13
 To intercept this inconvenience,
 A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd,
 And fully even these three days have I watch'd
 If I could see them Now, boy, do thou watch,
 For I can stay no longer 18
 If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
 And thou shalt find me at the Governor's [*Exit*]
Son. Father, I warrant you, take you no care, 21
 I'll never trouble you if I may spy them. [*Exit*]

*Enter, on the turrets, the LORDS SALISBURY and
 TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS
 GARGRAVE, and Others*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd!
 How wert thou handled being prisoner? 24
 Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd,
 Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top
Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
 Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santraillles, 28
 For him I was exchange'd and ransomed.
 But with a baser man at arms by far
 Once in contempt they would have barter'd me
 Which I disdaining scorn'd, and craved death
 Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd. 33
 In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
 But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my
 heart
 Whom with my bare fists I would execute 36
 If I now had him brought into my power

Sal. Yet tell st thou not how thou wert enter-
 tain'd

Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contume-
 lous taunts
 In open market-place produc'd they me, 40
 To be a public spectacle to all
 Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
 The scarecrow that affrights our children so
 Then broke I from the officers that led me, 44
 And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground
 To hurl at the beholders of my shame
 My grisly countenance made others fly
 None durst come near for fear of sudden death
 In iron walls they deem'd me not secure, 49
 So great fear of my name mongst them was
 spread
 That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant 52
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had
 That walk'd about me every minute-while,
 And if I did but stir out of my bed
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart. 56

Enter the Boy with a linstock

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you en-
 dur'd,
 But we will be reveng'd sufficiently

Now it is supper-time in Orleans
 Here, through this grate, I count each one, 60
 And view the Frenchmen how they fortify
 Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glans-
 dale,
 Let me have your express opinions 64
 Where is best place to make our battery next.
Gar. I think at the North gate, for there
 stand lords
Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the
 bridge
Tal. For aught I see, this city must be fam-
 ish'd, 68
 Or with light skirmishes enfeebled

[*Here they shoot SALISBURY and SIR
 THOMAS GARGRAVE fall*]

Sal. O Lord! have mercy on us, wretched
 sinners

Gar. O Lord! have mercy on me, woeful
 man

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath
 cross'd us? 72

Speak, Salisbury, at least, if thou canst speak
 How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
 One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!
 Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand 76
 That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
 In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame,
 Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars,
 Whilst any trumpet did sound or drum struck
 up, 80
 His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field
 Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech
 doth fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world 84
 Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
 If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
 Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life? 88
 Speak unto Talbot, nay, look up to him
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort,
 Thou shalt not die whilst—
 He beckons with his hand and smiles on me, 92
 As who should say, 'When I am dead and gone,
 Remember to avenge me on the French.'
 Plantagenet I will, and like thee, Nero,
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn 96
 Wretched shall France be only in my name

[*It thunders and lightens An alarm.*
 What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
 Whence cometh this alarm and the noise?

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have
 gather'd head 100
 The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
 A holy prophetess new risen up
 Is come with a great power to raise the siege

[*Here SALISBURY lifteth himself
 up and groans*]

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth
 groan! 104
 It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd
 Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you

Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains
Convey me Salisbury into his tent, 110
And then we'll try what these dastard French-
men dare.

[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies*]

SCENE V — *The Same Before one of the Gates*

Alarum Skirmishings Enter TALBOT, pursuing the DAUPHIN, drives him in, and exit then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them Then re-enter TALBOT

Tal Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them,
A woman clad in armour chaseth them

Re-enter JOAN LA PUCELLE

Here, here she comes, I'll have a bout with thee
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee 5
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to humthousery 'st

Joan Come, come, 'tis only I that must
disgrace thee [They fight]

Tal Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?

My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet 12

[They fight again]

Joan. Talbot, farewell, thy hour is not yet come

I must go victual Orleans forthwith

[A short alarum, then LA PUCELLE enters the town with Soldiers]

O'ertake me if thou canst, I scorn thy strength
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men, 16

Help Salisbury to make his testament
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [Exit]

Tal My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel,

I know not where I am, nor what I do 20
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,

Are from their hives and houses driven away 24
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs,
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away

[A short alarum.]

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat, 28

Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,

Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves. 32

[Alarum. Another skirmish]

It will not be retire into your trenches
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,

For none would strike a stroke in his revenge
Pucelle is entered into Orleans 36

In spite of us or aught that we could do

O' would I were to die with Salisbury
The shame hereof will make me hide my head

[Alarum Retreat Exeunt TALBOT
and his Forces, &c]

SCENE VI — *The Same*

Flourish Enter, on the walls, JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers

Joan Advance our waving colours on the walls,

Rescu'd is Orleans from the English
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word

Char Divynest creature, Astræa's daughter, 4
How shall I honour thee for this success?

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetic! 8
Recover'd is the town of Orleans

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state
Reig Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets, 13

To celebrate the joy that God hath given us
Alen All France will be replete with mirth and joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd the men 16

Char 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won,

For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm

Shall in procession sing her endless praise 20
A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear

Than Rhodope's or Memphis ever was
In memory of her when she is dead,

Her ashes, in an urn more precious 24
Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,

Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.

No longer on Saint Dens will we cry, 28
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint

Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory

[Flourish Exeunt]

ACT II

SCENE I. — *Before Orleans*

Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.

Serg Sirs, take your places and be vigilant.
If any noise or soldier you perceive

Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard. 4

First Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [Exit Sergeant.]

Thus are poor servitors—
When others sleep upon their quiet beds—

Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march

Tal Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois, 9
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted, 12
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery

Bed Coward of France! how much he wrongs
his fame, 16

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

Bur Traitors have never other company
But what s that Pucelle whom they terms o pure?

Tal A maid, they say

Bed A maid, and be so martial! 21

Bur Pray God she prove not masculine ere
long,

If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour, as she hath begun 24

Tal Well, let them practise and converse
with spirits,

God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their finty bulwarks

Bed Ascend, brave Talbot, we will follow
thee 28

Tal Not all together better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways,

That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force 32

Bed Agreed I'll to yond corner

Bur And I to this

Tal And here will Talbot mount, or make
his grave

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear 36

How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the walls, crying, 'Saint
George! 'A Talbot!' and all enter the town*

First Sent Arm, arm! the enemy doth make
assault!

*The French leap over the Walls in their shirts
Enter, several ways, BASTARD OF ORLEANS,
ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, half ready, and half
unready*

Alen How now, my lords! what! all un-
ready so?

Bast Unready! ay, and glad we 'scap'd so
well. 40

Reig 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave
our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alen Of all exploits since first I follow'd
arms,

Ne'er heard I of a war-like enterprise 44

More venturous or desperate than this

Bast I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour
him

Alen Here cometh Charles I marvel how
he sped 48

Bast Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES and JOAN LA PUCELLE

Char Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful
dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain, 52

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Joan Wherefore is Charles impatient with
his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail, 56

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have fall'n
Char Duke of Alençon, this was your de-
fault,

That, being captain of the watch to-night, 61
Did look no better to that weighty charge

Alen Had all your quarters been so safely
kept

As that whereof I had the government, 64
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast Mine was secure

Reig And so was mine, my lord

Char And for myself, most part of all this
night,

Within her quarter and mine own precinct 68
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels
Then how or which way should they first break
in?

Joan Question, my lords, no further of the
case, 72

How or which way 'tis sure they found some
place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was
made

And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,

And lay new platforms to endamage them. 77

Alarum Enter an English Soldier, crying, 'A
Talbot! a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their
clothes behind

Sold I'll be so bold to take what they have
left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword,
For I have loaden me with many spoils, 80

Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit

SCENE II—Orleans Within the Town.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain,
and Others*

Bed The day begins to break, and night is
fled,

Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded

Tal Bring forth the body of old Salisbury, 4
And here advance it in the market-place,

The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul,

For every drop of blood was drawn from him 8
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-
night.

And that hereafter ages may behold
 What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
 Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
 A tomb wherein his corse shall be interr'd
 Upon the which, that every one may read,
 Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
 The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
 And what a terror he had been to France
 But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
 I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
 His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
 Nor any of his false confederates

Bed 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the
 fight began,
 Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
 They did amongst the troops of armed men
 Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field

Bur Myself—as far as I could well discern
 For smoke and dusky vapours of the night—
 Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull,
 When arm in arm they both came swiftly run-
 ning,
 Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
 That could not live asunder day or night.
 After that things are set in order here,
 We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger

Mess All hail, my lords! Which of this
 princely train
 Call ye the war-like Talbot, for his acts
 So much applauded through the realm of
 France?

Tal Here is the Talbot who would speak
 with him?

Mess The virtuous lady, Countess of Au-
 vergne,
 With modesty admiring thy renown,
 By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouch-
 safe

To visit her poor castle where she lies,
 That she may boast she hath beheld the man
 Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
 Will turn into a peaceful comic sport,
 When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.

You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.
Tal Her trust me then, for when a world
 of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,
 Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled
 And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
 And in submission will attend on her

Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed No, truly, it is more than manners
 will.

And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
 Are often welcomest when they are gone

Tal Well then, alone,—since there's no re-
 medy,—

I mean to prove this lady's courtesy
 Come hither, captain. [*Whispers*] You perceive
 my mind

Capt I do, my lord, and mean accordingly

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — *Auvergne Court of the Castle*

Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter

Count Porter, remember what I gave in
 charge,
 And when you have done so, bring the keys to
 me

Port Madam, I will

Count The plot is laid if all things fall out
 right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit
 As Scythian Tomyras by Cyrus' death
 Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
 And his achievements of no less account
 Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine
 ears,
 To give their censure of these rare reports

Enter Messenger and TALBOT

Mess Madam,
 According as your ladyship desir'd,
 By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come

Count And he is welcome What! is this the
 man?

Mess Madam, it is
Count Is this the scourge of France?

Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
 That with his name the mothers still their babes?
 I see report is fabulous and false

I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
 A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
 And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs

Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf
 It cannot be this weak and writhled shrump
 Should strike such terror to his enemies

Tal Madam, I have been bold to trouble
 you,

But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
 I'll sort some other time to visit you

Count What means he now? Go ask him
 whither he goes

Mess Stay, my Lord Talbot, for my lady
 craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure
Tal Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
 I go to certify her Talbot's here

Re-enter Porter, with keys

Count If thou be he, then art thou prisoner
Tal Prisoner! to whom?

Count To me, blood-thirsty lord,
 And for that cause I train'd thee to my house

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to
 me,

For in my gallery thy picture hangs
 But now the substance shall endure the like,
 And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,

That hast by tyranny, these many years
 Wasted our country, slain our citizens
 And sent our sons and husbands captivate

Tal Ha, ha, ha!
Count Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth
 shall turn to moan

Tal I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
 To think that you have aught but Talbot's
 shadow,

Whereon to practise your severity

Count Why, art not thou the man?

Tal I am, indeed

Count Then have I substance too

Tal No, no, I am but shadow of myself
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here,
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,

Your roof were not sufficient to contain it
Count This is a riddling merchant for the
nonce,

He will be here, and yet he is not here

How can these contraries agree?

Tal That will I show you presently

He winds a horn Drums strike up a peal of
ordnance The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and
strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate

Count Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal Be not dismay'd, fair lady, nor miscon-
ster

The mind of Talbot as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body
What you have done hath not offended me,
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have,
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well

Count With all my heart, and think me
honoured

To feast so great a warrior in my house.
[Exeunt]

SCENE IV — London The Temple Garden

Enter the EARLS OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and
WARWICK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON,
and a Lawyer

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what
means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf Within the Temple hall we were too
loud

The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the
truth,

Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,

And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then,
between us

War Between two hawks, which flies the
higher pitch,

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper
mouth,

Between two blades, which bears the better
temper,

Between two horses which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,

I have perhaps, some shallow spirit of judg-
ment,

But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw

Plan Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbear-
ance

The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,

That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye
Plan Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath
to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,

And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,

From off this brier pluck a white rose with me
Som Let him that is no coward nor no flat-
terer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me

War I love no colours, and, without all
colour

Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf I pluck this red rose with young Somers-
et

And say withal I think he held the right.
Ver Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck
no more,

Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,

Shall yield the other in the right opinion
Som Good Master Vernon, it is well ob-
jected

If I have fewest I subscribe in silence.

Plan And I
Ver Then for the truth and plainness of the
case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, come on who else?
Law [To SOMERSET] Unless my study and
my books be false,

The argument you held was wrong in you,
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argu-
ment?

Som Here, in my scabbard, meditating
that

Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit
our roses,
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet, 64
'Tis nor for fear but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset? 65
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet? 69

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain
his truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses, 72

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,

I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy 76

Suf. Turn not thy scorns thus way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away! good William de la Pole.

We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will thou wrong'st him, Somerset 82

His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, King of England.

Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,

Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words 88

On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,

For treason executed in our late king's days?

And, by his treason stand'st not thou attained,

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood, 94

And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted.

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor,

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker Pole and you yourself, 100

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension.

Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still, 104

And know us by these colours for thy foes,

For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,

As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate, 108

Will I for ever and my faction wear,

Until it wither with me to my grave.

Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition 112

And so farewell until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard. [Exit.

Plan. How I am brav'd and must perforce endure it! 116

War. This blot that they object against your house.

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester,

And if thou be not then created York,

I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 120

Meantime in signal of my love to thee,

Against proud Somerset and William Pole,

Will I upon thy party wear this rose.

And here I prophesy this brawl to-day, 124

Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,

Shall send between the red rose and the white

A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you, 128

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still would I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir. 132

Come, let us four to dinner. I dare say

This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[Exeunt]

SCENE V—London A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair by two Gaolers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.

Even like a man new haled from the rack,

So fare my limbs with long imprisonment, 4

And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,

Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,

Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent, 8

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent,

Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,

And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine

That droops his sapless branches to the ground.

Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb, 13

Unable to support this lump of clay,

Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,

As witting I no other comfort have. 16

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

First Keeper. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come.

We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber,

And answer was return'd that he will come. 20

Mor. Enough, my soul shall then be satisfied.

Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.

Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,

Before whose glory I was great in arms, 24

This loathsome sequestration have I had,

And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,

Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.

But now the arbitrator of despairs, 28

Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,

With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.

I would his troubles likewise were expur'd,

That so he might recover what was lost. 32

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET

First Keep My lord, your loving nephew
now is come
Mor Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he
come?

Plan Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despoiled Richard, comes 36

Mor Direct mine arms I may embrace his
neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp

O! tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss 40
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great
stock,

Why didst thou say of late thou wert despoil'd?
Plan First, lean thine aged back against
mine arm,

And in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease. 44

This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me,
Among which terms he us'd a lavish tongue

And did upbraid me with my father's death 48
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet, 52

And for alliance sake, declare the cause

My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head

Mor That cause, fair nephew, that im-
prison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth 56

Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curs'd instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that
was,

For I am ignorant and cannot guess. 60

Mor I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,

Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son, 64
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent

During whose reign the Percies of the North,
Finding his usurpation most unjust, 68

Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this

Was, for that—young King Richard thus re-
mov'd,

Leaving no heir begotten of his body— 72
I was the next by birth and parentage,
For by my mother I deriv'd am

From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third, whereas he 76

From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.

But mark as, in this haughty great attempt
They labour'd to plant the rightful heir, 80

I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth

Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd 84

From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,

Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem 88

And have install'd me in the diadem,

But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd. 92

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the
last.

Mor True, and thou seest that I no issue
have,

And that my fainting words do warrant death
Thou art my heir, the rest I wish thee gather 96

But yet be wary in thy studious care.
Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with
me.

But yet methinks my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny 100

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.

But now thy uncle is removing hence, 104
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O uncle! would some part of my young
years

Might but redeem the passage of your age 108
Mor Thou dost then wrong me,—as the
slaughterer doth,

Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.—
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good,

Only give order for my funeral 112
And so farewell, and far be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war!

[*Dies*
Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting
soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage, 116
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast,
And what I do imagine let that rest.

Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself 120
Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out the body*
of MORTIMER

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort

And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries, 124
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress,

And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood, 128

Or make my ill the advantage of my good.
[*Exit*

ACT III

SCENE I—London. The Parliament House

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and Others. GLOUCESTER offers to put up a bill. WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated
lines,

With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,

Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge, 4
Do it without invention, suddenly,

As I, with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object

Glo Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me
Think not, although in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able

Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen
No, prelate, such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissention pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride

Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace,
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems

A man of thy profession and degree,
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?

In that thou laud'st a trap to take my life
As well at London Bridge as at the Tower

Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sov'reign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart

Win Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords,
vouchsafe

To give me hearing what I shall reply
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,

As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance

Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace

More than I do, except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends

It is not that that hath incens'd the duke
It is, because no one should sway but he,
No one but he should be about the king,

And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth

But he shall know I am as good—
Glo As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!
Win Ay, lordly sir, for what are you, I pray,

But one imperious in another's throne?
Glo Am I not protector, saucy priest?

Win And am not I a prelate of the church?
Glo Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,

And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win Unreverent Gloucester!

Glo Thou art reverent,
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life

Win Rome shall remedy this.
War Roam thither then

Som My lord, it were your duty to forbear
War Ay, see the bishop be not overborne

Som Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War Methinks his lordship should be
humbler,

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead
Som Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so

near.
War State holy, or unhallow'd, what of

that?
Is not his Grace protector to the king?

Plan [Aside] Plantagenet, I see, must hold
his tongue,

Let it be said, 'Speak, surrah, when you should,

Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
Else would I have a flogging at Winchester

K Hen Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,

The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

To join your hearts in love and amity
O! what a scandal is it to our crown,

That two such noble peers as ye should jar
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell

Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth

[A noise within] 'Down with the tawny coats!'
What tumult's this?

War An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men

[A noise again within] 'Stones! Stones!'
Enter the Mayor of London, attended

May O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!

The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,

Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones,
And banding themselves in contrary parts

Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd

out
Our windows are broke down in every street,

And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops
Enter, skirmishing, the Serving-men of GLOUCESTER and WINCHESTER, with bloody pates

K Hen We charge you, on allegiance to
ourselves,

To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the
peace—

Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife
First Serv Nay, if we be forbidden stones,

we'll fall to it with our teeth
Sec Serv Do what ye dare, we are as

resolute [Skirmish again]
Glo You of my household, leave this peevish

broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside

Third Serv My lord, we know your Grace to
be a man

Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty,

And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,

To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,

And have our bodies slaught'ring by thy foes
First Serv Ay, and the very parings of our

nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead

[Skirmish again]
Glo Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while

K Hen O! how this discord doth afflict my
soul!

Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?

Who should be pitiful if you be not?

Or who should study to prefer a peace
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War Yield, my Lord Protector, yield, Winchester, 112

Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sov'reign and destroy the realm
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity 116
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win He shall submit or I will never yield.
Glo Compassion on the king commands me stoop,

Or I would see his heart out ere the priest 120
Should ever get that privilege of me

War Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothened brows it doth appear 124
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glo Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand
K Hen Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin, 128
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird

For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent! 132
What! shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee,

Love for thy love and hand for hand I give
Glo [Aside] Ay, but I fear me, with a hollow heart. 136

See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce,

Between ourselves and all our followers.
So help me God, as I dissemble not! 140

Win [Aside] So help me God, as I intend it not!

K Hen O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,

How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters! trouble us no more, 144

But join in friendship, as your lords have done
First Serv Content! I'll to the surgeon's

Sec Serv And so will I
Thrd Serv And I will see what physic the tavern affords

[Exeunt Mayor, Serving-men, &c
War Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign, 148

Which in the night of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty

Glo Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick for, sweet prince,

As if your Grace mark every circumstance, 152
You have great reason to do Richard right,
Especially for those occasions

At Eltham-place I told your majesty
K Hen And those occasions, uncle, were of force 156

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War Let Richard be restored to his blood,
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd. 160

Win As will the rest, so willethe Winchester
K Hen If Richard will be true, not that alone,

But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York, 164
From whence you spring by lineal descent

Plan Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service till the point of death

K Hen Stoop then and set your knee against my foot, 168

And, in requerdon of that duty done
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York 172

Plan And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!

And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York! 176

Som [Aside] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!

Glo Now, will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France

The presence of a king engenders love 180
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies

K Hen When Gloucester says the word,
King Henry goes,

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes 184
Glo Your ships already are in readiness

[Flourish Exeunt all except EXETER.
Exe Ay, we may march in England or in France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers

Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love
And will at last break out into a flame

As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away, 192

So will this base and envious discord breed
And now I fear that fatal prophecy

Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe, 196

That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all

Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time 200

[Exit

SCENE II — France Before Roan

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, disguised, and Soldiers dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon their backs

Joan These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,

Through which our policy must make a breach
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,

Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men 4
That come to gather money for their corn.

If we have entrance,—as I hope we shall,—
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,

I'll by a sign give notice to our friends, 8
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them

First Sold Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,

And we be lords and rulers over Roan.
 Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks
Guard [Within.] *Qui est là?* 13
Joan. *Pasans, pauvres gens de France*
 Poor market-folks that come to sell their corn.
Guard [Opening the gates.] Enter, go in, the
 market-bell is rung 16
Joan. Now, Roan, I'll shake thy bulwarks
 to the ground
 [JOAN LA PUCELLE, &c, enter the city]

*Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS,
 ALENÇON, and Forces*

Char Saint Denis bless this happy strata-
 gem!
 And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.
Bast Here enter'd Pucelle and her prac-
 tisans, 20
 Now she is there how will she specify
 Where is the best and safest passage in?
Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder
 tower,
 Which, once discern'd, shows that her mean-
 ing is, 24
 No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

*Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE on a battlement, holding
 out a torch burning*

Joan Behold! this is the happy wedding
 torch
 That joineth Roan unto her countrymen, 27
 But burning fatal to the Talbotites! [Exit
Bast See, noble Charles, the beacon of our
 friend,
 The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Char Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
 A prophet to the fall of all our foes! 32
Alen. Defer no time, delays have dangerous
 ends,
 Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently,
 And then do execution on the watch

[They enter the town]

Alarum. Enter TALBOT in an Excursion

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with
 thy tears, 36
 If Talbot but survive thy treachery
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
 Hath wrought this helish mischief unawares,
 That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. 40
 [Exit]

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter from the town, BED-
 FORD, brought in sick in a chair. Enter TALBOT
 and BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then,
 enter on the walls, JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES,
 the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and
 Others*

Joan. Good morrow, gallants! Want ye
 corn for bread?
 I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
 Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
 'Twas full of darnel do you like the taste? 44
Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless
 courtizan!
 I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,

And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Char Your Grace may starve perhaps, be-
 fore that time. 48
Bed. O! let no words, but deeds, revenge this
 treason!
Joan What will you do, good grey-beard?
 break a lance,
 And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal Foul fiend of France, and hag of all
 despite, 52

Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
 Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age
 And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again, 56
 Or else let Talbot perish with this shame
Joan Are you so hot, sir? Yet, Pucelle, hold
 thy peace,

If Talbot do but thunder, ram will follow
 [TALBOT and the rest consult together
 God speed the parliament! who shall be the
 speaker? 60
Tal Dare ye come forth and meet us in the
 field?
Joan Belike your lordship takes us then for
 fools,

To try if that our own be ours or no
Tal I speak not to that railing Hecate, 64
 But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest,
 Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior, no
Tal Signior, hang! base muleters of
 France! 68

Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
 And dare not take up arms like gentlemen
Joan Away, captains! let's get us from the
 walls,
 For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks 72
 God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell
 you
 That we are here

[Exeunt JOAN LA PUCELLE, &c,
 from the Walls]

Tal And there will we be too, ere it be long,
 Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame! 76
 Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,—
 Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in
 France,—
 Either to get the town again, or die,
 And I, as sure as English Henry lives, 80
 And as his father here was conqueror,
 As sure as in this late-betrayed town
 Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
 So sure I swear to get the town or die 84
Bur My vows are equal partners with thy
 vows.

Tal But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
 The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
 We will bestow you in some better place, 88
 Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me
 Here will I sit before the walls of Roan,
 And will be partner of your weal or woe 92
Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now per-
 suade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence, for once I
 read,

That stout Pendragon in his litter, sick,
Came to the field and vanquished his foes 96
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself

Tal Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so heavens keep old Bedford
safe! 100

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy
[*Exeunt all but BEDFORD and Attendants*]

Alarum *Excursions, in one of which, enter SIR
JOHN FASTOLFE and a Captain.*

Cap Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in
such haste? 104

Fast Whither away! to save myself by flight
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap What! will you fly, and leave Lord
Talbot?

Fast Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life

Cap Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow
thee! [*Exit*]

Retreat *Excursions* *Re-enter, from the town,
JOAN LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c.,
and exeunt, flying*

Bed Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven
please, 110

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They, that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his char*]

Alarum *Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY,
and Others*

Tal Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy 116

Yet heavens have glory for this victory!
Bur Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy

Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monument 120

Tal Thanks, gentle duke. But where is
Pucelle now?

I think her old familiar is asleep
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles
his gleeks?

What! all amott? Roan hangs her head for
grief, 124

That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king, 128

For there young Henry with his nobles lie.
Bur What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Bur-

gundy
Tal But yet, before we go, let's not forget

The noble Duke of Bedford late deceas'd, 132
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan

A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court,

But kings and mightiest potentates must die, 136
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Plains near Roan.*

*Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALEN-
ÇON, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and Forces*

Joan Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied. 4

Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail,

We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd 8

Char We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence

One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
Bast Search out thy wit for secret policies,

And we will make thee famous through the
world 13

Alen We'll set thy statue in some holy place
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint

Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our
good 16

Joan Then thus it must be, this doth Joan
devise

By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy

To leave the Talbot and to follow us 20
Char Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do

that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors,

Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirp'd from our provinces 24

Alen For ever should they be expuls'd from
France,

And not have title of an earldom here
Joan Your honours shall perceive how I

will work
To bring this matter to the wished end 28

[*Drums heard afar off*]
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive

Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

*Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass
over, TALBOT and his Forces*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him. 32

*A French march. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY
and his Forces*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.

Summon a parley, we will talk with him.
[*A parley*]

Char A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!
Bur Who craves a parley with the Bur-

gundy? 37
Joan The princely Charles of France, thy

countryman.
Bur What sayst thou, Charles? for I am

Marching hence.
Char Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with

thy words. 40
Joan Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of

France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur Speak on, but be not over-tedious
Joan Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
 And see the cities and the towns defac'd 44
 By wasting ruin of the cruel foe
 As looks the mother on her lowly babe
 When death doth close his tender dying eyes, 48
 See, see the pining malady of France,
 Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds
 Which thou thyself hast giv'n her woeful breast
 O! turn thy edged sword another way, 52
 Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help
 One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom,
 Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore 55
 Return thee therefore, with a flood of tears,
 And wash away thy country's stained spots
Bur Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
 Or nature makes me suddenly relent.
Joan Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee, 60
 Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny
 Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation
 That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
 When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
 And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill, 65
 Who then but English Henry will be lord,
 And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
 Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
 Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe,
 And was he not in England prisoner?
 But when they heard he was thine enemy,
 They set him free, without his ransom paid, 72
 In spite of Burgundy and all his friends
 See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen!
 And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
 Come, come, return, return, thou wand'ring lord, 76
 Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.
Bur I am vanquished, these haughty words of hers
 Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
 And made me almost yield upon my knees 80
 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
 And lords, accept this hearty kind embrace
 My forces and my power of men are yours.
 So, farewell, Talbot, I'll no longer trust thee.
Joan Done like a Frenchman turn, and turn again! 85
Char Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh
Bast And doth beget new courage in our breasts
Alen Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this, 88
 And doth deserve a coronet of gold
Char Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers
 And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt

SCENE IV — Paris A Room in the Palace

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER, VERNON, BASSET, and Others To them with his Soldiers, TALBOT
Tal My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
 Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
 I have a while giv'n truce unto my wars,
 To do my duty to my sovereign 4
 In sign whereof, this arm,—that hath reclaim'd
 To your obedience fifty fortresses,
 Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
 Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,— 8
 Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet, [Kneels
 And with submissive loyalty of heart,
 Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
 First to my God, and next unto your Grace 12
K Hen Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
 That hath so long been resident in France?
Glo Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege
K Hen Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord! 16
 When I was young,—as yet I am not old,—
 I do remember how my father said,
 A stouter champion never handled sword
 Long since we were resolved of your truth, 20
 Your faithful service and your toil in war,
 Yet never have you tasted our reward,
 Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
 Because till now we never saw your face 24
 Therefore, stand up, and for these good deserts,
 We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury,
 And in our coronation take your place
 [Flourish Exeunt all but VERNON and BASSET
Ver Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea, 28
 Disgracing of these colours that I wear
 In honour of my noble Lord of York,
 Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st? 32
Bas Yes, sir as well as you dare patronage
 The envious barking of your saucy tongue
 Against my lord the Duke of Somerset
Ver Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is
Bas Why, what is he? as good a man as York. 36
Ver Hark ye, not so in witness, take ye that. [Strikes him
Bas Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
 That, whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
 Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood. 40
 But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
 I may have liberty to vengeance wrong;
 When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.
Ver Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you, 44
 And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I—Paris A Room of State

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, the Governor of Paris, and Others

Glo Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win God save King Henry, of that name the sixth.

Glo Now, Governor of Paris, take your oath,—

[Governor kneels]
That you elect no other king but him, 4
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God! 8
[Exeunt Governor and his Train]

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE

Fast My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,

To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace from the Duke of Burgundy
Tal Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee! 13

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,

[Plucking it off]
Which I have done, because unworthily 16
Thou wast installed in that high degree.

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,

When but in all I was six thousand strong, 20
And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men,
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside, 25

Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss,

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear 28
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no?

Glo To say the truth, this fact was infamous
And ill beseeeming any common man,

Much more a knight, a captain and a leader 32
Tal When first this order was ordain'd, my

lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,

Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars, 36

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes

He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight, 40

Profaning this most honourable order,
And should—if I were worthy to be judge—

Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood 44

K Hen Stain to thy countrymen! thou
hearest thy doom.

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight,
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death

[Exit FASTOLFE.]

And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter 48
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy

Glo [Viewing superscription] What means
his Grace, that he hath chang'd his style?

No more, but plain and bluntly, *To the King!*
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign? 52

Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's here? *I have, upon especial cause,*
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,

Together with the pitiful complaints 57
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,

Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of

France 60
O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so,

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling

guile?
K Hen What! doth my uncle Burgundy
revolt? 64

Glo He doth, my lord, and is become your
foe

K Hen Is that the worst this letter doth
contain? 68

Glo It is the worst, and all, my lord, he
writes

K Hen Why then, Lord Talbot there shall
talk with him, 72

And give him chastisement for this abuse
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal Content, my liege! Yes but that I am
prevented,

I should have begg'd I might have been em-
ploy'd. 76

K Hen Then gather strength, and march
unto him straight

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends

Tal I go, my lord, in heart desiring still 76
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit]

Enter VERNON and BASSET

Ver Grant me the combat, gracious sove-
reign! 80

Bas And me, my lord, grant me the combat
too! 84

York This is my servant hear him, noble
prince! 88

Som And this is mine sweet Henry, favour
him!

K Hen Be patient, lords, and give them
leave to speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with

whom? 84
Ver With him, my lord, for he hath done
me wrong

Bas And I with him, for he hath done me
wrong

K Hen What is that wrong whereof you
both complain? 88

First let me know, and then I'll answer you. 88
Bas Crossing the sea from England into

France, 92
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,

Upbraided me about the rose I wear,
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves 92
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him, 96
With other vile and ignominious terms
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms 100

Ver And that is my petition, noble lord
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him, 104
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart

York Will not this malice, Somerset, be
left? 108

Som Your private grudge, my Lord of York,
will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it
K Hen Good Lord! what madness rules in
brain-sick men,

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause, 112
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace

York Let this dissension first be tried by
fight, 116

And then your highness shall command a peace
Som The quarrel toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.

York There is my pledge, accept it, Somers-
set. 120

Ver Nay, let it rest where it began at first
Bas Confirm it so, mine honourable lord

Glo Confirm it so! Confounded be your
strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate! 124
Presumptuous vassals! are you not ashamed,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?—
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well 128
To bear with their perverse objections,
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves

Let me persuade you take a better course. 132
Exe It grieves his highness good my lords,
be friends.

K Hen Come hither, you that would be
combatants.

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause 136
And you, my lords, remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wav'ring nation.

If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree, 140
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!

Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified 144
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility

Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of
France!

O! think upon the conquest of my father, 148
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife
I see no reason, if I wear this rose, 152

[*Putting on a red rose*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York

Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,

Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd
But your discretions better can persuade

Than I am able to instruct or teach
And therefore, as we hither came in peace, 160
So let us still continue peace and love

Cousin of York, we institute your Grace
To be our regent in these parts of France

And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite 164
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot,
And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together and digest

Your angry choler on your enemies 168
Ourself, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite will return to Calais,

From thence to England, where I hope ere
long

To be presented by your victories, 172
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous
rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but YORK, WARWICK,*
EXETER, and VERNON

War My Lord of York, I promise you, the
king

Prettily, methought, did play the orator
York And so he did, but yet I like it not,

In that he wears the badge of Somerset 177
War Tush! that was but his fancy, blame
him not,

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no
harm

York An if I wist he did,—But let it rest,
Other affairs must now be managed 181

[*Exeunt YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON*
Exe Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress
thy voice,

For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there

More rancorous spite, more furious raging
broils,

Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees

This jarring discord of nobility, 188
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.

'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands,
But more, when envy breeds unkind division

There comes the rum, there begins confusion.
[*Exit*

SCENE II.—*Before Bourdeaux*
Enter TALBOT, with his Forces

Tal Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trum-
peter,

Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley Enter, on the Walls, the General of the French Forces, and Others
 English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
 Servant in arms to Harry King of England, 4
 And thus he would Open your city gates,
 Be humble to us, call my sov'reign yours,
 And do him homage as obedient subjects,
 And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power, 8
 But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing
 fire,

Who in a moment even with the earth 12
 Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
 If you forsake the offer of their love
Gen Thou ominous and fearful owl of
 death,

Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge! 16
 The period of thy tyranny approacheth
 On us thou canst not enter but by death,
 For, I protest, we are well fortified,
 And strong enough to issue out and fight 20
 If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee
 On either hand thee there are squadrons
 pitch'd,

To wall thee from the liberty of fight, 24
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
 To rive their dangerous artillery 29
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot
 Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant
 man,

Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit 32
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,
 That I, thy enemy, 'due thee withal,
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of his sandy hour, 36
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead

[Drum afar off]
 Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning
 bell,

Sings heavy music to thy tumorous soul, 40
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exeunt General, &c., from the Walls]
Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their
 wings.

O! negligent and heedless discipline, 44
 How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
 A little herd of England's tumorous deer,
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
 If we be English deer be then, in blood, 48
 Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
 But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay 52
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends
 God and Saint George, Talbot and England's
 right,

Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! 56
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III —Plans in Gascony

*Enter YORK, with Forces to him a
 Messenger*

York Are not the speedy scouts return'd
 again,

That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess They are return'd, my lord and give
 it out,

That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
 To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along, 5
 By your espials were discovered

Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
 Which join'd with him and made their march
 for Bourdeaux. 8

York A plague upon that villain Somerset,
 That thus delays my promised supply

Of horsemen that were levied for this siege!

Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid, 12

And I am louted by a traitor villain,

And cannot help the noble chevalier

God comfort him in this necessity!

If he miscarry, farewell wars in France. 16

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY

Lucy Thou princely leader of our English
 strength,

Never so needful on the earth of France,

Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,

Who now is girdled with a waist of iron 20

And hemm'd about with grim destruction.

To Bourdeaux, war-like duke! To Bourdeaux,
 York!

Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's
 honour

York O God! that Somerset, who in proud
 heart 24

Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!

So should we save a valiant gentleman

By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.

Mad ire and wrathful fury, make me weep 28

That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy O! send some succour to the dis-
 tress'd lord.

York He dies we lose, I break my war-like
 word,

We mourn, France smiles, we lose, they daily
 get, 32

All along of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy Then God take mercy on brave Tal-
 bot's soul,

And on his son young John, whom two hours
 since

I met in travel toward his war-like father 36

Thus seven years did not Talbot see his son,

And now they meet where both their lives are
 done

York Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot
 have,

To bid his young son welcome to his grave? 40

Away! vexation almost stops my breath

That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.

Lucy, farewell no more my fortune can,

But curse the cause I cannot aid the man. 44

Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won
 away,

'Long all of Somerset and his delay

Lucy Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglecton doth betray to loss 49
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth, whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all hurry to loss 53
[Exit

SCENE IV —Other Plains in Gascony

Enter SOMERSET, with his Army, a Captain of
TALBOT'S with him.

Som It is too late, I cannot send them now
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town 4
Be buckled with the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure
York set him on to fight and die in shame, 8
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the
name

Cap Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY

Som How now, Sir William! whither were
you sent? 12

Lucy Whither, my lord? from bought and
sold Lord Talbot

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions
And whiles the honourable captain there 17
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's
honour, 20

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman, 24
Yields up his life unto a world of odds

Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reigner, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default 28

Som York set him on, York should have
sent him aid

Lucy And York as fast upon your Grace
exclaims,

Swearing that you withhold his levied host
Collected for this expedition. 32

Som York lies, he might have sent and had
the horse

I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending

Lucy The fraud of England, not the force
of France, 36

Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot.
Never to England shall he bear his life

But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife
Som Come, go, I will dispatch the horse-
men straight 40

Within six hours they will be at his aid

Lucy Too late comes rescue he is ta'en or
slain,

For fly he could not if he would have fled,
And fly would Talbot never, though he might 44

Som If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!
Lucy His fame lives in the world, his shame
in you. [Exeunt

SCENE V —The English Camp near
Bordeaux

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son

Tal O young John Talbot! I did send for
thee

To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd

When sapless age, and weak unable limbs 4
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!

Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavowed danger 8

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest
horse,

And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight come, dally not, be gone

John Is my name Talbot? and am I your
son? 12

And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,

To make a bastard and a slave of me
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood 16

That basely fled when noble Talbot stood
Tal Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John He that flies so will ne'er return again
Tal If we both stay, we both are sure to die

John Then let me stay, and, father, do you
fly 21

Your loss is great, so your regard should be,
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me

Upon my death the French can little boast, 24
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost

Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will that no exploit have done

You fled for vantage everyone will swear, 28
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear

There is no hope that ever I will stay
If the first hour I shrink and run away

Here, on my knee, I beg mortality, 32
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy

Tal Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one
tomb?

John Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's
womb

Tal Upon my blessing I command thee go
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.
John No part of him but will be shame in me

Tal Thou never hadst renown, nor canst
not lose it 40

John. Yes, your renowned name shall flight
abuse it?

Tal Thy father's charge shall clear thee from
that stain.

John You cannot witness for me, being
slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly 44

Tal And leave my followers here to fight
and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame
John And shall my youth be guilty of such
blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side 48
Than can yourself in twain divide.
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I,
For live I will not if my father die

Tal Then here I take my leave of thee, fair
son, 52
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon
Come, side by side together live and die,
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly

SCENE VI.—A Field of Battle

*Alarum Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is
hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.*

Tal Saint George and victory! fight, sol-
diers, fight!

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy
breath 4

I gave thee life and rescu'd thee from death
John O! twice my father, twice am I thy
son

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,
Till with thy war-like sword, despite of fate, 8
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date

Tal When from the Dauphin's crest thy
sword struck fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory Then leaden age, 12
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and war-like
rage,

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee
The treful bastard Orleans,—that drew blood 16

From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight,—I soon encountered

And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood, and, in disgrace, 20
Bespoke him thus, 'Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,

Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of
mine

Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave
boy ' 24

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue Speak, thy father's care,

Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly, 28

Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead,
The help of one stands me in little stead.

O! too much folly is it, well I wot, 32
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age

By me they nothing gain an if I stay, 36
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's
fame.

All these and more we hazard by thy stay, 40
All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away

John The sword of Orleans hath not made
me smart,

These words of yours draw life-blood from my
heart.

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame, 45

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!

And like me to the peasant boys of France, 48
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!

Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son

Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot, 52
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal Then follow thou thy desperate sire of
Crete,

Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side, 56

And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.
[Exeunt

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Field

*Alarum Excursions Enter Old TALBOT,
wounded, led by a Servant.*

Tal Where is my other life?—mine own is
gone,—

O! where's your young Talbot? where is valiant
John?

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee

When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,

And like a hungry lion did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience, 8

But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,

Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start 12

Into the clust'ring battle of the French,
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench

His overmounting spirit, and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride. 16

*Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of
Young TALBOT*

Serv O, my dear lord! lo, where your son is
borne!

Tal Thou antick, death, which laugh'st us
here to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, 20

Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality

O! thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd
death,

Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath, 24
Brave death by speaking whe'r he will of no,
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.

Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should
say,

Had death been French, then death had died
to-day 28

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms.

My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's
grave. [Dies]

Alarums *Exeunt* Soldiers and Servant, leaving
the two bodies *Enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON,
BURGUNDY, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, JOAN
LA PUCELLE, and Forces

Char Had York and Somerset brought rescue
in

We should have found a bloody day of this
Bast How the young whelp of Talbot's,
raging-wood, 35
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
Joan Once I encounter'd him, and thus I
said

"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid"
But with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus "Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench." 41
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur Doubtless he would have made a noble
knight, 44

See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms

Bast Hew them to pieces, hack their bones
asunder,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder 48

Char O, no! forbear, for that which we
have fled

During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended a French
Herald preceding

Lucy Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's
tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char On what submissive message art thou
sent? 53

Lucy Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere
French word,

We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast
ta'en, 56

And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our
prison is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Vahant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury? 62

Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and
Valence,

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchmfield, 64

Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of
Alton,

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of
Sheffield,

The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the noble order of Saint George, 68

Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece,
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth

Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Joan Here is a silly stately style indeed! 72
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.

Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet. 76

Lucy Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only
scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O! were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,

That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O! that I could but call these dead to life! 81

It were enough to fright the realm of France
Were but his picture left among you here

It would amaze the proudest of you all. 84

Give me their bodies, that I may bear them
hence,

And give them burial as becometh their worth.
Joan I think this upstart is old Talbot's
ghost,

He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em, to keep them
here 89

They would but stink and putrefy the air
Char Go, take their bodies hence

Lucy I'll bear them hence
But from their ashes shall be rear'd 92

A phoenix that shall make all France afraid
Char So we be rid of them, do with 'em what
thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein
All will be ours now bloody Talbot's slain 96

[Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I.—London A Room in the Palace

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER.

K Hen Have you perus'd the letters from
the pope,

The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?
Glo I have, my lord, and their intent is this

They humbly sue unto your excellence 4
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France

K Hen How doth your Grace affect their
motion?

Glo Well, my good lord, and as the only
means 8

To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And establish quietness on every side

K Hen Ay, marry, uncle; for I always
thought

It was both impious and unnatural 12
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity, 16

The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,

Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry

K Hen Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are
young, 21

And fitter is my study and my books

Than wanton dalliance with a paramour
Yet call the ambassadors, and, as you please, 24
So let them have their answers every one
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

*Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with
WINCHESTER, now CARDINAL BEAUFORT, and
habited accordingly*

*Exe [Aside] What! is my Lord of Winchester
install'd,* 28

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
'If once he come to be a cardinal,' 32
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown

K Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several
suits

Have been consider'd, and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable 36
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France 40
Glo And for the proffer of my lord your
master,

I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,— 44
He doth intend she shall be England's queen

K Hen. [To the Ambassador] In argument
and proof of which contract,

Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded, 48
And safely brought to Dover, where unshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea

[*Exeunt KING HENRY and Train GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and Ambassadors*]

Win Stay, my lord legate you shall first
receive

The sum of money which I promised 52
Should be deliver'd to his holiness

For clothing me in these grave ornaments
Leg I will attend upon your lordship's
leisure

Win [Aside] Now Winchester will not sub-
mit, I trow, 56

Or be inferior to the proudest peer
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well per-
ceive

That neither in birth or for authority
The bishop will be overborne by thee 60
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II—France Plains in Anyou

*Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, JOAN LA
PUCELLE, and Forces, marching*

Char These news, my lord, may cheer our
drooping spirits,

'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the war-like French

Alen. Then, march to Paris, royal Charles of
France, 4

And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Joan. Peace be amongst them if they turn
to us,
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Scout Success unto our valiant general, 8
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char What tidings send our scouts? I
prithce speak.

Scout The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one, 12
And means to give you battle presently

Char Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warn-
ing is

But we will presently provide for them.
Bur I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there

Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear
Joan Of all base passions, fear is most
accurs'd.

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be
thine,
Let Henry fret and all the world repine. 20

Char Then on, my lords, and France be
fortunate! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III—France Before Angiers.

Alarum Excursions Enter JOAN LA PUELLE

Joan. The regent conquers and the French-
men fly

Now help, ye charming spells and periapts,
And ye choice spirits that admonish me
And give me signs of future accidents 4

[*Thunder*]
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me 9

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field

[*They walk, and speak not*]
O! hold me not with silence over-long 13
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off and give it you.

In earnest of a further benefit, 16
So you do condescend to help me now

[*They hang their heads*]
No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads*]
Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice 20
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?

Then take my soul, my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart*]
See! they forsake me Now the time is come, 24
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.

My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with 28
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[*Exit.*]

Alarum Enter French and English fighting
JOAN LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand
JOAN LA PUCELLE is taken The French fly

York Damsel of France, I think I have you fast

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
 And try if they can gain your liberty 32
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!

See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
 As if with Circe she would change my shape

Joan Chang'd to a worse shape thou canst not be

York O! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man,

No shape but his can please your daunt eye
Joan A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd 40
 By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!

Joan I prithee, give me leave to curse a while

York Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake [Exeunt]

Alarum Enter SUFFOLK, with MARGARET in his hand

Suf Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner [Gazes on her]

O fairest beauty! do not fear nor fly,
 For I will touch thee but with reverent hands

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace, 48
 And lay them gently on thy tender side

What art thou? say, that I may honour thee
Mar Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,

The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art 52
Suf An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd

Be not offended, nature's miracle
 Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save, 56
 Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings

Yet if this servile usage once offend,
 Go and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[She turns away as going]
 O stay! I have no power to let her pass, 60
 My hand would free her, but my heart says no

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
 Twinking another counterfeited beam,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes 64
 Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak

I'll call for pen and ink and write my mind.
 Fie, De la Pole! disable not thyself,

Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner? 68

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
 Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such

Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough

Mar Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,— 72

What ransom must I pay before I pass?
 For I perceive, I am thy prisoner

Suf [Aside] How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love? 76

Mar Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf [Aside] She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd,

She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no? 80

Suf [Aside] Fond man! remember that thou hast a wife,

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

Mar I were best to leave him, for he will not hear

Suf [Aside] There all is marr'd, there lies a cooling card 84

Mar He talks at random, sure, the man is mad

Suf [Aside] And yet a dispensation may be had

Mar And yet I would that you would answer me

Suf [Aside] I'll win this Lady Margaret For whom? 88

Why, for my king tush! that's a wooden thing
Mar [Overhearing him] He talks of wood

it is some carpenter

Suf [Aside] Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
 And peace established between these realms. 92

But there remains a scruple in that too,
 For though her father be the King of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
 And our nobility will scorn the match 96

Mar Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf [Aside] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much

Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.
 Madam I have a secret to reveal 100

Mar [Aside] What though I be enthrall'd? he seems . . . night,

And will not any way dishonour me
Suf Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say

Mar [Aside] Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French, 104

And then I need not crave his courtesy
Suf Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar Tush, women have been captivate ere now

Suf Lady, wherefore talk you so? 108

Mar I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid pro quo*

Suf Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose

Your bondage happy to be made a queen?

Mar To be a queen in bondage is more vile
 Than is a slave in base servility, 112

For princes should be free
Suf And so shall you,

If happy England's royal king be free
Mar Why, what concerns his freedom unto me? 116

Suf I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,

To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
 And set a precious crown upon thy head,

If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?

Suf His love 120
Mar I am unworthy to be Henry's wife
Suf No, gentle madam, I unworthy am
 To woo so fair a dame to be his wife
 And have no portion in the choice myself 124
How say you, madam, are you so content?
Mar An if my father please, I am content
Suf Then call our captains and our colours
 forth!

And madam, at your father's castle walls 128
 We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward*]

A Parley sounded Enter REIGNIER on the Walls

Suf See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner!
Reig To whom?

Suf To me
Reig Suffolk, what remedy?
 I am a soldier, and unapt to weep, 132
 Or to exclaim on Fortune's fickleness

Suf Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord
 Consent, and for thy honour, give consent,
 Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king, 136
 Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto,
 And thus her easy-held imprisonment
 Hath gam'd thy daughter princely liberty

Reig Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf Fair Margaret knows 140
 That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Reig Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
 To give thee answer of thy just demand

[*Exit from the walls*]

Suf And here I will expect thy coming 144
Trumpets sound Enter REIGNIER, below

Reig Welcome, brave earl, into our territories

Command in Anjou what your honour pleases
Suf Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a
 child,

Fit to be made companion with a king 148
 What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?
Reig Since thou dost deign to woo her little
 worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord,
 Upon condition I may quietly 152
 Enjoy mine own, the county Maine and Anjou,
 Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
 My daughter shall be Henry's if he please

Suf That is her ransom, I deliver her, 156
 And those two counties I will undertake
 Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy

Reig And I again, in Henry's royal name,
 As deputy unto that gracious king, 160
 Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith

Suf Reignier of France, I give thee kingly
 thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king
 [*Aside*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content 164

To be mine own attorney in this case
 I'll over then, to England with this news,
 And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
 So farewell, Reignier set this diamond safe,
 In golden palaces, as it becomes 169

Reig I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
 The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar Farewell, my lord. Good wishes,
 praise, and prayers 172
 Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret [*Going*]
Suf Farewell, sweet madam! but hark you,

Margaret,
 No princely commendations 'o my king?
Mar Such commendations as become a
 maid, 176

A virgin, and his servant, say to him
Suf Words sweetly plac'd and modestly
 directed.

But madam, I must trouble you again,
 No loving token to his majesty? 180

Mar Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted
 heart,

Never yet tam'd with love, I send the king
Suf And thus withal [*Kisses her*]

Mar That for thyself I will not so presume,
 To send such peevish tokens to a king 185

[*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET*]

Suf O! wert thou for myself! But Suffolk,
 stay,

Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth,
 There Minotaur and ugly treasons lurk 188

Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise
 Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount
 And natural graces that extinguish art,

Repeat their semblance often on the seas, 192
 That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
 Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder

[*Exit*]

SCENE IV — *Camp of the DUKE OF YORK, in Anjou*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others

York Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd
 to burn.

*Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, guarded and a
 Shepherd*

Shep Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart
 outright

Have I sought every country far and near,
 And, now it is my chance to find thee out, 4
 Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?

Ah, Joan! sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with
 thee

Joan Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
 I am descended of a gentler blood 8

Thou art no father nor no friend of mine
Shep Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis
 not so,

I did beget her, all the parish knows
 Her mother liveth yet, can testify 12

She was the first fruit of my bachelorship
War Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parent-
 age?

York This argues what her kind of life hath
 been

Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes. 16
Shep Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!

God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,
 And for thy sake have I shed many a tear

Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan 20

Joan Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd
 this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth
Shep 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
 The morn that I was wedded to her mother 24
 Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
 Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
 Of thy nativity! I would the milk
 Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her
 breast, 28
 Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
 Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field
 I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
 Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab? 32
 O! burn her, burn her! hanging is too good

York Take her away, for she hath liv'd too
 long,

To fill the world with vicious qualities
Joan First, let me tell you whom you have
 condemn'd 36

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
 But issu'd from the progeny of kings,
 Virtuous and holy, chosen from above,
 By inspiration of celestial grace, 40
 To work exceeding miracles on earth.
 I never had to do with wicked spirits
 But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
 Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents, 44
 Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices —
 Because you want the grace that others have,
 You judge it straight a thing impossible
 To compass wonders but by help of devils 48
 No misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
 A virgin from her tender infancy,
 Chaste and immaculate in very thought,
 Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd, 52
 Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven

York Ay, ay away with her to execution!
War And hark ye, sirs, because she is a
 maid,

Spare for no fagots, let there be enow
 Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake, 56
 That so her torture may be shortened

Joan Will nothing turn your unrelenting
 hearts?

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity, 60
 That warranteth by law to be thy privilege
 I am with child, ye bloody homicides
 Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
 Although ye hale me to a violent death 64

York Now, heaven forefend! the holy maid
 with child!

War The greatest miracle that e'er ye
 wrought!

Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York She and the Dauphin have been juggling 68

I did imagine what would be her refuge
War Well, go to, we will have no bastards
 live,

Especially since Charles must father it.

Joan You are deceiv'd, my child is none of
 his 72

It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love

York Alençon! that notorious Machiavell!
 It dies an if it had a thousand lives

Joan O! give me leave, I have deluded you

'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
 But Reigmer, King of Naples, that prevail'd
War A married man that's most intoler-
 able

York Why, here's a girl! I think she knows
 not well, 80

There were so many, whom she may accuse
War It's sign she hath been liberal and free

York And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure
 Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain 85

Joan Then lead me hence, with whom I
 leave my curse

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
 Upon the country where you make abode, 88

But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
 Environ you, till mischief and despair

Drive you to break your necks or hang your-
 selves! [Exit, guarded] 92

York Break thou in pieces and consume to
 ashes,

Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, attended

Car Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
 With letters of commission from the king

For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
 Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,

Have earnestly implor'd a general peace 98
 Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French,

And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
 Approacheth to confer about some matter 102

York Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
 After the slaughter of so many peers,

So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers, 104
 That in this quarrel have been overthrown,

And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
 Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?

Have we not lost most part of all the towns, 108
 By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,

Our great progenitors had conquered?
 O! Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief

The utter loss of all the realm of France 112
War Be patient, York if we conclude a

peace,

It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
 As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby

Enter CHARLES, attended ALENÇON, the BASTARD
 OF ORLEANS, REIGNIER, and Others

Char Since, lords of England, it is thus
 agreed, 116

That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in
 France,

We come to be informed by yourselves
 What the conditions of that league must be

York Speak, Winchester, for boiling choler
 chokes 120

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
 By sight of these our baleful enemies

Car Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus
 That, in regard King Henry gives consent, 124

Of mere compassion and of lenity,
 To ease your country of distressful war,

And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
 You shall become true liegemen to his crown

And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity

Alen Must he be then, as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man? 136
This proffer is absurd and reasonless

Char 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And them reverenc'd for their lawful king 140
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep 144
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all

York Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret
means

Us'd intercession to obtain a league, 148
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king 152
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars

Reig My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract 156
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity

Alen [*Aside to CHARLES*] To say the truth,
it is your policy

To save your subjects from such massacre 160
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure
serves 164

War How sayst thou, Charles? shall our
condition stand?

Char It shall,
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison. 168

York Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England

[*CHARLES, &c*, give tokens of fealty
So, now dismiss your army when ye please,
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace [*Exeunt*

SCENE V—London A Room in the Palace

*Enter KING HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK,
GLOUCESTER and EXETER following*

K Hen Your wondrous rare description,
noble earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart 4
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown
Either to suffer shipwrack, or arrive 8

Where I may have fruition of her love
Suf Tush! my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise

The chief perfections of that lovely dame— 12
Had I sufficient skill to utter them—
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit

And, which is more, she is not so divine, 16
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord 21

K Hen And otherwise will Henry ne'er pre-
sume

Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem,

How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach? 29

Suf As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths,
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists 32
By reason of his adversary's odds
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence

Glo Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more
than that? 36

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel

Suf Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem, 40

And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance 43

Glo And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles

Exe Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal
dower,

Where Reigners sooner will receive than give
Suf A dower, my lords' disgrace not so your
king, 48

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love,
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich 52

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship 56

Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed,

And therefore, lords, since he affects her most
It most of all these reasons bindeth us, 60

In our opinions she should be preferr'd
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?

Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss, 64
And is a pattern of celestial peace

Whom should we match with Henry, being a
king,

But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, join'd with her birth, 68

Approves her fit for none but for a king

Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit—
 More than in women commonly is seen—
 Will answer our hope in issue of a king, 72
 For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
 Is likely to beget more conquerors,
 If with a lady of so high resolve
 As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love 76
 Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with
 me
 That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she
 K Hen Whether it be through force of your
 report,
 My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that 80
 My tender youth was never yet attain'd
 With any passion of inflaming love,
 I cannot tell, but this I am assur'd,
 I feel such sharp dissension in my breast, 84
 Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts
 Take, therefore, shipping, post, my lord, to
 France,
 Agree to any covenants, and procure 88
 That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come

To cross the seas to England and be crown'd
 King Henry's faithful and anointed queen
 For your expenses and sufficient charge, 92
 Among the people gather up a tenth
 Be gone, I say, for till you do return
 I rest perplexed with a thousand cares
 And you, good uncle, banish all offence 96
 If you do censure me by what you were,
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 This sudden execution of my will
 And so, conduct me, where, from company
 I may revolve and ruminate my grief [Exit
 Glo Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and
 last. [Exeunt GLOUCESTER and EXETER
 Suf Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd, and thus 103
 he goes,
 As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
 With hope to find the like event in love,
 But prosper better than the Trojan did
 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the 107
 king,
 But I will rule both her, the king, and realm
 [Exit

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH
HUMPHREY Duke of Gloucester his Uncle
CARDINAL BEAUFORT Bishop of Winchester, Great
Uncle to the King
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Duke of York.
EDWARD and RICHARD, his Sons.
DUKE OF SOMERSET
DUKE OF SUTFOLK,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, } of the King's Party
LORD CLIFFORD
YOUNG CLIFFORD his Son,
EARL OF SALISBURY } of the York Faction.
EARL OF WARWICK,
LORD SCALES Governour of the Tower
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, his
Brother
LORD SAY
A Sea-captain Master, and Master's Mate
WALTER WHITMORE
SIR JOHN STANLEY
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
VAUX
MATTHEW GOFFE
JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, Priests

BOLINGBROKE a Conjuror
A Spirit raled by him
THOMAS HORNER an Armourer
PETER his Man
Clerk of Chatham
Mayor of St Alban's
SIMPCOX, an Impostor
Two Murderers
JACK CADE a Rebel
GEORGE BEVIS JOHN HOLLAND DICK the Butcher
SMITH the Weaver MICHAEL &c., Followers of
CADE
ALEXANDER IDEN a Kentish Gentleman

MARGARET Queen to King Henry
ELEANOR Duchess of Gloucester
MARGERY JOURDAIN, a Witch
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords Ladies, and Attendants Herald Petitioners
Aldermen, a Beadle Sheriff and Officers Citizens
Prentices, Falconers, Cuards Soldiers, Messengers,
&c

SCENE — *In various parts of England*

ACT I

SCENE I — *London. A room of State in the Palace*

Flourish of Trumpets then hautboys Enter, on one side, KING HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT, on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK, YORK SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and Others, following

Suf As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace, 4
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Britaine, and
Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend
bishops, 8

I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen 12
To your most gracious hands, that are the sub-
stance

Of that great shadow I did represent,
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd 16

K Hen Suffolk, arise Welcome, Queen
Margaret

I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss O Lord! that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! 20
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts

Q Mar Great King of England and my
gracious lord, 24

The mutual conference that my mind hath had
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you, mine alderhest sovereign, 28
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister

K Hen Her sight did ravish, but her grace
in speech, 32

Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys,
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my
love 36

All Long live Queen Margaret, England's
happiness!

Q. Mar We thank you all. [*Flourish*
Suf My Lord Protector, so it please your
Grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace 40
Between our sovereign and the French King
Charles,

For eighteen months concluded by consent

Glo Imprimis, It is agreed between the
French king, Charles, and William De la Pole,
Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry
King of England, that the said Henry shall
espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto
Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jeru-
salem, and crown her Queen of England ere the
thirtieth of May next ensuing *Item*, That
the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine
shall be released and delivered to the king her
father — [Lets the paper fall]

K Hen Uncle, how now?

Glo Pardon me, gracious lord,
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart
And dumm'd mine eyes, that I can read no
further 56

K Hen Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on

Car *Item*, It is further agreed between
them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine
shall be released and delivered over to the king
her father and she sent over of the King of
England's own proper cost and charges, with-
out having any dowry

K Hen They please us well Lord mar-
quess, kneel down 64

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword *Cousin* of York,
We here discharge your Grace from being
regent

I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen
months 68

Be full exquir'd Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick,

We thank you all for this great favour done, 72
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK.*]

Glo Brave peers of England, pillars of the
state, 76

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars? 80
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter a cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?

And did my brother Bedford toil his wits, 84
To keep by policy what Henry got?

Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself, 89

With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro 92
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in
awe?

And hath his highness in his infancy
Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?

Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?
O peers of England! shameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame, 100
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been 104

Car Nephew, what means this passionate
discourse,

This peroration with such circumstance?

For France, 'tis ours, and we will keep it still
Glo Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can,
But now it is impossible we should 109

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse 113

Sal Now, by the death of him who died for
all,

These counties were the keys of Normandy

But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War For grief that they are past recovery
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes
no tears 119

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both,
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words? 124

Mort Dieu!
York For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffo-
cate,

That dims the honour of this war-like isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart
Before I would have yielded to this league 128

I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and downes with their wives,
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages 132

Glo A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd
in France, 136

Before—
Car My Lord of Gloucester, now you grow
too hot

It was the pleasure of my lord the king
Glo My Lord of Winchester, I know your
mind 140

'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye
Rancour will out proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury If I longer stay 144

We shall begin our ancient bickerings
Lordings, farewell, and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long [*Exit*]

Car So, there goes our protector in a rage
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy, 149

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king
Consider lords, he is the next of blood, 152

And heir apparent to the English crown
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,

There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him, 'Humphrey, the good Duke of
Gloucester,' 160

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'
With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss, 164
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck Why should he then protect our
sovereign,

He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me, 168
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his
seat

Car This weighty business will not brook
delay,

I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently [Exit
Som Cousin of Buckingham, though Hum-
phrey's pride 173

And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal
His insolence is more intolerable 176
Than all the princes in the land beside
If Gloucester be displac'd, he'll be protector

Buck Or thou or I, Somerset, will be pro-
tector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal 180

[Exit BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET
Sal Pride went before, ambition follows
him

While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm

I never saw but Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester,
Did bear him like a noble gentleman 185
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal

More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all, 188
Swear like a ruffian and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy planness, and thy house-
keeping, 192

Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland, 196

In bringing them to civil discipline,
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the
people

Join we together for the public good, 200
In what we can to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition,

And, as we may, chemish Duke Humphrey's
deeds, 204

While they do tend the profit of the land.

War So God help Warwick, as he loves the
land,

And common profit of his country!

York [Aside] And so says York, for he hath
greatest cause. 208

Sal Then let's make haste away, and look
unto the main

War Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost!
That Maine which by main force Warwick did
win,

And would have kept so long as breath did last
Main chance, father, you meant, but I meant
Maine, 213

Which I will win from France, or else be slain
[Exit WARWICK and SALISBURY]

York Anjou and Maine are given to the
French,

Paris is lost, the state of Normandy 216
Stands on a tickle point now they are gone

Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair
daughter 220

I cannot blame them all what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.

Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their
pillage,

And purchase friends, and give to courtizans,
Still revelling like lords till all be gone, 225

While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands
aloof,

While all is shar'd and all is borne away, 229
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own

So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold
Methinks the realms of England, France, and
Ireland 233

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd

Unto the prince's heart of Calydon. 236
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!

Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come when York shall clam his own,
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts 241

And make a show of love to proud Duke Hum-
phrey,

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit. 244

Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,

Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.

Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve
Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state,

Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love, 252
With his new bride and England's dear-bought

queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be per-
fum'd, 256

And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster,

And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the
crown,

Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England
down. [Exit]

SCENE II.—*The Same A Room in the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER's House**Enter GLOUCESTER and his DUCHESS**Duch* Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd cornHanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,As frowning at the favours of the world? 4
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world? 8
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold
What! is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine, 12And having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.*Glo* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord, 17
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world! 21
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad*Duch* What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,Was broke in twain, by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal,
And on the pieces of the broken wand 28
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,And William De la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk
This was my dream what it doth bode, God knows*Duch* Tut! this was nothing but an argument 32That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke
Methought I sat in seat of majesty 36In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd,

Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me,

And on my head did set the diadem. 40

Glo Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outrightPresumptuous dame! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him? 44
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself 48
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?Away from me, and let me hear no more
Duch What, what, my lord! are you so cholericWith Eleanor, for telling but her dream? 52
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd*Glo* Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again*Enter a Messenger**Mess* My Lord Protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure 56You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk
Glo I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?*Duch* Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently 60*[Exeunt GLOUCESTER and Messenger]*Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mindWere I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks,
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man, 68

We are alone, here's none but thee and I.

*Enter HUME**Hume* Jesus preserve your royal majesty!*Duch* What sayst thou? majesty! I am but Grace*Hume* But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice, 72Your Grace's title shall be multiplied
Duch What sayst thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'dWith Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer? 76
And will they undertake to do me good?*Hume* This they have promised, to show your highnessA spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions 80
As by your Grace shall be propounded him*Duch* It is enough I'll think upon the questionsWhen from Saint Alban's we do make return
We'll see these things effected to the full 84
Here, Hume, take this reward, make merry, man,

With thy confed'rates in this weighty cause

[Exit Hume]
Hume Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold,

Marry and shall But how now, Sir John Hume! 88

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum
The business asketh silent secrecyDame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil 92Yet have I gold flies from another coast
I dare not say from the rich cardinal

And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,

Yet I do find it so for, to be plain, 96
 They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
 Have hired me to undermine the duchess
 And buzz these conjurations in her brain
 They say, 'A crafty knave does need no broker,'
 Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker
 Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
 To call them both a pair of crafty knaves
 Well, so it stands, and thus, I fear, at last 104
 Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack,
 And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall
 Sort how it will I shall have gold for all. [Exit

SCENE III.—*The Same A Room in the Palace*

Enter three or four Petitioners, PETER, the Armourer's man, being one

First Pet My masters, let's stand close my
 Lord Protector will come this way by and by,
 and then we may deliver our supplications in
 the quill.

Sec Pet Marry, the Lord protect him, for
 he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN MARGARET

First Pet Here a' comes, methinks, and the
 queen with him I'll be the first, sure

Sec Pet Come back, fool! this is the Duke
 of Suffolk and not my Lord Protector

Suf How now, fellow! wouldst anything
 with me? 12

First Pet I pray, my lord, pardon me I took
 ye for my Lord Protector

Q Mar [Glancing at the Superscriptions] To my
 Lord Protector! are your supplications to
 his lordship? Let me see them what is thine?

First Pet Mine is, an't please your Grace,
 against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's
 man, for keeping my house, and lands, my wife
 and all, from me 21

Suf Thy wife too! that is some wrong indeed.
 What's yours? What's here? Against the
 Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of
 Melford! How now, sir knave! 25

Sec Pet Alas! sir, I am but a poor peti-
 tioner of our whole township

Peter [Presenting his petition] Against my
 master, Thomas Horner for saying that the
 Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q Mar What sayst thou? Did the Duke of
 York say he was rightful heir to the crown? 32

Peter That my master was? No, forsooth
 my master said that he was, and that the king
 was an usurper

Suf Who is there? 36

Enter Servants

Take this fellow in, and send for his master
 with a pursuivant presently We'll hear more
 of your matter before the king

[Exit Servants with PETER]

Q Mar And as for you, that love to be pro-
 tected 40
 Under the wings of our protector's grace,

Begin your suits anew and sue to him.

[Tears the petitions]

Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go

All Come, let's be gone 44

[Exit Petitioners]
 Q Mar My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the
 guise,

Is this the fashion of the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And thus the royalty of Albion's king? 48

What! shall King Henry be a pupil still

Under the surly Gloucester's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke? 52

I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours

Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,

I thought King Henry had resembled thee 56

In courage, courtship, and proportion

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number Ave-Maries on his beads,

His champions are the prophets and apostles,

His weapons holy saws of sacred writ, 61

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.

I would the college of the cardinals 64

Would choose him pope, and carry him to

Rome,

And set the triple crown upon his head

That were a state fit for his holiness

Suf Madam, be patient, as I was cause 68

Your highness came to England, so will I

In England work your Grace's full content

Q Mar Beside the haught protector, have 72

we Beaufort

The imperious churchman, Somerset, Bucking-
 ham, 76

And grumbling York, and not the least of these

But can do more in England than the king

Suf And he of these that can do most of all

Cannot do more in England than the Nevils 76

Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers

Q Mar Not all these lords do vex me half 80

so much

As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife

She sweeps it through the court with troops of 80

ladies,

More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's 84

wife.

Strangers in court do take her for the queen.

She bears a duke's revenues on her back,

And in her heart she scorns our poverty 84

Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?

Contemptuous base-born callot as she is,

She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day

The very train of her worst wearing gown 88

Was better worth than all my father's lands,

Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf Madam, myself have him d a bush for 92

her,

And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds 96

That she will list to listen to the lays,

And never mount to trouble you again.

So, let her rest, and, madam, list to me, 96

For I am bold to counsel you in this.

Although we fancy not the cardinal,

Yet must we join with him and with the lords
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace
For the Duke of York, this late complaint
Take but little for his benefit
For ye, we'll weed them all at last,
You yourself shall steer the happy helm

Enter KING HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET, DUKE and DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK

K Hen For my part, noble lords, I care not which, 104

Or Somerset or York, all's one to me
York If York have ill demean'd himself in France,

Then let him be deny'd the regentship
Som If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him. 109

War Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,

Dispute not that York is the worthier
Car Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak 112

War The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick

War Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sci Peace, son! and show some reason, Buckingham, 116

Why Somerset should be prefer'd in this
Q Mar Because the king, forsooth, will have it so

Glo Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure these are no women's matters 120

Q Mar If he be old enough, what needs your Grace

To be protector of his excellence?

Glo Madam, I am protector of the realm,
And at his pleasure will resign my place. 124

Suf Resign it then and leave thine insolence
Since thou wert king,—as who is king but thou?—

The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack,
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
And all the peers and nobles of the realm 129
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty

Car The commons hast thou rack'd, the clergy's bags

Are lank and lean with thy extortions. 132

Som Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire

Have cost a mass of public treasury
Buck Thy cruelty in execution

Upon offenders hath exceeded law, 136
And left thee to the mercy of the law

Q Mar Thy sale of offices and towns in France,

If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit GLOUCESTER. The QUEEN drops her fan.*

Give me my fan what, minion! can ye not?

[*Giving the DUCHESS a box on the ear*
I cry you mercy, madam, was it you?

Duch Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman

Could I come near your beauty with my nails
I'd set my ten commandments in your face 145

K Hen Sweet aunt, be quiet, 'twas against her will.

Duch Against her will! Good king, look to't in time,

She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby

Though in this place most master wear no breeches, 149

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd
[*Exit*

Buck Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds

She's tickled now, her fume can need no spurs,
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle, 156

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs
As for your spiteful false objections,

Prove them, and I lie open to the law
But God in mercy so deal with my soul 160

As I in duty love my king and country!
But to the matter that we have in hand,

I say, my sov'reign, York is meepest man
To be your regent in the realm of France 164

Suf Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,

That York is most unmeet of any man.
York I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet 168

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride,
Next, if I be appointed for the place,

My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture, 172

Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time I danc'd attendance on his will

Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost
War That can I witness, and a fouler fact

Did never traitor in the land commit. 177
Suf Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER

Suf Because here is a man accus'd of treason 180

Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!
York Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K Hen What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

Suf Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason 185

His words were these that Richard, Duke of York,

Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper. 188

K Hen Say, man, were these thy words?
Hor An t shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain 192
Pet By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour
York Base dunghill villain and mechanical, I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech I do beseech your royal majesty 198
 Let him have all the rigour of the law
Hor Alas! my lord, hang me if ever I spake the words My accuser is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me I have good witness of this therefore I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation
K Hen Uncle, what shall we say to this in law? 207

Glo This doom, my lord, if I may judge Let Somerset be regent o'er the French, Because in York this breeds suspicion, And let these have a day appointed them For single combat in convenient place, 212
 For he hath witness of his servant's malice This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom

K Hen Then be it so My Lord of Somerset, We make your Grace lord regent o'er the French. 216

Som I humbly thank your royal majesty
Hor And I accept the combat willingly
Pet Alas! my lord, I cannot fight for God's sake, pit/ my case! the spite of man prevaileth against me O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow O Lord, my heart!

Glo Surrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd 224

K Hen Away with them to prison, and the day

Of combat shall be the last of the next month. Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.
 [Exeunt]

SCENE IV — *The Same The DUKE OF GLOUCESTER's Garden*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE

Hume Come, my masters, the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises

Boling Master Hume, we are therefore provided Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms? 5

Hume Ay, what else? fear you not her courage

Boling I have heard her reported to be a woman of invincible spirit but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft while we be busy below, and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us [Exit HUME.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth, John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter DUCHESS aloft, HUME following
Duch Well said, my masters, and welcome all. 16
 To this gear the sooner the better
Boling Patience, good lady, wizards know their times
 Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
 The time of night when Troy was set on fire, 20
 The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
 And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
 That time best fits the work we have in hand
 Madam, sit you, and fear not whom we raise
 We will make fast within a hallow'd verge 25
 [Here they perform the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle BOLINGBROKE, or SOUTHWELL reads, Conjuro te, &c It thunders and lightens terribly, then the Spirit riseth
Spr Asdum
M Jourd Asmath!
 By the eternal God, whose name and power 28
 Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask,
 For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence
Spr Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!
Boling First, of the king what shall of him become? 32
Spr The Duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,
 But him outlive, and die a violent death
 [As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answers
Boling What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
Spr By water shall he die and take his end
Boling What shall befall the Duke of Somerset? 37
Spr Let him shun castles
 Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
 Than where castles mounted stand 40
 Have done, for more I hardly can endure
Boling Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
 False fiend, avoid!
 [Thunder and lightning Spirit descends.
 Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their Guards, and Others
York Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash. 44
 Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.
 What! madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
 Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains
 My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not, 48
 See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.
Duch Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
 Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.
Buck True, madam, none at all. What call'st you this? [Showing her the papers.
 Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close

And kept asunder You, madam, shall with us
Stafford, take her to thee —

[*Exeunt above, DUCHESS and HUME guarded*]

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming
All, away!

[*Eveunt SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE, &c, guarded*]

York Lord Buckingham, methinks you
watch'd her well

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ
What have we here?

*The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,
But him outlive, and die a violent death*
Why, this is just

Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse
Well, to the rest

*Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die and take his end*

*What shall be the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles*

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

I than where castles mounted stand
Come, come, my lords, these oracles

Are hardly attain'd, and hardly understood
The king is now in progress towards Saint
Alban's,

With him, the husband of this lovely lady
Thither go these news as fast as horse can carry
them,

A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector
Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my
Lord of York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward
York At your pleasure, my good lord
Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick

To sup with me to-morrow night Away!

[*Flourish Exeunt*]

ACT II

SCENE I — St Alban's.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers, hollaing

Q Mar Believe me, lords, for flying at the
brook,

I saw not better sport these seven years' day
Yet by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out

K Hen But what a point, my lord, your
falcon made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest!

To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high

Suf No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My Lord Protector's hawks do tower so well,
They know their master loves to be aloft,

And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch
Glo My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind

That mounts no higher than a bird can soar
Car I thought as much, he'd be above the
clouds

Glo Ay, my Lord Cardinal, how think you
by that?

Were it not good your Grace could fly to hea-
ven?

K Hen The treasury of everlasting joy
Car Thy heaven is on earth, thine eyes and
thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart,
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,

That smooth'st it so with king and common-
weal!

Glo What! cardinal, is your priesthood
grown peremptory?

Tantane animus celestibus ira?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hude such
malice,

With such holiness can you do it?

Suf No malice, sir, no more than well be-
comes

So good a quarrel and so bad a peer

Glo As who, my lord?

Suf Why, as you, my lord,
An't like your lordly lord protectorship

Glo Why, Suffolk, England knows thine
insolence

Q Mar And thy ambition, Gloucester

K Hen I prithee, peace,
Good queen, and whet not on these furious
peers,

For blessed are the peacemakers on earth
Car Let me be blessed for the peace I make

Against this proud protector with my sword!

Glo [*Aside to the CARDINAL*] Faith, holy
uncle, would 'twere come to that!

Car [*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] Marry, when
thou dar'st

Glo [*Aside to the CARDINAL*] Make up no
factious numbers for the matter,

In thine own person answer thy abuse

Car [*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] Ay, where thou
dar'st not peep an if thou dar'st,

This evening on the east side of the grove

K Hen How now, my lords!

Car Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,

We had had more sport [*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] Come with thy two-hand sword

Glo True, uncle

Car Are you advis'd? [*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] the east side of the grove

Glo [*Aside to the CARDINAL*] Cardinal, I
am with you

K Hen Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

Glo Talking of hawking, nothing else, my
lord —

[*Aside to the CARDINAL*] Now, by God's mother,
priest, I'll shave your crown

For this or all my fence shall fail

Car [*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] Medice teipsum
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself

K Hen The winds grow high, so do your
stomachs, lords

How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife

Enter One, crying, 'A Miracle'

Glo What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim? 60

One A miracle! a miracle!

Suf Come to the king, and tell him what miracle

One Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine

Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight,
A man that ne'er saw in his life before 65

K Hen Now, God be praised, that to believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's, and his Brethren, and SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a chair, his Wife and a great multitude following

Car Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man 69

K Hen Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,

Although by his sight his sin be multiplied
Glo Stand by, my masters, bring him near 72

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him
K Hen Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorify the Lord
What! hast thou been long blind, and now 76

restor'd?

Simp Born blind, an't please your Grace
Wife Ay, indeed, was he

Suf What woman is this?
Wife His wife, an't like your worship 80

Glo Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told

K Hen Where wert thou born?
Simp At Berwick in the north, an't like 84

your Grace
K Hen Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done

Q Mar Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine? 88

Simp God knows, of pure devotion, being call'd

A hundred times and oft'ner in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban who said, 'Simpcox, come,

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee'
Wife Most true, forsooth, and many time 93

and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so

Car What! art thou lame?
Simp Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf How cam'st thou so?
Simp A fall off of a tree 96

Wife A plum-tree, master
Glo How long hast thou been blind?

Simp O! born so, master
Glo What! and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp But that in all my life, when I was a youth

Wife Too true, and bought his climbing very dear 100

Glo Mass, thou lov'dst plums well that wouldst venture so

Simp Alas! master, my wife desir'd some damsons,

And made me climb with danger of my life
Glo A subtle knave! but yet it shall not 104

serve
Let me see thine eyes wink now now open them

In my opinion yet thou seest not well
Simp Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban

Glo Sayst thou me so? What colour is this cloak of? 108

Simp Red, master, red as blood
Glo Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp Black, forsooth, coal-black as jet
K Hen Why then, thou know'st what colour 112

jet is of?
Suf And yet, I think, jet did he never see

Glo But cloaks and gowns before this day a many

Wife Never, before this day, in all his life
Glo Tell me, sirrah, what's my name? 116

Simp Alas! master, I know not.
Glo What's his name?

Simp I know not.
Glo Nor his? 120

Simp No, indeed, master
Glo What's thine own name?

Simp Saunderson Simpcox, an if it please you, master

Glo Then, Saunderson, sit there, the lyngest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle, and would ye not think that cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp O, master, that you could! 133

Glo My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beards in your town, and things called whips? 136

May Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace
Glo Then send for one presently

May Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. [Exit an Attendant]

Glo Now fetch me a stool hither by and by [A stool brought out] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away 144

Simp Alas! master, I am not able to stand alone

You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip

Glo Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool. 149

Bead I will, my lord. Come on, surrah, off
with your doublet quickly

Sump Alas! master, what shall I do? I am
not able to stand 153

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he
leaps over the stool, and runs away and
the people follow and cry, 'A miracle!'*

K Hen O God! seest thou this, and bear'st
so long?

Q Mar It made me laugh to see the villain
run.

Glo Follow the knave, and take thus drab
away 156

Wife Alas! sir, we did it for pure need

Glo Let them be whipp'd through every
market town

Till they come to Berwick, from whence they
came [*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c*

Car Duke Humphrey has done a miracle
to-day 160

Suf True, made the lame to leap and fly
away

Glo But you have done more miracles than I,
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K Hen What tidings with our cousin Buck-
ingham? 164

Buck Such as my heart doth tremble to un-
fold

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife, 168

The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,

Dealing with witches and with conjurers
Whom we have apprehended in the fact, 172

Raising up wicked spirits from under-ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,

And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand

Car And so, my Lord Protector, by this
means 177

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's
edge,

"Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour
Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict
my heart 181

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers,
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee, 184

Or to the meanest groom.

K Hen O God! what mischiefs work the
wicked ones,

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby
Q Mar Gloucester, see here the tainture of
thy nest,

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king and commonweal,

And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard 192

Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

I banish her my bed and company, 196

And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,

That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest
name

K Hen Well, for this night we will repose
us here

To-morrow toward London back again, 200

To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers,

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause
prevails [*Flourish Exeunt*

SCENE II — London. The DUKE OF YORK'S
Garden

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK

York Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and
Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk to satisfy myself,

In craving your opinion of my title, 4
Which is infallible to England's crown

Sal My lord, I long to hear it at full

War Sweet York, begin, and if thy claim be
good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command. 8

York Then thus
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons

The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of
Wales,

The second, William of Hatfield, and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence, next to whom 13

Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York,

The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of
Gloucester, 16

William of Windsor was the seventh and last
Edward the Black Prince died before his father,

And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who after Edward the Third's death, reign'd
as king, 20

Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful king,

Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she
came, 25

And him to Pomfret, where as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously

War Father, the duke hath told the truth,
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York Which now they hold by force and not
by right,

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd. 32

Sal But William of Hatfield died without
an heir

York The third son, Duke of Clarence, from
whose line

I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of
March 36

Edmund had issue Roger, Earl of March

Roger had issue Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown, 40
And but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But, to the rest

York His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown, 44
Married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who was son

To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son

By her I claim the kingdom she was heir
To Roger, Earl of March, who was the son 48
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence
So, if the issue of the eldest son

Succeed before the younger, I am king 52
War What plain proceeding is more plain
than this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,

The fourth son, York claims it from the third
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign 56

It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.

Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together
And in this private plot be we the first 60

That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown

Both Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York We thank you, lords! But I am not your king 64

Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster,

And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy 68

Do you as I do in these dangerous days,
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,

At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham and all the crew of them, 72

Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey

'Tis that they seek, and they, in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy 76

Sal My lord, break we off, we know your mind at full

War My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick

Shall one day make the Duke of York a king
York And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,

Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king 80

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOUCESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY, the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard

K Hen. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife.

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great—

Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.
You four, from hence to prison back again,
From thence, unto the place of execution
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes, 7

And you three shall be strangled on the gallows
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,

Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,

Live in your country here, in banishment, 12
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man

Duch. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

Glo Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee 15

I cannot justify whom the law condemns —
[*Exeunt the DUCHESS, and the other Prisoners, guarded*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief
Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age

Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go,

Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease
K Hen Stay, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester ere thou go,

Give up thy staff. Henry will to himself
Protector be, and God shall be my hope, 24

My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved

Than when thou wert protector to thy king
Q Mar I see no reason why a king of years 28

Should be to be protected like a child
God and King Henry govern England's helm!

Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm
Glo My staff! here, noble Henry, is my staff 32

As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine,

And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it 36

Farewell, good king! when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

[*Exit*]
Q Mar Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen,

And Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, scarce himself, 40

That bears so shrewd a maim two pulls at once,

His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off,
This staff of honour raght there let it stand,

Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand. 44
Suf Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays,

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days
York Lords, let him go Please it your majesty

This is the day appointed for the combat, 48
And ready are the appellant and defendant.

The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q Mar Ay, good my lord, for purposely therefore 52

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K Hen O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!
York I never saw a fellow worse bested, 56
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his Neighbours drinking to him so much that he is drunk, and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it a drum before him on the other side, PETER with a drum and a sand-bag, and Prentices drinking to him

First Neigh Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough. 61

Sec Neigh And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco

Thrd Neigh And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour drink, and fear not your man

Hor Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all, and a fig for Peter! 68

First Pren Here, Peter, I drink to thee, and be not afraid

Sec Pren Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master fight for credit of the prentices 72

Peter I thank you all drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer and here, Tom, take all the money that I have O Lord bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already 80

Sal Come, leave your drinking and fall to blows. Surrah, what's thy name?

Peter Peter, forsooth

Sal Peter! what more? 84

Peter Thump

Sal Thump! then see thou thump thy master well

Hor Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen, and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow! 94

York Dispatch this knave's tongue begins to double

Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants
[*Alarum* They fight, and PETER strikes down his Master

Hor Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason [Dies

York Take away his weapon Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way

Peter O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right!

K Hen Go, take hence that traitor from our sight, 104

For by his death we do perceive his guilt
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully 108

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward
[*Sound a flourish* Exeunt

SCENE IV — The Same A Street

Enter GLOUCESTER and Serving-men, in mourning cloaks

Glo Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud,

And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet 4
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv Ten, my lord

Glo Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets, 8
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook

The abject people, gazing on thy face
With envious looks still laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets

But, soft! I think she comes, and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries 16

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, with papers pinned upon her back, in a white sheet, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand SIR JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers

Serv So please your Grace, we'll take her from the sheriff

Glo No, stir not, for your lives, let her pass by

Duch Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too Look! how they gaze 20

See! how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee

Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,

And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame, 24
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

Glo Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this grief
Duch Ay, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself,

For whilst I think I am thy wedded wife, 28
And thou a prince, protector of this land,

Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,

And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice 32
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh,

And bid me be advised how I tread 36
Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shameful yoke?

Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No, dark shall be my light, and night my day,
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell 41

Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,

And he a prince and ruler of the land
 Yet so he rul'd and such a prince he was 44
 As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
 Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
 To every idle rascal follower
 But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,
 Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
 Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will,
 For Suffolk, he that can do all in all 51
 With her that hateth thee, and hates us all,
 And York, and impious Beaufort, that false
 pries
 Have all him d' bushes to betray thy wings
 And fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle
 thee
 But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd, 56
 Nor never seek prevention of thy foes
Glo Ah, Nell! forbear thou'ast all awry,
 I must offend before I be attainted,
 And had I twenty times so many foes 60
 And each of them had twenty times their power,
 All these could not procure me any scath,
 So long as I am loyal, true, and crumeless
 Wouldst have me rescue thee from this re-
 proach? 64
 Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
 But I in danger for the breach of law
 Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell
 I pray thee sort thy heart to patience, 68
 These few days wonder will be quickly worn

Enter a Herald

Her I summon your Grace to his majesty's
 parliament, holden at Bury the first of this
 next month 72
Glo And my consent ne'er ask'd herein
 before!
 This is close dealing Well, I will be there
 [Exit Herald
 My Nell, I take my leave and, master sheriff,
 Let not her penance exceed the king's com-
 mission 76
Sher An't please your Grace, here my com-
 mission stays,
 And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
 To take her with him to the Isle of Man
Glo Must you, Sir John, protect my lady
 here? 80
Stan So am I given in charge, may't please
 your Grace
Glo Entreat her not the worse in that I pray
 You use her well The world may laugh again,
 And I may live to do you kindness if 84
 You do it her and so, Sir John, farewell.
Duch What! gone, my lord, and bid me not
 farewell!
Glo Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak
 [Exeunt GLOUCESTER and Serving-men
Duch Art thou gone too? All comfort go
 with thee! 88
 For none abides with me my joy is death,
 Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
 Because I wish'd this world's eternity
 Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence, 92
 I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
 Only convey me where thou art commanded

Stan Why, madam, that is to the Isle of
 Man,
 There to be us'd according to your state 96
Duch That's bad enough, for I am but re-
 proach
 And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?
Stan Like to a duchess, and Duke Hum-
 phrey's lady
 According to that state you shall be us'd 100
Duch Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
 Although thou hast been conduct of my shame
Sher It is my office, and madam pardon
 me
Duch Ay, ay, farewell, thy office is dis-
 charg'd 104
 Come, Stanley, shall we go?
Stan Madam, your penance done, throw off
 this sheet,
 And go we to attire you for our journey
Duch My shame will not be shifted with my
 sheet 108
 No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
 And show itself attire me how I can
 Go, lead the way, I long to see my prison
 [Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE I—*The Abbey at Bury St Edmund's*

*Sound a sennet Enter to the Parliament, KING
 HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAU-
 FORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and
 Others*
K Hen I muse my Lord of Gloucester is
 not come
 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
 Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now
Q Mar Can you not see? or will ye not
 observe
 The strangeness of his alter'd countenance? 4
 With what a majesty he bears himself,
 How insolent of late he is become,
 How proud, how peremptory, and unlike him-
 self? 8
 We know the time since he was mild and affable,
 An if we did but glance a far-off look,
 Immediately he was upon his knee,
 That all the court admir'd him for submission
 But meet him now, and, be it in the morn, 13
 When everyone will give the time of day,
 He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,
 And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee, 16
 Disdaining duty that to us belongs
 Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
 But great men tremble when the lion roars,
 And Humphrey is no little man in England, 20
 First note that he is near you in descent,
 And should you fall, he is the next will mount
 Me seemeth then it is no policy,
 Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears, 24
 And his advantage following your decease,
 That he should come about your royal person
 Or be admitted to your highness' council
 By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts, 28

And when he please to make commotion,
 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
 Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-
 rooted,
 Suffer them now and they'll o'ergrow the gar-
 den,

And choke the herbs for want of husbandry
 The reverent care I bear unto my lord
 Made me collect these dangers in the duke
 If it be fond, call it a woman's fear,
 Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
 I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke
 My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
 Reprove my allegation if you can
 Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf Well hath your highness seen into this
 duke,

And had I first been put to speak my mind,
 I think I should have told your Grace's tale
 The duchess, by his subornation,
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices
 Or if he were not privy to those faults,
 Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
 As, next the king he was successive heir,
 And such high vaunts of his nobility,
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
 By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
 And in his simple show he harbours treason.
 The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb
 No, no, my sov'reign, Gloucester is a man
 Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car Did he not, contrary to form of law,
 Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York And did he not, in his protectorship,
 Levy great sums of money through the realm
 For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
 By means whereof the towns each day revolted

Buck Tut! these are petty faults to faults
 unknown,

Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke
 Humphrey

K Hen. My lords, at once the care you
 have of us,

Tomow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
 Is worthy praise, but shall I speak my con-
 science,

Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
 From meaning treason to our royal person,
 As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.
 The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
 To dream on evil, or to work my downfall

Q Mar Ah! what's more dangerous than
 this fond affiance!

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
 For he's disposed as the hateful raven.

Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
 For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf

Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
 Take heed, my lord, the welfare of us all

Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
K Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What
 news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
 Is utterly bereft you, all is lost.

K Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset but
 God's will be done!

York [Aside] Cold news for me, for I had
 hope of France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England
 Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,

And caterpillars eat my leaves away,
 But I will remedy this gear ere long,

Or sell my title for a glorious grave

Enter GLOUCESTER

Glo All happiness unto my lord the king!
 Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long

Suf Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art
 come too soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art
 I do arrest thee of high treason here

Glo Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see
 me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest
 A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

The purest spring is not so free from mud
 As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took

bribes of France,
 And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay,

By means whereof his highness hath lost France
Glo Is it but thought so? What are they

that think it?
 I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,

Nor ever had one penny bribe from France
 So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,

Ay, night by night, in studying good for England,
 That doth that e'er I wrested from the king,

Or any great I hoarded to my use,
 Be brought against me at my trial-day!

No, many a pound of mine own proper store,
 Because I would not tax the needy commons,

Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
 And never ask'd for restitution

Car It serves you well, my lord, to say so
 much.

Glo I say no more than truth, so help me
 God!

York In your protectorship you did devise
 Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,

That England was defam'd by tyranny
Glo Why, 'tis well known that, whilst I was

protector,
 Pity was all the fault that was in me,

For I should melt at an offender's tears,
 And lowly words were ransom for their fault.

Unless it were a bloody murderer,
 Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor pas-
 sengers,

I never gave them condign punishment
 Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd

Above the felon or what trespass else
Suf My lord, these faults are easy, quickly

answer'd
 But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,

Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself
 I do arrest you in his highness' name,

And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep until your further time of trial.

K Hen My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my
special hope 139

That you will clear yourself from all suspect
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo Ah! gracious lord, these days are
dangerous

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand,

Foul subornation is predominant, 145
And equity exil'd your highness' land.

I know their complot is to have my life,
And if my death might make this island happy,

And prove the period of their tyranny, 149
I would expend it with all willingness,

But mine is made the prologue to their play,
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,

Will not conclude their plotted tragedy 153
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's

malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate,

Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart, 157

And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,

By false accuse doth level at my life 160
And you, my sov'reign lady, with the rest,

Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have sturr'd up

My liefe's liege to be mine enemy 164
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,

Myself had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life

I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt, 169

The ancient proverb will be well effected
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog'

Car My liege, his railing is intolerable 172
If those that care to keep your royal person

From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,

And the offender granted scope of speech, 176
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace

Suf Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly

couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear 180

False allegations to o'erthrow his state?
Q Mar But I can give the loser leave to

chide
Glo Far truer spoke than meant: I lose,

indeed,
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!

And well such losers may have leave to speak
Buck He'll wrest the sense and hold us here

all day
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car Sirs, take away the duke, and guard
him sure 188

Glo Ah! thus King Henry throws away his
crutch

Before his legs be firm to bear his body
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,

And wolves are gnawing who shall gnaw thee
first. 192

Ah! that my fear were false, ah! that it were,
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear

[*Exeunt Attendants with GLOUCESTER.*]
K Hen My lords, what to your wisdoms

seemeth best
Do or undo, as if ourself were here 196

Q Mar What! will your highness leave the
parliament?

K Hen Ay, Margaret, my heart is drown'd
with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
My body round engirt with misery, 200

For what's more miserable than discontent?
Ah! uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty,
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come

That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith,
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,

That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life? 208

Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man
wrong,

And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house, 212
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence,

And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,

And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case,

With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,

So mighty are his vowed enemies 220
His fortunes I will weep, and, 'twixt each groan,

Say 'Who's a traitor, Gloucester he is none'
[*Exit*]

Q Mar Fair lords, cold snow melts with
the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs, 224
Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show

Beguilds him as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers,

Or as the snake, roll'd in a flow'ring bank, 228
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a

child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good,—

This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car That he should die is worthy policy,
And yet we want a colour for his death 236

'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law
Suf But in my mind that were no policy

The king will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise to save his life, 240

And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy

death.
York So that, by this, you would not have

him die.
Suf Ah! York, no man alive so fair as I.

York 'Tis York that hath more reason for
his death. 245

But my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of
Suffolk,

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were t not all one an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite, 249
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q Mar So the poor chicken should be sure
of death

Suf Madam, 'tis true and were't not mad-
ness, then, 252

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over
Because his purpose is not executed. 256

No, let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege
And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead, for that is good deceit 264
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Q Mar Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely
spoke

Suf Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke and seldom meant,
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is mentorious,

And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word and I will be his priest 272
Car But I would have him dead, my Lord
of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest
Say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner, 276
I tender so the safety of my liege

Suf Here is my hand, the deed is worthy
doing

Q Mar And so say I.

York And I and now we three have spoke
it, 280

It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger

Mess Great lords, from Ireland am I come
aman,

To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword. 284
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable,

For, being green, there is great hope of help
Car A breach that craves a quick expedient
stop! 288

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York That Somerset be sent as regent
thither

'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd, 291
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York No, not to lose it all, as thou hast
done 296

I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long till all were lost.

Show me one scar character'd on thy skin 300
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

Q Mar Nay then, this spark will prove a
raging fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with
No more, good York, sweet Somerset be still
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,

Might happily have prov'd far worse than his
York What! worse than nought? nay, then
a shame take all

Som And in the number thee, that wishest
shame 308

Car My Lord of York, try what your fortune
is

The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen
To Ireland will you lead a band of men, 312
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York I will, my lord, so please his majesty
Suf Why, our authority is his consent, 316

And what we do establish he confirms
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand

York I am content provide me soldiers,
lords,

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs 320
Suf A charge, Lord York, that I will see
perform'd

But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey
Car No more of him, for I will deal with him

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more
And so break off, the day is almost spent

Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen
days

At Bristol I expect my soldiers, 328
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland

Suf I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York
[*Exeunt all except YORK*]

York Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution 332
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art

Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born
man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart 336
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought
on thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,

Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done, 341

To send me packing with a host of men
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your
hearts 344

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me
I take it kindly, yet be well assur'd

You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band, 348

I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell,

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head, 352

Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,

Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw
 And, for a minister of my intent,
 I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
 John Cade of Ashford, 357
 To make commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the title of John Mortimer
 In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade 360
 Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with
 darts
 Were almost like a sharp-quill d porpentine
 And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen 364
 Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
 Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells
 Full often, like a shag-hair d crafty kern,
 Hath he conversed with the enemy, 368
 And undiscover'd come to me again,
 And given me notice of their villainies
 This devil here shall be my substitute, 371
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble,
 By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 How they affect the house and claim of York
 Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured, 376
 I know no pain they can inflict upon him
 Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms
 Say that he thrive—as 'tis great like he will,—
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my
 strength, 380
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd,
 For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me [Exit

SCENE II —Bury St Edmund's A Room in the
 Palace

Enter certain Murderers, hastily

First Mur Run to my Lord of Suffolk, let
 him know
 We have dispatch'd the duke, as he com-
 manded
 Sec Mur O! that it were to do What have
 we done?
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK

First Mur Here comes my lord
 Suf Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this
 thing?
 First Mur Ay, my good lord he's dead
 Suf Why, that's well said Go, get you to
 my house, 8
 I will reward you for this venturous deed.
 The king and all the peers are here at hand
 Have you laid fair the bed? is all things well,
 According as I gave directions? 12
 First Mur 'Tis, my good lord
 Suf Away! be gone [Exeunt Murderers

Sound trumpets Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN
 MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET,
 Lords, and Others

K Hen Go, call our uncle to our presence
 straight,
 Say, we intend to try his Grace to-day, 16
 If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf I'll call him presently, my noble lord
 [Exit
 K Hen Lords, take your places and I pray
 you all,
 Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester
 Than from true evidence of good esteem, 21
 He be approv'd in practice culpable
 Q Mar God forbid any malice should pre-
 vail
 That faultless may condemn a nobleman! 24
 Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!
 K Hen I thank thee, Meg, these words con-
 tent me much

Re-enter SUFFOLK

How now! why look'st thou pale? why trem-
 blest thou?
 Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suf-
 folk? 28
 Suf Dead in his bed, my lord Gloucester
 is dead
 Q Mar Marry, God forfend!
 Car God's secret judgment I did dream to-
 night
 The duke was dumb, and could not speak a
 word [The KING swoons
 Q Mar How fares my lord? Help, lords!
 the king is dead 33
 Som Rear up his body, wring him by the
 nose
 Q Mar Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope
 thine eyes!
 Suf He doth revive again Madam, be
 patient 36
 K Hen O heavenly God!
 Q Mar How fares my gracious lord?
 Suf Comfort my sovereign! gracious Henry,
 comfort!
 K Hen What! doth my Lord of Suffolk
 comfort me?
 Came he right now to sing a raven's note, 40
 Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,
 And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
 By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
 Can chase away the first-conceived sound? 44
 Hide not thy poison with such sugar d words
 Lay not thy hands on me, forbear I say
 Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting
 Thou baleful messenger out of my sight! 48
 Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
 Sits in grim majesty to fright the world
 Look not upon me for thine eyes are wounding
 Yet do not go away, come, basilisk, 52
 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight,
 For in the shade of death I shall find joy,
 In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead
 Q Mar Why do you rate my Lord of Suf-
 folk thus? 56
 Although the duke was enemy to him,
 Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death
 And for myself, foe as he was to me,
 Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans
 Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life, 61
 I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
 Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking
 sighs,

- And all to have the noble duke alive 64
 What know I how the world may deem of me?
 For it is known we were but hollow friends
 It may be judg'd I made the duke away
 So shall my name with slander's tongue be
 wounded, 68
 And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
 This get I by his death. Ay me, unhappy!
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
K Hen Ah! woe is me for Gloucester,
 wretched man. 72
Q Mar Be woe for me, more wretched than
 he is
 What! dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome leper, look on me 75
 What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
 Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?
 Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy
 Erect his statua and worship it, 80
 And make my image but an alehouse sign.
 Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea,
 And twice by awkward wind from England's
 bank
 Drove back again unto my native clime? 84
 What boded this, but well forewarning wind
 Did seem to say, 'Seek not a scorpion's nest,
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?'
 What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts 88
 And he that loos'd them forth their brazen
 caves,
 And bid them blow towards England's blessed
 shore,
 Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
 Yet Æolus would not be a murderer, 92
 But left that hateful office unto thee
 The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
 Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd
 on shore
 With tears as salt as sea through thy unkind-
 ness 96
 The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace perish Margaret. 100
 As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
 And when the dusky sky began to rob 104
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
 I took a costly jewel from my neck,
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,
 And threw it towards thy land the sea receiv'd
 it, 108
 And so I wish'd thy body might my heart
 And even with this I lost fair England's view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast. 113
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue—
 The agent of thy foul inconstancy—
 To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did 116
 When he to madding Dido would unfold
 His father's acts, comment'd in burning Troy!
 Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like
 him?
- Ay me! I can no more Die, Margaret! 120
 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long
Noise within Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY
The Commons press to the door
War It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 That good Duke Humphrey trait'rously is mur-
 der'd
 By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means
 The commons, like an angry hive of bees 125
 That want their leader, scatter up and down,
 And care not who they sting in his revenge
 Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny, 128
 Until they hear the order of his death
K Hen That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis
 too true,
 But how he died God knows, not Henry
 Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
 And comment then upon his sudden death 133
War That shall I do, my liege Stay, Salis-
 bury,
 With the rude multitude till I return
 [WARWICK goes into an inner chamber
 SALISBURY retires
K Hen O! Thou that judgest all things,
 stay my thoughts, 136
 My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul
 Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's
 life.
 If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
 For judgment only doth belong to thee 140
 Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
 With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
 Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
 To tell my love unto his deaf dumb trunk, 144
 And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling
 But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
 And to survey his dead and earthly image
 What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
- Re-enter WARWICK and Others bearing*
 GLOUCESTER'S body on a bed
War Come hither, gracious sovereign, view
 this body 149
K Hen That is to see how deep my grave is
 made,
 For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
 For seeing him I see my life in death 152
War As surely as my soul intends to live
 With that dread King that took our state upon
 him
 To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
 I do believe that violent hands were laid 156
 Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke
Suf A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn
 tongue!
 What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
War See how the blood is settled in his face.
 Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, 161
 Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
 Being all descended to the labouring heart,
 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy,
 Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er
 returneth 166
 To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But see, his face is black and tull of blood,
His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man,
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch d with
struggling

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking,
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and
rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here,
The least of all these signs were probable

Suf Why, Warwick, who should do the duke
to death?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection,
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers

War But both of you were vow d Duke
Humphrey's foes,

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy

Q Mar Then you, belike, suspect these
noblemen

As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War Who finds the heifer dead, and bleed-
ing fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the
slaughter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,

Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy

Q Mar Are you the butcher, Suffolk?
where's your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping
men,

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt* CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET,
and Others.

War What dares not Warwick, if false Suf-
folk dare him?

Q Mar He dares not calm his contumelious
spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times

War Madam, be still, with reverence may I
say,

For every word you speak in his behalf
is slander to your royal dignity

Suf Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in de-
meanour!

If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed

Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was grafted with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou
art,

And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War But that the guilt of murder bucklers
thee,

And I should rob the deathsmen of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sov reign's presence makes me
mild,

I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,

And say it was thy mother that thou meant st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy

And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,

Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suf Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy
blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me
War Away even now, or I will drag thee
hence

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's
ghost.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK and WARWICK
K Hen What stronger breastplate than a
heart untainted!

Thrice is he arm'd that bath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,

Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted
Q Mar What noise is this? [*A noise within*

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their
weapons drawn

K Hen Why, how now, lords! your wrath-
ful weapons drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf The traitorous Warwick, with the men
of Bury,

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within *Re-enter* SALISBURY
Sal [*Speaking to those within*] Sirs, stand
apart, the king shall know your mind

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,

Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace

And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey
died,

They say, in him they fear your highness' death,
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,

Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,

Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,

That if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your
rest

In pain of your dislike or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,

Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slyly glided towards your majesty,

It were but necessary you were wak'd,
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,

The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

That they will guard you, whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,

With whose envenomed and fatal sting,

Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
 They say, is shamefully bereft of life
Commons [Within] An answer from the
 king my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd
 hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign,
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 To show how quaint an orator you are
 But all the honour Salisbury hath won
 Is that he was the lord ambassador,

Commons [Within] An answer from the
 king, or we will all break in!

K Hen Go, Salisbury, and tell them all
 from me,

I thank them for their tender loving care,
 And had I not been cited so by them,
 Yet did I purpose as they do entreat,
 For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
 Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means
 And therefore, by his majesty I swear,
 Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
 He shall not breathe infection in this air
 But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Q Mar O Henry! let me plead for gentle
 Suffolk

K Hen Ungentle queen, to call him gentle
 Suffolk!

No more, I say, if thou dost plead for him
 Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath
 Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
 But when I swear, it is irrevocable
[To SUFFOLK] If after three days' space thou
 here be'st found

On any ground that I am ruler of,
 The world shall not be ransom for thy life
 Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with
 me,

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt KING HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c]
Q Mar Mischance and sorrow go along
 with you!

Heart's discontent and sour affliction
 Be playfellows to keep you company!
 There's two of you, the devil make a third,
 And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
 And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave

Q Mar Fie, coward woman and soft-
 hearted wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?
Suf A plague upon them! Wherefore should
 I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
 I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
 As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest
 words,

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
 My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract,
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban

And even now my burden'd heart would break
 Should I not curse them! Poison be their drink!
 Gall, worse than gall, the damnest that they
 taste!

Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
 Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
 Their softest touch as smart as lizard's stings!
 Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q Mar Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment
 st thyself,

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
 Or like an over-charged gun, recoil,

And turn the force of them upon thyself
Suf You bade me ban, and will you bid me
 leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport

Q Mar O! let me entreat thee, cease! Give
 me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears,
 Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
 To wash away my woeful monuments
 O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,

[Kisses his hand]
 That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
 Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd
 for thee

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief,
 'Tis but surmisd whiles thou art standing by,
 As one that surfeits thinking on a want

I will repeat thee, or, be well assur'd,
 Adventure to be banished myself,
 And banished I am, if but from thee

Go, speak not to me, even now be gone
 O! go not yet Even thus two friends condemn'd

Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
 Loather a hundred times to part than die
 Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee!

Suf Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
 Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee
 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence,
 A wilderness is populous enough,

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company
 For where thou art, there is the world itself,
 With every several pleasure in the world,

And where thou art not, desolation
 I can no more live thou to joy thy life

Myself to joy in nought but that thou liv'st

Enter VAUX

Q Mar Whither goes Vaux so fast? what
 news, I prithee?

Vaux To signify unto his majesty
 That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death,

For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
 That makes him gasp and stare, and catch the
 air,

Blaspheming God, and cursing heaven on earth
 Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
 Were by his side, sometime he calls the king,

And whispers to his pillow, as to him,

The secrets of his overcharged soul 376
And I am sent to tell his majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q Mar Go tell this heavy message to the king

[Exit VAUX]

Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?

Now get thee hence the king, thou know'st, is coming 385

If thou be found by me thou art but dead
Suf If I depart from thee I cannot live, 388

And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle babe, 392

Dying with mother's dug between its lips
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth

So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium
To die by thee, were but to die in jest, 400

From thee to die were torture more than death
O! let me stay, befall what may befall!

Q Mar Away! though parting be a fretful corsive,

It is applied to a deathful wound. 404
To France, sweet Suffolk let me hear from thee,

For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf I go
Q Mar And take my heart with thee 408

Suf A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth

Even as a split-ed bark so sunder we
Thus way fall I to death

Q Mar This way for me. 412
[Exeunt severally]

SCENE III — London CARDINAL BEAUFORT'S Bedchamber

Enter KING HENRY SALISBURY WARWICK, and Others
The CARDINAL in bed Attendants with him

K Hen How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign

Car If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain 4

K Hen Ah! what a sign it is of evil life
Where death's approach is seen so terrible

War Beaufort, it is thy sov'reign speaks to thee 7

Car Bring me unto my trial when you will
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live where they will or no?
O! torture me no more, I will confess

Alive again? then show me where he is 12
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them
Comb down his hair, look! look! it stands up-

right, 15
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul

Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him

K Hen O thou eternal Mover of the heavens!

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch, 20
O! beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul
And from his bosom purge this black despair

War See how the pangs of death do make him grin! 24

Sal Disturb him not! let him pass peaceably

K Hen Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!

Lord Cardinal if thou think'st on heaven's bliss, 27

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope
He dies and makes no sign O God, forgive him!

War So bad a death argues a monstrous life
K Hen Forbear to judge, for we are sinners

all. 31
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close

And let us all to meditation. [Exeunt]

ACT IV

SCENE I — Kent The Seashore near Dover

Firing heard at Sea Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and Others with them SUFFOLK disguised, and other Gentlemen, prisoners

Cap The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day

Is crept into the bosom of the sea,
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades

That drag the tragic melancholy night, 4
Who with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings

Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws

Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize, 8

For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,

Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore,
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee 12

And thou that art his mate make boot of this,
The other [Pointing to SUFFOLK], Walter Whit-

more, is thy share
First Gent What is my ransom, master? let me know

Master A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head 16

Mate And so much shall you give, or off goes yours

Cap What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains' throats! for die you shall
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum!

First Gent I'll give it, sir, and therefore spare my life

Sec Gent And so will I, and write home for it straight. 24

Whit I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

[*To SUFFOLK*] And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die,

And so should these if I might have my will
Cap Be not so rash take ransom, let him live 28

Suf Look on my George, I am a gentleman
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid

Whit And so am I, my name is Walter Whitmore

How now! why start'st thou? what! doth death affright? 32

Suf Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death

A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *Water* I should die 35

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is—*Gaultier*, being rightly sounded

Whit *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is I care not,

Never yet did base dishonour blur our name
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot 40

Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd

And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[*Lays hold on SUFFOLK*]

Suf Stay, Whitmore, for thy prisoner is a prince, 44

The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole
Whit The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

Suf Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke

Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?
Cap But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be. 49

Suf Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,

The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom. 52

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

How often hast thou waited at my cup, 56
Fed from my trencher kneel'd down at the board,

When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n,

Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride 60
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood

And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue
Whit Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain? 65

Cap First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side 68

Strike off his head
Suf Thou dar'st not for thy own

Cap Yes, Pole Pole!

Suf Pool! Sir Pool! lord! Ay, kennel, puddle, sink, whose filth and dirt

Troubles the silver spring where England drinks
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth 73

For swallowing the treasure of the realm
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground,

And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death, 76

Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again

And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord 80

Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem

By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd 84

With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,

The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdam to call us lord, and Picardy 88

Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home

The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain, 92

As hating thee, are rising up in arms
And now the house of York, thrust from the crown

By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny, 96

Burns with revenging fire, whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,

Under the which is writ *Invitus nubibus*
The commons here in Kent are up in arms, 100

And to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,

And all by thee Away! convey him hence
Suf O! that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder 104

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges.
Small things make base men proud this villain here,

Being captain of a pannace threatens more
Than *Bargulus* the strong Illyrian pirate 108

Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives

It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself 111

Thy words move rage, and not remorse in me
I go of message from the queen to France,

I charge thee, waft me safely cross the Channel
Cap Walter!

Whit Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death 115

Suf *Gelusid tumor occupat artus* 'tis thee I fear

Whit Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee

What! are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

First Gent My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair 120

Suf Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough

Us do command untaught to plead for favour Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit no rather let my head 124

Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any

Save to the God of heaven and to my king,

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom

True nobility is exempt from fear 129

More can I bear than you dare execute

Cap Hail him away, and let him talk no more

Suf Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can 132

That this my death may never be forgot

Great men oft die by vile bezonians

A Roman sworder and banditto slave

Murder'd sweet Tully Brutus bastard hand

Stab'd Julius Cæsar savage islanders 137

Pompey the Great, and Suffolk dies by pirates

[*Exit with SUFFOLK WHITMORE and Others*]

Cap And as for these whose ransom we have set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart 140

Therefore come you with us and let him go

[*Exeunt all but first Gentleman*]

Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK'S body

Whit There let his head and lifeless body lie,

Until the queen his mistress bury it [Exit] 144

First Gent O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

His body will I bear unto the king

If he revenge it not yet will his friends,

So will the queen, that living held him dear

[*Exit with the body*]

SCENE II — Blackheath

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND

Geo Come, and get thee a sword though

made of a lath they have been up these two

days

John They have the more need to sleep now

then 5

Geo I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means

to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set

a new nap upon it

John So he had need, for 'tis threadbare.

Well, I say it was never merry world in England

since gentlemen came up

Geo O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded

in handicrafts-men 13

John The nobility think scorn to go in

leather aprons

Geo Nay, more, the king's council are no

good workmen 17

John True, and yet it is said 'Labour in thy

vocation' which is as much to say as, let the

magistrates be labouring men, and therefore should we be magistrates 21

Geo Thou hast hit it, for there's no better

sign of a brave mind than a hard hand

John I see them! I see them! There's

Best's son, the tanner of Wingham, — 25

Geo He shall have the skins of our enemies

to make dog-s-leather of

John And Dick the butcher — 28

Geo Then is sin struck down like an ox, and

iniquity's throat cut like a calf

John And Smith the weaver, —

Geo Argo, their thread of life is spun. 32

John Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the

Weaver and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers

Cade We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father, —

Dick [Aside] Or rather, of stealing a cade

of herrings 37

Cade For our enemies shall fall before us,

inspired with the spirit of putting down kings

and princes — Command silence 40

Dick Silence!

Cade My father was a Mortimer —

Dick [Aside] He was an honest man, and a

good bricklayer 44

Cade My mother a Plantagenet, —

Dick [Aside] I knew her well, she was a

midwife

Cade My wife descended of the Lacies, — 48

Dick [Aside] She was, indeed, a pedlar's

daughter, and sold many laces

Smith [Aside] But now of late, not able to

travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks

here at home 53

Cade Therefore am I of an honourable

house

Dick [Aside] Ay, by my faith, the field is

honourable, and there was he born, under a

hedge, for his father had never a house but the

cage

Cade Valiant I am 60

Smith [Aside] A must needs, for beggary

is valiant

Cade I am able to endure much

Dick [Aside] No question of that, for I have

seen him whipped three market-days together

Cade I fear neither sword nor fire

Smith [Aside] He need not fear the sword,

for his coat is of proof 68

Dick [Aside] But methinks he should stand

in fear of fire, being burnt in the hand for steal-

ing of sheep

Cade Be brave, then for your captain is

brave, and vows reformation There shall be

in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a

penny, the three-hooped pot shall have ten

hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small

beer All the realm shall be in common, and in

Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And

when I am king — as king I will be, —

All God save your majesty! 80

Cade I thank you, good people there shall

be no money, all shall eat and drink on my

score and I will apparel them all in one livery
that the/ may agree like brothers, and worship
me their lord 85

Dick The first thing we do, let's kill all the
lawyers

Cade Nay, that I mean to do Is not this
a lametab' thing, that of the skin of an inno-
cent lamb should be made parchment! that
parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a
man? Some say the bee stings, but I say, 'tis
the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing,
and I was never ruin'd own man since How
no! who's there? 95

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham

Smith The clerk of Chatham he can write
and read and cast account

Cade O monstrous!

Smith We took him setting of boys' copies

Cade Here's a villain! 100

Smith Has a book in his pocket with red
letters in't

Cade Nay, then he is a conjurer

Dick Nay, he can make obligations, and
write court-hand 105

Cade I am sorry for't the man is a proper
man, of mine honour, unless I find him guilt-,
he shall not die Come hither, surrah, I must
examine thee What is thy name? 109

Clerk Emmanuel

Dick They use to write it on the top of
letters 'Twill go hard with you 112

Cade Let me alone Dost thou use to write
thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself like
an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk Sir, I thank God, I have been so well
brought up, that I can write my name 117

All He hath confessed away with him! he's
a villain and a traitor

Cade Away with him! I say hang him with
his pen and ink-horn about his neck 121

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk*]

Enter MICHAEL

Mich Where's our general?

Cade Here I am, thou particular fellow

Mich Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford
and his brother are hard by, with the king's
forces 126

Cade Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee
down He shall be encountered with a man as
good as himself he is but a knight, is a?

Mich No

Cade To equal him, I will make myself a
knight presently [*Kneels*] Rise up Sir John
Mortimer [*Rises*] Now have at him 133

*Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and WILLIAM
his Brother, with drum and Forces*

Staff Rebel! our hands, the fifth and scum of
Kent

Murder the gallows lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages forsake this groom

The king is returned, you revolt 137

But angry, wrathful, and inclined
to blood!

If you go forward therefore yield, or die
Cade As for these silver-coated slaves, I
pass not 140

It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign,
For I am rightful heir unto the crown

Staff Villain! thy father was a plasterer,
And thou thyself a shearmaster art thou not? 145

Cade And Adam was a gardener

W Staff And what of that?

Cade Marry, this Edmund Mortimer, Earl
of March, 148

Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did
he not? 149

Staff Ay, sir

Cade By her he had two children at one
birth

W Staff That's false 152

Cade Ay, there's the question, but I say,
tis true

The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away,

And, ignorant of his birth and parentage, 156
Became a bricklayer when he came to age

His son am I deny it if you can

Dick Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be
king

Smith Sir he made a churney in my father's
house, and the bucks are alive at this day to
testify it, and the more deny it not

Staff And wilt you credit this base drudge's
words,

That speaks he knows not what? 164

All Ay, marry, will we, therefore get ye
gone

W Staff Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath
taught you this

Cade [*As de*] He lies for I invented it my-
self Go to surrah, tell the king from me, that,
for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose
time boys went to span-counter for French
crowns, I am content he shall reign, but I'll be
a rote-tor over him 172

Dick And furthermore, we'll have the Lord
Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine

Cade And good reason for thereby is Eng-
land maimed and fain to go with a staff, but
that my puissance holds it up Fellow kings I
tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the
commonwealth, and made it a eunuch, and
more than that he can speak French, and
therefore he is a traitor 181

Staff O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade Nay, answer, if you can the French-
men are our enemies, go to then, I ask but
this, can he that speaks with the tongue of an
enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All No, no and therefore we'll have his head

W Staff Well, seeing gentle words will not
prevail, 188

Assail them with the arm of the king

Staff Herald, away, and throughout every
town

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade,
That those which fly before the battle ends 192

May, even in their wives' and children's sight,

Be hang'd up for example at their doors
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS and Forces*

Cade And you, that love the commons
follow me

Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty
We will not leave one lord one gentleman
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,
For they are the rify honest men, and such as
As would, but that they dare not take our
part

Dick They are all in order, and march to-
ward us

Cade But the more are we in order when we are
most out of order. Come, march forward!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III — Another Part of Blackheath

alarums The two parties enter and fight, and
both the STAFFORDS are slain

Cade Where's Dick the butcher of Ashford?

Dick Here, sir

Cade They fell before thee like sheep and
oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou
hadst been in thine own slaughter-house there-
fore thus wilt I reward thee, the Lent shall be
as long again as it is, and thou shalt have a
licence to kill for a hundred lacking one

Dick I desire no more

Cade And, to speak truth, thou deservest no
less This monument of the victory will I bear

[*Puts on SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD'S armour*]
And the bodies shall be dragged at my horse
heels, till I do come to London, where we will
have the Mayor's sword borne before us

Dick If we mean to thrive and do good,
break open the gaols and let out the prisoners

Cade Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come,
let's march towards London
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV — London A Room in the Palace

Enter KING HENRY, reading a Supplication the
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and LORD SAY with
him at a distance QUEEN MARGARET, mourn-
ing over SUFFOLK'S head

Q Mar Of. have I heard that grief softens
the mind

And makes it fearful and degenerate,
Think therefore on revenge and cease to
weep

But who can cease to weep and look on this?

Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast,
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck What answer makes your Grace to the
rebels' supplication?

K Hen I'll send some holy bishop to entreat,
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,

Will parley with Jack Cade their general.
But say, I'll read it over once again

Q Mar Ah, barbarous villains! hath this
lovely face

Rul'd like a wandering planet over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K Hen Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to
have in, head

Say Ay, but I hope your highness shall have
his

K Hen How now madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's
death?

I fear me love if that I had been dead
Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for
me

Q Mar No my love, I should not mourn
but die for thee

Enter a Messenger

K Hen How now! what news? why com'st
thou in such haste?

Mess The rebels are in Southwark, fly, my
lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence house,
And calls your Grace usurper openly,

And vows to crown himself in Westminster
His army is a ragged multitude

Of hinds and peasants rude and merciless
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed

All scro'ars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their
death

K Hen O graceless men! they know not
what they do

Buck My gracious lord, retire to Killing-
worth

Until a power be rais'd to put them down

Q Mar Al! were the Duke of Suffolk now
alive,

These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd

K Hen Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth

Say So might your Grace's person be in
danger

The sight of me is odious in their eyes,
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may

Enter a second Messenger

Sec Mess Jack Cade hath gotten London
bridge,

The citizens fly and forsake their houses,
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear

To spoil the city and your royal court

Buck Then linger not, my lord, away! take
horse

K Hen Come, Margaret, God, our hope,
will succour us

Q Mar My hope is gone, now Suffolk is
deceas'd

K Hen [To LORD SAY] Farewell, my lord
trust not the Kentish rebels

Buck Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd
Say The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute
[*Exeunt*

SCENE V—*The Same The Tower*

*Enter LORD SCALES and Others, on the Walls
Then enter certain Citizens, below*

Scales How now! is Jack Cade slain?

First Cit No, my lord, nor likely to be slain, for they have won the bridge killing all those that withstand them. The Lord Mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales Such aid as I can spare you shall command,

But I am troubled here with them myself, 8
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe
Fight for your king, your country, and your
lives, 12

And so, farewell, for I must hence again 12
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI—*London Cannon Street*

*Enter JACK CADE, and his Followers He strikes
his staff on London-stone*

Cade Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running

Sold Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade Knock him down there

[*They kill him*]

Smith If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more. I think he hath a very fair warning. 12

Dick My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade Come then, let's go fight with them. But first, go and set London bridge on fire, and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away 12
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII.—*The Same Smithfield*

Alarums Enter, on one side, CADE and his company on the other, Citizens, and the KING'S Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOFFE. They fight the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOFFE is slain.

Cade So, sirs—Now go some and pull down the Savoy, others to the inns of court down with them all.

Dick I have a suit unto your lordship. 4
Cade Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth. 8

John [*Aside*] Mass 'twill be sore law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith [*Aside*] Nay, John, it will be stink-

ing law, for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. 14

Cade I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away! burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade And henceforward all things shall be in common. 21

Enter a Messenger

Mess My lord a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy. 25

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY

Cade Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah! thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school, and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them, when indeed only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not? 53

Say What of that? 53

Cade Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets. 56

Dick And work in their shirt too, as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say You men of Kent,—

Dick What say you of Kent? 60

Say Nothing but this 'tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will. 64

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ, Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle. Sweet is the country, because full of riches, The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy, 68 Which makes me hope you are not void of pity. I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy, Yet, to recover them, would lose my life. Justice with favour have I always done, 72

Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never

When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks, 76
Because my book preferred me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits, 80
You cannot but forbear to murder me
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field? 85

Say Great men have reaching hands oft have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead
Geo O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks! 89

Say These cheeks are pale for watching for your good

Cade Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again 92

Say Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases
Cade Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of hatchet 96

Dick Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say The palsy, and not fear, provokes me
Cade Nay, he nods at us as who should say I'll be even with you I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no Take him away and behead him 102

Say Tell me wherein have I offended most? Have I affected wealth, or honour? speak Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold? Is my apparel sumptuous to behold? Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death? These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding, 108

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts
O! let me live

Cade [Aside] I feel remorse in myself with his words, but I'll bridle it he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue, he speaks not o' God's name Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently, and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither 119

All It shall be done

Say Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls?

And therefore yet relent, and save my life 124

Cade Away with him! and do as I command ye [Exeunt some, with LORD SAY] The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute, there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they have it, men shall hold of me in capite, and we charge

and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell 133

Dick My lord, when shall we go to Cheap-side and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade Marry, presently 136

All O' brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of LORD SAY and his Son-in-law

Cade But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France Soldiers defer the spoil of the city until night for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kiss Away! 145 [Exeunt]

SCENE VIII —The Same Southwark

Alarum Enter CADE and all his Rabbblement

Cade Up Fish Street! down St Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! [A parley sounded, then a retreat] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces

Buck Ay here they be that dare and will disturb thee

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king 8

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled, And here pronounce free pardon to them all That will forsake thee and go home in peace

Clif What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent 12

And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you, Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?

Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon, Flung up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!' 16

Who hateth him and honours not his father Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by

All God save the king! God save the king!

Cade What! Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads ravish your wives and daughters before your faces for me, I will make shift for one, and so, God's curse light upon you all! 35

All We'll follow Cade we'll follow Cade!

Clif Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,

That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas! he hath no home, no place to fly to,
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying *Villago* unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's
mercy

To France, to France! and get what you have
lost,

Spare England, for it is your native coast
Henry hath money you are strong and manly,
God on our side, doubt not of victory

All A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the
king and Clifford.

Cade [*Aside*] Was ever feather so lightly
blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of
Henry the Fifth hales them to a hundred mis-
chiefs and makes them leave me desolate I see
them lay their heads together to surprise me
My sword make way for me, for here is no stay-
ing In despite of the devils and hell, have
through the very midst of you! and heavens
and honour be witness, that no want of resolution
in me, but only my followers base and ignom-
inious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels

Buck What, is he fled? go some, and follow
him,

And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward

[Exeunt some of them]
Follow me, soldiers we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. *[Exeunt]*

SCENE IX — *Kentworth Castle*

Trumpets sounded Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN
MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the terrace

K Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly
throne,

And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king at nine months old
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and Old CLIFFORD

Buck Health, and glad tidings, to your
majesty!

K Hen Why Buckingham, is the traitor
Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter, below, a number of CADE'S followers,
with halters about their necks*

Clif He's fled, my lord, and all his powers
do yield,
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,

Expect your highness' doom, of! or death
K Hen Then, heaven, set o thy everlast-
ing gates,
To entertain my vows of than! and praise!
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and
country
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries
All God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger

Mess Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland
And with a pussant and a mighty power
Of Gallowglasses, and stout kerns,
Is marching hitherward in pious array,
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor

K Hen Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade
and York distress'd,
Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd,
And now is York in arms to second him
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what's the reason of these arms
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower,
And Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him

Som My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good
K Hen In any case, be not too rough in
terms.

For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language
Buck I will, my lord, and doubt not so to
deal

As all things shall redound unto your good
K Hen Come, wife, let's in, and learn to
govern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.
[Exeunt]

SCENE X — *Kent Iden's Garden*

Enter CADE

Cade Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that
have a sword, and yet am ready to famish!
These five days have I hid me in these woods and
durst not peep out, for all the country is laid
for me, but now I am so hungry, that if I might
have a lease of my life for a thousand years I
could stay no longer Wherefore, on a brick
wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I
can eat grass, or pick a sallot another while,
which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this
hot weather And I think this word 'sallet'
was born to do me good for many a time, but
for a sallot, my brain-pan had been cleft with a
brown bill, and many a time, when I have been
dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me

instead of a quart-pot to drink in, and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on 17

Enter IDEN with Servants behind

Iden Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,

And may enjoy such quiet walks as these? 20

This small inheritance my father left me

Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy

I seek not to wax great by others' waning,

Or gather wealth I care not with what envy

Sufficeth that I have maintains my state, 24

And sends the poor well pleased from my gate

Cade [Aside] Here's the lord of the soil

come to seize me for a stray, for entering his

fee-simple without leave Ah, villain! thou wilt

betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the

king by carrying my head to him, but I'll make

thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my

svord like a great pin, ere thou and I part 32

Iden Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er

thou be,

I know thee not, why then should I betray thee?

Is't not enough to break into my garden,

And like a thief to come to rob my grounds, 36

Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,

But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that

ever was broached, and beard thee too Look on

me well I have eat no meat these five days,

yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do

not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray

God I may never eat grass more 44

Iden Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while Eng-

land stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,

Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man

Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine, 48

See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks

Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser,

Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,

Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon,

My foot shall fight with all the strength thou

hast, 53

And if mine arm be heaved in the air

Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth

As for more words, whose greatness answers

words, 56

Let this my sword report what speech forbears

Cade By my valour, the most complete

champion that ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn

the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown

in chunes of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I

beseech Jove on my knees, thou mayst be turned

to hobnails [They fight CADE falls] O, I am

slain! Famine and no other hath slain me let

ten thousand devils come against me, and give

me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'll defy

them all Wither, garden, and be henceforth a

burying-place to all that do dwell in this house,

because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled

Iden Is't Cade that I have slain, that mon-

strous traitor? 70

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,

And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead

Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,

But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat, 74

To emblaze the honour that thy master got

Cade Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy

victory Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her

best man, and exhort all the world to be

cowards, for I, that never feared any, am van-

quished by famine, not by valour [Dies

Iden How much thou wrong'st me, heaven

be my judge 81

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare

thee!

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,

So wish I I might thrust thy soul to hell 84

Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels

Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,

And there cut off thy most ungracious head,

Which I will bear in triumph to the king, 88

Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon

[Ex t, with Servants, dragging out the body]

ACT V

SCENE I—*Kent Fields between Dartford and Blackheath*

The KING's camp on one side On the other, enter YORK, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours

York From Ireland thus comes York to

claim his right,

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head

Ring, bells, aloud, burn, bonfires, clear and

bright,

To entertain great England's lawful king 4

Ah *sancta majestas*, who would not buy thee

dear?

Let them obey that know not how to rule,

This hand was made to handle nought but gold

I cannot give due action to my words, 8

Except a sword, or sceptre balance it

A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,

On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France

Enter BUCKINGHAM

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb

me? 12

The king hath sent him, sure I must dissemble

Buck York, if thou meanest well, I greet

thee well

York Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept

thy greeting 15

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck A messenger from Henry, our dread

hege,

To know the reason of these arms in peace,

Or why thou,—being a subject as I am,—

Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,

Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,

Or dare to bring thy force so near the court

York [Aside] Scarce can I speak, my choler

is so great 23

O! I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,

I am so angry at these abject terms,

And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury
 I am far better born than is the king,
 More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts,
 But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
 Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong
 [Aloud] Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
 That I have given no answer all this while,
 My mind was troubled with deep melancholy
 The cause why I have brought this army hither
 Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
 Seditious to his Grace and to the state

Buck That is too much presumption on thy part
 But if thy arms be to no other end,
 The king hath yielded unto thy demand
 The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower

York Upon thine honour, is he a prisoner?
Buck Upon mine honour, he is a prisoner
York Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers

Soldiers, I thank you all, disperse yourselves,
 Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
 You shall have pay, and everything you wish,
 And let my sov'reign, virtuous Henry,
 Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
 As pledges of my fealty and love,
 I'll send them all as willing as I live
 Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have
 Is his to use, so Somerset may die

Buck York, I commend this kind submission
 We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING HENRY, attended.

K Hen Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
 That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York In all submission and humility
 York doth present himself unto your highness
K Hen Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York To beavethe traitor Somerset from hence,
 And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
 Who since I heard to be discomfited

Enter IDEN, with CADE's head

Iden If one so rude and of so mean condition
 May pass into the presence of a king,
 Lo! I present your Grace a traitor's head,
 The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew

K Hen The head of Cade! Great God, how just art thou!

O! let me view his visage, being dead,
 That living wrought me such exceeding trouble
 Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden I was, an't like your majesty thy degree?

Iden Alexander Iden, that's my name,
 A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king

Buck So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss

He were created knight for his good service
K Hen Iden, kneel down. [He kneels] Rise up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
 And will, that thou henceforth attend on us

Iden May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
 And never live but true unto his liege!

K Hen See! Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen

Go, bid her hude him quickly from the duke

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and SOMERSET

Q Mar For thousand Yorks he shall not hude his head,

But boldly stand and front him to his face
York How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
 Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
 Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,
 Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor
 That head of thine doth not become a crown

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
 And not to grace an awful princely sceptre

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
 Is able with the change to kill and cure

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
 And with the same to act controlling laws

Give place by heaven, thou shalt rule no more

O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler
Som O monstrous traitor—I arrest thee,

York,
 Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown

Obey, audacious traitor, kneel for grace
York Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these

If they can brook I bow a knee to man
 Surrah, call in my sons to be my bail

[Exit an Attendant]
 I know ere they will have me go to ward,

They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement

Q Mar Call hither Clifford, bid him come amain,

To say if that the bastard boys of York
 Shall be the surety for their traitor father

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.]
York O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,

Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
 The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,

Shall be their father's bail and bane to those
 That for my surety will refuse the boys!

[Exit EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with Forces at one side, at the other, with Forces also, Old CLIFFORD and his Son]

See where they come I'll warrant they'll make it good

Q Mar And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif [Kneeling] Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

York I thank thee, Clifford say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look
 We are thy sov'reign, Clifford, kneel again,
 For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee 128
Clif This is my king, *York*, I do not mistake,
 But thou mistak'st me much to think I do
 To bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
K Hen Ay, Clifford, a bedlam and ambitious humour 132
 Makes him oppose himself against his king
Clif He is a traitor, let him to the Tower,
 And chop away that factious pate of his
Q Mar He is arrested but will not obey
 His sons, he says, shall give their words for him 137
York Will you not, sons?
Edw Ay, noble father, if our words will serve
Rich And if words will not, then our weapons shall 140
Clif Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York Look in a glass, and call thy image so
 I am thy king and thou a false-heart traitor
 Call hither to the stake my two brave bears, 144
 That with the very shaking of their chains
 They may astonish these fell-lurking curs
 Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me
Drums Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces
Clif Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death 148
 And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
 If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place
Rich Oft have I seen a hot or erweening cur
 Run back and bite, because he was withheld
 Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
 Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried
 And such a piece of service will you do,
 If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick 156
Clif Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
 As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
York Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon
Clif Take heed lest by your heat you burn yourselves 160
K Hen Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
 Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
 Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
 What! wilt thou on thy death bed play the ruffian, 164
 And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
 O! where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
 If it be banish'd from the frosty head, 167
 Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
 Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
 And shame thine honourable age with blood?
 Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
 Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
 For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me, 173
 That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal My lord, I have consider'd with myself
 The title of this most renowned duke, 176
 And in my conscience do repute his Grace
 The rightful heir to England's royal seat
K Hen Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
Sal I have 180
K Hen Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
Sal It is a great sin to swear unto a sin,
 But greater sin to keep a sinful oath
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow 184
 To do a murderous deed to rob a man,
 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
 To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
 To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
 And have no other reason for this wrong 189
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
Q Mar A subtle traitor needs no sophister
K Hen Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself 192
York Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,
 I am resolv'd for death, or dignity
Clif The first I warrant thee if dreams prove true
War You were best to go to bed and dream again, 196
 To keep thee from the tempest of the field
Clif I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
 Than any thou canst conjure up to day,
 And that I'll write upon thy burget, 200
 Might I but know thee by thy household badge
War Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
 The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
 This day I'll wear aloft my burget,— 204
 As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
 That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,—
 Even to affright thee with the view thereof
Clif And from thy burget I'll rend thy bear, 208
 And tread it underfoot with all contempt,
 Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear
Y Clif And so to arms, victorious father,
 To quell the rebels and their complacencies 212
Rich Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,
 For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night
Y Clif Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell
Rich If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [Exeunt severally]

SCENE II—*Saint Alban's*

Alarums Excursions Enter WARWICK
War Clifford of Cumberland, tis Warwick calls
 And if thou dost not hude thee from the bear,
 Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
 And dead men's cries do fill the empty air 4
 Clifford, I say, come forth, and fight with me!
 Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
 Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK

How now, my noble lord! what! all afoot? 8
York The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
 But match to match I have encounter'd him,
 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
 Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well. 12

Enter Old CLIFFORD

War Of one or both of us the time is come
York Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chase,
 For I myself must hunt this deer to death
War Then, nobly, York, 'tis for a crown thou fight st 16
 As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
 It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd

[Exit]

Clif What seest thou in me, Yo-k? why dost thou pause?

York With thy brave bearing should I be in love, 20

But that thou art so fast mine enemy
Clif Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,

But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.
York So let it help me now against thy sword
 As I in justice and true right express it. 25

Clif My soul and body on the action both!

York A dreadful lay! address thee instantly

Clif *La fin couronne les œuvres* 28

[They fight, and CLIFFORD falls and dies]

York Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!
[Exit]

Enter Young CLIFFORD

Y Clif Shame and confusion! all is on the rout 31

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
 Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,
 Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly
 He that is truly dedicate to war 37
 Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of valour *[Seeing his father's body]*

O! let the vile world end, 40

And the premised flames of the last day
 Kneet heaven and earth together,
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds 44
 To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of advised age, 47
 And, in thy reverence and thy charr-days thus
 To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight

My heart is turn'd to stone and while 'tis mine
 It shall be stony York not our old men spares, 52

No more will I their babes tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,

And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax

Henceforth I will not have to do with pity 56

Meet I an infant of the house of York,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it
 As wild Medea young Absyrtus did
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame 60
 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house
[Taking up the body]

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders,
 But then Æneas bare a living load, 64
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine *[Exit]*

*Enter RICHARD and SOMERSET, fighting
SOMERSET is killed*

Rich So, lie thou there,
 For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
 The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset 68
 Hath made the wizard famous in his death
 Sword, hold thy temper, heart be wrathful still
 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill *[Exit]*

*Alarums Excursions Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN
MARGARET, and Others, retreating*

Q Mar Away, my lord! you are slow for shame, away! 72

K Hen. Can we outrun the heavens' good Margaret, stay

Q Mar What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
 To give the enemy way, and to secure us 76

By what we can, which can no more but fly
[Alarum afar off]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
 Of all our fortunes but if we haply scape, 79

As well we may, if not through your neglect,
 We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,
 And where this breach now in our fortunes

made
 May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter Young CLIFFORD

Y Clif But that my heart's on future mischief set, 84

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly,
 But fly you must uncurable discomfit

Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts
 Away, for your relief! and we will live 88

To see their day and them our fortune give
 Away, my lord, away! *[Exeunt]*

SCENE III.—*Field near Saint Alban's*

*Alarum Retreat Flourish then enter YORK,
RICHARD, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum
and colours*

York Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
 That winter lion, who in rage forgets

Aged contusions and all brush of time
 And, like a gallant in the brow of youth, 4

Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
 Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,

If Salisbury be lost.

Rich My noble father,
 Three times to-day I help him to his horse. 8

Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,

Persuaded him from any further act
 But still, where danger was, still there I met him,
 And like rich hangings in a homely house, 12
 So was his will in his old feeble body
 But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY

Sal Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought
 to day,
 By the mass, so did we all I thank you, 16
 Richard
 God knows how long it is I have to live,
 And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-
 day
 You have defended me from imminent death
 Well, lords, we have not got that which we
 have 20

'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
 Being opposites of such repairing nature
York I know our safety is to follow them,
 For, as I hear, the king is fled to London, 24
 To call a present court of parliament
 Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth —
 What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War After them! nay, before them, if we
 can 28
 Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious
 day
 Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
 Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come
 Sound, drums and trumpets, and to London
 all 32
 And more such days as these to us befall!
 [Exeunt

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH,
EDWARD Prince of Wales, his Son
LEWIS THE ELEVENTH, King of France.
DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF EXETER,
EARL OF OXFORD
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND
EARL OF WESTMORELAND
LORD CLIFFORD
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Duke of York
EDWARD Earl of March afterwards King
Edward the Fourth
EDMUND Earl of Rutland,
GEORGE afterwards Duke of Clarence
RICHARD afterwards Duke of Gloucester
DUKE OF NORFOLK,
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE,
EARL OF WARWICK
EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD STAFFORD,

} on King Henry's side.
} his Sons.
} of the Duke of York's Party

SIR JOHN MORTIMER } Uncles to the Duke of York.
SIR HUGH MORTIMER }
HENRY EARL OF RICHMOND a Youth.
LORD RIVERS, Brother to Lady Grey
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE,
Tutor to Rutland.
Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower
A Nobleman.
Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his Father
A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET
LADY GREY afterwards Queen to Edward the Fourth.
BONA, Sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King
Edward, Messengers Watchmen, &c.

SCENE —During part of the Third Act, in France, during the rest of the Play, in England

ACT I

SCENE I —London The Parliament-House

Drums Some Soldiers of YORK's party break in
Then, enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD,
RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK,
and Others, with white roses in their hats

War I wonder how the king escap'd our hands

York While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,

He silly stole away and left his men
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland, 4
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army, and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and breaking 8

Were by the swords of common soldiers slam
Edw Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buck-
ingham,

Is either slain or wounded dangerously,
I left his beaver with a downright blow 12
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[Showing his bloody sword
Mont And, brother, here's the Earl of Wilt-
shire's blood, [To YORK, showing his
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd

Rich Speak thou for me, and tell them what
I did.

[Throwing down the DUKE OF
SOMERSET'S head.
York Richard hath best deserv'd of all my
sons 17

But, is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
Norf Such hope have all the line of John of
Gaunt!

Rich Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's
head 20

War And so do I Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close 24

This is the palace of the fearful king,
And thus the regal seat possess it, York,

For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'
York Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and 28

I will,
For hither we have broken in by force

Norf We'll all assist you, he that flies shall
die.

York Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by me,
my lords,

And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night. 32

War And when the king comes, offer him no
violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce
[The Soldiers retire

York The queen this day here holds her
parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council 36
By words or blows here let us win our right

Rich Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this
house

War The bloody parliament shall thus be
call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king, 40

And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies

York Then leave me not, my lords, be
resolute,

I mean to take possession of my right 44

War Neither the king, nor he that loves
him best,

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares
Resolve thee, Richard, claim the English crown.

[*WARWICK leads YORK to the throne,
who seats himself*]

Flourish Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTH-
UMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and
Others, with red roses in their hats

K Hen My lords, look where the sturdy
rebel sits,

Even in the chair of state! belike he means—
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false
peer— 52

To aspire unto the crown and reign as king
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,

And thine, Lord Clifford, and you both have
vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends
North If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on
me! 57

Clif The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn
in steel.

West What! shall we suffer thus? let's pluck
him down

My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it 60

K Hen Be patient, gentle Earl of West-
moreland.

Clif Patience is for poltroons, such as he
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd

My gracious lord, here in the parliament 64
Let us assail the family of York.

North Well hast thou spoken, cousin be
it so

K Hen Ah! know you not the city favours
them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe But when the duke is slain they'll
quickly fly 69

K Hen Far be the thought of this from
Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats, 72

Shall be the war that Henry means to use

[*They advance to the DUKE.*]
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet,
I am thy sovereign.

York I am thine 76

Exe For shame! come down he made thee
Duke of York

York 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom
was

Exe Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown

In following this usurping Henry 81

Clif Whom should he follow but his natural
king?

War True, Clifford, and that's Richard,
Duke of York

K Hen And shall I stand, and thou sit in
my throne? 84

York It must and shall be so content thy-
self

War Be Duke of Lancaster let him be king
West He is both king and Duke of Lancaster,

And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall main-
tain 88

War And Warwick shall disprove it You
forget

That we are those which chas'd you from the
field

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates 92

North Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my
grief,

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it
West Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy
sons,

Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more
lives 96

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins
Clif Urge it no more, lest that instead of
words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir 100

War Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worth-
less threats

York Will you we show our title to the
crown?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field
K Hen What title hast thou, traitor, to the
crown? 104

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York,
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of
March,

I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,

And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost
it all.

K Hen The Lord Protector lost it, and not I
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich You are old enough now, and yet,
methinks, you lose 113

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head
Edw Sweet father, do so, set it on your head.

Mont [To YORK] Good brother, as thou
lov'st and honour'st arms, 116

Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus
Rich Sound drums and trumpets, and the
king will fly

York Sons, peace!

K Hen Peace thou! and give King Henry
leave to speak. 120

War Plantagenet shall speak first hear him,
lords,

And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K Hen Think st thou that I will leave my
kingly throne, 124

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No first shall war unpeople this my realm,

Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,

And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,
Shall be my winding-sheet Why faint you,
lords? 139

My title's good, and better far than his
War Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be
king

K Hen Henry the Fourth by conquest got
the crown 132

York 'Twas by rebellion against his king

K Hen [*Aside*] I know not what to say
my title's weak

[*Aloud*] Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York What then? 136

K Hen An if he may, then am I lawful
king,

For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was and I am his 140

York He rose against him, being his sove-
reign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce
War Suppose, my lords, he did it uncon-
strain'd,

Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown? 144

Exe No, for he could not so resign his
crown

But that the next heir should succeed and reign
K Hen Art thou against us Duke of Exeter?

Exe His is the right, and therefore pardon
me 148

York Why whisper you, my lords, and an-
swer not?

Exe My conscience tells me he is lawful king
K Hen [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and
turn to him.

North Plantagenet, for all the claim thou
layst, 152

Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War Depos'd he shall be in despite of all
North Thou art deceiv'd 'tis not thy south-
ern power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk nor of Kent, 156

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and
proud,

Can set the duke up in despite of me

Clif King Henry be thy title right or wrong
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence 160

May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K Hen O Clifford, how thy words revive
my heart!

York Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown
What matter you or what conspire you lords?

War Do right unto this princely Duke of
York, 166

Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,

Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the
Soldiers show themselves*

K Hen My Lord of Warwick, hear me but
one word —

Let me for this my life-time reign as king
York Confirm the crown to me and to mine
heirs 172

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st

K Hen I am content Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease

Clif What wrong is this unto the prince
your son? 176

War What good is this to England and
himself?

West Base, fearful and despairing Henry!
Clif Ho v hast thou injur'd both thyself
and us?

West I cannot stay to hear these articles
North Nor I 181

Clif Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these
news

West Farewell, faint-hearted and degene-
rate king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides
North Be thou a prey unto the house of
York, 185

And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif In dreadful war mayst thou be over-
come,

Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd! 188

[*Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD,
and WESTMORELAND*

War Turn this way, Henry, and regard them
not

Exe They seek revenge and therefore will
not yield

K Hen Ah! Exeter

War Why should you sigh, my lord?

K Hen Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but
my son, 192

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit
But be it as it may, I here entail

The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever,
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath 196

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,

And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down and reign thyself 200

York This oath I willingly take and will
perform [*Coming from the throne*

War Long live King Henry! Plantagenet,
embrace him

K Hen And long live thou and these thy
forward sons!

York Now York and Lancaster are recon-
ciled! 204

Exe Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them
foes! [*Sennet The Lords come forward*

York Farewell, my gracious lord, I'll to my
castle

War And I'll keep London with my sol-
diers 207

Nor And I to Norfolk with my followers
Mont And I unto the sea from whence I
came [*Exeunt YORK and his Sons, WAR-*

WICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and

Attendants

K Hen And I, with grief and sorrow, to the
court

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE OF
WALES*

Exe Here comes the queen, whose looks be-
wray her anger

I'll steal away
K Hen Exeter, so will I
Q Mar Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee 213
K Hen Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay
Q Mar Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah! wretched man, would I had died a maid
 And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
 Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father
 Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
 Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I, 220
 Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
 Or nouriish'd him as I did with my blood,
 Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood
 there,

Rather than have made that savage duke thine
 heir, 224

And disinherited thine only son
Prince Father, you cannot disinherit me
 If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K Hen Pardon me, Margaret, pardon me,
 sweet son, 228
 The Earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd
 me

Q Mar Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and
 wilt be forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak Ah! timorous
 wretch, 231

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
 And given unto the house of York such head
 As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance
 To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
 What is it but to make thy sepulchre, 236
 And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor and the Lord of Calais,
 Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas,
 The duke is made protector of the realm, 240
 And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
 The trembling lamb environed with wolves
 Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
 The soldiers should have toss'd me on their
 pikes 244

Before I would have granted to that act,
 But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour
 And seeing thou dost I here divorce myself,
 Both from thy tab'e, Henry, and thy bed, 248
 Until that act of parliament be repeal'd
 Whereby my son is disinherited
 The northern lords that have forsworn thy
 colours

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread,
 And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
 And utter ruin of the house of York

Thus do I leave thee Come, son let's away,
 Our army is ready, come we'll after them 256

K Hen Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me
 speak

Q Mar Thou hast spoke too much already,
 get thee gone

K Hen Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay
 with me?

Q Mar Ay to be murder'd by his enemies.
Prince When I return with victory from the
 field 261

I'll see your Grace till then, I'll follow her
Q Mar Come, son, away, we may not linger
 thus [Exeunt QUEEN MARGARET and the
 PRINCE OF WALES

K Hen Poor queen! how love to me and to
 her son 264

Hath made her break out into terms of rage
 Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,
 Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
 Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle
 Tire on the flesh of me and of my son! 269

The loss of those three lords torments my heart
 I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair
 Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger 272

Exe And I, I hope shall reconcile them all.
 [Exeunt

SCENE II —A Room in Sandal Castle, near
 Wakefield, in Yorkshire

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE
Rich Brother, though I be youngest, give
 me leave

Edw No, I can better play the orator
Mont But I have reasons strong and forcible

Enter YORK

York Why, how now, sons and brother! at
 a strife? 4

What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York About what?
Rich About that which concerns your Grace
 and us, 8

The crown of England, father, which is yours
York Mine, boy? not till King Henry be
 dead

Rich Your right depends not on his life or
 death

Edw Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it
 now 12

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to
 breathe,

It will outrun you, father, in the end
York I took an oath that he should quietly
 reign

Edw But for a kingdom any oath may be
 broken 16

I would break a thousand oaths to reign one
 year

Rich No, God forbid your Grace should be
 forsworn

York I shall be, if I claim by open war
Rich I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear
 me speak 20

York Thou canst not, son, it is impossible
Rich An oath is of no moment, being not
 took

Before a true and lawful magistrate
 That hath authority over him that swears 24

Henry had none, but did usurp the place,
 Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
 Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous
 Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
 How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown, 29

Within whose circuit is Elvsum,

And all that poets feign of bliss and joy
 Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest 32
 Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd
 Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart
York Richard, enough, I will be king, or
 die

Brother, thou shalt to London presently, 36
 And whet on Warwick to this enterprise
 Thou, Richard, shalt unto the Duke of Norfolk,
 And tell him privily of our intent
 You, Edward, shalt unto my Lord Cobham, 40
 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly
 rise

In them I trust, for they are soldiers,
 Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit
 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth 44
 more,

But that I seek occasion how to rise,
 And yet the king not privy to my drift,
 Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger

But, stay! what news? why com'st thou in such
 post? 48

Mess The queen with all the northern earls
 and lords

Intend here to besiege you in your castle
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord 52

York Ay with my sword! What! think'st
 thou that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with
 me,

My brother Montague shall post to London
 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest, 56

Whom we have left protectors of the king,
 With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
 And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths

Mont Brother, I go, I'll win them, fear it
 not 60

And thus most humbly I do take my leave
 [Exit]

Enter SIR JOHN and SIR HUGH MORTIMER

York Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer,
 mine uncles!

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour,
 The army of the queen mean to besiege us 64

Sir John She shall not need, we'll meet her
 in the field

York Wha'! with five thousand men?

Rich Ay, with five hundred, father, for a
 need

A woman's general, what should we fear? 68
 [A march afar off]

Edw I hear their drums, let's set our men
 in order,

And issue forth and bid them battle straight
York Five men to twenty! though the odds
 be great

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory 72

Many a battle have I won in France,
 When as the enemy hath been ten to one

Why should I not now have the like success?
 [Alarum. Excunt]

SCENE III—*Field of Battle between Sandal
 Castle and Wakefield*

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter RUTLAND and his
 Tutor*

Rut Ah, whither shall I fly to scape their
 hands?

Ah! tutor, look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers

Clif Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves
 thy life

As for the brat of this accursed duke, 4
 Whose father slew my father, he shall die

Tut And I, my lord, will bear him company
Clif Soldiers, away with him

Tut Ah! Clifford, murder not this innocent
 child, 8

Lest thou be hated both of God and man!
 [Exit forced off by Soldiers]

Clif How now! is he dead already? Or is
 it fear

That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them
Rut So looks the pent-up lion o'er the
 wretch 12

That trembles under his devouring paws,
 And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,

And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder
 Ah! gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword, 16

And not with such a cruel threatening look
 Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
 Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live 20

Clif In vain thou speak'st, poor boy, my
 father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words
 should enter

Rut Then let my father's blood open it again
 He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him 24

Clif Had I thy brethren here, their lives and
 thine

Were not revenge sufficient for me
 No! if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,

And hung their rotten coffins up in chains, 28
 It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart

The sight of any of the house of York
 Is as a fury to torment my soul,

And till I root out their accursed line, 32
 And leave not one alive, I live in hell

Therefore— [Lifting his hand]
Rut O! let me pray before I take my death

To thee I pray sweet Clifford pity me! 36
Clif Such pity as my rapier's point affords

Rut I never did thee harm why wilt thou
 slay me?

Clif Thy father hath
Rut But 'twas ere I was born

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me, 40
 Lest in revenge thereof, with God is just,

He be as miserably slain as I
 Ah! let me live in prison all my days,

And when I give occasion of offence, 44
 Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause

Clif No cause!
 Thy father slew my father, therefore, die

[Stabs him.]

Rut *Du faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*

[*Dies*

Clif Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet! 49
And thus thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both
[*Exit*

SCENE IV—Another Part of the Plains

Alarum Enter YORK.

York The army of the queen hath got the field

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me,
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves
My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them

But this I know they have demear'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death 8
Three times did Richard make a lane to me
And thrice cried, 'Courage, father! fight it out!'
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt 12
In blood of those that had encounter'd him
And when the hardest warriors did reue
Richard cried, 'Charge!' and gave no foot of
ground! 15

And cried, 'A crown or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!

With this, we charg'd again! but, out alas!
We bodg'd again as I have seen a swan 19
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching
waves [A short alarum within

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am far! and cannot fly their fury,
And were I strong I would not shun their
fury 24

The sands are number'd that make up my life,
Here must I stay, and here my life must end

Enter QUEEN MARGARET CLIFFORD NORTH-
UMBERLAND, the young PRINCE, and Soldiers
Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage 28
I am your butt, and I abide your shot

North Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet

Clif Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
With downright payment show'd unto my
father 32

Now Phæton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick

York My ashes as the phoenix, may bring
forth

A bird that will revenge upon you all, 36
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif So cowards fight when they can fly no
further, 40

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York O Clifford! but bethink thee once
again, 44

And in thy thought o'er-run my former time,
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with
cowardice

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere
this 48

Clif I will not bandy with thee word for
word,

But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one
[*Draws*

Q Mar Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thou-
sand causes

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life 52
Wrath makes him deaf! speak thou, North-
umberland

North Hold, Clifford! do not honour him
so much

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin, 56
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,

And ten to one is no impeach of valour 60
[*They lay hands on YORK who struggles*

Clif Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with
the gin

North So doth the cony struggle in the net
[*YORK is taken prisoner*

York So triumph thieves upon their con-
quer'd boot

So true men yield with robbers so o'er-matched
North What would your Grace have done
unto him now? 65

Q Mar Brave warriors, Clifford and North-
umberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That taught at mountains with outstretched
arms, 68

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What! was it you that would be England's
king?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you
now? 73

The wanton Edward and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York! I stam'd this napkin with the
blood 79

That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy,
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal 83

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadily,
I should lament thy miserable state

I prithee grieve, to make me merry, York
What! hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine
entrails

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be
mad, 80

And I, to make thee mad do mock thee thus
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance
Thou wouldst be fee d, I see, to make me sport
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown 93
A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him
Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on

[Putting a paper crown on his head]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king! 96
Ay, thus is he that took King Henry's chair,
And thus is he was his adopted heir
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king 101
Till our King Henry had shook hands with
death

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem, 104
Now in his life against your holy oath?
O! 'tis a fault too-too unpardonable
Off with the crown, and, with the crown, his
head,

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him
dead 108

Clif That is my office, for my father's sake
Q Mar Nay, stay, let's hear the orisons he
makes

York She wolf of France, but worse than
wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's
tooth! 112

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging, 116
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee
blush

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom
deriv'd

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou
not shameless 120

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,
Unless the adage must be verified, 126

That beggars mounted run their horse to death
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud,

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at
'Tis government that makes them seem divine,
The want thereof makes thee abominable. 133

Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,

Or as the south to the septentrion. 136
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!

How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the
child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face? 140

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible,
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless
Budd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy
wish

Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast
thy will, 144

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-
woman 149

North Beshrew me, but his passion moves
me so

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears
York That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have
stain'd with blood, 153

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O! ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania

See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears
This cloth thou dipp'st in blood of my sweet
boy, 157

And I with tears do wash the blood away
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this,

[Giving back the handkerchief]

And if thou tell st the heavy story right, 160
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears,
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,

And say, 'Alas! it was a piteous deed!'
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my
curse 164

And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world,
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North Had he been slaughter-man to all
my kin, 169

I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how only sorrow gripes his soul

Q Mar What! weeping-ripe, my Lord
Northumberland? 172

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears

Clif Here's for my oath, here's for my
father's death. [Stabbing him]

Q Mar And here's to right our gentle-
hearted king [Stabbing him]

York Open thy gate of mercy, gracious
God! 177

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out
thee. [Dies]

Q Mar Off with his head, and set it on
York gates,

So York may overlook the town of York 180
[Flourish Exeunt]

ACT II

SCENE I.—A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in
Herefordshire

Drums. Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with their
Forces, marching

Edw I wonder how our princely father
'scap'd

Or whether he be 'scap'd away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit

Had he been ta'en we should have heard the
news 4

Had he been slain we should have heard the
news,
Or had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have
heard

The happy tidings of his good escape
How fares my brother? why is he so sad? 8

Rich I cannot joy until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become
I saw him in the battle range about, 11

And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat,

Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him 17

So far'd our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my war-like father
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son. 20

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun,
How well resembles it the prime of youth,

Trim'd d like a younker prancing to his love 24
Edw Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky 28

See see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun

In this the heaven figures some event 32
Edw 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet
never heard of

I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds 36

Should notwithstanding join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth as thus the world
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear

Upon my target three fair-shining suns 40
Rich Nay, bear three daughters by your
leave I speak it

You love the breeder better than the male
Enter a Messenger

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess Ah! one that was a woeful looker-on,
When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord

Edw O! speak no more, for I have heard
too much 48
Rich Say how he died for I will hear it all

Mess Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd 52

Troy
But Hercules himself must yield to odds,
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.

By many hands your father was subdu'd, 56
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,

Who crown'd the gracious duke in high des-
pight,

Laugh'd in his face, and when with grief he
wept, 60

The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford
slain

And after many scorns, many foul taunts, 64
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same, and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd

Edw Sweet Duke of York! our prop to lean
upon, 68
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no
stay!

O Clifford! boist'rous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry,
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd 73

thee
Now my soul's palace is become a prison
Ah! would she break from hence, that thus my
body

Might in the ground be closed up in rest, 76
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O! never, shall I see more joy

Rich I cannot weep, for all my body's mois-
ture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning
heart 80

Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great
burden,
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,

And burn me up with flames, that tears would
quench 84
To weep is to make less the depth of grief
Tears then, for babes, blows and revenge for
me!

Richard, I bear thy name I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it 88
Edw His name that valiant duke hath left
with thee,

His dukedom and his chair with me is left
Rich Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's
bird, 92

Show thy descent by gazing against the sun
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom
say,

Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.
*March Enter WARWICK and the MARQUESS OF
MONTAGUE, with Forces*

War How now, fair lords! What fare?
what news abroad? 96
Rich Great Lord of Warwick, if we should
recount

Our baleful news, and at each word's deliv'rance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told
The words would add more anguish than the
wounds

O valiant lord! the Duke of York is slain. 100
Edw O Warwick! Warwick! that Planta-
genet

Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemp-
tion,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death

War Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears,
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run
Were brought me of your loss and his de-
part.

I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Must'rd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,

Bearing the king in my behalf along,
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your suc-
cession.

Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his war-like queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen,
Or whether 'twas report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went,
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy fight,
Or like a lazy thresher with a flail—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards
But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day,
So that we fled the king unto the queen,
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and my-
self,

In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you,

For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again

Edw Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers,

And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war

Rich 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant War-
wick fled

Of have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

War Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear,

For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine

Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in war
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer

Rich I know it well, Lord Warwick, blame me not

'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak
But, in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say 'Ay,' and to it, lords

War Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,

And therefore comes my brother Montague
Attend me, lords The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament,
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of
March,

Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry, 'Charge upon our foes!'
But never once again turn back and fly

Rich Ay, now methinks I hear great War-
wick speak

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay

Edw Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean,

And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!

Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbend!
War No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York

The next degree is England's royal throne,
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd

In every borough as we pass along,
And he that throws not up his cap for joy

Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head,
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,

Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task

Rich Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,—

As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,—
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine

Edw Then strike up, drums! God, and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger

War How now! what news?
Mess The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel

War Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let's away

[Exeunt]

SCENE II — Before York

Flourish Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD and NORTHUMBERLAND, with drums and trumpets

Q Mar Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown

Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K Hen Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack

To see this sight, it irks my very soul
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow

Chf My gracious liege, thus too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick
Not his that spoils her young before her face

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,

And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire,
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,

Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argu'd thee a most unloving father
Unreasonable creatures feed their young,

And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings

Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?

For shame my liege, make them your precedent
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,

And long hereafter say unto his child,
'What my great grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away?'

Ah! what a shame were this! Look on the boy,
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart

To hold thine own and leave thine own with him

K Hen Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?

And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,

And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep

Than in possession any jot of pleasure
Ah! cousin York, would thy best friends did know

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q Mar My lord, cheer up your spirits: our
foes are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

You promis'd knighthood to our forward son
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently
Edward, kneel down

K Hen Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right

Prince My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,

And in that quarrel use it to the death
Chf Why, that is spoken like a toward prince

Enter a Messenger

Mess Royal commanders, be in readiness
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York,

And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand

Chf I would your highness would depart the field
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q Mar Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune

K Hen Why, that's my fortune too, therefore I'll stay

North Be it with resolution then to fight

Prince My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence
Unsheathe your sword, good father: cry, 'Saint

George!

March Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers

Edw Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head,

Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q Mar Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

Edw I am his king, and he should bow his knee,
I was adopted heir by his consent.

Since when, his oath is broke, for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,

To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Chf And reason too
Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich Are you there, butcher? O! I cannot speak.

Chf Ay, crook-back; here I stand to answer thee.

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Chf Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

- Rich* For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. 100
- War* What sayst thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown? 100
- Q Mar* Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak? 105
- When you and I met at Saint Alban's last, Your legs did better service than your hands.
- War* Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine 105
- Chf* You said so much before, and yet you fled.
- War* 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence
- North* No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay 108
- Rich* Northumberland, I hold thee reverently
- Break off the parley, for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer 112
- Chf* I slew thy father call'st thou him a child?
- Rich* Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
- As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland,
But ere sun-set I'll make thee curse the deed.
- K Hen* Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak 117
- Q Mar* Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.
- K Hen* I prithee, give no limits to my tongue
- I am a king, and privileg'd to speak. 120
- Chf* My hege, the wound that bred this meeting here
- Cannot be cur'd by words, therefore be still
- Rich* Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword
- By him that made us all I am resolv'd 124
- That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue
- Edw* Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no? 124
- A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown. 128
- War* If thou deny, their blood upon thy head,
- For York in justice puts his armour on.
- Prince* If that be right which Warwick says is right, 131
- There is no wrong, but everything is right
- Rich* Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands,
- For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue
- Q Mar* But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,
- But like a foul misshapen stigmatic. 136
- Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
- Rich* Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,— 140
- As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
- To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
- Edw* A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns, 144
- To make this shameless callet know herself
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus,
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this king by thee
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop, 151
- And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day,
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him, 156
- That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
- Hadst* thou been meek our title still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle king, 161
- Had slipp'd our claim until another age
- Geo* But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
- And that thy summer bred us no increase, 164
- We set the axe to thy usurping root,
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
- Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods
- Edw* And in this resolution I defy thee,
Not willing any longer conference, 171
- Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave
- Q Mar* Stay, Edward
- Edw* No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay 176
- These words will cost ten thousand lives this day [Exeunt
- SCENE III—A Field of Battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshre
- Alarums* *Excursions* Enter WARWICK
- War* Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
- I lay me down a little while to breathe,
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength, 4
- And spite of spite needs must I rest a while
- Enter EDWARD, running
- Edw* Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
- For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded
- War* How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good? 8
- Enter GEORGE.
- Geo* Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair,

Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us
 What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?
Edw Bootless is flight, they follow us with
 wings, 12
 And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD

Rich Ah! Warwick, why hast thou with-
 drawn thyself?
 Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath
 drunk,
 Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance,
 And in the very pangs of death he cried, 17
 Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
 'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'
 So, underneath the belly of their steeds, 20
 That stam'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
 The noble gentleman gave up the ghost

War Then let the earth be drunken with our
 blood

I'll kill my horse because I will not fly 24
 Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
 Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,
 And look upon, as if the tragedy 27
 Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
 Here on my knee I vow to God above,
 I'll never pause again, never stand still
 Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
 Or fortune given me measure of revenge 32

Edw O Warwick! I do bend my knee with
 thine,
 And in this vow do chain my soul to thine
 And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold
 face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
 Thou setter up and plucker down of kings, 37
 Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
 That to my foes this body must be prey,
 Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
 Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
 Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth

Rich Brother, give me thy hand, and, gentle
 Warwick, 44

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms
 I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
 That winter should cut off our spring-time so
War Away, away! Once more, sweet lords,
 farewell 48

Geo Yet let us all together to our troops,
 And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
 And call them pillars that will stand to us,
 And if we thrive, promise them such rewards
 As victors wear at the Olympian games
 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
 For yet is hope of life and victory
 Forslow no longer, make we hence amain. 56

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Excursions Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD

Rich Now, Clifford, I have singled thee
 alone
 Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
 And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,

Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall 4
Clif Now, Richard, I am with thee here
 alone

This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,
 And this the hand that slew thy brother Rut-
 land,

And here's the heart that triumphs in their
 death 8

And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and
 brother,

To execute the like upon thyself,

And so, have at thee!

[*They fight* *WARWICK enters* *CLIFFORD flies*
Rich Nay, Warwick, single out some other
 chase, 12

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field

Alarum Enter KING HENRY

K Hen This battle fares like to the morn-
 ing's war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light,
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

Can neither call it perfect day nor night 4

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea

Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind,

Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea

Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind 8

Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind,

Now one the better, then another best,

Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,

Yet neither conqueror nor conquered 12

So is the equal poise of this fell war

Here on this molehill will I sit me down

To whom God will, there be the victory!

For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too, 16

Have chid me from the battle swearing both

They prosper best of all when I am thence

Would I were dead! if God's good will were so,

For what is in this world but grief and woe? 20

O God! methinks it were a happy life,

To be no better than a homely swain,

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

To carve out dials quaintly, point to point, 24

Thereby to see the minutes how they run,

How many make the hour full complete,

How many hours bring about the day, 28

How many days will finish up the year,

How many years a mortal man may live

When this is known, then to divide the times

So many hours must I tend my flock,

So many hours must I take my rest, 32

So many hours must I contemplate,

So many hours must I sport myself,

So many days my ewes have been with young,

So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean, 36

So many years ere I shall shear the fleece

So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,

Pass'd over to the end they were created,

Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. 40

Ah! what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade

To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,

Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy 44

To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes! it doth a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle, 48
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup, 52
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum Enter a Son that hath killed his Father, with the dead body

Son Ill blows the wind that profits nobody
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight, 56
May be possessed with some store of crowns
And I, that haply take them from him now
May yet ere might yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me 60
Who's this? O God! it is my father's face
Whom in this conflict I unware have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!

From London by the king was I press'd forth, 64
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York press'd by his master,
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,

Have by my hands of life bereaved him 68
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill

K Hen O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enemy 75
Weep, wretched man, I'll add thee tear for tear
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief

Enter a Father that hath killed his Son, with the body in his arms

Fath Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold, 80
For I have bought it with a hundred blows
But let me see is this our foeman's face?

Ah! no, no, no, it is mine only son
Ah! boy, if any life be left in thee, 84
Throw up thine eye see, see! what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart
O! pity, God, this miserable age 88

What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous mutinous, and unnatural
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!

O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon, 92
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late

K Hen Woe above woe! grief more than
common grief!

O! that my death would stay these ruthless deeds
O! pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity 96
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish! 100
If you contend a thousand lives must wither

Son How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied! 104

Fath How will my wife for slaughter of my
son

Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!

K Hen How will the country for these woe-
ful chances

Misthink the king and not be satisfied! 108

Son Was ever son so rude a father's death?

Fath Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?

K Hen Was ever king so griev'd for sub-
jects' woe?

Much is our sorrow, mine, ten times so much

Son I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep
my fill *[Exit with the body]*

Fath These arms of mine shall be thy wind-
ing-sheet, 114

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral cell,
And so obsequious will thy father be,

E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,

As Priam was for all his valiant sons 120

I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill

[Exit with the body]

K Hen Sad-hearted men, much overgone
with care,

Here sits a king more woeful than you are 124

Alarum Excursions Enter QUEEN MARGARET,

PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER

Prince Fly, father, fly! for all your friends
are fled,

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull

Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit

Q Mar Mount you, my lord, towards Ber-
wick post again 128

Edward and Richard like a brace of greyhounds

Having the fearful flying hare in sight,

With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,

Are at our backs and therefore hence again

Exe Away! for vengeance comes along with
them

Nay stay not to expostulate, make speed,

Or else come after I'll away before 136

K Hen Nay, take me with thee, good sweet
Exeter

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go

Whither the queen intends Forward! away!

[Exeunt]

SCENE VI.—The Same

A loud alarum Enter CLIFFORD, wounded

Clif Here burns my candle out, ay, here it
dies,

Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.

O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow

More than my body's parting with my soul. 4

My love and fear gl'd many friends to thee,

And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,

Impairing Henry strengthening misprout York

The common people swarm like summer flies, 8

And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?

And who shines now but Henry's enemies?

O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phæthon should check thy fiery steeds, 12
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth,
And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York 16
They never then had sprung like summer flies,
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air? 21
And what makes robbers bold but too much
lenity?

Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds,
No way to fly, nor strength to hold our flight 24
The foe is merciless, and will not pity,
For at their hands I have deserved no pity
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest,
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast
[He faints]

Alarum and Retreat Enter EDWARD, GEORGE,
RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Sol-
diers

Edw Now breathe we, lords good fortune
bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful
looks 32
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves 36
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with
them?

War No, 'tis impossible he should escape,
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave,
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead 41
[CLIFFORD groans and dies]

Edw Whose soul is that which takes her
heavy leave?

Rich A deadly groan, like life and death's
departing

Edw See who it is and now the battle's
ended, 44

If friend or foe let him be gently us'd

Rich Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis
Clifford,

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth, 48
But set his murder'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly
spring,

I mean our princely father, Duke of York

War From off the gates of York fetch down
the head, 52

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there,
Instead whereof let this supply the room
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw Bring forth that fatal screech owl to
our house, 56

That nothing sung but death to us and ours
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening
sound,

And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants bring the body forward]

War I think his understanding is bereft, 60
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to
thee?

Dark cloudy death o'er-shades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say

Rich O! would he did, and so perhaps he
doth 64

'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,

Because he would avoid such bitter taunts

Which in the time of death he gave our father

Geo If so thou think'st, vex him with eager
words 68

Rich Clifford! ask mercy and obtain no grace

Edw Clifford, repent in bootless penitence

War Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo While we devise fell tortures for thy
faults 72

Rich Thou didst love York, and I am son to
York

Edw Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee

Geo Where's Captain Margaret, to fence
you now?

War They mock thee, Clifford swear as
thou wast wont 76

Rich What! not an oath? nay, then the
world goes hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.

I know by that he's dead, and, by my soul,

If this right hand would buy two hours' life,

That I in all despite might rail at him 81

This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing
blood

Stifle the villain whose unstaunched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy

War Ay, but he's dead off with the traitor's
head, 85

And rear it in the place your father's stands

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to
France, 89

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen.

So shalt thou smew both these lands together

And having France thy friend, thou shalt not
dread 92

The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again,

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine
ears

First will I see the coronation, 96

And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,

To effect this marriage, so it please my lord

Edw Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let
it be,

For on thy shoulder do I build my seat, 100

And never will I undertake the thing

Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.

Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,

And George, of Clarence, Warwick, as ourself,

Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best 105

Rich Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of
Gloucester,

For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

War Tut! that's a foolish observation 108

Richard, be Duke of Gloucester Now to London,
To see these honours in possession [Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE I—A Chase in the North of England

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands

First Keep Under this thick-grown brake
we'll shroud ourselves,
For through this laund anon the deer will come,
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer

Sec Keep I'll stay above the hill, so both
may shoot.

First Keep That cannot be, the noise of thy
cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day
In this self place where now we mean to stand
Sec Keep Here comes a man, let's stay till
he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book

K Hen From Scotland am I stol'n, even of
pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd thy sceptre wrung from thee
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast
anointed
No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee,
For how can I help them, and not myself?

First Keep Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a
keeper's fee

This is the quondam king, let's seize upon him.

K Hen Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,
For wise men say it is the wisest course

Sec Keep Why linger we? let us lay hands
upon him

First Keep Forbear awhile, we'll hear a
little more

K Hen My queen and son are gone to
France for aid,

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost,
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving
words

By this account then Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart,

The tiger will be mild while she doth mourn,
And Nero will be tamed with remorse,

To hear and see her plants, her brinish tears
Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick, to give

She on his left side craving aid for Henry,

He on his right asking a wife for Edward
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd,
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd,
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no
more

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the
wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place
O Margaret! thus 'twill be, and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn

Sec Keep Say, what art thou, that talk'st
of kings and queens?

K Hen More than I seem, and less than
I was born to

A man at least, for less I should not be,
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Sec Keep Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou
wert a king

K Hen Why, so I am, in mind, and that's
enough

Sec Keep But, if thou be a king, where is
thy crown?

K Hen My crown is in my heart, not on
my head,

Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content,

A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy

Sec Keep Well, if you be a king crown'd
with content,

Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us, for, as we think

You are the king King Edward hath depos'd,
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy

K Hen But did you never swear, and break
an oath?

Sec Keep No, never such an oath, nor will
not now

K Hen Where did you dwell when I was
King of England?

Sec Keep Here in this country, where we
now remain

K Hen I was anointed king at nine months
old,

My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me

And tell me, then, have you not broke your
oaths?

First Keep No,
For we were subjects but while you were king

K Hen Why, am I dead? do I not breathe
a man?

Ah! simple men, you know not what you swear
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust,

Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths for of that sin

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty
Go where you will, the king shall be com-
manded,

And be you kings command, and I'll obey
First Keep We are true subjects to the king,
 King Edward.

K Hen So would you be again to Henry,
 If he were seated as King Edward is 96
First Keep We charge you, in God's name,
 and in the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

K Hen In God's name, lead, your king's
 name be obey'd
 And what God will, that let your king perform,
 And what he will, I humbly yield unto [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II—London A Room in the Palace

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE,
 and LADY GREY

K Edw Brother of Gloucester, at Saint
 Alban's field

This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
 His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror
 Her suit is now, to repossess those lands, 4
 Which we in justice cannot well deny,
 Because in quarrel of the house of York
 The worthy gentleman did lose his life

Glo Your highness shall do well to grant her
 suit, 8

It were dishonour to deny it her

K Edw It were no less but yet I'll make a
 pause

Glo [*Aside to CLARENCE*] Yea, is it so?
 I see the lady hath a thing to grant 12

Before the king will grant her humble suit
Clar [*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] He knows the

game how true he keeps the wind!
Glo [*Aside to CLARENCE*] Silence! 1

K Edw Widow, we will consider of your
 suit, 16

And come some other time to know our mind
L Grey Right gracious lord, I cannot brook
 delay

May it please your highness to resolve me now,
 And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me 20

Glo [*Aside to CLARENCE*] Ay, widow? then
 I'll warrant you all your lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you,
 Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar [*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] I fear her not,
 unless she chance to fall 24

Glo [*Aside to CLARENCE*] God forbid that!
 for he'll take vantages

K Edw How many children hast thou,
 widow? tell me

Clar [*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] I think he means
 to beg a child of her

Glo [*Aside to CLARENCE*] Nay, whip me,
 then, he'll rather give her two 28

L Grey Three, my most gracious lord
Glo [*Aside to CLARENCE*] You shall have

four, if you'll be rul'd by him
K Edw 'Twere pity they should lose their

father's lands
L Grey Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it
 then. 32

K Edw Lords, give us leave. I'll try this
 widow's wit.

Glo [*Aside to CLARENCE*] Ay, good leave
 have you for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave and leave you to the
 crutch [*Returning with CLARENCE*]

K Edw Now, tell me, madam, do you love
 your children? 36

L Grey Ay, full as dearly as I love myself

K Edw And would you not do much to do
 them good?

L Grey To do them good I would sustain
 some harm.

K Edw Then get your husband's lands, to
 do them good 40

L Grey Therefore I came unto your majesty

K Edw I'll tell you how these lands are to
 be got

L Grey So shall you bind me to your high-
 ness' service

K Edw What service wilt thou do me, if I
 give them? 44

L Grey What you command, that rests in
 me to do

K Edw But you will take exceptions to my
 boon

L Grey No, gracious lord, except I cannot
 do it.

K Edw Ay, but thou canst do what I mean
 to ask 48

L Grey Why, then I will do what your
 Grace commands

Glo [*Aside to CLARENCE*] He plies her hard,
 and much rain wears the marble

Clar [*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] As red as fire!
 nay, then her wax must melt

L Grey Why stops my lord? shall I not
 hear my task? 52

K Edw An easy task 'tis but to love a king

L Grey That's soon perform'd, because I
 am a subject.

K Edw Why then, thy husband's lands I
 freely give thee

L Grey I take my leave with many thou-
 sand thanks 56

Glo [*Aside to CLARENCE*] The match is made,
 she seals it with a curtsy

K Edw But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love
 I mean

L Grey The fruits of love I mean, my loving
 hege. 59

K Edw Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
 What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?

L Grey My love till death, my humble
 thanks, my prayers

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants

K Edw No, by my troth, I did not mean
 such love 64

L Grey Why, then you mean not as I
 thought you did

K Edw But now you partly may perceive
 my mind

L Grey My mind will never grant what I
 perceive

Your highness aims at, if I am aright. 68

K Edw To tell thee plain, I aim to be with thee.

L Grey To tell you plain, I had rather be
 in prison.

K Edw Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands
L Grey Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower, 72
 For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K Edw Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily

L Grey Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination 76
 Accords not with the sadness of my suit

Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay,' or 'no'
K Edw Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request,

No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand 80
L Grey Then, no, my lord My suit is at an end

Glo [Aside to CLARENCE] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows

Clar [Aside to GLOUCESTER] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom

K Edw [Aside] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty, 84

Her words do show her wit incomparable,
 All her perfections challenge sovereignty—

One way or other, she is for a king,
 And she shall be my love, or else my queen 88

Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?
L Grey 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
 But far unfit to be a sovereign 92

K Edw Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,

I speak no more than what my soul intends,
 And that is, to enjoy thee for my love

L Grey And that is more than I will yield unto 96

I know I am too mean to be your queen,
 And yet too good to be your concubine

K Edw You cavil, widow I did mean, my queen.

L Grey 'Twill grieve your Grace my sons should call you father 100

K Edw No more than when my daughters call thee mother

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children,

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor
 Have other some why, 'tis a happy thing 104

To be the father unto many sons.
 Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen

Glo [Aside to CLARENCE.] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift

Clar [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift 108

K Edw Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had

Glo The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad

K Edw You'd think it strange if I should marry her

Clar To whom, my lord?
K Edw Why, Clarence, to myself

Glo That would be ten days' wonder at the least. 113

Clar That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo By so much is the wonder in extremes

K Edw Well, jest on, brothers I can tell you both 116

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman

Nob My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
 And brought as prisoner to your palace gate

K Edw See that he be convey'd unto the Tower 120

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
 To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along Lords, use her honourably
[Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER]

Glo Ay, Edward will use women honourably 124

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
 That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,

To cross me from the golden time I look for!
 And yet, between my soul's desire and me— 128

The lustful Edward's title buried,—
 Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,
 To take their rooms, ere I can place myself 132

A cold premeditation for my purpose!
 Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty,

Like one that stands upon a promontory,
 And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye, 137
 And chides these that sunders him from thence,

Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way
 So do I wish the crown, being so far off, 140

And so I chide the means that keep me from it,
 And so I say I'll cut the causes off,

Flattering me with impossibilities
 My eye's too quick, my heart o'erween too much, 144

Unless my hand and strength could equal them

Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard,
 What other pleasure can the world afford?

I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap, 148
 And deck my body in gay ornaments,

And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
 O miserable thought! and more unlikely

Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns 152
 Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb

And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,

To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub,
 To make an envious mountain on my back, 157

Where sits deformity to mock my body,
 To shape my legs of an unequal size,

To disproportion me in every part,
 Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp

That carries no impression like the dam.
 And am I then a man to be below'd?

O monstrous fault! to harbour such a thought
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me 165

But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
 As are of better person than myself,

I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
 And, while I live, to account this world but hell,

Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head
 Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown, 172
 For many lives stand between me and home
 And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rents the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
 Seeking a way and straying from the way, 176
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out,
 Torment myself to catch the English crown
 And from that torment I will free myself, 180
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
 And cry, 'Content,' to that which grieves my
 heart,
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears, 184
 And frame my face to all occasions
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk,
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor, 188
 Deceive more shily than Ulysses could,
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy
 I can add colours to the chameleon, 191
 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
 And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 Tut! were it further off I'll pluck it down. [Exit

SCENE III—France A Room in the Palace

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, his sister LADY BONA, attended his Admiral called BOURBON the King takes his state. Then enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, and the EARL OF OXFORD LEWIS sits, and riseth up again

K Lew Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
 Sit down with us it ill befits thy state
 And birth that thou shouldst stand while Lewis
 doth sit

Q Mar No, mighty King of France now Margaret
 Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve
 Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
 Great Albion's queen in former golden days,
 But now mischance hath trod my title down, 8
 And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
 And to my humble seat conform myself

K Lew Why, say, fair queen, whence springs
 'this deep despair'?

Q Mar From such a cause as fills mine
 eyes with tears
 And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in
 cares

K Lew Whate'er it be, be thou still like
 thyself.

And sit thee by our side. [Seats her by him.]
 Yield not thy neck

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
 Still ride in triumph over all mischance
 Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief,
 It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief 20

Q Mar Those gracious words revive my
 drooping thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak
 Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
 That Henry, sole possessor of my love, 24
 Is of a king become a banish'd man,
 And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn,
 While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York
 Usurps the regal title and the seat 28
 Of England's true-anointed lawful king
 This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
 With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
 Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid, 32
 And if thou fail us, all our hope is done
 Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help,
 Our people and our peers are both misled,
 Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight, 36
 And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K Lew Renowned queen, with patience
 calm the storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off
Q Mar The more we stay, the stronger
 grows our foe

K Lew The more I stay, the more I'll suc-
 cour thee

Q Mar O! but impatience waiteth on true
 sorrow

And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow

Enter WARWICK, attended

K Lew What's he, approacheth boldly to
 our presence?

Q Mar Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's
 greatest friend

K Lew Welcome, brave Warwick! What
 brings thee to France?

[Descending from his state *QUEEN*

MARGARET rises
Q Mar Ay, now begins a second storm to
 rise,

For this is he that moves both wind and tide 48

War From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
 My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
 I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,

First, to do greetings to thy royal person, 52
 And then to crave a league of amity,
 And lastly to confirm that amity

With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
 That virtuous Lady Bona thy fair sister, 56

To England's king in lawful marriage

Q Mar If that go forward, Henry's hope is
 done.

War [To BONA] And, gracious madam, in
 our king's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour, 60
 Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue

To tell the passion of my sov'reign's heart,
 Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,

Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue
Q Mar King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear
 me speak, 65

Before you answer Warwick. His demand
 Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest

love,
 But from deceit bred by necessity, 68

For how can tyrants safely govern home,
 Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?

To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,

That Henry liveth still, but were he dead, 72
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.

Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour,
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile, 76
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs

War Injurious Margaret!

Prince And why not queen?

War Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt, 81

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain,
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,

Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest 84
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,

Who by his prowess conquered all France
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse, 88

You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?

Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.

But for the rest, you tell a pedigree 92
Of threescore and two years, a silly time

To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.
Oxf Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,

Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years, 96
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,

Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king

Oxf Call him my king, by whose injurious doom 101

My elder brother the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?

No, Warwick, no, while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster

War And I the house of York. 108
K Lew Queen Margaret, Prince Edward

and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,

While I use further conference with Warwick
[*They stand aloof*]

Q Mar Heaven grant that Warwick's words
bewitch him not! 112

K Lew Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon
thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen

War Thereon I pawn my credit and mine
honour 116

K Lew But is he gracious in the people's
eye?

War The more that Henry was unfortunate
K Lew Then further, all dissembling set
aside

Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120
Unto our sister Bona

War Such it seems
As may beseech a monarch like himself

Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant, 124

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's

sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,

Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain 128
A Lew Now, sister, let us hear your firm

resolve
Bona Your grant, or your denial, shall be
mine

[*To WARWICK*] Yet I confess that often ere this
day 131

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire

K Lew Then, Warwick, thus our sister
shall be Edward's,

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must

make, 136
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd

Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king

Prince To Edward, but not to the English
king 140

Q Mar Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit

Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend
K Lew And still is friend to him and Mar-

garet 144
But if your title to the crown be weak,

As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd

From giving aid which late I promised 148
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand

That your estate requires and mine can yield
War Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,

Where having nothing, nothing can he lose 152
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,

You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 'twere you troubled him than France

Q Mar Peace! impudent and shameless
Warwick, peace 156

Proud setter up and puller down of kings,
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,

Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love, 160

For both of you are birds of self-same feather
[*A horn wended within*]

K Lew Warwick, this is some post to us or
these.

Enter a Post.

Mess My lord ambassador, these letters are
for you,

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague
These from our king unto your majesty, 165

[*To MARGARET*] And, madam, these for you,
from whom I know not.

[*They all read their letters*]
Oxf I like it well that our fair queen and
mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at
 his 168
Prince Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he
 were nettled
 I hope all s for the best
K Lew Warwick, what are thy news? and
 yours, fair queen?
Q Mar Mine, such as fill my heart with
 unhop'd joys 172
War Mine, full of sorrow and heart's dis-
 content
K Lew What! has your king married the
 Lady Grey?
 And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
 Sends me a paper to persuade me patience? 176
 Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
 Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?
Q Mar I told your majesty as much before
 This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's
 honesty 180
War King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of
 heaven,
 And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
 That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,
 No more my king, for he dishonours me, 184
 But most himself, if he could see his shame
 Did I forget that by the house of York
 My father came untimely to his death?
 Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece? 188
 Did I impale him with the regal crown?
 Did I put Henry from his native right?
 And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
 Shame on himself! for my desert is honour 192
 And to repair my honour, lost for him,
 I here renounce him and return to Henry
 My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
 And henceforth I am thy true servitor 196
 I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
 And replant Henry in his former state
Q Mar Warwick, these words have turn'd
 my hate to love,
 And I forgive and quite forget old faults, 200
 And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend
War So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned
 friend
 That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
 With some few bands of chosen soldiers, 204
 I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
 And force the tyrant from his seat by war
 'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him
 And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me, 208
 He's very likely now to fall from him,
 For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
 Or than for strength and safety of our country
Bona Dear brother, how shall Bona be re-
 veng'd, 212
 But by thy help to this distressed queen?
Q Mar Renowned prince, how shall poor
 Henry live,
 Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
Bona My quarrel and this English queen's
 are one 216
War And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with
 yours.
K Lew And mine with hers, and thine and
 Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd
 You shall have aid 220
Q Mar Let me give humble thanks for all
 at once
K Lew Then, England's messenger, return
 in post,
 And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
 That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
 To revel it with him and his new bride 225
 Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal
Bona Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower
 shortly,
 I'll wear the willow garland for his sake 228
Q Mar Tell him, my mourning weeds are
 laid aside,
 And I am ready to put armour on
War Tell him from me, that he hath done
 me wrong,
 And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long
 There's thy reward begone [*Exit Messenger*]
K Lew But, Warwick, 233
 Thou and Oxford with five thousand men,
 Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle,
 And, as occasion serves, this noble queen 236
 And prince shall follow with a fresh supply
 Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt
 What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War This shall assure my constant loyalty
 That if our queen and this young prince agree,
 I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
 To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands
Q Mar Yes, I agree, and thank you for your
 motion 244
 Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
 Therefore delay not give thy hand to Warwick,
 And with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
 That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine
Prince Yes, I accept her, for she well de-
 serves it, 245
 And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand
 [*He gives his hand to WARWICK*]
K Lew Why stay we now? These soldiers
 shall be levied,
 And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral, 252
 Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
 I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
 For mocking marriage with a dame of France
 [*Exeunt all except WARWICK*]
War I came from Edward as ambassador,
 But I return his sworn and mortal foe 257
 Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
 But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
 Had he none else to make a stale but me? 260
 Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow
 I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
 And I'll be chief to bring him down again
 Not that I pity Henry's misery, 264
 But seek revenge on Edward's mockery [*Exit*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace

*Enter GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET,
MONTAGUE, and Others.**Glo* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what
 think you

Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
 Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar Alas! you know, 'tis far from hence to
 France, 4
 How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som My lords, forbear this talk, here comes
 the king
Glo And his well-chosen bride 7
Clar I mind to tell him plainly what I think

Flourish Enter KING EDWARD, attended LADY
 GREY, as Queen PEMROKE, STAFFORD, HAST-
 INGS, and Others

K Edw Now, brother Clarence, how like
 you our choice,
 That you stand pensive as half malcontent?
Clar As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl
 of Warwick,
 Which are so weak of courage and in judgment
 That they'll take no offence at our abuse 13
K Edw Suppose they take offence without
 a cause,
 They are but Lewis and Warwick I am Ed-
 ward,

Your king and Warwick's, and must have my
 will. 16
Glo And you shall have your will, because
 our king

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well
K Edw Yea, brother Richard, are you of-
 fended too?

Glo Not I 20
 No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
 Whom God hath join'd together, ay, and twere
 pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together
K Edw Setting your scorns and your mus-
 like aside, 24

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
 Should not become my wife and England's
 queen

And you too, Somerset and Montague,
 Speak freely what you think. 28

Clar Then this is mine opinion that King
 Lewis

Becomes your enemy for mocking him
 About the marriage of the Lady Bona
Glo And Warwick, doing what you gave in
 charge, 32

Is now dishonoured by this new marriage
K Edw What if both Lewis and Warwick
 be appeas'd

By such invention as I can devise?
Mont Yet to have join'd with France in
 such alliance 36

Would more have strengthen'd this our com-
 monwealth
 'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred
 marriage

Hast Why, knows not Montague, that of
 itself

England is safe, if true within itself? 40

Mont Yes, but the safer when 'tis back'd
 with France

Hast 'Tis better using France than trusting
 France

Let us be back'd with God and with the seas
 Which he hath given for fence unpregnable 44
 And with their helps only defend ourselves
 In them and in ourselves our safety lies

Clar For this one speech Lord Hastings well
 deserves

To have the hear of the Lord Hungerford 48
K Edw Ay, what of that? it was my will
 and grant,

And for this once my will shall stand for law
Glo And yet methinks your Grace hath not
 done well, 51

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
 Unto the brother of your loving bride

She better would have fitted me or Clarence
 But in your bride you bury brotherhood

Clar Or else you would not have bestow'd
 the heir 56

Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
 And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere

K Edw Alas, poor Clarence is it for a wife
 That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee

Clar In choosing for yourself you show'd
 your judgment, 61

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
 To play the broker on mine own behalf,

And to that end I shortly mind to leave you
K Edw Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be
 king,

And not be tied unto his brother's will
Q Eliz My lords, before it pleas'd his
 majesty

To raise my state to title of a queen, 68
 Do me but right, and you must all confess

That I was not ignoble of descent,
 And meaner than myself have had like fortune

But as this title honours me and mine, 72
 So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow
K Edw My love, forbear to fawn upon their
 frowns 75

What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
 So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
 Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee
 too,

Unless they seek for hatred at my hands, 80
 Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,

And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath
Glo [Aside] I hear, yet say not much, but
 think the more

Enter a Messenger

K Edw Now, messenger, what letters or
 what news 84

From France?
Mess My sovereign liege, no letters, and
 few words,

But such as I, without your special pardon,
 Dare not relate 88

K Edw Go to, we pardon thee therefore,
 in brief,

Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess
 them.

What answer makes King Lewis unto our
 letters?

Mess At my depart these were his very words 92
 'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
 That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
 To revel it with him and his new bride
K Edw Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks
 me Henry 96
 But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?
Mess These were her words, utter'd with
 mild disdain
 'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
 I'll wear the willow garland for his sake' 100
K Edw I blame not her, she could say little
 less,
 She had the wrong But what said Henry's
 queen?
 For I have heard that she was there in place
Mess Tell him, 'quoth sae, 'my mourning
 weeds are done, 104
 And I am ready to put armour on'
K Edw Belike she munda to play the Ama-
 zon
 But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Mess He, more incens'd against your majesty
 Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these
 words 109
 'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
 And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long
K Edw Ha! durst the traitor breathe out
 so proud words? 112
 Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd
 They shall have wars, and pay for their pre-
 sumption
 But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Mess Ay, gracious sovereign, they are so
 link'd in friendship, 116
 That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's
 daughter
Clar Belike the elder, Clarence will have
 the younger
 Now brother king farewell, and sit you fast,
 For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter,
 That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
 I may not prove inferior to yourself
 You, that love me and Warwick, follow me
 [Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows]
Glo [Aside] Not I. 124
 My thoughts aim at a further matter, I
 Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown
K Edw Clarence and Somerset both gone
 to Warwick!
 Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen,
 And haste is needful in this desperate case
 Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
 Go levy men, and make prepare for war
 They are already, or quickly will be landed 132
 Myself in person will straight follow you,
 [Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD]
 But ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
 Resolve my doubt You twain, of all the rest,
 Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance
 Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
 If it be so, then both depart to him 138
 I rather wish you foes than hollow friends
 But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
 Give me assurance with some friendly vow

That I may never have you in suspect.
Mont So God help Montague as he proves
 true!
Hast And Hastings as he favours Edward's
 cause! 144
K Edw Now, brother Richard, will you
 stand by us?
Glo Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand
 you
K Edw Why, so! then am I sure of victory
 Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour
 Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power
 [Exeunt]

SCENE II—A Plain in Warwickshire

Enter WARWICK, and OXFORD, with French and
 other Forces

War Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes
 well,
 The common people by numbers swarm to us

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET

But see where Somerset and Clarence come!
 Speak suddenly my lords, are we all friends?
Clar Fear not that, my lord 5
War Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto
 Warwick,
 And welcome, Somerset I hold it cowardice,
 To rest mistrustful where a noble heart 8
 Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love,
 Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's
 brother,
 Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings
 But welcome sweet Clarence, my daughter
 shall be thine 12
 And now what rests, but in night's coverture,
 Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
 His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
 And but attended by a simple guard, 16
 We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
 Our scouts have found the adventure very easy
 That as Ulysses, and stout Diomedes,
 With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus'
 tents, 20
 And brought from thence the Thracian fatal
 steeds,
 So we, well cover'd with the night's black
 mantle,
 At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
 And seize himself, I say not, slaughter him,
 For I intend but only to surprise him. 25
 You, that will follow me to this attempt,
 Applaud the name of Henry with your leader
 [They all cry 'Henry!']
 Why then, let's on our way in silent sort. 28
 For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint
 George! [Exeunt]

SCENE III—EDWARD'S Camp near Warwick

Enter certain Watchmen to guard the
 KING'S tent

First Watch Come on, my masters, each
 man take his stand,
 The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

Sec Watch What, will he not to bed?
First Watch Why, no for he hath made a
 solemn vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest
 Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd

Sec Watch To-morrow then belike shall be
 the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report

Thrd Watch But say, I pray, what noble-
 man is that

That with the king here resteth in his tent?

First Watch 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the
 king's chiefest friend.

Thrd Watch O! is it so? But why com-
 mands the king

That his chief followers lodge in towns about
 him,

While he himself keeps in the cold field?

Sec Watch 'Tis the more honour, because
 the more dangerous

Thrd Watch Ay, but give me worship and
 quietness,

I like it better than a dangerous honour
 If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
First Watch Unless our halberds did shut
 up his passage

Sec Watch Ay, wherefore else guard we his
 royal tent,

But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET,
 and Forces

War This is his tent, and see where stand
 his guard

Courage my masters! honour now or never!
 But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

First Watch Who goes there?

Sec Watch Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK and the rest cry all, 'War-
 wick! Warwick!' and set upon the
 Guard who fly, crying, 'Arm! Arm!']

WARWICK and the rest following them

Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding, re-
 enter WARWICK and the rest, bringing the
 KING out in his gown, sitting in a chair

GLOUCESTER and HASTINGS fly over the stage

Som What are they that fly there?

War Richard and Hastings let them go,
 here's the duke.

K Edw The duke! Why, Warwick, when
 we parted last,

Thou call'dst me king!

War Ay, but the case is alter'd
 When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,

Then I degraded you from being king.

And come now to create you Duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
 That know not how to use ambassadors,

Nor how to be contented with one wife,
 Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,

Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
 Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K Edw Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou
 here too?

Nay, then, I see that Edward needs must down.

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
 Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,

Edward will always bear himself as king

Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
 My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel

War Then, for his mind, be Edward Eng-
 land's king

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
 And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow

My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
 See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd

Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.

When I have fought with Pembroke and his
 fellows,

I'll follow you, and tell what answer
 Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him

Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of
 York

K Edw What fates impose, that men must
 needs abide,

It boots not to resist both wind and tide
 [Exit, led out SOMERSET with him]

Oxf What now remains, my lords, for us to
 do,

But march to London with our soldiers?

War Ay, that's the first thing that we have
 to do.

To free King Henry from imprisonment,
 And see him seated in the regal throne

[Exeunt]

SCENE IV — London A Room in the Palace

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS

Riv Madam, what makes you in this sudden
 change?

Q Eliz Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to
 learn

What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Riv What! loss of some pitch'd battle
 against Warwick?

Q Eliz No, but the loss of his own royal
 person.

Riv Then is my sovereign slain?

Q Eliz Ay, almost slain, for he is taken
 prisoner,

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard

Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares

And as I further have to understand,
 Is now committed to the Bishop of York,

Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe

Riv These news, I must confess, are full of
 grief,

Yet gracious madam, bear it as you may
 Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day

Q Eliz Till then fair hope must hinder life's
 decay

And I the rather wean me from despair
 For love of Edward's offspring in my womb

This is it that makes me bridle passion,
 And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross,

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
 And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
 King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English
 crown.

24

Riv But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q Eliz I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head
Guess thou the rest, King Edward's friends must down 28

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right 32
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud
Come, therefore let us fly while we may fly
If Warwick take us we are sure to die [Exeunt

SCENE V—*A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire*

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, and Others

Glo Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefeest thicket of the park
Thus stands the case You know, our king, my brother, 4

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And often but attended with weak guard
Comes hunting this way to disport himself 8
I have advertis'd him by secret means
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men 12

To set him free from his captivity

Enter KING EDWARD and a Huntsman

Hunt This way, my lord, for this way lies the game

K Edw Nay, this way, man see where the huntsmen stand
Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest, 16

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?
Glo Brother, the time and case requireth haste

Your horse stands ready at the park corner

K Edw But whither shall we then? 20

Hast To Lynn, my lord, and ship from thence to Flanders

Glo Well guess'd, believe me, for that was my meaning

K Edw Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness

Glo But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk 24

K Edw Huntsman, what sayst thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt Better do so than tarry and be hang'd

Glo Come then, away, let's ha' no more ado

K Edw Bishop, farewell shield thee from Warwick's frown, 28

And pray that I may repossess the crown.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI—*A Room in the Tower*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants

K Hen Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys, 4
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns,

But if a humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty 8

K Hen For what, lieutenant? for well using me?

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure,
Ay, such a pleasure as encaged birds 12
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty

But Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee

He was the author, thou the instrument 18
Therefore, that I may conquer Fortune's spite
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,

I here resign my government to thee, 24
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds

War Your Grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding Fortune's malice, 28
For few men rightly temper with the stars
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place

Clar No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway, 32

To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war,

And therefore I yield thee my free consent 36
War And I choose Clarence only for protector

K Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,

That no dissension hinder government 40
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise. 44

War What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar That he consents, if Warwick yield consent.

For on thy fortune I repose myself

War Why then, though loath, yet must I be content 48

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place,
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease 52
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate

Clar What else? and that succession be
determin'd 56

War Ay, therein Clarence shall not want
his part

K Hen But, with the first of all your chief
affairs,

Let me entreat, for I command no more
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar It shall be done my sov'reign, with all
speed 64

K Hen My Lord of Somerset, what youth
is that

Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Som My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of
Richmond

K Hen Come hither England's hope [*Lays
his hand on his head*] If secret powers 68

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss

His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,

His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself 73
Likely in time to bless a regal throne

Make much of him, my lords, for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me

Enter a Post.

War What news, my friend? 77

Mess That Edward is escaped from your
brother,

And fled as he hears since, to Burgundy
War Unsavoury news! but how made he
escape? 80

Mess He was convey'd by Richard Duke of
Gloucester,

And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,

And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him
For hunting was his daily exercise 85

War My brother was too careless of his
charge

But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide 88

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE,
Lieutenant, and Attendants

Som My lord, I like not of this flight of
Edward's

For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before 't be long

As Henry's late presaging prophecy 92
Did glad my heart with hope of this young

Richmond,

So do h my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him to his harm and ours

Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,

Till storms be past of civil enmity

Oxf Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall
down. 100

Som It shall be so, he shall to Brittany
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII.—Before York

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS,
and Forces

K Edw Now, brother Richard, Lord Hast-
ings, and the rest,

Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange

My waned state for Henry's regal crown 4
We'll have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,

And brought desired help from Burgundy
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd

From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of
York, 8

But that we enter, as into our dukedom?
Glo The gates made fast! Brother, I like not
this,

For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within 12

K Edw Tush, man! abodements must not
now affright us

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us

Hast My liege, I'll knock once more to
summon them 16

*Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York and
his Brethren*

May My lords, we were forewarned of your
coming

And shut the gates for safety of ourselves,
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry

K Edw But, Master Mayor, if Henry be
your king, 20

Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York
May True, my good lord, I know you for
no less

K Edw Why, and I challenge nothing but
my dukedom,

As being well content with that alone 24
Glo [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got

in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow

Hast Why Master Mayor, why stand you
in a doubt? 27

Open the gates, we are King Henry's friends
May Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be
open'd [*Exit, with Aldermen, above*

Glo A wisestout captain, and soon persuaded
Hast The good old man would fain that all
were well 31

So 'twere not 'long of him but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade

Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and two Aldermen

K Edw So, Master Mayor, these gates must
not be shut

But in the night, or in the time of war 36

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys,
 [Takes his keys
 For Edward will defend the town and thee,
 And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Enter MONTGOMERY and Forces

Glo Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
 Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd. 41

K Edw Welcome, Sir John! but why come
 you in arms?

Mont To help King Edward in his time of
 storm,

As every loyal subject ought to do 44

K Edw Thanks, good Montgomery, but we
 now forget

Our title to the crown, and only claim
 Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

Mont Then fare you well, for I will hence
 again 48

I came to serve a king and not a duke
 Drummer, strike up, and let us march away

[A march begun
K Edw Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile, and
 we'll debate

By what safe means the crown may be re-
 cover'd. 52

Mont What talk you of debating? in few
 words,

If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
 I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone

To keep them back that come to succour you
 Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title? 57

Glo Why, brother, wherefore stand you on
 nice points?

K Edw When we grow stronger then we'll
 make our claim,

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our mean-
 ing 60

Hast Away with scrupulous wit! now arms
 must rule

Glo And fearless minds climb soonest unto
 crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand
 The brut thereof will bring you many friends

K Edw Then be it as you will, for 'tis my
 right, 65

And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont Ay, now my sov reign speaketh like
 himself

And now will I be Edward's champion. 68

Hast Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be
 here proclaim'd,

Come, fellow soldier, make thou proclamation
 [Gives him a paper Flourish

Sold Edward the Fourth, by the grace of
 God, King of England and France, and Lord
 of Ireland, &c 73

Mont And whoso'er gainsays King Ed-
 ward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.
 [Throws down his gauntlet

All Long live Edward the Fourth! 76

K Edw Thanks, brave Montgomery,—and
 thanks unto you all

If Fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
 Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York

And when the morning sun shall raise his car
 Above the border of this horizon, 81
 We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates,
 For well I wot that Henry is no soldier
 Ah, froward Clarence, how evil it becometh thee
 To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother! 85
 Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and
 Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers doubt not of the day,
 And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay

[Exeunt

SCENE VIII.—London A Room in the
 Palace

Flourish Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK,
 CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD

War What counsel, lords? Edward from
 Belga,

With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
 Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
 And with his troops doth march amain to
 London, 4

And many giddy people flock to him.

Oxf Let'slevymen, and beathum back again.

Clar A little fire is quickly trodden out,
 Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench 8

War In Warwickshire I have true-hearted
 friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war,
 Those will I muster up, and thou, son Clarence,

Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent
 The knights and gentlemen to come with thee

Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
 Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find

Men well inclin'd to hear what thou com-
 mand'st 16

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well be-
 lov'd

In Oxfordshire, shalt muster up thy friends.
 My sov reign, with the loving citizens,

Like to his island girt in with the ocean, 20
 Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
 Shall rest in London till we come to him.

Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply
 Farewell, my sovereign 24

K Hen Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's
 true hope

Clar In sign of truth, I kiss your highness'
 hand.

K Hen Well-minded Clarence, be thou for-
 tunate!

Mont Comfort, my lord, and so, I take my
 leave. 28

Oxf [Kissing HENRY'S hand] And thus I seal
 my truth, and bid adieu.

K Hen Sweet Oxford, and my loving Mon-
 tague,

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War Farewell, sweet lords let's meet at
 Coventry 32

[Exeunt all but KING HENRY and EXETER.

K Hen Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
 Cousin of Exeter, what thanks your lordship?

Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
 Should not be able to encounter mine. 36

Exe The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K Hen That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays, 40
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears,
I have not been desirous of their wealth, 44
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much
err'd

Then why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace 48
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

(Shout within, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!')
Exe Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers.

K Edw Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry!
bear him hence 52

And once again proclaim us King of England.
You are the fount that makes small brooks to
flow

Now stops thy spring, my sea shall suck them
dry,

And swell so much the higher by their ebb 56
Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.

(Exeunt some with KING HENRY)
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our
course,

Where peremptory Warwick now remains
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay, 60

Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay
Glo Away betimes, before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitor unawares
Brave warriors, march a main towards Coventry
(Exeunt)

ACT V

SCENE I.—Coventry

*Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of
Coventry, two Messengers, and Others*

War Where is the post that came from
valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
First Mess By this at Dunsmore, marching
hitherward. 3

War How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?

Sec Mess By this at Damtry, with a pun-
sant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War Say, Somerville, what says my loving
son? 7

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som At Southam I did leave him with his
forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence.
(Drum heard)

War Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his
drum.

Som It is not his, my lord, here Southam lies
The drum your honour hears marcheth from
Warwick. 13

War Who should that be? belike, unlook'd
for friends

Som They are at hand, and you shall quickly
know

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, and Forces

K Edw Go, trumpet, to the walls, and
sound a parle 16

Glo See how the surly Warwick mans the
wall.

War O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward
come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair? 20

K Edw Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the
city gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy
knee?—

Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages 24

War Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces
hence,—

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee
down?—

Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York

Glo I thought, at least, he would have said
the king, 29

Or did he make the jest against his will?

War Is not a dukedom sir, a goodly gift?
Glo Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give

I'll do thee service for so good a gift 33

War 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy
brother

K Edw Why then 'tis mine, if but by War-
wick's gift.

War Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again,

And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject
K Edw But Warwick's king is Edward's

prisoner,
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this, 40

What is the body, when the head is off?
Glo Alas! that Warwick had no more fore-
cast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was shily finger'd from the deck 44

You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower

K Edw 'Tis even so yet you are Warwick
still.

Glo Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel
down, kneel down 48

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
War I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee. 52

K Edw Sail how thou canst, have wind and
tide thy friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,

Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood
 'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no
 more' 57

Enter OXFORD, with Soldiers, drum, and colours
War O cheerful colours! see where Oxford
 comes! 58

Oxf Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city*]

Glo The gates are open, let us enter too 60
K Edw So other foes may set upon our
 backs

Stand we in good array, for they no doubt
 Will issue out again and bid us battle
 If not the city being but of small defence, 64
 We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same
War O! welcome, Oxford! for we want thy
 help

Enter MONTAGUE, with Soldiers, drum, and
 colours

Mont Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city*]

Glo Thou and thy brother both shall buy
 this treason 68

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear
K Edw The harder match'd, the greater
 victory

My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Soldiers, drum, and
 colours

Som Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster! 72

[*He and his Forces enter the city*]

Glo Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somers-
 set,
 Have sold their lives unto the house of York,
 And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold

Enter CLARENCE, with Forces, drum, and
 colours

War And lo! where George of Clarence
 sweeps along, 76

Of force enough to bid his brother battle,
 With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
 More than the nature of a brother's love
 Come, Clarence, come, thou wilt, if Warwick
 call 80

Clar Father of Warwick, know you what
 this means?

[*Taking the red rose out of his hat*]

Look here, I throw my infancy at thee
 I will not ruin my father's house,
 Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
 And set up Lancaster Why, trow st thou,
 Warwick, 85

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
 To bend the fatal instruments of war
 Against his brother and his lawful king? 88

Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath
 To keep that oath were more impiety
 Than Jephthah's, when he sacrific'd his daughter
 I am so sorry for my trespass made 92

That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
 I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,

With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—
 As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad— 96
 To plague thee for thy foul misleading me
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheek.
 Pardon me, Edward I will make amends, 100
 And Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant

K Edw Now welcome more, and ten times
 more below'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate 104

Glo Welcome, good Clarence, this is
 brother-like

War O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust?

K Edw What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the
 town, and fight? 107

O! shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War Alas! I am not coop'd here for defence
 I will away towards Barnet presently,

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st
K Edw Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and
 leads the way 112

Lords, to the field Saint George and victory!
 [March Exeunt]

SCENE II — A Field of Battle near Barnet

Alarums and Excursions Enter KING EDWARD,
 bringing in WARWICK, wounded

K Edw So, lie thou there die thou, and
 die our fear;

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
 Now Montague sit fast I seek for thee,

That Warwick's bones may keep thine company [Exit]

War Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend
 or foe, 5

And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
 My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
 shows, 8

That I must yield my body to the earth,
 And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge, 11
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
 Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,

Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading
 tree,

And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful
 wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's
 black veil, 16

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
 To search the secret treasons of the world

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
 Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres, 20

For who liv'd king but I could dig his grave?

And who durst smile when Warwick bent his
 brow?

Lo! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood,
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had, 24

Even now forsake me, and, of all my lands
 Is nothing left me but my body's length.

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and
 dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must. 28

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET

Som. Ah! Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,

We might recover all our loss again.

The queen from France hath brought a puissant power,

Even now we heard the news. Ah! couldst thou fly

War Why, then, I would not fly Ah! Montague,

If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,

And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile

Thou lov'st me not, for, brother, if thou didst,

Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood

That glues my lips and will not let me speak.

Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah! Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last,

And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick;

And said, 'Commend me to my valiant brother'

And more he would have said, and more he spoke,

Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,

That might not be distinguish'd but at last

I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,

O! farewell, Warwick!

War Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves,

For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

Oxf Away, away, to meet the queen's great power

[Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK'S body]

SCENE III — Another Part of the Field

Flourish Enter KING EDWARD, in triumph with CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, and the rest

K Edw Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,

And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory

But in the midst of this bright-shining day,

I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,

That will encounter with our glorious sun,

Ere he attain his easeful western bed

I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen

Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,

And, as we hear, march on to fight with us

Clar A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,

And blow it to the source from whence it came

Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,

For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her

If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd

Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K Edw We are advertis'd by our loving friends

That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury

We, having now the best at Barnet field,

Will thither straight, for willingness bids way

And, as we march our strength will be augmented

In every county as we go along

Strike up the drum! cry 'Courage!' and away

[Flourish Exeunt]

SCENE IV — Plains near Tewksbury

March Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers

Q Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,

But cheerily seek how to redress their harms

What though the mast be now blown over-board,

The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,

And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?

Yet lives our pilot still is't meet that he

Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad

With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too much,

Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,

Which industry and courage might have sav'd?

Ah! what a shame! ah, what a fault were this

Say Warwick was our anchor, what of that?

And Montague our top-mast, what of him?

Our slaughter'd friends the tackles, what of these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?

And Somerset another goodly mast?

The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I

For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?

We will not from the helm, to sit and weep,

But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack

As good to chide the waves as speak them fair

And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?

What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?

And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?

All those the enemies to our poor bark

Say you can swim, alas! 'tis but a while

Tread on the sand, why, there you quickly sink

Bestride the rock the tide will wash you off,

Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.

This speak I, lords, to let you understand,

In case some one of you would fly from us,

That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers

More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided?

'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear

Prince Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit

Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,

Infuse his breast with magnanimity,

And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.

I speak not thus, as doubting any here,

For did I but suspect a fearful man,

He should have leave to go away betimes,

Lest in our need he might infect another,

And make him of like spirit to himself

If any such be here, as God forbid!

Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf Women and children of so high a courage
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame

O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,

Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day, 56
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder d at.

Q Mar Thanks, gentle Somerset sweet
Oxford, thanks

Prince And take his thanks that yet hath
nothing else

Enter a Messenger

Mess Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at
hand, 60

Ready to fight, therefore be resolute

Oxf I thought no less it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided

Som But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness

Q Mar This cheers my heart to see your
forwardness 65

Oxf Here pitch our battle, hence we will
not budge

March *Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD,
CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, and Forces*

K Edw Brave followers, yonder stands the
thorny wood

Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your
strength, 68

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night
I need not add more fuel to your fire,

For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out

Give signal to the fight and to it, lords 72

Q Mar Lords, knights, and gentlemen,
what I should say

My tears gainsay, for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes

Therefore, no more but this Henry, your
sovereign, 76

Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter house his subjects slain,

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent

And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoul 80

You fight in justice then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both armies*]

SCENE V—Another Part of the Same

Alarums *Excursions and afterwards a retreat*

Then enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, and Forces with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET prisoners

K Edw Now, here a period of tumultuous
broils

Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight

For Somerset, off with his guilty head

Go, bear them hence, I will not hear them
speak 4

Oxf For my part, I'll not trouble thee with
words

Som Nor I, but stoop with patience to my
fortune

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded*]

Q Mar So part we sadly in this troublous
world,

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem. 8

K Edw Is proclamation made, that who
finds Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo It is and lo, where youthful Edward
comes.

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD

K Edw Bring forth the gallant let us hear
him speak. 12

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,

For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to? 16

Prince Speak like a subject, proud ambi-
tious York!

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth

Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,

Which, traitor thou wouldst have me answer
to 21

Q Mar Ah! that thy father had been so
resolv'd

Glo That you might still have worn the
petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lan-
caster 24

Prince Let *Æsop* fable in a winter's night,

His curish riddles sort not with this place

Glo By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for
that word

Q Mar Ay, thou wast born to be a plague
to men 28

Glo For God's sake take away this captive
scold

Prince Nay, take away this scolding crook-
back rather

K Edw Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm
your tongue

Clar Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert,

Prince I know my duty, you are all un-
dutiful 33

Lascivious Edward, and thou perjurd George,

And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all,

I am your better traitors as ye are, 36

And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K Edw Take that, the likeness of this railer
here

Glo Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy
agony [Stabs him]

Clar And there's for twitting me with per-
jury [Stabs him]

Q Mar O, kill me too! 41

Glo Marry and shall [Offers to kill her]

K Edw Hold, Richard, hold! for we have
done too much

Glo Why should she live, to fill the world
with words? 44

K Edw What! doth she swoon? use means
for her recovery

Glo Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother,
 I'll hence to London on a serious matter
 Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news
Clar What? what? 49
Glo The Tower! the Tower! [Exit
Q Mar O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!
 They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
 Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
 If this foul deed were by, to equal it
 He was a man, thus, in respect, a child, 56
 And men ne'er spend their fury on a child
 What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak
 And I will speak, that so my heart may burst
 Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals! 61
 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
 You have no children, butchers! if you had,
 The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse 64

But if you ever chance to have a child
 Look in his youth to have him so cut off
 As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K Edw Away with her! go, bear her hence perforce 68

Q Mar Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death

What! wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou

Clar By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease 72

Q Mar Good Clarence, do, sweet Clarence, do thou do it

Clar Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q Mar Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity 76
 What! wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,

Hard favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed,
 Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back. 80

K Edw Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence

Q Mar So come to you and yours, as to this prince! [Exit, led out forcibly

K Edw Where's Richard gone?

Clar To London, all in post, and, as I guess, 84

To make a bloody supper in the Tower

K Edw He's sudden if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort 87

With pray and thanks, and let's away to London
 And see our gentle queen how well she fares,
 By this, I hope, she hath a son for me

[Exeunt

SCENE VI—London A Room in the Tower

KING HENRY is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo Good day, my lord! What! at your book so hard?

K Hen Ay, my good lord—my lord, I should say rather,

'Tis sin to flatter, 'good' was little better
 Good Gloucester and good devil were alike,
 And both preposterous, therefore, not good lord? 5

Glo Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer [Exit Lieutenant

K Hen So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
 And next his throat unto the butcher's knife

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?
Glo Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,

The thief doth fear each bush an officer 12
K Hen The bird that hath been lured in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush,
 And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye 16
 Where my poor young was lured in, was caught, and kill'd

Glo Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl!
 And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd

K Hen I Dædalus my poor boy, Icarus,
 Thy father, Minos, that denied our course,

The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
 Thy brother Edward and thyself the sea, 24

Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life
 Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not with words

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
 Than can my ears that tragic history 28

But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glo Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K Hen A persecutor, I am sure, thou art
 If murder ring innocents be executing, 32

Why, then thou art an executioner
Glo Thy son I kill'd for his presumption

K Hen Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine 36
 And thus I prophesy that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
 And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's, 39

And many an orphan's water-standing eye,
 Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',

And orphans for their parents' timeless death,
 Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign, 44
 The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time,

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees!

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pies in dismal discords sung 48

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's
hope,

To wit an indigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree 52
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast
born,

To signify thou cam'st to bite the world
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st— 56

Glo I'll hear no more die, prophet, in thy
speech [Stabs him]

For in this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd
K Hen Ay, and for much more slaughter
after this

O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies*]
Glo What! will the aspiring blood of Lan-
caster 61

Sink in the ground? I thought it would have
mounted

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's
death!

O! may such purple tears be always shed 64
From those that wish the downfall of our house
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither,

[Stabs him again] 68

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of,
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste, 72
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried
'O! Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth'

And so I was, which plainly signified 76
That I should snarl and bite and play the dog

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it

I have no brother, I am like no brother, 80
And this word 'love,' which greybeards call
divine,

Be resident in men like one another
And not in me I am myself alone

Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the
light 84

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee,
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies

That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death 88

King Henry and the prince his son are gone
Clarence, thy turn is next and then the rest,

Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room, 92

And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom
[Exit with the body]

SCENE VII — The same A Room in the Palace

KING EDWARD is discovered sitting on his
throne — QUEEN ELIZABETH with the infant
Prince, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS,
and Others, near him.

K Edw Once more we sit in England's
royal throne,

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies
What valiant foemen like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their
pride!

Three Dukes of Somerset, threefo'd renown'd 4
For hardy and undoubted champions,

Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands two braver men.

Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's
sound,

With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and
Montague,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they
roar'd 12

Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy
Young Ned, for thee thine uncles and my-
self 16

Have in our armours watch'd the winter's
nigh!

Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in
peace,

And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain
Glo [Aside] I'll blast his harvest, if your
head were laid, 21

For yet I am not look'd on in the world
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave,
And heave it shall some weight, or break my
back 24

Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute
K Edw Clarence and Gloucester, love my
lovely queen,

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both
Clar The duty, that I owe unto your
majesty 28

I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe
K Edw Thanks, noble Clarence, worthy
brother, thanks

Glo And, that I love the tree from whence
thou sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit 32
[Aside] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his
master,

And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant all
harm

K Edw Now am I seated as my soul de-
lights,

Having my country's peace and brothers' loves
Clar What will your Grace have done with
Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransom
K Edw Away with her, and waft her hence
to France. 41

And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,

Such as befit the pleasure of the court? 44
Sound, drums and trumpets! farewell, sour
annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.
[Exit.]

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.		SIR JAMES TYRRELL.
EDWARD Prince of Wales afterwards	Sons to the	SIR JAMES BLOUNT
King Edward the Fifth,		SIR WALTER HERBERT
RICHARD, Duke of York,	Brothers to	SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY Lieutenant of the Tower.
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence		SIR WILLIAM BRANDON.
RICHARD Duke of Gloucester afterwards King Richard the Third,	the King.	CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest.
A young Son of Clarence.		Another Priest.
HENRY Earl of Richmond afterwards King Henry the Seventh.		Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury		TRESSEL and BERKELEY, Gentlemen attending on Lady Anne.
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.		ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward the Fourth.
JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely		MARGARET Widow of King Henry the Sixth.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.		DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward the Fourth,
DUKE OF NORFOLK.		Clarence, and Gloucester
EARL OF SURREY his Son.		LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, Son to
EARL RIVERS, Brother to King Edward's Queen.		King Henry the Sixth afterwards married to the
MARQUESS OF DORSET, and LORD GREY, her Sons.		Duke of Gloucester
EARL OF OXFORD		LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, a young Daughter of
LORD HASTINGS.		Clarence
LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY		Lords and other Attendants two Gentlemen, a Pur-
LORD LOVELL.		suivant Scrivener Citizens, Murderers Messengers,
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.		Ghosts of those murdered by Richard the Third,
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF		Soldiers, &c.
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY		

SCENE — *England.*

ACT I

SCENE I.—*London. A Street*

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried. 4
Now are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled
front,
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber 12
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass,
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's
majesty 16
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph,
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time 20
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them,
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace, 24
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity
And therefore since I cannot prove a lover, 28
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determin'd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous, 32
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other
And if King Edward be as true and just 36
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says, that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be 40
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul here Clarence
comes
Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY
Brother, good day what means this armed
guard
That waits upon your Grace?
Clar His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo Upon what cause?
Clar Because my name is George
Glo Alack! my lord, that fault is none of
 yours, 47
 He should, for that, commit your godfathers.
 O' belike his majesty hath some intent
 That you should be new-christen'd in the Tower
 But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar Yea Richard, when I know, for
 I protest 52
 As yet I do not but, as I can learn,
 He hearkens after prophecies and dreams
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
 And says a wizard told him that by G 56
 His issue disinherited should be,
 And, for my name of George begins with G,
 It follows in his thought that I am he 59
 These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
 Have mov'd his highness to commit me now
Glo Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by
 women
 'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower,
 My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she 64
 That tempts him to this extremity
 Was it not she and that good man of worship,
 Antony Woodville, her brother there,
 That made him send Lord Hastings to the
 Tower, 68
 From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
 We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe
Clar By heaven, I think there is no man
 secure
 But the queen's kindred and night-walking
 heralds 72
 That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress
 Shore
 Heard you not what a humble suppliant
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Glo Humbly complaining to her deity 76
 Got my lord chamberlain his liberty
 I'll tell you what, I think it is our way,
 If we will keep in favour with the king,
 To be her men and wear her livery 80
 The jealous o'er-worn widow and herself,
 Since that our brother dubb'd them gentle-
 women,
 Are mighty gossips in our monarchy
Brak I beseech your Graces both to pardon
 me, 84
 His majesty hath straitly given in charge
 That no man shall have private conference,
 Of what degree soever, with your brother
Glo Even so, an please your worship,
 Brakenbury, 88
 You may partake of anything we say
 We speak no treason, man we say the king
 Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
 Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous, 92
 We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
 A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing
 tongue,
 And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-
 folks.
 How say you, sir? can you deny all this? 96
Brak With this, my lord, myself have
 nought to do

Glo Naught to do with Mstress Shore! I
 tell thee, fellow,
 He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
 Were best to do it secretly, alone 100
Brak What one, my lord?
Glo Her husband, knave. Wouldst thou
 betray me?
Brak I beseech your Grace to pardon me,
 and withal
 Forbear your conference with the noble duke
Clar We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and
 will obey 105
Glo We are the queen's subjects, and must
 obey
 Brother, farewell I will unto the king,
 And whatsoever you will employ me in, 108
 Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
 I will perform it to enfranchise you.
 Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
 Touches me deeper than you can imagine 112
Clar I know it pleaseth neither of us well
Glo Well, your imprisonment shall not be
 long,
 I will deliver you, or else lie for you.
 Meantime, have patience
Clar I must perforce farewell
 [Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and
 Guard
Glo Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er
 return, 117
 Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
 If heaven will take the present at our hands
 But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hast-
 ings! 121

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast Good time of day unto my gracious
 lord!
Glo As much unto my good lord chamber-
 lain!
 Well are you welcome to this open air 124
 How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast With patience, noble lord, as prisoners
 must
 But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
 That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glo No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Cla-
 rence too, 129
 For they that were your enemies are his,
 And have prevail'd as much on him as you.
Hast More pity that the eagles should be
 mew'd, 132
 While kites and buzzards prey at liberty
Glo What news abroad?
Hast No news so bad abroad as this at home,
 The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy, 136
 And his physicians fear him mightily
Glo Now by Saint Paul, this news is bad
 indeed
 O! he hath kept an evil diet long,
 And over-much consum'd his royal person
 'Tis very grievous to be thought upon. 141
 What, is he in his bed?
Hast. He is.

Glo Go you before, and I will follow you
[*Exit HASTINGS*
He cannot live, I hope, and must not die 144
Till George be pack'd with post horse up to
heaven

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With less well steel'd with weighty arguments
And, if I fail not in my deep intent, 148
Clarence hath not another day to live
Which done, God take King Edward to his
mercy

And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest
daughter 152
What though I kill'd her husband and her
father,

The readiest way to make the wench amend
Is to become her husband and her father
The which will I, not all so much for love 156
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto

But yet I run before my horse to market
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and
reigns 160
When they are gone, then must I count my
gains [*Exit*

SCENE II—London Another Street

*Enter the corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH,
borne in an open coffin Gentlemen bearing
halberds to guard it and LADY ANNE, as
mourner*

Anne Set down, set down your honourable
load,

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster 4
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost, 8
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stab'd by the self same hand that made these
wounds!

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life, 12
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes
O! cursed be the hand that made these holes,
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from
hence! 16

More dreadful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives! 20
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view, 24
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him
Than I am made by my young lord and thee!
Come, now toward Chertsey with your holy
load, 29

Taken from Paul's to be interred there,
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whilst I lament King Henry's corpse
[*The Bearers take up the corpse and advance*

Enter GLOUCESTER

Glo Stay, you that bear the corpse, and set it
down 33

Anne What black magician conjures up this
fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo Villains! set down the corpse, or, by
Saint Paul, 36

I'll make a corpse of him that disobeys
First Gent My lord, stand back, and let the
coffin pass

Glo Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I
command 39

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,

And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness
[*The Bearers set down the coffin*

Anne What! do you tremble? are you all
afraid?

Alas! I blame you not for you are mortal, 44
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avaunt! thou dreadful minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,

His soul thou canst not have therefore, begone
Glo Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst

Anne Foul devil, for God's sake hence, and
trouble us not,

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims 52

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries

O! gentlemen, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open the congel'd mouths and bleed afresh

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity, 57
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood

From cold and empty veins, where no blood
dwells

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, 60
Provokes this deluge most unnatural

O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge his
death

O earth! which this blood drink'st, revenge his
death,

Either heaven with lightning strike the mur-
derer dead, 64

Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,

Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!
Glo Lady, you know no rules of charity, 68

Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses
Anne Villain, thou know'st no law of God

nor man
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of
pity

Glo But I know none, and therefore am no
beast 72

Anne O! wonderful, when devils tell the
truth

Glo More wonderful when angels are so
angry

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman

Of these supposed evils to give me leave, 76
 By circumstance but to acquit myself
Anne Vouchsafe, diffus d infection of a man,
 For these known evils, but to give me leave,
 By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self 80
Glo Fairer than tongue can name thee, let
 me have
 Some patient leisure to excuse myself
Anne Foulter than heart can think thee, thou
 canst make
 No excuse current, but to hang thyself 84
Glo By such despair I should accuse myself
Anne And by despairing shouldst thou stand
 excus'd
 For doing worthy vengeance on thyself
 Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others
Glo Say that I slew them not
Anne Then say they were not slain
 But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee
Glo I did not kill your husband.
Anne Why, then he is alive
Glo Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's
 hand 92
Anne In thy foul throat thou liest Queen
 Margaret saw
 Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood,
 The which thou once didst bend against her
 breast,
 But that thy brothers beat aside the point 96
Glo I was provoked by hers and rous'd my tongue,
 That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders
Anne Thou wast provoked by thy bloody
 mind, 99
 That never dreamt on aught but butcheries
 Didst thou not kill this king?
Glo I grant ye
Anne Dost grant me, hedge-hog? Then,
 God grant me too
 Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
 O! he was gentle mild and virtuous 105
Glo The fitter for the King of heaven, that
 hath him
Anne He is in heaven, where thou shalt
 never come
Glo Let him thank me, that help'd to send
 him thither 108
 For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne And thou unfit for any place but hell
Glo Yes, one place else, if you will hear me
 name it
Anne Some dungeon
Glo Your bed-chamber
Anne Ill rest betide the chamber where thou
 hast! 113
Glo So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
Anne I hope so
Glo I know so But, gentle Lady Anne,
 To leave this keen encounter of our wits, 116
 And fall somewhat into a slower method,
 Is not the cause of the timeless deaths
 Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
 As blameful as the executioner? 120
Anne Thou wast the cause, and most ac-
 curs'd effect.
Glo Your beauty was the cause of that effect,
 Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep

To undertake the death of all the world 124
 So might I live one hour in your sweet bosom
Anne If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
 These nails should rend that beauty from my
 cheeks
Glo These eyes could not endure that
 beauty's wrack, 128
 You should not blemish it if I stood by
 As all the world is cheered by the sun,
 So I by that: 't is my day my life.
Anne Black night o'ershade thy day and
 death thy life! 132
Glo Curse not thyself, fair creature, thou
 art both
Anne I would I were to be reveng'd on thee
Glo It is a quarrel most unnatural,
 To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee 136
Anne It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
 To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband
Glo He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
 Did it to help thee to a better husband 140
Anne His better doth not breathe upon the
 earth
Glo He lives that loves thee better than he
 could
Anne Name him
Glo Plantagenet
Anne Why, that was he
Glo The self-same name, but one of better
 nature 144
Anne Where is he?
Glo Here [*She spitteth at*
him] Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne Would it were mortal poison, for thy
 sake!
Glo Never came poison from so sweet a
 place 147
Anne Never hung poison on a fouler toad
 Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected
 mine
Anne Would they were basilisks, to strike
 thee dead!
Glo I would they were, that I might die at
 once, 152
 For now they kill me with a living death
 Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt
 tears,
 Sham'd their aspects with store of childish
 drops, 155
 These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
 No, when my father York and Edward wept
 To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
 When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at
 him,
 Nor when thy war-like father like a child, 160
 Told the sad story of my father's death,
 And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
 That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
 Like trees bedash'd with rain in that sad time,
 My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear, 165
 And what these sorrows could not thence ex-
 hale,
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with
 weeping
 I never su'd to friend, nor enemy, 168

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words,

But, now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive

Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,

I lay it open to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee

[*He lays his breast open she offers at it with his sword*]

Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry,

But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me

Nay, now dispatch, 'twas I that stabb'd young

Edward, [*She again offers at his breast*]

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on

[*She lets fall the sword*]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne Anne, dissembler though I wish thy

death,

I will not be thy executioner

Glo Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne I have already

Glo That was in thy rage

Speak it again, and, even with the word,

This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,

Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love

To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory

Anne I would I knew thy heart.

Glo 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne I fear me both are false

Glo Then never man was true.

Anne Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo Say, then, my peace is made

Anne That shalt thou know hereafter

Glo But shall I live in hope?

Anne All men, I hope, live so

Glo Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne To take is not to give.

[*She puts on the ring*]

Glo Look, now my ring encompasseth thy

finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart,

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever

Anne What is it?

Glo That it may please you leave these sad

designs

To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to Crosby-place,

Where, after I have solemnly interr'd

At Chertsey monastery this noble king,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,

I will with all expedient duty see you

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,

Grant me this boon

Anne With all my heart, and much it joys

me too

To see you are become so penitent

Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glo Bid me farewell

Anne 'Tis more than you deserve,

But since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already

[*Exeunt LADY ANNE, TRESSSEL, and*

BERKELEY

Glo Sirs, take up the corse

Gent Toward Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo No, to White-Friars, there attend my

coming [*Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her, but I will not keep her long

What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate,

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by,

Having God, her conscience, and these bars

against me,

And nothing I to back my suit withal

But the plain devil and dissembling looks

And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!

Hal!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months

since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,

The spacious world cannot again afford

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet

prince,

And made her widow to a woeful bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?

On me, that halt and am misshapen thus?

My dukedom to a beggarly demer

I do mistake my person all this while

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,

And entertain a score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body

Since I am crept in favour with myself,

I will maintain it with some little cost.

But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,

And then return lamenting to my love

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,

That I may see my shadow as I pass [*Exit*]

SCENE III—London A Room in the Palace

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and

LORD GREY

Riv Have patience, madam there's no

doubt his majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health

Grey In that you brook it ill, it makes him

worse

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good com-

fort,

And cheer his Grace with quick and merry

words.

Q Eliz If he were dead, what would betide

on me?

Grey No other harm but loss of such a lord
Q Eliz The loss of such a lord includes all harms 8

Grey The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,

To be your comforter when he is gone

Q Eliz Ah! he is young, and his minority is put into the trust of Richard Gloucester, 12
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you

Riv Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q Eliz It is determin'd, not concluded yet
 But so it must be if the king miscarry 16

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY

Gre, Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley

Buck Good time of day unto your royal Grace!

Stan God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q Eliz The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley, 20

To your good prayer will scarcely say amen
 Yet Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
 And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd
 I hate not you for her proud arrogance 24

Stan I do beseech you, either not believe
 The envious slanders of her false accusers,
 Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
 Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
 From wayward sickness, and no grounded
 malice 29

Q Eliz Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

Stan But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,

Are come from visiting his majesty 32

Q Eliz What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck Madam, good hope, his Grace speaks cheerfully

Q Eliz God grant him health! did you confer with him?

Buck Ay, madam he desires to make atonement 36

Between the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,

And between them and my lord chamberlain,
 And sent to warn them to his royal presence

Q Eliz Would all were well! But that will never be 40

I fear our happiness is at the highest

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET

Glo They do me wrong, and I will not endure it

Who are they that complain unto the king,
 That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
 By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly
 That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
 Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
 Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
 Duck with French nods and apish courtesy, 49
 I must be held a rancorous enemy
 Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
 But thus his simple truth must be abus'd 52
 By sulken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Glo To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
 When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong? 56

Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
 A plague upon you all! His royal person —
 Whom God preserve better than you would wish! —

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while, 60
 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints

Q Eliz Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter

The king, on his own royal disposition,
 And not provok'd by any sutor else, 64

AIMING, belike, at your interior hatred
 That in your outward action shows itself
 Against my children, brothers, and myself,
 Makes him to send, that thereby he may
 gather 68

The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it
Glo I cannot tell, the world is grown so bad
 That wrens make prey where eagles dare not
 perch

Since every Jack became a gentleman 72
 There's many a gentle person made a Jack

Q Eliz Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloucester,

You envy my advancement and my friends'
 God grant we never may have need of you! 76

Glo Meantime, God grants that we have need of you

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
 Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
 Held in contempt, while great promotions
 Are daily given to ennoble those 81

That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble

Q Eliz By him that rais'd me to this careful height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd, 84
 I never did incense his majesty
 Against the Duke of Clarence but have been
 An earnest advocate to plead for him.

My lord, you do me shameful injury, 88
 Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects

Glo You may deny that you were not the mean

Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv She may, my lord, for— 92

Glo She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that
 She may help you to many fair preferments,
 And then deny her aiding hand therein, 96
 And lay those honours on your high deserts.

What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv What, marry, may she?

Glo What, marry, may she! marry with a king, 100

A bachelor, a handsome stripling too
 I wis your grandam had a worser match

Q Eliz My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs,

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty 105
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd
I had rather be a country servantmaid
Than a great queen, with this condition, 108
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, *behind*

Q Mar [*Apart*] And lessen'd be that small,
God, I beseech him!
Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me 112
Glo What! threat you me with telling of the
king?

Tell him, and spare not look what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower 116
'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot

Q Mar [*Apart*] Out, devil! I remember
them too well

Thou kull'st my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury 120

Glo Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband
king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs,
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends, 124
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own

Q Mar Ay, and much better blood than his,
or thine

Glo In all which time you and your husband
Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster,
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband 129

In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere now and what you are,
Withal, what I have been, and what I am 133

Q Mar A murderous villain, and so still
thou art

Glo Poor Clarence did forsake his father,
Warwick,

Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!— 136

Q Mar Which God revenge!
Glo To fight on Edward's party for the
crown,

And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's, 140

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine
I am too childish foolish for this world.

Q Mar Hie thee to hell for shame, and
leave this world,

Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is 144
Riv My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy
days

Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king,

So should we you if you should be our king
Glo If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar

Far be it from my heart the thought thereof!
Q Eliz As little joy, my lord, as you suppose

You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy you may suppose in me 153

That I enjoy, being the queen thereof

Q Mar As little joy enjoys the queen thereof,
For I am she, and altogether joyless 156
I can no longer hold me patient [*Advancing*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects, 161

Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?
Ah! gentle villain do not turn away

Glo Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou
in my sight? 164

Q Mar But repetition of what thou hast
mar'd,

That will I make before I let thee go
Glo Wert thou not banished on pain of
death?

Q Mar I was, but I do find more pain in
banishment 168

Than death can yield me here by my abode
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me,

And thou, a kingdom, all of you, allegiance
This sorrow that I have by right is yours, 172

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine
Glo The curse my noble father laid on thee,

When thou didst crown his war-like brows with
paper,

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his
eyes, 176

And then, to dry them gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,

His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon
thee, 180

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed
Q Eliz So just is God, to right the innocent

Hast! O! 'twas the foulest deed to slay that
babe,

And the most merciless that e'er was heard of
Riv Tyrants themselves wept when it was
reported 185

Dors No man but prophesied revenge for it
Buck Northumberland, then present, wept
to see it

Q Mar What! were you snarling all before
I came, 188

Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much, with
heaven

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,

Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?

Why then give way, dull clouds, to my quick
curses! 196

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder to make him a king!

Edward, thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward, my son, which was Prince of Wales,

Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's

loss, 204
And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief, 208
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my
son

Was stabb'd with bloody daggers God, I pray
him, 212

That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off

Glo Have done thy charm, thou hateful
wither'd hag!

Q Mar And leave out thee? stay, dog for
thou shalt hear me 216

If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O! let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation 220

On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!

Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!

No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine, 225
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou elvish-mark'd abortive, rooting hog! 228
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!

Thou slanderer of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins! 232

Thou rag of honour! thou detested—
Glo Margaret!

Q Mar Richard!
Glo Ha!

Q Mar I call thee not
Glo I cry thee mercy then, for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names

Q Mar Why, so I did, but look'd for no
reply 237

O! let me make the period to my curse
Glo 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Mar-
garet'

Q Eliz Thus have you breath'd your curse
against yourself 240

Q Mar Poor painted queen, vain flourish
of my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself!
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this poisonous bunch-back'd
toad

Hast False-boding woman, end thy frantic
curse,

Lest to thy harm thou move our patience 248
Q Mar Foul shame upon you! you have all
mov'd mine

Riv Were you well serv'd, you would be
taught your duty

Q Mar To serve me well, you all should do
me duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my sub-
jects 252

O! serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty
Dor Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q Mar Peace! Master marquess, you are
malapert

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce cur-
rent 256

O! that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to snake
them,

And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces
Glo Good counsel marry learn it, learn it,
marquess 261

Dor It touches you my lord as much as me
Glo Ay, and much more, but I was born so
high

Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top, 264
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun

Q Mar And turns the sun to shade, alas!
alas!

Witness my son now in the shade of death
Whose bright out-shining beams tny cloudily
wrath 268

Hath in eternal darkness folded up
Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest

O God! that seest it do not suffer it,
As it was won with blood lost be it so! 272

Buck Peace, peace! for shame, if not for
charity

Q Mar Urge neither charity nor shame to
me

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd

My charity is outrage 'life my shame, 277
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck Have done have done
Q Mar O princely Buckingham! I'll kiss
thy hand, 280

In sign of league and amity with thee
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood
Nor thou within the compass of my curse 284

Buck Nor no one here, for curses never
pass

The lips of those that breathe 'hem in the air
Q Mar I will not think but they ascend the
sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace
O Buckingham! take heed of yonder dog 289

Look, when he fawns, he bites, and when he
bites

His venom tooth will rankle to the death
Have not to do with him beware of him 292

Sin, death and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him

Glo What doth she say, my Lord of Buck-
ingham?

Buck Nothing that I respect, my gracious
lord 296

Q Mar What! dost thou scorn me for my
gentle counsel,

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O! but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sor-
row, 300

And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subject to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [Exit

Hast My hair doth stand on end to hear her
curses.

Riv And so doth mine. I muse why she's
at liberty

Glo I cannot blame her by God's holy
mother,

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her

Q Eliz I never did her any, to my know-
ledge

Glo Yet you have all the vantage of her
wrong

I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid,
He is frank'd up to fating for his pains

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv A virtuous and a Christian-like con-
clusion,

To pray for them that have done scath to us
Glo So do I ever [*Aside*], being well-advis'd,
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself

Enter CATESBY

Cates Madam, his majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you, my noble lords

Q Eliz Catesby, I come. Lords, will you go
with me?

Riv We wait upon your Grace
[*Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER.*]

Glo I do the wrong and first begin to brawl
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad

I lay unto the grievous charge of others
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in dark-
ness,

I do beweepe to many simple gulls,
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham,

And tell them 'tis the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother

Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil

And thus I clothe my naked villany
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,

And seem a saint when most I play the devil
Enter two Murderers.

But soft! here come my executioners
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates!

Are you now going to dispatch this thing?
First Murd We are, my lord, and come to
have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is
Glo Well thought upon, I have it here about
me

[*Gives the warrant*]
When you have done, repair to Crosby place

But surs be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate do not hear him plead

For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark
him.

First Murd Tut, tut, my lord, we will not
stand to prate,

Talkers are no good doers be assur'd
We go to use our hands and not our tongues

Glo Your eyes drop millstones, when fools'
eyes fall tears

I like you, lads, about your business straight,
Go, go, dispatch

First Murd We will, my noble lord.
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV — *The Same The Tower*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY

Brak Why looks your Grace so heavily to-
day?

Clar O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,

That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time

Brak What was your dream, my lord? I
pray you, tell me

Clar Methought that I had broken from the
Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Gloucester,

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches hence we look'd toward

England,
And cited up a thousand heavv times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us As we pac'd along

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled, and, in
falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main

Lord, Lord! methought what pain it was to
drown!

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks,
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon,

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Somelay in dead men's skulls, and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by

Brak Had you such leisure in the time of
death

To gaze upon those secrets of the deep?
Clar Methought I had, and often did I

strive
To yield the ghost, but still the envious flood

Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air,

But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea

Brak Awak'd you not with this sore agony?
Clar No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after

life,
O! then began the tempest to my soul

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night

The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick
Who cried aloud 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanish'd then came wanderer rightly
A shadow like an angel with a bright hair
Dabbled in blood and he stuck'd out aloud
Clarence is come,—false, needing perjur'd
Clarence

That's also dme in the field by Tewksbury — 56
Seize on him! Furies tell him an old torment
With that methought, a legion of foul fiends
Furrow'd me and row'd in mine ears
Such hideous cries that with the very noise
I trembling wak'd, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in bed
Such terrible impression made my dream

Brak No marvel, lord, though it affrighted
you 64

I can't say methinks to hear you tell it
Car O Brakenbury! I have done these
things

That now give evidence against my soul
For Edward's sake, and see how he equites
me 68

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone

O spare my guiltless wife and my poor children
72

I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me
My soul is heavy and I fain would sleep

Brak I will my lord God give your Grace
good rest! [CLARENCE sleeps

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours 76
Makes the night morning, and the noon day
night

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil,
And for unfuit imaginations, 80
They often feel a world of restless cares
So that, between their titles and low names
There's nothing differs but the outward name

Enter the two Murderers

First Murd Ho! who's here? 84
Brak What wouldst thou, fellow? and how
cam'st thou thither?

First Murd I would speak with Clarence, and
I came hither on my legs

Brak What! so brief? 88
Sec Murd 'Tis bet'er, sir, than to be
tedious —

Let him see our commission, and talk no more
[A paper is delivered to BRAKENBURY,
who reads it

Brak I am, in this commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands

I will not reason what is meant hereby, 93
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning
There lies the duke asleep and there the keys
I'll to the king and signify to him 96

That thus I have resign'd to you my charge
First Murd You may, sir, 'tis a point of
wisdom fare you well. [Exit BRAKENBURY

First Murd What! shall we stab him as he
sleeps? 101

First Murd No he'll say 'twas done cowardly,
when he wakes! why fool he
shall never wake till the judgment day 105

First Murd Why, then he'll say we stabbed
him sleeping

Sec Murd The urging of that word
'judgment' hath bred a kind of remorse in
me 110

First Murd What! art thou afraid?
Sec Murd No, to kill him having a warrant
for't but to be damn'd for killing him, from
the which no warrant can defend me

First Murd I thought thou'ldst been resolute
116

Sec Murd So I am to let him live
First Murd I'll back to the Duke of Gloucester,
and tell him so

Sec Murd Nay, I prithee stay a little
I hope my holy humour will change it was wont
to hold me but while one tells twenty

First Murd How dost thou feel thyself
now? 124

Sec Murd Some certain dregs of conscience
are yet within me

First Murd Remember our reward when
the deed's done 128

Sec Murd Zounds! he dies I had forgot
the reward

First Murd Where's thy conscience now?
Sec Murd In the Duke of Gloucester's purse

First Murd So when he opens his purse to
give us our reward, thy conscience flies out

Sec Murd 'Tis no matter let it go there's
few or none will entertain it 136

First Murd What if it come to thee again?
Sec Murd I'll not meddle with it, it makes
a man a coward, a man cannot steal, but it
accuseth him a man cannot swear, but it
checks him a man cannot lie with his neighbour's
wife, but it detects him 'tis a blushing
shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's
bosom, it fills one full of obstacles, it made
me once restore a purse of gold that I found,
it beggars any man that keeps it it is turned
out of all towns and cities for a dangerous
thing, and every man that means to live
well endeavours to trust to himself and live
without it 149

First Murd Zounds! it is even now at my
elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke

Sec Murd Take the devil in thy mind, and
believe him not he would insinuate with thee
but to make thee sigh

First Murd Tut, I am strong-framed he
cannot prevail with me 156

Sec Murd Spoke like a tall fellow that
respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this
gear?

First Murd Take him over the costard with
the hilts of thy sword and then throw him into
the malmsey-butt in the next room

Sec Murd O, excellent device! make a sop
of him 164

First Murd Soft! he wakes.

Sec Murd Strike!
First Murd No, we'll reason with him
Clar Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup
of wine 169
First Murd You shall have wine enough,
my lord, anon.
Clar In God's name, what art thou? 172
First Murd A man, as you are
Clar But not, as I am, royal.
First Murd Nor you, as we are, loyal
Clar Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are
humble. 176
First Murd My voice is now the king's, my
looks mine own
Clar How darkly, and how deadly dost thou
speak!
Your eyes do menace me why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
Both Murd To, to to— 181
Clar To murder me?
Both Murd Ay, ay
Clar You scarcely have the hearts to tell
me so, 184
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do
it
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
First Murd Offended us you have not, but
the king
Clar I shall be reconcil'd to him again 188
Sec Murd Never, my lord, therefore pre-
pare to die
Clar Are you call'd forth from out a world
of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounce'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence death?
Before I be convict by course of law, 196
To threaten me with death is most unlawful
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous
sins,
That you depart and lay no hands on me, 200
The deed you undertake is damnable
First Murd What we will do, we do upon
command.
Sec Murd And he that hath commanded is
our king
Clar Erroneous vassal! the great King of
kings 204
Hath in the table of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder will you, then,
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's? 207
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law
Sec Murd And that same vengeance doth
he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing and for murder too
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight 212
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster
First Murd And, like a traitor to the name
of God,
Didst break that vow, and, with thy treacherous
blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son. 210

Sec Murd Whom thou wast sworn to cherish
and defend
First Murd How canst thou urge God's
dreadful law to us
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?
Clar Alas! for whose sake did I that ill
deed? 220
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake
He sends you not to murder me for this,
For in that sin he is as deep as I
If God will be avenged for the deed, 224
O' know you yet, he doth it publicly
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm,
He needs no indirect or lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him 228
First Murd Who made thee then a bloody
minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice was struck dead by thee?
Clar My brother's love, the devil, and my
rage 232
First Murd Thy brother's love, our duty,
and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee
Clar If you do love my brother, hate not
me,
I am his brother, and I love him well 236
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death 240
Sec Murd You are deceiv'd, your brother
Gloucester hates you
Clar O, no! he loves me, and he holds me
dear
Go you to him from me
Both Murd Ay, so we will
Clar Tell him, when that our princely father
York 244
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship
Bid Gloucester think on this, and he will weep
First Murd Ay, millstones, as he less'd on us
to weep 249
Clar O! do not slander him, for he is kind
First Murd Right
As snow in harvest Thou deceiv'st thyself
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here
Clar It cannot be for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with
sobs,
That he would labour my delivery 256
First Murd Why, so he doth when he de-
livers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven
Sec Murd Make peace with God, for you
must die, my lord
Clar Hast thou that holy feeling in thy
soul, 260
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
O! sirs, consider he that set you on 264
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed
Sec Murd What shall we do?

Clar Relent and save your souls
First Murd Relent! us cowardly, and womanish
Clar Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
 Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
 If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,

Would not entreat for life? 272

My friend I spy some pity in thy looks,
 O! if thine eye be not a flatterer,
 Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
 As you would beg, were you in my distress 276
 A begging prince what beggar pities not?

Sec Murd Look behind you my lord

First Murd [Stabs him] Take that, and that if all this will not do,

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within 280
 [Exit with the body]

Sec Murd A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch d!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
 Of this most grievous murder

Re-enter first Murderer

First Murd How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not? 284

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

Sec Murd I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say
 For I repent me that the duke is slain [Exit]

First Murd So do not I go, coward as thou art 289

Well I'll go hide the body in some hole,
 Till that the duke give order for his burial
 And when I have my meed I will away, 292
 For this will out, and here I must not stay [Exit]

ACT II

SCENE I—London A Room in the Palace

Enter KING EDWARD sick, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and Others

K Edw Why, so now have I done a good day's work

You peers continue this united league
 I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence, 4
 And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth
 Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand,

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love 8
Riv By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate,

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love

Hast So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K Edw Take heed you daily not before your king, 12

Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
 Confound your hidden falsehood and award
 Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast So prosper I as I swear perfect love!

Riv And I as I love Hastings with my heart!

K Edw Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,

Nor you, son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,
 You have been factious one against the other 20

Wife love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand,
 And what you do, do it unfeignedly

Q Eliz There, Hastings, I will never more remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine! 24

K Edw Dorset, embrace him, Hastings, love lord marquess

Dor This interchange of love I here protest,
 Upon my part shall be inviolable

Hast And so swear I [They embrace]

K Edw Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league 29

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
 And make me happy in your unity

Buck [To the QUEEN] Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate 32

Upon your Grace but with all dutious love
 Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most love!
 When I have most need to employ a friend, 36

And most assured that he is a friend,
 Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,

Be he unto me! Thus do I beg of God,
 When I am cold in love to you or yours 40

[They embrace]
K Edw A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart
 There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here

To make the blessed period of this peace 44
Buck And in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen

And princely peers, a happy time of day!
K Edw Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day 48

Gloucester, we have done deeds of charity,
 Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,

Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers
Glo A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord 52

Among this princely heap, if any here,
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe,
 If I unwittingly, or in my rage, 56

Have aught committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace
 'Tis death to me to be at enmity, 60

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
 First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,

Which I will purchase with my dutious service,
 Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham, 64

If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us,
 Of you, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, of you,

That all without desert have frown'd on me,
 Of you, Lord Woodville, and Lord Scales, of you

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen indeed, of all
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is a 13 jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-night 72
I thank my God for my humility

Q Eliz A holy day shall this be kept here-
after

I would to God all strifes were well compounded
My sov'reign lord I do beseech your highness 75
To take our brother Clarence to your grace

Glo Why, madam have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead? 80

[*They all start*]

You do him injury to scorn his corse
K Edw Who knows not he is dead? who
knows he is?

Q Eliz All-seeing heaven, what a world is
this!

Buck Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the
rest? 84

Dor Ay, my good lord, and no man in the
presence

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks
K Edw Is Clarence dead? the order was
revers'd

Glo But he, poor man, by your first order
died, 88

And that a winged Mercury did bear,
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried 91
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY

Stan A boon, my sov'reign, for my service
done! 96

K Edw I prithee, peace my soul is full of
sorrow

Stan I will not rise, unless your highness
hear me

K Edw Then say at once, what is it thou
request'st

Stan The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's
life, 100

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk

K Edw Have I a tongue to doom my
brother's death, 103

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death

Who su'd to me for him? who, in my wrath
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?

Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury, 112

When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said: 'Dear brother, live, and be a king?'

Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Even in his garments and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sorrowfully pluck'd, and not a man of you 120
Had so much grace to put it in my mind
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon 125

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you,
But for my brother not a man would speak,

Nor I ungracious speak unto myself 128
For him, poor soul! The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life,

Yet none of you would once beg for his life
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold 132

On me and you and mine and yours for this
Come Hastings, help me to my closet O! poor
Clarence!

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD, QUEEN HASTINGS,
RIVERS DORSET, and GREY

Glo This is the fruit of rashness Mark'd
you not

How that the guilty kindred of the queen 136
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence's
death?

O! they did urge it still unto the king
God will revenge it Come, lords, will you go
To comfort Edward with our company? 140

Buck We wait upon your Grace [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II—*The Same A Room in the Palace*

*Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, with a Son and
Daughter of CLARENCE*

Boy Good grandam, tell us, is our father
dead?

Duch No, boy
Daugh Why do you wring your hands and
beat your breast,

And cry—'O Clarence, my unhappy son?' 4
Boy Why do you look on us, and shake
your head,

And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch My pretty cousins, you mistake me
much, 8

I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death

It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost
Boy Then, grandam, you conclude that he
is dead 12

The king mine uncle is to blame for it
God will revenge it, whom I will importune

With earnest prayers all to that effect
Daugh And so will I 16

Duch Peace, children, peace! the king doth
love you well

Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's
death

Boy Grandam, we can, for my good uncle
Gloucester 20

Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek, 24

Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
 And he would love me dearly as his child
Duch Ah! that deceit should steal such
 gentle shape,
 And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice 28
 He is my son, ay and therein my shame,
 Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit
Boy Think you my uncle did dissemble,
 grandam?
Duch Ay boy 32
Boy I cannot think it Hark! what noise is
 this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *distractedly* RIVERS
 and DORSET *following her*

Q Eliz Oh! who shall hinder me to wail and
 weep,
 To chide my fortune and torment myself?
 I'll join with black despair against my soul 36
 And to myself become an enemy
Duch What means this scene of rude im-
 patience?

Q Eliz To make an act of tragic violence
 Edward, my lord thy son, our king is dead! 40
 Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?
 Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
 If you will live, lament if die, be brief,
 That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's, 44
 Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
 To his new kingdom of perpetual rest

Duch Ah! so much interest have I in thy
 sorrow

As I had title in thy noble husband 48
 I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
 And liv'd with looking on his images,
 But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
 Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death, 52
 And I for comfort have but one false glass
 That grieves me when I see my shame in him
 Thou art a widow yet thou art a mother,
 And hast the comfort of thy children left thee
 But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine
 arms, 57

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs
 Clarence and Edward O! what cause have I—
 Thine being but a moiety of my grief— 60
 To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries!

Boy Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's
 death

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
Daugh Our fatherless distress was left un-
 moan'd, 64

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept

Q Eliz Give me no help in lamentation
 I am not barren to bring forth complaints
 All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
 That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon, 69
 May send forth plentiful tears to drown the
 world!

Ah! for my husband for my dear Lord Edward!
Chil Ah! for our father, for our dear Lord
 Clarence! 72

Duch Alas! for both, both mine, Edward
 and Clarence!

Q Eliz What stay had I but Edward? and
 he's gone

Chil What stay had we but Clarence? and
 he's gone

Duch What stays had I but they? and they
 are gone 76

Q Eliz Was never widow had so dear a loss
Chil Were never orphans had so dear a loss

Duch Was never mother had so dear a loss
 Alas! I am the mother of these griefs 80

Their woes are parcel'd, mine are general
 She for an Edward weeps and so do I,
 I for a Clarence weep so doth not she

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I, 84
 I for an Edward weep, so do not they
 Alas! you three, on me threefold distress'd

Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
 And I will pamper it with lamentation 88

Dor Comfort, dear mother God is much
 displeas'd

That you take with unthankfulness his doing
 In common worldly things as call'd ungrateful

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt 92
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent,
 Much more to be his opposite with heaven,

For it requires the royal debt it lent you
Riv Madam, bethink you, like a careful
 mother, 96

Of the young prince your son send straight for
 him,

Let him be crown'd, in him your comfort lives
 Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's
 grave, 99

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne

Enter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY,
 HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and Others

Glo Sister have comfort all of us have cause
 To wail the dimming of our shining star

But none can cure their harms by wailing them
 Madam my mother I do cry you mercy 104

I did not see your Grace humbly on my knee
 I crave your blessing

Duch God bless thee! and put meekness in
 thy mind,

Love, charity, obedience and true duty 108
Glo Amen, [Aside] and make me die a
 good old man!

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing,
 I marvel that her Grace did leave it out

Buck You cloudy princes and heart-sorrow-
 ing peers 112

That bear this heavy mutual load of moan
 Now cheer each other in each other's love

Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
 We are to reap the harvest of his son 116

The broken rancour of your high-sworn hearts,
 But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,

Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd and kept
 Me seemeth good, that with some little train
 Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be
 fetch'd 121

Hither to London to be crown'd our king
Riv Why with some little train, my Lord of
 Buckingham?

Buck Marry, my lord lest by a multitude,
 The new-heal'd wound of malice should break
 out, 125

Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet un-
govern'd,

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself 129
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented

Glo I hope the king made peace with all of
us, 132

And the compact is firm and true in me
Ric And so in me, and so I think, in all
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach, 136
Which haply by much company might be urg'd
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince

Hast And so say I 140
Glo Then be it so and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to
Ludlow

Madam and you my mother, will you go
To give your censures in this business? 144
[*Exeunt all except BUCKINGHAM and*
GLOUCESTER

Buck My lord, whoever journeys to the
prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home
For by the way I'll sort occasion,

As index to the story we late talk'd of, 148
To part the queen's proud kindred from the
prince

Glo My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction 152
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay be-
hind [

Exeunt
SCENE III —The Same A Street
Enter two Citizens, meeting
First Cit Goodmorrow, neighbour whither
away so fast?

Sec Cit I promise you, I scarcely know
myself

Hear you the news abroad?

First Cit Ay, that the king is dead
Sec Cit Ill news, by'r lady, seldom comes
the better 4

I fear, I fear, twill prove a giddy world.

Enter a third Citizen
Third Cit Neighbours, God speed!

First Cit Give you good morrow, sir

Third Cit Doth the news hold of good King
Edward's death?

Sec Cit Ay, sir, it is too true, God help the
while! 8

Third Cit Then, masters, look to see a
troubulous world

First Cit No no, by God's good grace, his
son shall reign

Third Cit Woe to that land that's govern'd
by a child!

Sec Cit In him there is a hope of govern-
ment 12

That in his nonage council under him,

And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then and till then govern well

First Cit So stood the state when Henry the
Sixth 16

Was crown'd at Paris but at nine months old
Third Cit Stood the state so? no, no good
friends, God wot,

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel then the king 20

Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace
First Cit Wot'st, so hath this, both by his
father and mother

Third Cit Better it were they all came by
his father

Or by his father there were none at all, 24
For emulation who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near in God prevent not.

O' full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and
proud, 28

And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before

First Cit Come, come, we fear the worst,
all will be well

Third Cit When clouds are seen, wise men
put on their cloaks, 32

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand,
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth
All may be well, but, if God sort it so, 36

'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect
Sec Cit Truly, the hearts of men are full of
fear

You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread 40

Third Cit Before the days of change, still is
it so

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger as, by proof, we see

The waters swell before a boisterous storm 44
But leave it all to God Whither away?

Sec Cit Marry, we were sent for to the
justices

Third Cit And so was I I'll bear you
company [

Exeunt
SCENE IV —The Same A Room in the
Palace

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young DUKE
OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS
OF YORK*

Arch Last night, I hear, they lay at North-
ampton,

At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night
To-morrow, or next day they will be here

Duch I long with all my heart to see the
prince 4

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him
Q. Eliz But I hear, no, they say my son of
York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth
York Ay, mother, but I would not have it so

Duch Why, my young cousin, it is good to
grow 9

York Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother 'Ay, quoth my uncle
Gloucester, 12
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow
apace'

And since methinks I would not grow so fast
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make
haste

Duch Good faith good faith, the saying did
not hold 16

In him that did object the same to thee
He was the wretched stinging worm that was young
So long a-growing and so surely,

Arch And so, no doubt, he is my gracious
madam 21

Duch I hope he is, but yet let mothers doubt
York Now, by my troth, if I had been re-
member'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout 24
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd
mine

Duch How, my young York? I prithee, let
me hear 1

York Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could grow a crust at two hours old 28
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth

Grandam this would have been a biding jest
Duch I prithee, pretty York, who told thee
this?

York Grandam, his nurse 32

Duch His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou
wast born

York If twere not she, I cannot tell who
told me

Q Eliz A parlous boy go to, you are too
shrewd

Arch Good madam, be not angry with the
child 36

Q Eliz Pitchers have ears

Enter a Messenger

Arch Here comes a messenger What news?

Mess Such news, my lord, as grieves me to
report

Q Eliz How doth the prince?

Mess Well madam, and in health

Duch What is thy news? 42

Mess Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent
to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch Who hath committed them?

Mess The mighty dukes, 44
Gloucester and Buckingham

Arch For what offence?

Mess The sum of all I can I have disclosed
Why or for what the nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord 48

Q Eliz Ah me! I see the ruin of my house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind,
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne 52

Welcome, destruction, death and massacre!

Duch Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld! 56
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss
And being seated, and domestic broils 60
Clean over-blown, themselves the conquerors
Make war upon themselves brother to brother
Blood to blood, self against self O! preposter-
ous

And fratricide outrage end thy damned spleen 64
Or let me die to look on death no more

Q Eliz Come, come, my boy, we will to
sanctuary

Madam, farewell!

Duch Stay I will go with you
Q Eliz You have no cause

Arch [To the QUEEN] My gracious lady, go,
And thither bear your treasure and your goods
For my part I'll resign unto your Grace
The soul I keep and so betide me

As well I tender you and all of yours! 72
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary

[Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I—The Same A Street

The Trumpets sound Enter the PRINCE OF WALES,
GLOUCESTER BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, CARDI-
NAL BOURCHIER, and Others

Buck Welcome, sweet prince, to London to
your chamber

Glo Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts
so ereign,

The weary way hath made you melancholy
Prince No, uncle, but our crosses on the
way 4

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy
I want more uncles here to welcome me

Glo Sweet prince the untainted virtue of
your years

Hath not yet divid'd into the world's deceit 8
No more can you distinguish of a man

Than of his outward show which, God he
knows,

Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart
Those uncles which you want were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words 13

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts
God keep you from them, and from such false
friends!

Prince God keep me from false friends! but
they were none 16

Glo My lord, the Mayor of London comes to
greet you

Enter the Lord Mayor and his Train

May God bless your Grace with health and
happy days!

Prince I thank you, good my lord, and
thank you all

I thought my mother and my brother York 20
Would long ere this have met us on the way

Fie! what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no

Enter HASTINGS

Buck And in good time here comes the sweating lord
Prince Welcome my lord What, will our mother come?
Hast Or what occasion, God he knows, no, I

The queen your mother, and your brother York, Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld
Buck Fie! what an indirect and peevish course

Is this of hers! Lord Cardinal will your Grace Peruse the oser to send the Duke of York Unto his privately bro her presently?

If she deny Lord Hastings, go with him And from her jealous arms ruck him per force
Card My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory

Can from his mother win the Duke of York, Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid

We should infringe the holy privilege Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land Would I be guilty of so great a sin

Buck You are too senseless obstinate my lord,

Too ceremonious and traditional Weigh it but with the grossness of this age, You break not sanctuary in seizing him

The benefit thereof is always granted To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place And those who have the wit to claim the place

This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot have it Then, taking him from thence that is not there, You break no privilege nor charter there

Off have I heard of sanctuary men, But sanctuary children ne'er till now

Card My lord you shall o'er rule my mind for once
Come on, Lord Hastings will you go with me?

Hast I go, my lord
Prince Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may

[Exeunt CARDINAL BOURCHIER and HASTINGS

Say, uncle Gloucester if our brother come, Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo Where it seems best unto your royal self
If I may counsel you, some day or two

Your highness shall repose you at the Tower Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation

Prince I do not like the Tower, of any place Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?

Buck He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which, since succeeding ages have re-edified
Prince Is it upon record, or else reported

Successively from age to age he built it?
Buck Upon record, my gracious lord
Prince But say, my lord, it were not registered,

Yet thinks the truth should live from age to age, As were retain'd to all posterity
Even to the general ending day

Glo I see! So wise so young, they say, do never live long
Prince Want say you uncle?

Glo I say, without characurs, fame lives long
[Aside] Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity

Immortalize two meanings in one word
Prince That Julius Caesar was a famous man

What his valour did enrich his wit, His wit set down to make his valour live
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,

For now he lives in fame, though not in life
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—
Buck What, my gracious lord?

Prince An if I live until I be a man, I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or take a soldier, as I live d a king

Glo [Aside] Short summers lightly have a forward spring

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and CARDINAL BOURCHIER

Buck Now in good time, here comes the Duke of York
Prince Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York Well, my dread lord, so must I call you now
Prince Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours

Too late he died that might have kept that title, Which by his death hath lost much majesty
Glo How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York I thank you gentle uncle, O, my lord, You see that idle weeds are fast in growth
The rest my brother hath outgrown me far

Glo He hath, my lord
York And therefore is he idle?

Glo O, my fair cousin, I must not say so
York Then he is more beholding to you than I

Glo He may command me as my sovereign, But you have power in me as in a kinsman
York I pray you, uncle give me this dagger

Glo My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart
Prince A beggar, brother?

York Of my kind uncle that I know will give
And being but a toy which is no grief to give

Glo A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin
York A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it

Glo Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough
York O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts,

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay
Glo It is too weighty for your Grace to wear
York I weigh it lightly, were it heavier 121
Glo What! would you have my weapon,
 little lord?
York I would, that I might thank you, as
 you call me
Glo How? 122
York Little
Prince My Lord of York will still be cross
 in talk
Uncle Your Grace knows how to bear with
 him
York You mean, to bear me, not to bear
 with me 123
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me
 Because that I am little, like an ape,
 He thinks that you should bear me on your
 shoulders
Buck With what a sharp provided wit he
 reasons! 132
 To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
 He prettily and aptly taunts himself
 So cunning and so young is wonderful
Glo My lord will't please you pass along?
 Myself and my good cousin Buckingham 137
 Will to your mother, to entreat of her
 To meet you at the Tower and welcome you
York What! will you go unto the Tower,
 my lord? 140
Prince My Lord Protector needs will have
 it so
York I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower
Glo Why, what would you fear?
York Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry
 ghost 144
 My grandam told me he was murder'd there.
Prince I fear no uncles dead
Glo Nor none that live, I hope
Prince An if they live, I hope, I need not
 fear 148
 But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
 Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower
*[Sennet. Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER,
 BUCKINGHAM, and CATESBY]*
Buck Think you, my lord, this little prating
 York
 Was not incensed by his subtle mother 152
 To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo No doubt, no doubt O! 'tis a perilous
 boy,
 Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable
 He's all the mother's, from the top to toe 156
Buck Well, let them rest. Come hither,
 Catesby, thou art sworn
 As deeply to effect what we intend
 As closely to conceal what we impart
 Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the
 way 160
 What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
 To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
 For the instalment of this noble duke
 In the seat royal of this famous isle? 164
Cate He for his father's sake so loves the
 prince
 That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck What think'st thou then of Stanley?
 what will he?
Cate He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck Well then, no more but this go,
 gentle Catesby, 169
 And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hast-
 ings,
 How he doth stand affected to our purpose
 And summon him to-morrow to the Tower, 172
 To sit about the coronation
 If thou dost find him tractable to us,
 Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons
 If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling, 176
 Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
 And give us notice of his inclination,
 For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
 Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd 180
Glo Commend me to Lord William tell him,
 Catesby,
 His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
 To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
 And bid my lord, for joy of this good news, 184
 Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more
Buck Good Catesby, go, effect this business
 soundly
Cate My good lords both, with all the heed
 I can
Glo Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere
 we sleep? 188
Cate You shall, my lord
Glo At Crosby-place, there shall you find us
 both [Exit CATESBY]
Buck Now, my lord, what shall we do if we
 perceive
 Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glo Chop off his head, something we will
 determine 193
 And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
 The earldom of Hereford and all the moveables
 Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd
Buck I'll claim that promise at your Grace's
 hand 197
Glo And look to have it yielded with all
 kindness
 Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
 We may digest our complots in some form 200
 [Exeunt]

SCENE II — The Same. Before LORD HASTINGS'
 House

Enter a Messenger

Mess [Knocking] My lord! my lord!
Hast [Within] Who knocks?
Mess One from the Lord Stanley
Hast [Within] What is't o'clock?
Mess Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these
 tedious nights?
Mess So it appears by that I have to say
 First, he commends him to your noble self
Hast What then?
Mess Then certifies your lordship, that this
 night

He dreamt the boar had razed off his helm
Besides, he says there are two councils held, 12
And that may be determin'd at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the
other

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's
pleasure,

If you will presently take horse with him, 16
And with all speed post with him towards the
north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines
Hast Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord
Bid him not fear the separated councils 20
His honour and myself are at the one,

And at the other is my good friend Catesby,
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence 24

Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance
And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.

To fly the boar before the boar pursues, 28
Were to incense the boar to follow us
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower, 32
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly

Mess I'll go, my lord, and tell him what
you say [Exit

Enter CATESBY

Cate Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast Good morrow, Catesby, you are early
stirring 36
What news, what news, in this our tottering
state?

Cate It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord,
And I believe will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm 40

Hast How! wear the garland! dost thou
mean the crown?

Cate Ay, my good lord.
Hast I'll have this crown of mine cut from
my shoulders

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd 44
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you
forward

Upon his party for the gain thereof
And thereupon he sends you this good news, 48
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret

Hast Indeed, I am no mourner for that
news

Because they have been still my adversaries 52
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,

God know, I will not do it to the death
Cate God keep your lordship in that gra-

cious mirth! 56
Hast But I shall laugh at this a twelve-

month's hence
That they which brought me in my master's
hate,

I live to look upon their tragedy 59
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cate 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious
lord,

When men are unprepar'd and look not for it
Hast O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls
it out 64

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey, and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as
safe

As thou and I, who, as thou know'st are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham 68

Cate The princes both make high account
of you,
[Aside] For they account his head upon the
bridge

Hast I know they do and I have well de-
serv'd it

Enter STANLEY

Come on, come on, where is your boar spear
man? 72

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?
Stan My lord, good morrow, good morrow
Catesby

You may jest on, but by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I 76

Hast My lord, I hold my life as dear as you
do yours,

And never, in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now
Think you but that I know our state secure 80

I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan The lords at Pomfret, when they rode
from London,

Were joy'd and suppos'd their state was sure
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust, 84

But yet you see how soon the day o'ercast
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt,
Pray God I say, I prove a needless coward!

What shall we toward the Tower? the day is
spent 88

Hast Come, come have with you Wot
you what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded
Stan They, for their truth, might better
wear their heads,

Than some that have accus'd them wear their
hats 92

But come, my lord, let's away

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast Go on before, I'll talk with this good
fellow [Exit STANLEY and CATESBY]
How now, surrah! how goes the world with
thee?

Purs The better that your lordship please
to ask 96

Ha. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me
now

Than when I met thee last where now we meet
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies, 100

But now, I tell thee,—keep it to thyself,—
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs God hold it to your honour's good
content! 104

Hast Gramercy, fellow, there drink that
for me *[Throws him his purse]*
Purs God save your lordship *[Exit]*

Enter a Priest.

Pr Well met, my lord, I am glad to see your
honour
Hast I thank thee, good Sir John, with all
my heart 108
I am in your debt for your last exercise
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM

Buck What, talking with a priest, lord
chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the priest
Your honour hath no shiving work in hand 113
Hast Good faith, and when I met this holy
man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower? 116
Buck I do, my lord, but long I shall not
stay
I shall return before your lordship thence
Hast Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner
there
Buck *[Aside]* And supper too, although
thou know'st it not 120
Come, will you go?
Hast I'll wait upon your lordship
[Exeunt]

SCENE III — *Pomfret Before the Castle*

*Enter RATCLIFF, with halberds, carrying RIVERS,
GREY, and VAUGHAN to death*

Riv Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee
this
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth for duty, and for loyalty
Grey God bless the prince from all the pack
of you! 4
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers
Vaugh You live that shall cry woe for this
hereafter
Rat Dispatch, the limit of your lives is out
Riv O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody
prison! 8
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death,
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat, 12
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink
Grey Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon
our heads
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd ner-
son 16
Riv Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd
she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings O! remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us,
And for my sister and her princely sons, 20
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt
Rat Make haste, the hour of death is expiate

Riv Come, Grey, come Vaughan, let us
here embrace 24
And take our leave until we meet in heaven
[Leunt]

SCENE IV — *London The Tower*

BUCKINGHAM STANLEY, HASTINGS, the BISHOP
OF ELY RATCLIFF, LOVEL, and Others, sitting
at a table Officers of the Council attending
Hast My lords, at once the cause why we
are met

Is to determine of the coronation
In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?
Buck Are all things ready for that royal
time? 4

Stan It is, and wants but nomination
Ely To-morrow then I judge a happy day
Buck Who knows the Lord Protector's mind
herein? 8

Who is most inward with the noble duke?
Ely Your Grace, we think, should soonest
know his mind
Buck We know each other's faces, for our
hearts,

He knows no more of mine than I of yours,
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine 12
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love
Hast I thank his Grace, I know he loves me
well,

But, for his purpose in the coronation
I have not sounded him nor he deliver'd 16
His gracious pleasure any way therein
But you my noble lords may name the time,
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part 20

Enter GLOUCESTER

Ely In happy time, here comes the duke
himself

Glo My noble lords and cousins all, good
morning

I have been long a sleeper, but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design, 24
Which by my presence might have been con-
cluded

Buck Had you not come upon your cue, my
lord,

William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your
part,

I mean, your voice for crowning of the king 28
Glo Than my Lord Hastings no man might
be bolder

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn
I saw good strawberries in your garden there, 32
I do beseech you send for some of them

Ely Marry, and will, my lord, with all my
heart *[Exit]*

Glo Cousin of Buckingham, a word with
you *[Takes him aside]*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our busi-
ness, 36

And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,

Shall lose the royalty of England's throne 40
Buck Withdraw yourself a while, I'll go
 with you
[Exeunt GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM]
Stan We have not yet set down this day of
 triumph
 To-morrow in my judgment, is too sudden
 For I myself am not so well provided 44
 As else I would be, were the day prolong'd

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY

Ely Where is my lord, the Duke of Gloucester?
 I have sent for these strawberries
Hast His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth
 this morning 48
 There's some conceit or other likes him well,
 When that he bids good morrow with such
 spirit.
 I think there's never a man in Christendom
 Can lesser hide his hate or love than he, 52
 For by his face straight shall you know his heart
Stan What of his heart perceiv'd you in his
 face
 By any livelihood he show'd to day?
Hast Marry, that with no man here he is
 offended 56
 For, were he, he had shown it in his looks

Re-enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
 That do conspire my death with devilish plots
 Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd 60
 Upon my body with their hellish charms?
Hast The tender love I bear your Grace, my
 lord,
 Makes me most forward in this princely presence
 To doom th' offenders, whose'er they be 64
 I say, my lord, they have deserved death
Glo Then be your eyes the witness of their evil
 Look how I am bewitch'd! behold mine arm
 Is like a blasted sapling, wither'd up 68
 And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch
 Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
 That by their witchcraft thus have marked me
Hast If they have done this thing, my noble
 lord,— 72
Glo If! thou protector of this damned
 strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of ifs? Thou art a traitor
 Off with his head! now, by Saint Paul, I swear,
 I will not dine until I see the same 76
Lovel and *Ratcliff*, look that it be done
 The rest, that love me, rise and follow me

[Exeunt all but HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and LOVEL.]

Hast Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for
 me
 For I too fond, might have prevented this 80
 Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm,
 And I did scorn it and disdain'd to fly
 Three times to-day my foot cloth horse did
 stumble
 And startled when he looked upon the Tower, 84
 As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house
 O! now I need the priest that spake to me

I now repent I told the pursuivant,
 As too triumphing, how mine enemies 88
 To-day at Pomfret bloody were butcher'd
 And I myself secure in grace and favour
 O Margaret! Margaret! now thy heavy curse
 Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head 92
Rat Come come, dispatch, the duke would
 be at dinner
 Make a short shrift he longs to see your head
Hast O momentary grace of mortal man,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of
 God! 96
 Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast
 Ready with every nod to tumble down
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep 100
Lov Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to
 exclaim
Hast O bloody Richard! miserable Eng-
 land!
 I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee
 That ever wretched age hath look'd upon 104
 Come, lead me to the block! bear him my head
 They smile at me who shortly shall be dead
Exeunt

SCENE V.—London The Tower Walls

*Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten
 armour, marvellous ill-favoured*

Glo Come cousin, canst thou quake, and
 change thy colour,
 Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
 And then again begin, and stop again,
 As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?
Buck Tut! I can counterfeit the deep
 tragedian, 5
 Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
 Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
 Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks 8
 Are at my service, like enforced smiles,
 And both are ready in their offices,
 At any time to grace my stratagems
 But what! is Catesby gone? 12
Glo He is, and, see, he brings the mayor
 along

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY

Buck Lord Mayor,—
Glo Look to the drawbridge there!
Buck Hark! a drum
Glo Catesby, o'erlook the walls 16
Buck Lord Mayor, the reason we have
 sent—
Glo Look back, defend thee, here are ene-
 mies.
Buck God and our innocence defend and
 guard us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head

Glo Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and
 Lovel 20
Lov Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
 The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings
Glo So dear I love the man that I must weep
 I took him for the plainest harmless creature 24

That breath'd upon the earth a Christian
Made hum my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of
virtue,

That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,
He liv'd from all attainer of suspect

Buck Well well, he was the covert'st shelter
d traitor
That ever liv'd

Would you imagine, or almost believe,—
Were't not that by great preservation
We live to tell it that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

May Had he done so?

Glo What! think you we are Turks or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our person's safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death,
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,

To warn false traitors from the like attempts
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore

Buck Yet had we not determin'd he should die
Until your lordship came to see his end,
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somethurg against our meaning, hath prevented

Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconster us in him, and wail his death.

May But, my good lord, your Grace's word
shall serve,

As well as I had seen and heard him speak
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause

Glo And to that end we wish'd your lordship
here

To avoid the censures of the carping world
Buck But since you come too late of our
intent,

Yet witness what you hear we did intend
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell

[*Exit* Lord Mayor]

Glo Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all
post

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so

Moreover, urge his hateful luxury
And bestial appetite in change of lust,
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
wives,

Even where his raging eye or savage heart
Without control lusted to make a prey
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my
person

Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France,
And, by true computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments
Being, nothing like the noble duke my father
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives
Buck Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the
orator

As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself and so, my lord, adieu

Glo If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle,

Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops

Buck I go, and towards three or four
o'clock

Look for the news that the Guildhall affords
[*Exit*]

Glo Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor
Shaw,

[*To* CATESBY] Go thou to Friar Penker, bid
them both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle
[*Exeunt* LOVEL and CATESBY]

Now will I in to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to give notice that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the princes [Exit]

SCENE VI.—The Same A Street

Enter a Scrivener

Scriv Here is the indictment of the good
Lord Hastings,

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's
And mark how well the sequel hangs together
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me
The precedent was full as long a-doing,
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamn'd, free, at liberty
Here's a good world the while! Who is so gross
That cannot see this palpable device?

Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to naught,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.
[Exit]

SCENE VII.—The Same The Court of Baynard's Castle

Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting

Glo How now, how now! what say the
citizens?

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,

The citizens are mum say not a word

Glo Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck I did, with his contract with Lady Lucy,

And his contract by deputy in France,
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives,
His tyranny for trifles, his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke
Withal I did infer your lineaments, 12
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind,
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace, 16
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility,
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse,
And when my oratory drew toward end, 20
I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

Glo And did they so?

Buck No, so God help me, they spake not a word, 24

But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,
Star'd each on o'er, and look'd deadly pale
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful
silence 28

His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to but by the recorder
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again
'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke
inferred,' 32

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, God save King
Richard! 36

And thus I took the vantage of those few,
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I,
'This general applause and cheerful shout
Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard'
And even here brake off, and came away 41

Glo What tongueless blocks were they!
would they not speak?

Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?
Buck The mayor is here at hand. Intend
some fear, 44

Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my
lord

For on that ground I'll make a holy descant 48
And be not easily won to our requests,
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo I go and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself, 52

No doubt we bring it to a happy issue
Buck Go, go, up to the leads! the Lord
Mayor kneels [Exit GLOUCESTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens
Welcome, my lord I dance attendance here,
I think the duke will not be spoke withal 56

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

Cate He doth entreat your Grace, my noble
lord,

To visit him to-morrow or next day
8 He is within, with two right reverend fathers, 60
Divinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise

Buck Return, good Catesby, to the gracious
duke 64

Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his
Grace 68

Cate I'll signify so much unto him straight
[Exit

Buck Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an
Edward!

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation, 72

Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines,
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul 76
Happy were England would this virtuous prince
Take on his Grace the sovereignty thereof

But sore, I fear, we shall not win him to it
May Marry, God defend his Grace should
say us nay! 80

Buck I fear he will. Here Catesby comes
again.

Re-enter CATESBY

Now, Catesby, what says his Grace?

Cate He wonders to what end you have
assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him, 84
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him

Buck Sorry I am my noble cousin should
suspect me that I mean no good to him. 88
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love,
And so once more return, and tell his Grace

[Exit CATESBY
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them
thence, 92

So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, in a gallery above, between
two Bishops CATESBY returns*

May See, where his Grace stands 'tween two
clergymen!

Buck Two props of virtue for a Christian
prince,

To stay him from the fall of vanity, 96
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornament to know a holy man

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests, 100

And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right Christian zeal.

Glo My lord there needs no such apology,
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me 104
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferred the visitation of my friends
But leaving this what is your Grace's pleasure?

Buck E'en that, I hope, which pleaseth God
above 108

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle

Glo I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye
And that you come to reprove my ignorance

Buck You have my lord would it might
please your Grace 113

On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Glo Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian
land? 117

Buck Know then it is your fault that you
resign 116

The supreme seat, the throne majestical
The sceptred office of your ancestors

Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house, 120

To the corruption of a blemish'd stock,
Whiles, in the midst of your sleepy thoughts —

Which here we taken to our country's good, —
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs, 124

Her face defac'd with scars of infamy
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,

And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion 128

Which to rectify we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge

And kingly government of this your land,
Not as protector steward substitute, 132

Or lowly factor for another's gain,
But as successively from blood to blood

Your right of birth your empery, your own
For this, consorted with the citizens 136

Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation

In this just cause come I to move your Grace
Glo I cannot tell, if to depart in silence 140

Or bitterly to speak in your reproof
Best fitteth my degree or your condition

If not to answer you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition not replying, yielded 144

To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which roundly you would here impose on me,

If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me, 148

Then, on the other side I check'd my friends
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,

And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you 152

Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
Unmurmurable shuns your high request

First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown, 156

As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,

So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,

Being a bark to brook no mighty sea, 161
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.

But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me, 164

And much I need to help you, were there need,
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will will become the seat of majesty, 168
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from
him! 172

Buck My lord, this argues conscience in
your Grace,

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered

You say that Edward is your brother's son 176
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife,
For first was he contract to Lady Lucy

Your mother lives a witness to his vow
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd 180

To Bonar sister to the King of France
These both put by, a poor plutioner,

A care-craz'd mother to a many sons
A beauty-waning and distressed widow, 184

Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,

Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loath'd bigamy 188

By her in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward whom our manners call the prince

More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that for reverence to some alive 192

I give a sparing limit to my tongue
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self

This proffer'd benefit of dignity,
It not to bless us and the land withal, 196

Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruptor of abusing times,

Unto a lineal true-derived course
Alas Do good my lord your citizens

entreat you 200

Buck Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd
love

Cate O! make them joyful grant their law-
ful suit! 204

Glo Alas! why would you heap those cares
on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty 204
I do beseech you take it not amiss,
I cannot nor I will not yield to you

Buck If you refuse it, as, in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child your brother's son,

As well we know your tenderness of heart 209
And gentle, kind effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,

And equally, indeed, to all estates, 212
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king,

But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house 216

And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM and*

Citizens.

Cate Call them again, sweet prince, accept
their suit

If you deny them, all the land will rue it. 220

Glo Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Call them again I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
[Exit CATESBY
Albeit against my conscience and my soul. 224

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load 228
But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquaintance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof,
For God doth know, and you may partly see, 233
How far I am from the desire of this

May God bless your Grace! we see it, and
will say it

Glo In saying so, you shall but say the truth

Buck Then I salute you with this royal title
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!
All Amen.

Buck To-morrow may it please you to be
crown'd? 240

Glo Even when you please, for you will have
it so

Buck To-morrow then we will attend your
Grace

And so most joyfully we take our leave
Glo [To the Bishops.] Come, let us to our
holy work again. 244

Farewell, my cousin,—farewell, gentle friends
[Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I—London Before the Tower

*Enter on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS
OF YORK, and MARQUESS OF DORSET on the
other, ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, leading
LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S
young daughter*

Duch. Who meets us here? my niece Plan-
tagenet,

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes
Daughter, well met.

Anne God gave your Graces both 5
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q Eliz As much to you, good sister!
whither away?

Anne No further than the Tower and, as
I guess, 8

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there

Q Eliz Kind sister, thanks we'll enter all
together —

Enter BRAKENBURY

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes 12
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak Right well, dear madam. By your
patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them 16
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary

Q Eliz The king! who's that?

Brak I mean the Lord Protector

Q Eliz The Lord protect him from that
kingly title! 19

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Duch I am their father's mother, I will see
them

Anne Their aunt I am in law, in love their
mother

Then bring me to their sights, I'll bear thy
blame, 24

And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
Brak No, madam, no, I may not leave it so
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me
[Exit

Enter STANLEY

Stan Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour
hence, 28

And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens

[To the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.] Come, ma-
dam, you must straight to Westminster,

There to be crown'd Richard's royal queen 32

Q Eliz Ah! cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news
Anne Despiteful tidings! O! unpleasing
news! 36

Dor Be of good cheer mother, how fares
your Grace?

Q Eliz O, Dorset! speak not to me, get thee
gone

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels
Thy mother's name is ominous to children 40

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell

Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead, 44

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel,
madam.

[To DORSET.] Take all the swift advantage of the
hours, 48

You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay
Duch O ill-dispersing wind of misery! 52

O! my accursed womb, the bed of death,
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,

Whose unavoided eye is murderous!

Stan Come, madam, come, I in all haste
was sent. 56

Anne And I with all unwillingness will go
O! would to God that the inclusive verge

Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain. 60

Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say 'God save the queen!'

Q Eliz Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy
glory,

To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm. 64

Anne No! why? When he, that is my husband now
 Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,
 When scarce the blood was well wash'd from
 his hands,
 Which issu'd from my other angel husband, 68
 And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd,
 O! when I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
 This was my wish, Be thou, 'quoth I, 'accurs'd,
 For making me so young, so old a widow! 72
 And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
 And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
 More miserable by the life of thee
 Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's
 death! 76
 Lo! ere I can repeat this curse again,
 Within so small a time, my woman's heart
 Grossly grew captive to his honey words, 79
 And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse
 Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest,
 For never yet one hour in his bed
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
 But with his tumorous dreams was still awak'd
 Besides he hates me for my father Warwick, 85
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me

Q Eliz Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining
Anne No more than with my soul I mourn
 for yours 88
Q Eliz Farewell! thou woeful welcomer of
 glory!
Anne Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave
 of it!
Duch [To DORSET] Go thou to Richmond,
 and good fortune guide thee!
 [To ANNE] Go thou to Richard, and good angels
 tend thee! 92
 [To Q ELIZABETH] Go thou to sanctuary, and
 good thoughts possess thee!
 I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
 Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
 And each hour sjoy wrack'd with a week of teen
Q Eliz Stay yet, look back with me unto
 the Tower 97
 Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
 Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls,
 Rough cradle for such little pretty ones! 100
 Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
 For tender princes use my babies well
 So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II.—The Same A Room of State
 in the Palace

Sennet RICHARD, in pomp, crowned BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and Others

K Rich Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham
Buck My gracious sovereign!
K Rich Give me thy hand. [He ascends the throne] Thus high, by thy advice
 And thy assistance is King Richard seated 4
 But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K Rich Ah! Buckingham, now do I play the touch, 8

To try if thou be current gold indeed
 Young Edward lives think now what I would speak

Buck Say on, my loving lord.

K Rich Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king 12

Buck Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege

K Rich Ha! am I king? 'Tis so but Edward lives

Buck True, noble prince

K Rich O bitter consequence,
 That Edward still should live! 'True, noble prince! 16

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull
 Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead,
 And I would have it suddenly perform'd
 What sayst thou now? speak suddenly, be brief 20

Buck Your Grace may do your pleasure

K Rich Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord, 24

Before I positively speak in this

I will resolve you herein presently [Exit

Cate [Aside to another] The king is angry
 see he gnaws his lip

K Rich [Descends from his throne] I will converse with iron-witted fools 28

And unrespective boys none are for me
 That look into me with considerate eyes

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
 Boy! 32

Page My lord!

K Rich Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold

Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page I know a discontented gentleman, 36
 Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit

Gold were as good as twenty orators,
 And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

K Rich What is his name?

Page His name, my lord, is Tyrrell

K Rich I partly know the man go, call him hither [Exit Page

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel
 Hath he so long held out with me untr'd, 44

And stops he now for breath? well, be it so

Enter STANLEY

How now, Lord Stanley! what's the news?

Stan Know, my loving lord,
 The Marquess Dorset, as I hear, is fled 48

To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K Rich Come hither, Catesby rumour it abroad,

That Anne my wife is very grievous sick;

I will take order for her keeping close
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence'
daughter
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out 56
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die
About it, for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage
me
[Exit CATESBY
I must be married to my brother's daughter, 60
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin 64
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye

Re-enter Page, with TYRRELL.

Is thy name Tyrrell?

Tyr James Tyrrell, and your most obedient subject.

K Rich Art thou, indeed?

Tyr Prove me, my gracious lord 68

K Rich Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr Please you, but I had rather kill two enemies

K Rich Why, then thou hast it two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon 73
Tyrrell, I mean those bastards in the Tower

Tyr Let me have open means to come to them,

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them 76

K Rich Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrell

Go, by this token rise, and lend thine ear

There is no more but so say it is done, 80
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. [Exit

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in

K Rich Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled
to Richmond 84

Buck I hear the news, my lord.

K Rich Stanley, he is your wife's son well,
look to it.

Buck My lord, I claim the gift, my due by
promise,

For which your honour and your faith is
pawn'd; 88

The earldom of Hereford and the moveables
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K Rich Stanley, look to your wife if she
convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it. 92

Buck What says your highness to my just
request?

K Rich I do remember me, Henry the
Sixth

Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy 96

A king! perhaps—
Buck My lord!

K Rich How chance the prophet could not
at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill
him? 100

Buck My lord, your promise for the earl-
dom,—

K Rich Richmond! When last I was at
Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont at which name I
started, 104

Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond

Buck My lord!

K Rich Ay, what's o'clock? 108

Buck I am thus bold to put your Grace in
mind

Of what you promis'd me
K Rich Well, but what is't o'clock?

Buck Upon the stroke of ten

K Rich Well, let it strike

Buck Why let it strike? 112

K Rich Because that, like a Jack, thou
keep'st the stroke

Between thy begging and my meditation
I am not in the giving vein to-day

Buck Why, then resolve me when you will,
or no 116

K Rich Thou troublest me I am not in the
vein.

[Exit KING RICHARD and Train
Buck And is it thus? repays he my deep
service

With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings and be gone 120

To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on
[Exit

SCENE III.—The Same

Enter TYRRELL

Tyr The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre

That ever yet this land was guilty of
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn 4

To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,

Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children in their death's sad story

'Oh! thus' quoth Dighton, lay the gentle
babes 9

'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one
another

Within their alabaster innocent arms
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk, 12

Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,

Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost chang'd
my mind,

But, O, the devil!—there the villain stopp'd, 16
When Dighton thus told on 'We smothered

The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.'

Hence both are gone with conscience and re-
morse, 20

They could not speak, and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king,
And here he comes

Enter KING RICHARD

All health my sovereign lord!
K Rich Kind Tyrrell, am I happy in thy news?
Tyr If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done

K Rich But didst thou see them dead?
Tyr I did, my lord
K Rich And buried, gentle Tyrrell?
Tyr The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,

But how or in what place I do not know
K Rich Come to me, Tyrrell, soon at after-supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire
Farewell till then

Tyr I humbly take my leave [*Exit*]
K Rich The son of Clarence have I pent up close,
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage,

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.

Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer

Enter CATESBY

Cate My lord!
K Rich Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cate Bad news, my lord Morton is fled to Richmond
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth
K Rich Ely with Richmond troubles me more near

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength
Come I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Go, muster men my counsel is my shield,
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV — *The Same. Before the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET

Q Mar So, now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd
To watch the waning of mine enemies.

A dire induction am I witness to,
And wail to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter black, and tragical
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret who comes here?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF YORK

Q Eliz Ah! my poor princes! ah, my tender babes,
My unblown flowers, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation

Q Mar Hover about her, say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night

Duch So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q Mar Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q Eliz Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q Mar When holy Harry died, and my sweet son
Duch Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down*]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!
Q Eliz Ah! that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat,

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah! who hath any cause to mourn but I?
[*Sitting down by her*]

Q Mar If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of senecy,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand,
If sorrow can admit society

[*Sitting down with them.*]
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine
I had an Edward till a Richard kill'd him,
I had a Harry till a Richard kill'd him,
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him,
Thou hadst a Richard till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him,
I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.

Q Mar Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood,
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
That excellent grand-tyrant of the earth,

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves
O! upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee that this carnal cur 56
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan.

Duch. O! Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes

God witness with me, I have wept for thine 60
Q Mar Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward, 64
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Ed-
ward,

And the beholders of this tragic play, 68
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,
Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls 72
And send them thither, but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saunts pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence 76
Cancel his bond of life, dear God! I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead

Q Eliz. O! thou didst prophesy the time
would come

That I should wish for thee to help me curse 80
That bottled spider, that foul bunchback'd
toad

Q Mar I call'd thee then vain flourish of
my fortune,

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen,
The presentation of but what I was, 84

The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a-high to be hurl'd down below,

A mother only mock'd with two fair babes,
A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

A sign of dignity, a garish flag, 89
To be the aim of every dangerous shot,
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene

Where is thy husband now? where be thy
brothers? 92

Where are thy children? wherein dost thou
joy?

Who sues and kneels and cries God save the
queen?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd
thee? 96

Decline all this, and see what now thou art
For happy wife, a most distressed widow,

For joyful mother, one that wails the name,
For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues, 100

For queen, a very carthuff crown'd with care,
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me,

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one,
For one commanding all, obey'd of none 104

Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,

Having no more but thought of what thou wert,

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow? 110
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd
yoke,

From which even here, I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee 113

Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mis-
chance

These English woes shall make me smile in
France

Q Eliz. O thou, well skill'd in curses, stay
awhile, 116

And teach me how to curse mine enemies
Q Mar Forbear to sleep the night, and fast
the day,

Compare dead happiness with living woe,
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,

And he that slew them fouler than he is 121
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse

Q Eliz. My words are dull, O! quicken them
with thine! 124

Q Mar Thy woes will make them sharp,
and pierce like mine [Exit

Duch Why should calamity be full of words?
Q Eliz Windy attorneys to their client woes,

Auxy succeders of intestate joys, 128
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope though what they do
impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.
Duch If so, then be not tongue tied go with
me, 132

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons
smother'd. [A trumpet heard.

The trumpet sounds be copious in exclams

*Enter KING RICHARD, and his Train,
marching*

K Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedi-
tion? 136

Duch O! she that might have intercepted
thee,

By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast
done!

Q Eliz Hid'st thou that forehead with a
golden crown, 140

Where should be branded, if that right were
right,

The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and
brothers?

Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my chil-
dren? 144

Duch Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy
brother Clarence

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q Eliz Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,
Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings? 148

K Rich A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum,
drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord s anointed Strike, I say!

[*Flourish Alarums*
 Either be patient, and entreat me fair, 152
 Or with the clamorous report of war
 Thus will I drown your exclamations

Duch Art thou my son?

K Rich Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself 156

Duch Then patiently hear my impatience

K Rich Madam, I have a touch of your condition

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch O, let me speak!

K Rich Do then but I'll not hear 160

Duch I will be mild and gentle in my words

K Rich And brief, good mother, for I am in haste

Duch Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,

God knows, in torment and in agony 164

K Rich And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch No, by the holy rood thou know'st it well,

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell

A grievous burden was thy birth to me, 168

Itchy and wayward was thy infancy,

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious,

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody, 172

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred

What comfortable hour canst thou name

That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K Rich Faith, none but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your Grace 176

To breakfast once forth of my company

If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me march on and not offend you, madam

Strike up the drum!

Duch I prithee, hear me speak 180

K Rich You speak too bitterly

Duch Hear me a word,

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K Rich So!

Duch Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance, 184

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish

And never look upon thy face again

Therefore take with thee my most grievous curse, 188

Which, in the day of battle tire thee more

Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!

My prayers on the adverse party fight,

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies 193

And promise them success and victory

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end,

Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit*

Q Eliz Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse 197

Abides in me I say amen to her

[*Going*
K Rich Stay, madam, I must talk a word with you

Q Eliz I have no more sons of the royal blood 200

For thee to slaughter for my daughters,

Richard,

They shall be praying nuns not weeping queens,

And therefore level not to hit their lives

K Rich You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth, 204

Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious

Q Eliz And must she die for this? O! let her live,

And I'll corrupt her manners stain her beauty,

Slander myself as false to Edward's bed, 208

Throw over her the veil of infamy

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,

I will confess she was not Edward's daughter

K Rich Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood 212

Q Eliz To save her life I'll say she is not so

K Rich Her life is safest only in her birth

Q Eliz And only in that safety died her brothers

K Rich Lo! at their births good stars were opposite! 216

Q Eliz No, to their lives ill friends were contrary

K Rich All unavoids is the doom of destiny

Q Eliz True, when avoided grace makes destiny

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death, 220

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life

K Rich You speak as if that I had slain my cousins

Q Eliz Cousins, indeed, and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life 224

Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart, 228

To revel in the entrails of my lambs

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes,

And I, in such a desperate bay of death, 233

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom

K Rich Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise 236

And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours

Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd.

Q Eliz What good is cover'd with the face of heaven, 240

To be discover'd that can do me good?

K Rich The advancement of your children, gentle lady

Q Eliz Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K Rich No, to the dignity and height of fortune, 244

The high imperial type of this earth's glory

Q Eliz Flatter my sorrow with report of it
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine? 248

K Rich Even all I have, ay, and myself and
all,

Will I withal endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those
wrongs 252

Which thou supposest I have done to thee
Q Eliz Be brief, lest that the process of thy
kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date
K Rich Then know, that from my soul I
love thy daughter 256

Q Eliz My daughter's mother thinks it with
her soul

K Rich What do you think?
Q Eliz That thou dost love my daughter
from thy soul

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her
brothers, 260

And from my heart's love I do thank thee for
it

K Rich Be not too hasty to confound my
meaning

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England

Q Eliz Well then, who dost thou mean
shall be her king? 265

K Rich Even he that makes her queen
who else should be?

Q Eliz What! thou?

K Rich Even so what think you of it? 268

Q Eliz How canst thou woo her?

K Rich That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour

Q Eliz And wilt thou learn of me?

K Rich Madam, with all my heart.

Q Eliz Send to her, by the man that slew
her brothers 272

A pair of bleeding hearts, thereon engrave
Edward and York, then haply will she weep

Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood, 276

A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal
If this inducement move her not to love, 280

Send her a letter of thy noble deeds,
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,

Her uncle Rivers, ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt
Anne 284

K Rich You mock me, madam, this is not
the way

To win your daughter
Q Eliz There is no other way

Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this 288

K Rich Say, that I did all this for love of
her?

Q Eliz Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose
but hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K Rich Look, what is done cannot be now
amended 292

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent

If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb, 297

To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter

A grandam's name is little less in love 300

Than is the doting title of a mother,
They are as children but one step below,

Even of your meitie, of your very blood,
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans 304

Endur'd of her for whom you bid like sorrow
Your children were vexation to your youth,

But mine shall be a comfort to your age
The loss you have is but a son being king, 308

And by that loss your daughter is made queen
I cannot make you what amends I would,

Therefore accept such kindness as I can
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul 312

Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home

To high promotions and great dignity
The king that calls your beauteous daughter
wife, 316

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother,
Again shall you be mother to a king,

And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content 320

What! we have many goodly days to see
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed

Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest 324

Of ten times double gain of happiness
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go

Make bold her bashful years with your ex-
perience

Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale, 328

Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty, acquaint the princess

With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys
And when this arm of mine hath chastised 332

The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,

And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed,
To whom I will retail my conquest won, 336

And she shall be sole victress Caesar's Caesar
Q Eliz What were I best to say? her father's
brother

Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?

Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?

Under what title shall I woo for thee, 341

That God, the law, my honour, and her love
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K Rich Infer fair England's peace by this
alliance 344

Q Eliz Which she shall purchase with still
lasting war.

K Rich Tell her, the king, that may com-
mand, entreats

Q Eliz That at her hands which the king's
King forbids.

K Rich Say, she shall be a high and mighty
queen. 348

Q Eliz To wail the title as her mother doth
K Rich Say I will love her everlastingly
Q Eliz But how long shall that title ever last?
K Rich Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end 352
Q Eliz But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
K Rich As long as heaven and nature lengthens it
Q Eliz As long as hell and Richard likes of it
K Rich Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low 356
Q Eliz But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty
K Rich Be eloquent in my behalf to her
Q Eliz An honest tale speeds best being plainly told
K Rich Then plainly to her tell my loving tale 360
Q Eliz Plain and not honest is too harsh a style
K Rich Your reasons are too shallow and too quick
Q Eliz O, no! my reasons are too deep and dead,
 Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves
K Rich Harp not on that string, madam, that is past 365
Q Eliz Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.
K Rich Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown —
Q Eliz Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd 368
K Rich I swear, —
Q Eliz By nothing, for this is no oath
 Thy George profan'd hath lost his holy honour,
 Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue, 371
 Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory
 If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
 Swear, then, by something that thou hast not wrong'd 374
K Rich Now, by the world —
Q Eliz 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs
K Rich My father's oath —
Q Eliz Thy life hath that dishonour'd
K Rich Then, by myself, —
Q Eliz Thyself is self-misus'd.
K Rich Why, then, by God —
Q Eliz God's wrong is most of all
 If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
 The unity the king my husband made 380
 Had not been broken nor my brothers died
 If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
 The imperial metal circling now thy head, 384
 Had grac'd the tender temples of my child,
 And both the princes had been breathing here,
 Which now, too tender bed-fellows for dust,
 Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms
 What canst thou swear by now?
K Rich The time to come 388
Q Eliz That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast,
 For I myself have many tears to wash
 Hereafter time for time past wrong'd by thee
 The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd, 392
 Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age
 The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd
 Old barren plants to wail it with their age
 Swear not by time to come for that thou hast misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast 397
K Rich As I intend to prosper and repent,
 So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
 Of hostile arms' myself myself confound! 400
 Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
 Dav, yield me not thy light nor night, thy rest!
 Be opposite all planets of good luck
 To my proceeding, if with pure heart's love, 404
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy lecherous princely daughter!
 In her consists my happiness and thine
 Without her follows to myself a curse 408
 Herself the land and many a Christian soul
 Death, desolation, ruin and decay
 It cannot be avoided but by this
 It will not be avoided but by his 412
 Therefore dear mother, — I must call you so, —
 Be the attorney of my love to her
 Plead what I will be not what I have been,
 Not my deserts but what I will deserve 416
 Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish-fond in great designs
Q Eliz Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
K Rich Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good 420
Q Eliz Shall I forget myself to be myself?
K Rich Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself
Q Eliz Yet thou didst kill my children
K Rich But in your daughter's womb I bury them 424
 Where, in that nest of snicery, they shall breed
 Selves of themselves to your recomforture
Q Eliz Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
K Rich And be a happy mother by the deed
Q Eliz I go Write to me very shortly, 429
 And you shall understand from me her mind.
K Rich Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell
 [Kissing her Exit QUEEN ELIZABETH
 Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman!
 Enter RATCLIFF, CATESBY following
 How now! what news? 433
Rat Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
 Rideth a puissant navy to the shores
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
 Unarm'd and unresolv'd to beat them back. 437
 'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral,
 And there they hulk, expecting but the aid
 Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore 440
K Rich Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk
 Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby, where is he?

Cate Here, my good lord

K Rich Catesby, fly to the duke

Cate I will, my lord, with all convenient

haste 444

K Rich Ratcliff, come hither Post to Salisbury

bury

When thou com'st thither,—[*To CATESBY*]

Dull, unkind villain,

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the

duke?

Cate First, mighty liege, tell me your high-

ness' pleasure 445

What from your Grace I shall deliver to him

K Rich O true, good Catesby bid him

levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury 452

Cate I go [Exit]

Rat What may it please you, shall I do at

Salisbury?

K Rich Why, what wouldst thou do there

before I go?

Rat Your highness told me I should post

before 456

Enter STANLEY

K Rich My round is chang'd Stanley, what

news with you?

Stan None good, my liege, to please you

with the hearing.

Nor none so bad but well may be reported

K Rich Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor

bad! 460

What need'st thou run so many miles about

When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?

Once more, what news?

Stan Richmond is on the seas

K Rich There let him sink, and be the seas

on him! 464

White liver'd runagate! what doth he there?

Stan I know not, mighty sovereign, but by

guess

K Rich Well as you guess?

Stan Sturr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham,

and Morton, 468

He makes for England here to claim the crown

K Rich Is the chair empty? is the sword

unsway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive but we? 472

And who is England's king but great York's

heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan Unless for that, my liege, I cannot

guess

K Rich Unless for that he comes to be your

liege 476

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman

comes

Thou wilt revolt and fly to him I fear

Stan No, my good lord, therefore mistrust

me not

K Rich Where is thy power then to beat

him back? 480

Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shores

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan No, my good lord, my friends are in

the north 484

K Rich Cold friends to me what do they

in the north

When they should serve their sovereign in the

west?

Stan They have not been commanded,

mighty king

Please thy majesty to give me leave, 488

I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,

Where and what time your majesty shall please

K Rich Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to

join with Richmond

But I'll not trust thee

Stan Most mighty sovereign, 492

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubt-

ful

I never was nor never will be false

K Rich Go then and muster men but leave

behind

Your son, George Stanley look your heart be

firm, 496

Or else his head's assurance is but frail

Stan So deal with him as I prove true to

you [Exit]

Enter a Messenger

Mess My gracious sovereign, now in Devon-

shire

As I by friends am well advertised, 500

Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,

Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,

With many more confederates are in arms

Enter a second Messenger

Sec Mess In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords

are in arms, 504

And every hour more competitors

Flock to the rebels, and their power grows

strong

Enter a third Messenger

Thrd Mess My lord, the army of great

Buckingham—

K Rich Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs

of death? [He strikes him

There, take thou that, till thou bring better

news 509

Thrd Mess The news I have to tell your

majesty

Is that thy sudden floods and fall of waters

Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd,

And he himself wander'd away alone, 513

No man knows whither

K Rich I cry thee mercy

There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine

Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd 516

Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Thrd Mess Such proclamation hath been

made, my liege

Enter a fourth Messenger

Fourth Mess Sir Thomas Lovell, and Lord

Marquess Dorset

Are said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms 520

But this good comfort bring I to your highness,

The Breton navy is dispers'd by tempest
 Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
 Unto the shore to ask those on the banks 524
 If they were his assistants, yea or no,
 Who answer'd him, they came from Bucking-
 ham
 Upon his party he, mistrusting them,
 Hous'd sail, and made away for Britany 528
 A Rich March on, march on, since we are
 up in arms,
 If not to fight with foreign enemies,
 Yet to beat down these rebels here at home

Re-enter CATESBY

Cate My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is
 taken 532
 That is the best news that the Earl of Rich-
 mond
 Is with a mighty power landed at Milford
 Is colder news, but yet they must be told
 K Rich Away towards Salisbury! while we
 reason here, 536
 A royal battle might be won and lost
 Some one take order Buckingham be brought
 To Salisbury, the rest march on with me
 [Exeunt]

SCENE V — The Same A Room in LORD
STANLEY'S House

Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK
 Stan Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this
 from me
 That in the sty of this most bloody boar
 My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold
 If I revolt, off goes young George's head, 4
 The fear of that holds off my present aid
 So, get thee gone commend me to thy lord
 Withal, say that the queen hath heartily con-
 sented
 He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter 8
 But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
 Chris At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in
 Wales
 Stan What men of name resort to him?
 Chris Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned
 soldier, 12
 Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
 Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
 And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
 And many other of great name and worth 16
 And towards London do they bend their power,
 If by the way they be not fought withal
 Stan Well, hie thee to thy lord, I kiss his
 hand
 My letter will resolve him of my mind 20
 Farewell. [Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I — Salisbury An open Place

Enter the Sheriff and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM,
 led to execution
 Buck Will not King Richard let me speak
 with him?

Sher No, my good lord, therefore be patient
 Buck Hastings, and Edward schildren, Grey
 and Rivers,
 Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward 4
 Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
 By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
 If that your moody discontented souls
 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
 Even for revenge mock my destruction! 9
 This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher It is, my lord
 Buck Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's
 doomsday 12

This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
 I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
 False to his children or his wife's allies,
 This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall 16
 By the false faith of him whom most I trusted,
 This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs
 That high All-Seer which I dallied with 20
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters' 24
 bosoms

Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck
 'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart
 with sorrow,
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess' 27
 Come lead me, officers, to the block of shame
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of
 blame. [Exeunt]

SCENE II — A Plain near Tamworth

Enter with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OX-
 FORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT,
 and Others, with Forces, marching
 Richm Fellows in arms, and my most loving
 friends,
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment 4
 And here receive we from our father Stanley
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful
 vines, 8
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes
 his trough
 In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
 Is now even in the centre of this isle,
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn 12
 From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war 16
 Oxf Every man's conscience is a thousand
 men,
 To fight against this guilty homicide.
 Herb I doubt not but his friends will turn
 to us.
 Blunt He hath no friends but what are
 friends for fear, 20
 Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Richm All for our vantage then, in God's name, march
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
King's it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — *Bosworth Field*

Enter KING RICHARD and Forces the DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, and Others

K Rich Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur My heart is ten times lighter than my looks

K Rich My Lord of Norfolk,—

Nor Here, most gracious hege

K Rich Norfolk, we must have knocas, ha! must we not?

Nor We must both give and take, my loving lord

K Rich Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night,

[*Soldiers begin to set up the KING's tent*
But where to-morrow? Well all son for that
Who hath desied the number of the traitors?

Nor Six or seven thousand is their utmost power

K Rich Why, our battalia trebles that account,

Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want

Up with the tent! Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground,

Call for some men of sound direction

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay,
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day [*Exeunt*]

Enter on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Officers
Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND's tent

Richm The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard

Give me some ink and paper in my tent
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part it in just proportion our small power

My Lord of Oxford, you Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me

The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,

And by the record hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me,
Where is Lord Stanley's quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt Unless I have mistaken his colours
—such,

Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,—

His comment Let half a rule at least
South from the mighty power of the king

Richm It without peril it be possible,

Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,

And give him from me this most needful note

Blunt Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it,
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm Good-night, good Captain Blunt
Come gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business,
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold

[*They withdraw into the tent*]

Enter, to his tent KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, and CATESBY

K Rich What is't o'clock?

Cate It's supper-time, my lord

It's nine o'clock

K Rich I will not sup to-night

Give me some ink and paper

What is my beaver easier than it was,

And all my armour 'mid my tent?

Cate It is my horse and all things are in readiness

K Rich Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge,

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels

Nor I go, my lord

K Rich Stay with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk

Nor I warrant you, my lord

K Rich Ratcliff!

Rat My lord?

K Rich Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment, bid him bring his power

Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night

Fill me a bowl of wine Give me a watch
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy
Ratcliff!

Rat My lord!

K Rich Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord
Northumberland?

Rat Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop

Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers

K Rich So, I am satisfied Give me a bowl of wine

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have

Set it down Is ink and paper ready?

Rat It is, my lord

K Rich Did my guard watch, leave me?

Ratcliff about the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me Leave me, I say

[*KING RICHARD retires into his tent*
Exeunt RATCLIFF and CATESBY]

RICHMOND's tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c

Enter STANLEY

Stan Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm All comfort that the dark night can afford

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
 Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
Stan I, by attorney, bless thee from thy
 mother, 84
 Who prays continually for Richmond's good
 So much for that The silent hours steal on
 And flaky darkness breaks within the east
 In brief, for so the season bids us be, 88
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
 Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war
 As I may,—that which I would I cannot.— 92
 With best advantage will deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms
 But on thy side I may not be too forward
 Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George, 96
 Be executed in his father's sight
 Farewell the leisure and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse, 100
 Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell
 upon

God give us leisure for these rites of love!
 Once more adieu be valiant, and speed well!
Richm Good lords, conduct him to his regi-
 ment 104

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
 Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory
 Once more, good-night, kind lords and gentle-
 men [*Exeunt all but RICHMOND*]
 O thou, whose captain I account myself, 109
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall 112
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in thy victory!
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul, 116
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes
 Sleeping and waking, O! defend me still!
 [*Sleeps*]

*The Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, Son to Henry
 the Sixth, rises between the two tents*

Ghost [To KING RICHARD] Let me sit heavy
 on thy soul to-morrow!
 Think how thou stab'dst me in my prime of
 youth 120

At Tewksbury despair, therefore and die!
 Becheerful, Richmond, for the wronged souls
 Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee

The Ghost of KING HENRY THE SIXTH rises

Ghost [To KING RICHARD] When I was
 mortal, my anointed body 125
 By thee was punched full of deadly holes
 Think on the Tower and me, despair and die!
 Henry the Sixth bids thee despair and die 128
 [To RICHMOND] Virtuous and holy, be thou
 conqueror!
 Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be the
 king,
 Doth comfort thee in thy sleep live thou and
 flourish!

The Ghost of CLARENCE rises

Ghost [To KING RICHARD] Let me sit heavy
 on thy soul to-morrow! 132
 I that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
 Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall thy edgeless sword despair, and die!
 [To RICHMOND] Thou offspring of the house
 of Lancaster 137
 The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee
 Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN rise

Ghost of RIVERS [To KING RICHARD] Let me
 sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! 140
 Rivers that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!
 • *Ghost of GREY* [To KING RICHARD] Think
 upon Grey, and let thy soul despair
Ghost of VAUGHAN [To KING RICHARD]
 Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
 Let fall thy pointless lance despair, and die!
 All Three [To RICHMOND] Awake! and think
 our wrongs in Richard's bosom 145
 Will conquer him awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of HASTINGS rises

Ghost [To KING RICHARD] Bloody and guilty,
 guiltily awake,
 And in a bloody battle end thy days! 148
 Think on Lord Hastings, so despair and die!
 [To RICHMOND] Quiet, untroubled soul,
 awake, awake!
 Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's
 sake!

The Ghosts of the two young PRINCES rise

Ghosts [To KING RICHARD] Dream on thy
 cousins smother'd in the Tower 152
 Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
 And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
 Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die!
 [To RICHMOND] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in
 peace, and wake in joy, 156
 Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
 Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
 Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of LADY ANNE rises

Ghost [To KING RICHARD] Richard, thy wife,
 that wretched Anne thy wife, 160
 That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
 Now fills thy sleep with perturbations
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall thy edgeless sword despair, and die!
 [To RICHMOND] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou
 a quiet sleep, 165
 Dream of success and happy victory!
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises

Ghost [To KING RICHARD] The first was I that
 help'd thee to the crown, 168
 The last was I that felt thy tyranny
 O! in the battle think on Buckingham,
 And die in terror of thy guiltiness!

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death
Fainting, despair, despairing, yield thy breath!
[To RICHMOND] I died for hope ere I could
lend thee aid 174
But cheer thy heart and be thou not dismay'd
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side,
And Richard falls in height of all his pride
[The Ghosts vanish KING RICHARD
starts out of his dream

K Rich Give me another horse! bind up
my wounds! 178
Have mercy, Jesu! Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh
What! do I fear myself? there's none else by
Richard loves Richard, that is, I am I 184
Is there a murderer here? No Yes, I am
Then fly what! from myself? Great reason why
Lest I revenge What! myself upon myself?
Alack! I love myself Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself? 189
O! no alas! I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself
I am a villain Yet I lie, I am not 192
Fool, of thyself speak well fool, do not flatter
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain 196
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree
Murder, stern murder in the dur'st degree,
All several sins, all us'd in each degree, 199
Throng to the bar, crying all, 'Guilty! guilty!'
I shall despair There is no creature loves me,
And if I die, no soul will pity me
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself? 204
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF

Rat My lord! 208
K Rich 'Zounds! who's there?
Rat Ratcliff, my lord, 'tis I. The early vil-
lage cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn,
Your friends are up, and buckle on their
armour 212
K Rich O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fear-
ful dream
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all
true?
Rat No doubt, my lord
K Rich O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear,—
Rat Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of
shadows 216
K Rich By the apostle Paul, shadows to-might
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand sol-
diers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond
It is not yet near day Come, go with me, 221
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me
[Exeunt

RICHMOND wakes Enter OXFORD and Others
Lords Good morrow, Richmond! 224
Rich Cry mercy, lords, and watchful
gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here
Lords How have you slept, my lord?
Rich The sweetest sleep, the fairest-boding
dreams 228
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard
murder'd,
Came to my tent and cried on victory 232
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords Upon the stroke of four 236
Rich Why, then 'tis time to arm and give
direction.

His oration to his Soldiers

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on yet remember this, 240
God and our good cause fight upon our side,
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against 244
Had rather have us win than him they follow
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide, 247
Oneras'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd,
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to
help him,
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set, 252
One that hath ever been God's enemy
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice, ward you as his soldiers,
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down, 256
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain,
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the
hure,
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives, 260
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors,
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing
swords 265
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corse on the earth's cold face,
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt 268
The least of you shall share his part thereof
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheer-
fully,
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!
[Exeunt

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants,
and Forces

K Rich What said Northumberland as
touching Richmond? 272

Rat That he was never trained up in arms
K Rich He said the truth and what said
Surrey then?

Rat He smil'd, and said, 'The better for our
 purpose

K Rich He was i' the right, and so, indeed,
 it is [Clock strikes]

Rat Give me a calendar 277
 Who saw the sun to day?

Rat Not I, my lord
K Rich Then he disdains to shine, for by
 the book

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago 280
 A black day will it be to somebody

Rat My lord?

K Rich The sun will not be seen to-day,
 The sky doth frown and lower upon our army
 I would these dewy tears were from the ground
 Not shine to day! Why, what is that to me
 More than to Richmond? for the self-same
 heaven

That frowns on me looks sadly upon him 288

Enter NORFOLK

Nor Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts in
 the field

K Rich Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my
 horse

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power
 I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain, 292

And thus my battle shall be ordered
 My foreward shall be drawn out all in length

Consisting equally of horse and foot,
 Our archers shall be placed in the midst 296

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Ear' of Surrey,
 Shall have the leading of this foot and horse

Thev thus directed, we will follow
 In the main battle, whose puissance on either
 side 300

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse
 This, and Saint George to boot! What think st
 thou, Norfolk?

Nor A good direction, war-like sovereign
 This found I on my tent this morning 304

[Giving a scroll]
K Rich Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
 For Dickon thy master is bought and sold

A thing devised by the enemy
 Go, gentlemen every man to his charge 308

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls,
 Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
 Devis'd at first to keep the strong in a we

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our
 law 312

March on join bravely, let us to't pell-mell,
 If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his Army

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
 Remember whom you are to cope withal 316

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
 A scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloved country vomits forth
 To desperate adventures and assur'd destruc-
 tion. 320

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest,
 You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous
 wives,

They would restrain the one, disdain the other
 And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow 324

Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost?
 A milksop one that never in his life

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow? 327
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the sea again,
 Lash hence these overweening rags of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives,
 Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit

For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd
 themselves 332

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Bretons whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and

thump'd

And on record left them the heirs of shame 336
 Shall these enjoy our lands? he with our wives?

Ravish our daughters? [Drum afar off]
 Hark! I hear their drum

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeo-
 men! 339

Draw archers draw your arrows to the head!
 Spur your proud horses hard and ride in blood,
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his
 power?

Mess My lord he doth deny to come 344
K Rich Off with his son George's head!

Nor My lord the enemy is pass'd the marsh
 After the battle let George Stanley die

K Rich A thousand hearts are great within
 my bosom 348

Advance our standards! set upon our foes!
 Our ancient word of courage fair Saint George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!

Upon them! Victory sits upon our helms 352
 [Exeunt]

SCENE IV — Another Part of the Field

*Alarum Excursions Enter NORFOLK and
 Forces to him CATESBY*

Cate Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk! rescue,
 rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,
 Daring an opposite to every danger

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights 4
 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death

Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum Enter KING RICHARD

K Rich A horse! a horse! a horse! my kingdom for
 a horse!

Cate Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to
 a horse 8

K Rich Slave! I have set my life upon a cast
 And I will stand the hazard of the die

I think there be six Richmonds in the field
 Five have I slain to day instead of him.— 12

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
 [Exeunt]

Alarums Enter from opposite sides KING RICHARD and RICHMOND, and exeunt fighting Retreat and flourish Then re-enter RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces

Richm God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends,

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead

Stan Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee! 16

Lo! here, this long usurped royalty

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch

Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal

Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it. 20

Richm Great God of heaven, say amen to all!

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stan He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town,

Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us 24

Richm What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon,

Richm Inter their bodies as becomes their births 28

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled

That in submission will return to us,
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red 32
Smile, heaven, upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd her-
self, 36

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire

All this divided York and Lancaster, 40

Divided in their dire division,

O! now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeeders of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together, 44

And let their heirs—God, if thy will be so,—

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd
peace

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord, 48

That would reduce these bloody days again,

And make poor England weep in streams of
blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase,

That would with treason wound this fair land's
peace! 52

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again

That she may long live here, God say amen!
[*Exeunt*]

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH
CARDINAL WOLSEY
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth
CRANMER Archbishop of Canterbury
DUKE OF NORFOLK
DUKE OF SUFFOLK
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
EARL OF SURREY
Lord Chancellor
Lord Chamberlain
GARDINER Bishop of Winchester
BISHOP OF LINCOLN
LORD ABERGAVENNY
LORD SANDS
SIR THOMAS LOVELL
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD
SIR ANTHONY DENNY
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX
Secretaries to Wolsey

CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey
GRIFFITH Gentleman Usher to Queen Katharine
Three Gentlemen
Garter King at Arms
DOCTOR BUTTS Physician to the King
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham
BRANDON and a Sergeant at Arms
Door keeper of the Council Chamber
Porter and his Man.
Page to Gardiner
A Crier

QUEEN KATHARINE Wife to King Henry afterwards divorced
ANNE BULLEN her Maid of Honour afterwards Queen
An Old Lady Friend to Anne Bullen
PATIENCE Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows Women attending upon the Queen Spirits which appear to her, Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants

SCENE — Chiefly in London and Westminster once, at Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE

*I come no more to make you laugh things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,* 4
*We now present Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear,
The subject will deserve it Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,* 8
*May here find truth too Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling* 12
*Richly in two short hours Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,* 16
*Will be deceiv'd for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, besides forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,* 21
*Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness sake, and as you are
known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,* 24
*Be sad, as we would make ye think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat* 28
*Of thousand friends, then, in a moment see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:*

*And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day* 32

ACT I

SCENE I — London An Antechamber in the Palace

Enter at one door the DUKE OF NORFOLK, at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY

Buck Good morrow, and well met How have you done,

Since last we saw in France?

Nor I thank your Grace, Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer Of what I saw there.

Buck An untimely ague 4 Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when Those suns of glory, those two lights of men, Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor Twixt Guynes and Arde 8 I was then present, saw them salute on horse-back, Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung In their embracement, as they grew together Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck All the whole time 12 I was my chamber's prisoner

Nor Then you lost The view of earthly glory men might say, Till this time, pomp was single, but now married

To one above itself Each following day 16
 Became the next day's master, till the last
 Made former wonders its To-day the French
 All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
 Shone down the English, and to-morrow they
 Made Britain India every man that stood 21
 Show'd like a mine Their dwarfish pages were
 As cherubins, all gilt the madams, too,
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear 24
 The pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting Now this masque
 Was cried incomparable, and the ensuing night
 Made it a fool, and beggar The two kings 28
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them, him in eye,
 Still him in praise, and, being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerners
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these
 suns— 33
 For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds chal-
 leng'd
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass, that former fabu-
 lous story, 36
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
 That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck O! you go far
Nor As I belong to worship, and affect
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing 40
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to All was
 royal,

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
 Order gave each thing view, the office did 44
 Distinctly his full function.

Buck Who did guide,
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor One, certes, that promises no element 48
 In such a business.

Buck I pray you, who, my lord?
Nor All this was order'd by the good dis-
 cretion

Of the right reverend Cardinal of York
Buck The devil speed him! no man's pie is
 freed 52

From his ambitious finger What had he
 To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
 That such a keech can with his very bulk
 Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun, 56
 And keep it from the earth.

Nor Surely, sir,
 There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends
 For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
 Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon 60
 For high feats done to the crown neither allied
 To eminent assistants, but, spider-like
 Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
 The force of his own merit makes his way, 64
 A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
 A place next to the king

Aber I cannot tell
 What heaven hath given him let some grave-eyer
 Pierce into that, but I can see his pride 68
 Peep through each part of him whence has he
 that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
 Or has given all before, and he begins
 A new hell in himself

Buck Why the devil 72
 Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
 Without the privy o' the king, to appoint
 Who should attend on him? He makes up the
 file

Of all the gentry, for the most part such 76
 To whom as great a charge as little honour
 He meant to lay upon and his own letter,—
 The honourable board of council out,—
 Must fetch him in he papers

Aber I do know 80
 Kinsmen of mine three at the least, that have
 By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
 They shall abound as formerly

Buck O! many
 Have broke their backs with laying manors 84
 on em

For this great journey What did this vanity
 But minister communication of
 A most poor issue?

Nor Grievingly I think,
 The peace between the French and us not
 values 88

The cost that did conclude it.

Buck Every man,
 After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
 A thing inspir'd, and, not consulting, broke
 Into a general prophecy That this tempest 92
 Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
 The sudden breach on't

Nor Which is budded out,
 For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath
 attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux
Aber Is it therefore 96

The ambassador is silenc'd?
Nor Marry, is't.

Aber A proper title of a peace, and pur-
 chas'd
 At a superfluous rate!

Buck Why, all this business
 Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor Like it your Grace, too
 The state takes notice of the private difference
 Betwixt you and the cardinal I advise you,—
 And take it from a heart that wishes towards
 you

Honour and plenteous safety,—that you read
 The cardinal's malice and his potency 105
 Together, to consider further that

What his high hatred would effect wants not
 A minister in his power You know his nature,
 That he's revengeful, and I know his sword 109
 Hath a sharp edge it's long, and 't may be said,
 It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
 Thither he darts it Bosom up my counsel, 112
 You'll find it wholesome Lo where comes that
 rock

That I advise your shunning.

*Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY,—the Purse borne
 before him,—certain of the Guard, and two
 Secretaries with papers The CARDINAL in his*

passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.

Wol The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor,
ha?

Where's his examination

First Secr Here, so please you. 116

Wol Is he in person ready?

First Secr Ay, please your Grace

Wol Well, we shall then know more, and

Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look

Buck This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,
and I

Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore
best

Not wake him in his slumber A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood

Nor What! are you chaf'd?

Ask God for temperance, that's the appliance
only 124

Which your disease requires

Buck I read in's looks

Matter against me, and his eye revild

Me, as his abject object at this instant

He bores me with some trick he's gone to the
king, 128

I'll follow, and out-stare him

Nor Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question

What tis you go about To climb steep hills

Requires slow pace at first anger is like 132

A full-hot horse who being allow'd his way,

Self-mettle tires him Not a man in England

Can advise me like you be to yourself

As you would to your friend

Buck I'll to the king, 136

And from a mouth of honour quite cry down

This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim

There's difference in no persons

Nor Be advis'd,

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140

That it do singe yourself We may outrun

By violent swiftness that which we run at,

And lose by overrunning Know you not, 143

The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,

In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd

I say again, there is no English soul

More stronger to direct you than yourself,

If with the sap of reason you would quench, 148

Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck Sir,

I am thankful to you, and I'll go along

By your prescription but this top-proud fellow

Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but 152

From sincere motions,—by intelligence,

And proofs as clear as founts in July, when

We see each grain of gravel,—I do know

To be corrupt and treasonous

Nor Say not, 'treasonous' 156

Buck To the king I'll say't, and make my

vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend This holy fox,

Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous

As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160

As able to perform't, his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview, 165
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a
glass

Did break i' the rinsing

Nor

Faith, and so it did

Buck Pray give me favour, sir This cunning

cardinal 168

The articles o' the combination drew

As himself pleas'd, and they were ratified

As he cried, 'Thus let be, to as much end

As give a crutch to the dead But our count-
cardinal 172

Has done this, and 'tis well, for worthy Wolsey,

Who cannot err, he did it Now this follows,—

Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy

To the old dam, treason, Charles the emperor,

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,— 177

For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came

To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation

His fears were, that the interview betwixt 180

England and France might, through their amity,

Breed him some prejudice, for from this league

Peep'd harms that menac'd him He privily

Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow, 184

Which I do well, for I am sure the emperor

Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was

granted

Ere it was ask'd, but when the way was made,

And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd

That he would please to alter the king's course,

And break the foresaid peace Let the king
know—

As soon he shall by me—that thus the cardinal

Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases, 192

And for his own advantage

Nor

I am sorry

To hear this of him, and could wish he were

Something mistaken in't

Buck

No, not a syllable

I do pronounce him in that very shape 196

He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON, a Sergeant-at-Arms before
him*

Bran Your office, sergeant, execute it.

Serg

Sir,

My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl

Of Hereford Stafford, and Northampton, I 200

Arrest thee of high treason, in the name

Of our most sovereign king

Buck.

Lo you, my lord,

The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish

Under device and practice.

Bran

I am sorry 204

To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on

The business present. 'Tis his highness' plea-
sure

You shall to the Tower

Buck

It will help me nothing

To plead mine innocence, for that dye is on me

Which makes my whiter part black. The will
of heaven 209

Be done in this and all things! I obey
O! my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!

Bran Nay, he must bear you company [To
ABERGAVENNY] The king
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further

Aber As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's
pleasure
By me obey'd!

Bran Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute, and the
bodies

Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck So, so, 219
These are the limbs o' the plot no more, I hope
Bran A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck O! Nicholas Hopkins?
Bran He

Buck My surveyor is false, the o'er-great
cardinal

Hath show'd him gold My life is spann'd
already

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham, 224
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. My lord, farewell
[Exeunt]

SCENE II.—The Council Chamber

*Enter the KING, leaning on the CARDINAL'S
shoulder, the Lords of the Council, SIR
THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants
The CARDINAL places himself under the KING'S
feet on the right side*

K Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it Let be call'd before us 4
That gentleman of Buckingham's, in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify
And point by point the treasons of his master 8
He shall again relate

A noise within, crying, 'Room for the Queen!'

*Enter QUEEN KATHARINE, ushered by the DUKES
of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK she kneels The
KING riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses,
and placeth her by him*

Q Kath Nay, we must longer kneel I am
a suitor

K Hen Arise, and take place by us half
your suit

Never name to us, you have half our power
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given, 12
Repeat your will, and take it

Q Kath Thank your majesty
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point 16
Of my petition

K Hen Lad'y mine, proceed
Q Kath I am solicited, not by a few,

And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance there have been com-
missions 20

Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the
heart

Of all their loyaltes wherein, although,
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on 24
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil—even
he escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears 28
In loud rebellion

Nor Not almost appears,
It doth appear for, upon these taxation's,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off 32
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teetn, are all in up-
roar, 36

And danger serves among them
K Hen Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? My Lord Car-
dinal,

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol Please you, sir, 40
I know but of a single part in aught
Pertains to the state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me

Q Kath No, my lord,
You know no more than others, but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not
wholesome 45
To those which would not know them, and yet
must

Perforce be their acquaintance These exac-
tions,
Whereof my sov'reign would have note, they
are 48
Most pestilent to the hearing, and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load They say
They are devis'd by you or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation

K Hen Still exaction! 52
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q Kath I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon The subjects'
grief 56

Comes through commissions, which compel
from each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay, and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France This makes
bold mouths 60

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
freeze

Allegiance in them their curses now
Live where their prayers did, and it's come to
pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave 64
To each incens'd will I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business

K Hen By my life,
This is against our pleasure
Wol And for me, 68
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither
know 72
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not
stint 76

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers, which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further 80
Than vainly longing What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd, what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up 84
For our best act If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statutes only

K Hen Things done well, 88
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear,
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any 92
We must not read our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the
timber, 96
And, though we leave it with a root, thus
hack'd,

The air will drink the sap To every county
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied 100
The force of this commission Pray, look to't,
I put it to your care

Wol [To the Secretary] A word with you
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd
commons 104
Hardly conceive of me, let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary]

Enter Surveyor

Q Kath I am sorry that the Duke of Buck-
ingham 109
Is run in your displeasure.

K Hen It grieves many
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
speaker,
To nature none more bound, his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once cor-
rupt, 116
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair This man so complete,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when
we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute, he, my lady, 121
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell Sit by us, you shall
hear— 124

This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much 128
Wol Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate
what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham

K Hen Speak freely
Surv First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king 133
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law, 136
Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he
menac'd

Revenge upon the cardinal

Wol Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant, and it stretches 141
Beyond you, to your friends

Q Kath My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity

K Hen Speak on
How grounded he his title to the crown 144
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins
K Hen What was that Hopkins?

Surv Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor, who fed him every minute 149
With words of sovereignty

K Hen How know'st thou this?
Surv Not long before your highness sped to
France,

The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand 153
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger Presently the duke 157
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed, and that he
doubted

'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk, 'that oft,' says he, 160
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment
Whom after under the confession's seal 164
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence
Thus pausingly ensu'd neither the king nor's
hears— 168

Tell you the duke—shall prosper bid him
strive

To gain the love o' the commonalty the duke
Shall govern England.'

Q Kath If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your
office 172
On the complaint o' the tenants take good
heed

You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed,
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K Hen Let him on. 176
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas
dangerous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until 180
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do. He answer'd, 'Tush!
It can do me no damage,' adding further,
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd, 184
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off

K Hen Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man. Canst thou say
further?

Surv. I can, my liege

K Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke 189
About Sir William Blomer,—

K Hen. I remember
Of such a time being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his. But on, what
hence? 192

Surv. 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been com-
mitted,

As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard, who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presence, which if
granted, 197

As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

K Hen A giant traitor!
Wol Now, madam, may his highness live
in freedom, 200

And this man out of prison?

Q Kath God mend all!
K Hen. There's something more would out
of thee? what sayst?

Surv. After 'the duke his father,' with 'the
knife,

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his
dagger, 204

Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour

Was, were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance 208

Does an irrelative purpose

K Hen There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd,

Call him to present trial if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his, if none, 212

Let him not seek't of us by day and night!
He's traitor to the height. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III — A Room in the Palace

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and LORD SANDS

Cham Is't possible the spells of France
should juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?
Sands New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd 4

Cham As far as I see, all the good our Eng-
lish

Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face, but they are shrewd

ones,
For when they hold 'em, you would swear
directly 8

Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so

Sands They have all new legs, and lame
ones one would take it,

That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin 12
Or sprighalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?
Lov Faith, my lord,

I hear of none, but the new proclamation 17
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate

Cham What is't for?
Lov The reformation of our travell'd gal-
lants,

That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and
tailors 20

Cham I am glad 'tis there now I would
pray our monseurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov They must either—
For so run the conditions—leave those rem-
nants 24

Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance

Pertaining thereunto,—as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be, 28

Out of a foreign wisdom,—renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,

Short blister'd breeches, and those types of
travel,

And understand again like honest men, 32
Or pack to their old playfellows there, I take it,

They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their
diseases 36

Are grown so catching.

Cham What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords the sly whore-
sons

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies; 40

A French song and a fiddle has no fellow
Sands The devil indle em' I am glad they're
 going
 For sure there's no converting of 'em now
 An honest country lord, as I am beaten 44
 A long time out of play, may bring his plain-
 song
 And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r lady,
 Held current music too
Cham Well said, Lord Sands,
 Your colt's tooth is not cast yet
Sands No my lord, 48
 Nor shall not, while I have a stump
Cham Sir Thomas,
 Whither were you a-going?
Lov To the cardinal's
 Your lordship is a guest too
Cham O' tis true
 This night he makes a supper, and a great one
 To many lords and ladies, there will be 53
 The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you
Lov That churchman bears a bounteous
 hand indeed
 A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us, 56
 His dews fall everywhere
Cham No doubt he's noble,
 He had a black mouth that said other of him
Sands He may, my lord, he has where-
 withal in him
 Sparing would show a worse sin than ill
 doctrine 60
 Men of his way should be most liberal,
 They are set here for examples
Cham True, they are so,
 But few now give so great ones My barge
 stays
 Your lordship shall along Come, good Sir
 Thomas 64
 We shall be late else which I would not be,
 For I was spoke 'o with Sir Henry Guildford,
 This night to be comptrollers
Sands I am your lordship's.
 [Exeunt

SCENE IV — *The Presence-chamber in
 York-Place*

Hautboys A small table under a state for CAR-
 DINAL WOLSEY a longer table for the guests
Enter, at one door, ANNE BULLEN, and divers
Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests
at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD
Guild Ladies, a general welcome from his
 Grace
 Salutes ye all this night he dedicates
 To fair content and you None here, he hopes,
 In all this noble bevy, has brought with her 4
 One care abroad, he would have all as merry
 As first good company, good wine, good wel-
 come
 Can make good people.
Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, and
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
 O, my lord! you're tardy
 The very thought of this fair company 8

Clapp'd wings to me
Cham You are young, Sir Harry Guildford
Sands Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
 But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
 Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
 I think would better please em by my life 13
 They are a sweet society of fair ones
Lov O! that your lordship were but now
 confessor
 To one or two of these!
Sands I would I were, 16
 They should find easy penance
Lov Faith, how easy?
Sands As easy as a down-bed would afford it
Cham Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?
Sir Harry,
 Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this,
 His Grace is ent ring Nay you must not freeze,
 Two women plac'd together makes cold weather
 My Lord Sands you are one will keep 'em
 waking,
 Pray, sit between these ladies
Sands By my faith, 24
 And thank your lordship By your leave, sweet
 ladies [Seats himself between ANNE BUL-
 LEN and another Lady
 If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me,
 I had it from my father
Anne Was he mad sir?
Sands O! very mad, exceeding mad, in love
 too 28
 But he would bite none just as I do now,
 He would kiss you twenty with a breath
Cham [Kisses her
 Well said, my lord.
 So, now you're fairly seated Gentlemen,
 The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies 32
 Pass away frowning
Sands For my little cure,
 Let me alone.
Hautboys Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended,
 and takes his state
Wol You're welcome, my fair guests that
 noble lady,
 Or gentleman, that is not freely merry, 36
 Is not my friend this to confirm my welcome,
 And to you all, good health [Drinks
Sands Your Grace is noble
 Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
 And save me so much talking
Wol My Lord Sands, 40
 I am beholding to you cheer your neighbours.
 Ladies, you are not merry gentlemen,
 Whose fault is this?
Sands The red wine first must rise
 In their fair cheeks, my lord, then, we shall
 have 'em 44
 Talk us to silence.
Anne You are a merry gamester,
 My Lord Sands.
Sands Yes if I make my play
 Here's to your ladyship, and pledge it, madam,
 For tis to such a thing,—
Anne You cannot show me. 48
Sands I told your Grace they would talk

anon.

[*Drum and trumpets within,
chambers discharged*]

Wol

What s that?

Cham Look out there, some of ye

[*Exit a Servant*]

Wol

What war-like voice,

And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear

not,

By all the laws of war you're privileg'd. 52

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Serv

A noble troop of strangers

For so they seem they've left their barge and

landed,

And hither make, as great ambassadors

From foreign princes

Wol

Good Lord Chamberlain, 56

Go, give 'em welcome, you can speak the

French tongue,

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em

Into our presence where this heaven of beauty

Shall shine at full upon them Some attend

hum

[*Exit the Lord Chamberlain, attended All**arise, and tables removed*]

You have now a broken banquet, but we'll

mend it. 61

A good digestion to you all, and once more

I shower a welcome on ye, welcome all

Hautboys Enter the KING, and Others, as

masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by

the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly

before the CARDINAL, and gracefully salute

him

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus

they pray d 65

To tell your Grace that, having heard by fame

Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less,

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty 69

But leave their flocks, and, under your fair

conduct,

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat

An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol

Say, Lord Chamberlain,

They have done my poor house grace, for which

I pay 'em 73

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their

pleasures.

[*They choose Ladies for the dance The KING**chooses ANNE BULLEN*]

K Hen The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O

beauty

Till now I never knew thee! [Music Dance

Wol My lord

Cham

Your Grace?

Wol Pray tell them thus much from me

There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,

More worthy this place than myself, to whom,

If I but knew him, with my love and duty 80

I would surrender it.

Cham

I will, my lord

[*Whispers the Masquers*]

Wol What say they?

Cham

Such a one, they all confess,

There is, indeed, which they would have your

Grace

Find out, and he will take it

Wol

Let me see then 84

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll

make

My royal choice

K Hen [Unmasking] You have found him,

cardinal.

You hold a fair assembly, you do well, lord

You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,

I should judge now unhappily

Wol

I am glad 89

Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

K Hen My Lord Chamberlain,

Prithce, come hither What fair lady's that?

Cham An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas

Bullen's daughter, 92

The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness'

women

K Hen By heaven, she is a dainty one

Sweetheart,

I were unmannerly to take you out,

And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen! 96

Let it go round

Wol Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready

In the privy chamber?

Lov

Yes, my lord

Wol

Your Grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100

K Hen I fear, too much

Wol

There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber

K Hen Lead in your ladies, every one

Sweet partner,

I must not yet forsake you Let's be merry 104

Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen

healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure

To lead 'em once again, and then let's dream

Who's best in favour Let the music knock it

[*Exeunt with trumpets*]

ACT II

SCENE I—Westminster A Street

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting

First Gent Whither away so fast?

Sec Gent

O! God save ye

E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become

Of the great Duke of Buckingham

First Gent

I'll save you

That labour, sir All's now done but the cere-

mony 4

Of bringing back the prisoner

Sec Gent

Were you there?

First Gent Yes, indeed, was I

Sec Gent Pray speak what has happen'd

First Gent You may guess quickly what

Sec Gent

Is he found guilty?

First Gent Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd

upon't

Sec Gent I am sorry for't 8

First Gent So are a number more.

Sec Gent But, pray, how pass'd it?

First Gent I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar, where, to his accusations 12
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law
The king's attorney on the contrary
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desur'd 17
To have brought *vid voce*, to his face
At which appear'd against him his surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor, and John Car
Confessor to him with that devil-monk, 21
Hopkins, that made this mischief

Sec Gent That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gent The same
All these accus'd him strongly which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he
could not 25

And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life, but all 28
Was either pitied in him or forgotten

Sec Gent After all this how did he bear
himself?

First Gent When he was brought again to
the bar, to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was sturr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely 33
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience 36

Sec Gent I do not think he fears death.

First Gent Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish, the cause
He may a little grieve at.

Sec Gent Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent 'Tis likely 40
By all conjectures first, Kildare's attainer,
Then deputy of Ireland, who, remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father

Sec Gent That trick of state 44
Was a deep envious one.

First Gent At his return,
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment, 48
And far enough from court too

Sec Gent All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep this duke as much
They love and dote on, call him bounteous
Buckingham, 52

The mirror of all courtesy,—

First Gent Stay there, sir,
And see the noble rum'd man you speak of

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment Tip-
staves before him the axe with the edge to-
wards him halberds on each side with him
SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SER
WILLIAM SANDS, and common people

Sec Gent Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck

All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me, 56
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment
And by that name must die yet, heaven bear
witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 60
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done upon the premises but justice,
But those that sought it I could wish more
Christians 64

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men,
For then my guiltless blood must cry against
'em 68

For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that
lov'd me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham 72
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,

Go with me like good angels to my end,
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me, 76
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o God's
name

Lov I do beseech your Grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart 80

Were hid against me now to forgive me frankly

Buck Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive
you

As I would be forgiven I forgive all
There cannot be those numberless offences 84
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with no
black envy

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his
Grace,

And, if he speak of Buckingham pray, tell him
You met him half in heaven. My vows and
prayers 88

Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be! 92
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov To the water side I must conduct your
Grace,

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux Prepare there! 97

The duke is coming see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100
Let it alone, my state now will but mock me
When I came hither, I was Lord High

Constable,

And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward
Bohun

Yet I am richer than my base accusers, 104
That never knew what truth meant I now
seal it,

And with that blood will make them one day
groan for't

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister, 109
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince, 113
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all 116
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one, which makes
me

A little happier than my wretched father 120
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes, both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd
most

A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all, yet, you that hear me,
Thus from a dying man receive as certain 125
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose, for those you make
friends

And give your hearts to, when they once per-
ceive 128

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye All good
people,

Pray for me! I must now forsake ye the last
hour 132

Of my long weary life is come upon me

Farewell

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done, and God forgive
me! [Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and TRAIN.

First Gent O! this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors

Sec Gent If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe yet I can give you inkling 140
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this

First Gent Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith,
sir?

Sec Gent This secret is so weighty, 'twill re-
quire 144

A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent Let me have it,
I do not talk much.

Sec Gent I am confident
You shall sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation? 148
Between the king and Katharine?

First Gent Yes, but it held not,
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it

Sec Gent But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now for it grows again 154
Fresher than ever it was, and held for certain

The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately, 160
As all think, for this business

First Gent 'Tis the cardinal,
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

Sec Gent I think you have hit the mark
but it's not cruel 165
That she should feel the smart of this? The
cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.
First Gent 'Tis woeful 168
We are too open here to argue this,
Let's think in private more [Exeunt

SCENE II—An Antechamber in the Palace

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter

Cham My lord, The horses your lordship
sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well
chosen, raden, and furnished. They were
young and handsome, and of the best breed in
the north. When they were ready to set out for
London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by com-
mission and main power, took them from me
with this reason. His master would be served
before a subject, if not before the king, which
stopped our mouths, sir

I fear he will indeed. Well, let him have them
He will have all, I think 172

Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK

Nor Well met my Lord Chamberlain

Cham Good day to both your Graces

Suf How is the king employ'd?

Cham I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles

Nor What's the cause?

Cham It seems the marriage with his brother's
wife 177

Has crept too near his conscience

Suf No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady

Nor 'Tis so

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal
That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one
day 22

Suf Pray God he do! he'll never know him-
self else

Nor How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the
league 25

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,

Fears, and despairs, and all these for his mar-
riage 29

And out of all these, to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce, a loss of her,

That like a jewel has hung twenty years 32

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre,
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with, even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king and is not this course pious?

Cham Heaven keep me from such counsel!
Tis most true 38

These news are every where, every tongue
speaks em,

And every true heart weeps for t All that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end, 41
The French king's sister Heaven will one day
open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man

Suf And free us from his slavery
Nor We had need pray, 45

And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages All men's honours 48
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please

Suf For me, my lords
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed
As I am made without him, so I'll stand, 52
If the king please his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope

Nor Let's in,
And with some other business put the king 57
From these sad thoughts, that work too much
upon him

My Lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham Excuse me,
The king hath sent me elsewhere besides, 60
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him
Health to your lordships

Nor Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain]

NORFOLK opens a folding-door The KING is
discovered sitting and reading pensively

Suf How sad he looks! sure, he is much
afflicted

K Hen Who is there, ha?

Nor Pray God he be not angry

K Hen Who's there I say? How dare you
thrust yourselves 65

Into my private meditations?

Who am I, ha?

Nor A gracious king that pardons all of-
fences 68

Malice ne'er meant our breach of duty this way

Is business of estate, in which we come

To know your royal pleasure.

K Hen Ye are too bold.

Go to, I'll make ye know your times of business

Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha? 73

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O! my

Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,

Thou art a cure fit for a king. [To CAMPEIUS]

You're welcome, 76

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom
Use us, and it. [To WOLSEY] My good lord,
have great care

I be not found a talker

Wol Sir, you cannot

I would your Grace would give us but an hour

Of private conference

K Hen [To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.] We are
busy go 81

Nor [Aside to SUFFOLK] This priest has no
pride in him!

Suf [Aside to NORFOLK] Not to speak of,
I would not be so sick though for his place

But this cannot continue

Nor [Aside to SUFFOLK] If it do, 84

I'll venture one have-at-him

Suf [Aside to NORFOLK] I another

[Exit NORFOLK and SUFFOLK]

Wol Your Grace has given a precedent of
wisdom

Above all princes in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom 88

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble All the clerks, 92

I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms

Have their free voices Rome, the nurse of judg-
ment

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man, 96

This just and learned priest, Cardinal Cam-
peius,

Whom once more I present unto your highness

K Hen And once more in my arms I bid him
welcome.

And thank the holy conclave for their loves

They have sent me such a man I would have
wish'd for 101

Cam Your Grace must needs deserve all
strangers' loves.

You are so noble To your highness' hand

I tender my commission, by whose virtue,—

The court of Rome commanding,—you, my Lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,

In the impartial judging of this business

K Hen Two equal men. The queen shall be
acquainted 108

Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gar-
diner?

Wol I know your majesty has always lov'd
her

So dear in heart, not to deny her that

A woman of less place might ask by law, 112

Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her

K Hen Ay, and the best, she shall have, and
my favour

To him that does best God forbid else. Car-
dinal, 115

Printhee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary

I find him a fit fellow [Exit WOLSEY]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol [Aside to GARDINER.] Give me your
hand, much joy and favour to you.

You are the king's now

Gard [*Aside to WOLSEY*] But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd

ml 120
K Hen Come hither, Gardiner

Cam My Lord of York, was not one Doctor
Pace [*They converse apart*]

In this man's place before him?

Wol Yes, he was

Cam Was he not held a learned man?

Wol Yes surely 124

Cam Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread
then

Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal

Wol How! of me?

Cam They will not stick to say, you envied
him,

And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still, which so griev'd

him 129
That he ran mad and died

Wol Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough for living mur-
murers

There's places of rebuke He was a fool, 132
For he would needs be virtuous that good fel-
low,

If I command him, follows my appointment
I will have none so near else Learn this, bro-
ther, 135

We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons
K Hen Deliver this with modesty to the
queen [*Exit GARDINER*]

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars,

There ye shall meet about this weighty business
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my lord! 141

Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-
science!

O! 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her 144
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—An Antechamber in the QUEEN'S
Apartments

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an Old Lady

Anne Not for that neither here's the pang
that pinches

His highness having liv'd so long with her, and
she

So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her, by my life, 4

She never knew harm-doing, O! now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,

Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than 8

'Tis sweet at first to acquire after this process
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity

Would move a monster

Old Lady Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her

Anne O! God's will, much better 12
She ne'er had known pomp though't be tem-
poral,

Yet, if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging

As soul and body's severing
Old Lady Alas! poor lady, 16

She's a stranger now again
Anne So much the more

Must pity drop upon her Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,

And range with humble livers in content, 20
Than to be perk'd up in a glust'ring grief

And wear a golden sorrow
Old Lady Our content

Is our best having
Anne By my troth and maidenhead

I would not be a queen.
Old Lady Beshrew me, I would, 24

And venture maidenhead for 't, and so would
you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,

Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet 28
Affected emnence, wealth, sovereignty

Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which
gifts—

Saving your mumping—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it

Anne Nay, good troth, 33
Old Lady Yes, troth, and troth, you would
not be a queen?

Anne No, not for all the riches under heaven
Old Lady 'Tis strange a three-pence bow d

would hire me, 36
Old as I am, to queen it But, I pray you,

What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne No, in truth
Old Lady Then you are weakly made Pluck
off a little 40

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to if your back

Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy

Anne How you do talk! 44
I swear again, I would not be a queen

For all the world
Old Lady In faith, for little England

You d venture an emballing I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there

'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo! who comes
here? 49

Enter the Lord Chamberlain

Cham Good morrow, ladies What were't
worth to know

The secret of your conference?
Anne My good lord,

Not your demand, it values not your asking. 52
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying

Cham It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women there is hope

All will be well.
Anne Now, I pray God, amen! 56

Cham You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings

Follow such creatures That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and 61
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support, 64
Out of his grace he adds

Anne I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender,
More than my all is nothing, nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes 68
More worth than empty vanities, yet prayers
and wishes

Are all I can return Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obe-
dience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for

Cham Lady, 73
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you [*Aside*] I have perus'd
her well,
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled 76
That they have caught the king, and who knows
yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle? [*To her*] I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you

Anne My honour'd lord 80
[*Exit LORD CHAMBERLAIN*]

Old Lady Why, this it is, see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late, 84
For any suit of pounds, and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here,—fie, fie, upon
Thus compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd
up

Before you open it
Anne This is strange to me 88
Old Lady How tastes it? is it bitter? forty
pence, no

There was a lady once,—'tis an old story,—
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt have you heard it?

Anne Come, you are pleasant
Old Lady With your theme I could
O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pem-
broke!

A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life 96
That promises more thousands honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne Good lady, 100
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot it faints me,
To think what follows 104

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence Pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her

Old Lady What do you think me?
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV —A Hall in Black-Friars

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets Enter two Ver-
gers with short silver wands next them, two
Scribes, in the habit of doctors after them,
the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, alone after
him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER,
and SAINT ASAPH, next them, at some
small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing
the purse, with the great seal and a cardinal's
hat then two Priests, bearing each a silver
cross then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed,
accompanied with a Sergeant-at-Arms, bear-
ing a silver mace, then two Gentlemen, bear-
ing two great silver pillars after them, side
by side, the two CARDINALS, two Noblemen
with the sword and mace Then enter the
KING and QUEEN, and their Trains The KING
takes place under the cloth of state the two
CARDINALS sit under him as judges The
QUEEN takes place at some distance from the
KING The BISHOPS place themselves on each
side the court, in manner of a consistory
below them, the Scribes The Lords sit next
the BISHOPS The Crier and the rest of the
Attendants stand in convenient order about
the Stage*

Wol Whilst our commission from Rome is
read,
Let silence be commanded

K Hen What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd, 4
You may then spare that time

Wol Be't so Proceed
Scribe Say, Henry King of England, come
into the court

Crier Henry King of England, come into the
court.

K Hen Here
Scribe Say, Katharine Queen of England,
come into the court.

Crier Katharine Queen of England, come
into the court.

[*The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of
her chair, goes about the court, comes to
the KING, and kneels at his feet, then
speaks*]

Q Kath Sir, I desire you do me right and
justice,

And to bestow your pity on me, for 12
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions, having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas! sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause 17
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness, 20

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclin'd When was the hour 25
I ever contradicted your desire,

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, d'd I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to
 mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you. If, in the course
 And process of this time you can report,
 And prove it too against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person in God's name
 Turn me away, and let the foul st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment. Ferdinand,
 My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by
 many
 A year before it is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I
 humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose coun-
 sel
 I will implore if not, I' the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!
Vol. You have here, lady,—
 And of your choice,—these reverend fathers
 men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect of the land who are assembled
 To plead your cause. It shall be therefore boot-
 less
 That longer you desire the court, as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king
Cam. His Grace
 Hath spoken well and justly therefore, madam,
 It's fit this royal session do proceed,
 And that, without delay, their arguments
 Be now produc'd and heard
Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal,
 To you I speak
Vol. Your pleasure, madam?
Q. Kath. Sir,
 I am about to weep but, thinking that
 We are a queen,—or long have dream'd so,—
 certain
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire
Vol. Be patient yet
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble, nay,
 before
 Or God will punish me I do believe,
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
 You shall not be my judge, for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,

Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say
 again,
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
 Refuse you for my judge, whom, yet once more,
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.
Vol. I do profess
 You speak not like yourself who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'er topping woman's power. Madam, you do
 me wrong
 I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
 For you or any how far I have proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge
 me
 That I have blown this coal I do deny it
 The king is present if 't be known to him
 That I gainsay my deed, how may be wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood, yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. If he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies to cure me, and the cure is, to
 Remove these thoughts from you the which
 before
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthunk your speaking,
 And to say so no more
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You're meek and
 humble-mouth'd,
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility, but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogance spleen, and pride
 You have, by fortune and his highness favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are
 mounted
 Where powers are your retainers, and your
 words,
 Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell
 you,
 You tender more your person's honour than
 Your high profession spiritual, that again
 I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness
 And to be judg'd by him
 [She curtsies to the KING, and offers to
 depart
Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdamm'd to be tried by 't 'tis not well
 She's going away
K. Hen. Call her again
Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come
 into the court.
Griff. Madam, you are call'd back.
Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you,
 keep your way
 When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord
 help!

They vex me past my patience Pray you, pass
on 128
I will not tarry no nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts

[*Exeunt* QUEEN, and her Attendants

K Hen Go thy ways Kate
That man 1 the world who shall report he has
A better wife let him in nought be trusted, 133
For speaking false in that thou art alone,—
If thy rare qualities sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding and thy parts 137
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,—
The queen of earthly queens She noble born
And like her true nobility she has 140
Carried herself towards me

Vol Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these ears,—for where I am robb'd and
bound 144

There must I be unloos'd although not there
At once, and fully satisfied,—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on t' or ever 149
Have to you but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that
might

Be to the prejudice of her present state, 152
Or touch of her good person?

K Hen My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you, yea, upon mine honour
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs, 157
Bark when their fellows do by some of these
The queen is put in anger You're excus'd
But will you be more justified? you ever 160
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd, but oft have hunder'd,
oft,

The passages made toward it On my honour,
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him Now what mov'd me
to't, 165
I will be bold with time and your attention
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came, give
heed to't

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness, 168
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French am-
bassador,

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary I' the progress of this
business 173

Ere a determinate resolution, he—
I mean, the bishop—did require a respite,
Wherein he might the king his lord advise 176
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite
shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me, 180

Yea, with a splitting power and made to tremble
The region of my breast which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerations did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, me-
thought 184

I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me should
Do no more offices of life to't than 188
The grave does to the dead, for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a
thought

This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should
not 193

Be gladdened in't by me Then follows that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail, and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in 197
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are

Now present here together, that's to say, 200
I meant to rectify my conscience which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln you remember
How under my oppression I did reek, 206
When I first mov'd you

Lin Very well, my hege
K Hen I have spoke long be pleas'd your-
self to say 208

How far you satisfied me.

Lin So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, that I committed 212
The daring counsel that I had to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here

K Hen Then I mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court,
But by particular consent proceeded 219
Under your hands and seals therefore go on,
For no dislike 1 the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny
points

Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented 225
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness, 228
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion 231
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

[*They rise to depart*
K Hen. [*Aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome. 235

My learn'd and well beloved servant Cranmer,
 Pruthee, return with thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along Break up the court
 I say, set on

[*Exeunt, in manner as they entered*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Palace at Bridewell A Room
 in the QUEEN'S Apartment*

The QUEEN and her Women at work

Q Kath Take thy lute, wench my soul grows
 sad with troubles,
 Sing and disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave
 working

SONG

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain tops that freeze
 Bow themselves, when he did sing
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.
 Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q Kath How now!

Gent An't please your Grace, the two great
 cardinals

Wait in the presence

Q Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q Kath. Pray their Graces
 'o come near [*Exit Gentleman.*] What can be
 their business

Vith me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
 do not like their coming, now I think on't.
 'hey should be good men, their affairs as right-
 eous,
 ut all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol Peace to your highness!

Q Kath. Your Graces find me here part of
 a housewife,
 would be all, again the worst may happen.
 'hat are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol May it please you, noble madam, to
 withdraw

ito your private chamber, we shall give you
 he full cause of our coming.

Q Kath Speak it here,
 here's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
 science,

eserves a corner would all other women
 ould speak this with as free a soul as I do! 32
 y lords, I care not—so much I am happy
 ove a number—if my actions
 ere tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
 ivy and base opinion set against 'em, 36
 now my life so even. If your business
 ek me out, and that way I am wife in,
 it with it boldly truth loves open dealing

Wol Tanta est erga te mentis integritas,
regina serenissima,—

Q Kath O, good my lord, no Latin,
 I am not such a truant since my coming
 As not to know the language I have liv'd in
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
 suspicious,

Pray, speak in English here are some will thank
 you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake
 Believe me, she has had much wrong Lord

Cardinal,
 The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
 May be absolv'd in English.

Wol Noble lady,
 I am sorry my integrity should breed,—
 And service to his majesty and you,—

4 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant
 We come not by the way of accusation,

To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,

8 You have too much, good lady, but to know
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference

Between the king and you, and to deliver,
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions

12 And comforts to your cause

Cam Most honour'd madam, 60

My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
 Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,

Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
 Both of his truth and him,—which was too far,—

Offers, as I do, in sign of peace, 65
 His service and his counsel

Q Kath [*Aside*] To betray me
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
 Ye speak like honest men,—pray God, ye prove

so!— 68
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer,

In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,—
 More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,

And to such men of gravity and learning, 72
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work

Among my maids, full little, God knows, look-
 ing

Either for such men or such business
 For her sake that I have been,—for I feel 76

The last fit of my greatness,—good your Graces
 Let me have time and counsel for my cause

Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.
Wol Madam, you wrong the king's love with

these fears 80
 Your hopes and friends are infinite

Q Kath In England
 But little for my profit Can you think, lords,

That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' plea-
 sure,— 84

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—
 And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,

They that must weigh out my afflictions, 87
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here

They are, as all my other comforts, far hence
 In mine own country, lords

Cam I would your Grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q Kath. How, sir?

Cam Put your main cause into the king's protection
 He's loving and most gracious 'twill be much
 Both for your honour better and your cause,
 For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
 You'll part away disgrac'd

Wol He tells you rightly

Q Kath Ye tell me what ye wish for both,
 my ruin
 Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
 Heaven is above all yet, there sits a judge
 That no king can corrupt

Cam Your rage mistakes us

Q Kath The more shame for ye! holy men I
 thought ye,
 Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues,
 But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye
 Mend em, for shame, my lords Is this your
 comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
 I will not wish ye half my miseries,
 I have more charity, but say, I warn'd ye
 Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at
 once

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye

Wol Madam, this is a mere distraction,
 You turn the good we offer into envy

Q Kath Ye turn me into nothing woe upon
 ye,
 And all such false professors! Would ye have
 me,—

If ye have any justice, any pity,

If ye be anything but churchmen's habits,—

Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?

Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already,

His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords,

And all the fellowship I hold now with him

Is only my obedience What can happen

To me above this wretchedness? all your studies

Make me a curse like this.

Cam Your fears are worse

Q Kath Have I liv'd thus long—let me speak
 myself,

Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?

A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,

Never yet branded with suspicion?

Have I with all my full affections

Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven?

obey'd him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?

Almost forgot my prayers to content him?

And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.

Bring me a constant woman to her husband,

One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his plea-

sure,

And to that woman, when she has done most,

Yet will I add an honour, a great patience

Wol Madam, you wander from the good we
 aim at.

Q Kath My lord, I dare not make myself so
 guilty,

To give up willingly that noble title

Your master wed me to nothing but death

Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol Pray hear me.

Q Kath Would I had never trod this English
 earth

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your
 hearts

What will become of me now, wretched lady?

I am the most unhappy woman living

[To her women] Alas! poor wenches, where are
 now your fortunes?

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
 No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,

Almost no grave allow'd me Like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,

I'll hang my head and perish

Wol If your Grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are
 honest,

You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good
 lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
 The way of our profession is against it

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.

For goodness' sake, consider what you do,

How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly

Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this
 carriage

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it, but to stubborn spirits

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms

I know you have a gentle, noble temper,

A soul as even as a calm pray thank us

Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and
 servants

Cam Madam, you'll find it so You wrong
 your virtues

With these weak women's fears a noble spirit,
 As yours was put into you, ever casts

Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king
 loves you,

Beware you lose it not for us, if you please

To trust us in your business, we are ready

To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q Kath Do what ye will, my lords and,
 pray, forgive me

If I have us'd myself unmannerly

You know I am a woman, lacking wit

To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray do my service to his majesty

He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend
 fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me she now begs

That little thought, when she set footing here,
 She should have bought her dignities so dear

[Exeunt

SCENE II.—Antechamber to the KING'S Apartment

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF
 SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord
 Chamberlain.

Nor If you will now unite in your com-
 plaints,

And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
 Cannot stand under them. if you omit

The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces
With these you bear already

Sur I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke, 8
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf Which of the peers
Have uncontentm'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person, 12
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures
What he deserves of you and me, I know,
What we can do to him,—though now the time
Gives way to us,—I much fear If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt 17
Any thing on him, for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in's tongue.

Nor O! fear him not,
His spell in that is out the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars 21
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this 24
Once every hour

Nor Believe it, this is true
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded, wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy

Sur. How came 28
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely
Sur O! how? how?

Suf The cardinal's letter to the pope mis-
carried,

And came to the eye o' the king, wherein was
read,

That the cardinal did entreat his holiness 32
To stay the judgment o' the divorce, for if
It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive

My king is tangled in affection to 35
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur Has the king this?

Suf Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how
he coasts

And hedges his own way But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death the king already 41
Hath married the fair lady

Sur Would he had!
Suf May you be happy in your wish, my
lord!

For I profess, you have it.

Sur Now all my joy 44
Trace the conjunction!

Suf My amen to't!

Nor All men's

Suf There's order given for her coronation
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete 49
In mind and feature I persuade me, from her

Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur But will the king 52
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

Nor Marry, amen!

Suf No, no,
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner Cardinal Cam-
peus 56

Is stol'n away to Rome, hath ta'en no leave,
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you 60
The king cried Ha! at this

Cham Now, God incense him,
And let him cry Ha! louder

Nor But, my lord,

When returns Cranmer?

Suf He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce, 65

Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and

Her coronation. Katherine no more 69
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager,

And widow to Prince Arthur

Nor This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business

Suf He has, and we shall see him
For it an archbishop

Nor So I hear

Suf 'Tis so
The cardinal!

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL

Nor Observe, observe, he's moody
Wol The packet, Cromwell, 76

Gave't you the king?

Crom To his own hand, in his bedchamber
Wol Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind, a heed 81
Was in his countenance You he bade

Attend him here this morning

Wol Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is 84
Wol Leave me awhile [Exit CROMWELL.]

[Aside] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French King's sister, he shall marry her

Anne Bullen! No, I'll no Anne Bullens for him
There's more in't than fair visage Bullen! 89

No, we'll no Bullens Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pem-
broke!

Nor He's discontented.

Suf May be he hears the king
Does what his anger to him.

Sur Sharp enough, 93
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol The late queen's gentlewoman, a
knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!

This candle burns not clear 'tis I must snuff it
Then out it goes What though I know her
virtuous

And well deserving? yet I know her for 99
A spleeny Lutheran, and not who'some to
Our cause that she should be i' the bosom of
Our hard rul'd king Again, there is sprung up
A heretic, an arch one Cranmer one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king, 104
And is his oracle

Nor He is vex'd at something

Sur I would 'twere something that would
fret the string,
The master-cord on's heart!

Enter the KING, reading a schedule, and
LOVELL.

Suf The king the king!

K Hen What piles of wealth hath he ac-
cumulated 108
To his own portion! and what expense by the
hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of
thrift,
Does he rake this together? Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor My lord we have 112
Stood here observing him, some strange com-
motion

Is in his brain he bites his lip, and starts,
Stops on a sudden looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple, straight 116
Springs out into fast gait, then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon in most strange
postures

We have seen him set himself

K Hen It may well be 120
There is a mutiny in's mind This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd, and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly? 124
Forsooth, an inventory thus importing,
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which
I find at such a proud rate that 't out-speaks
Possession of a subject

Nor It's heaven's will 129
Some spirit put this paper in the packet
To bless your eye withal.

K Hen If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth, 132
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers
LOVELL, who goes to WOLSEY

Wol Heaven forgive me! 136
Ever God bless your highness!

K Hen Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the in-
ventory
Of your best graces in your mind, the which
You were now running o'er you have scarce
time 140

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol

Sir, 144

For holy offices I have a time, a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce 148
I, her frail son amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to

K Hen

You have said well

Wol And ever may your highness yoke to-
gether

As I will lend you cause, my domg well 152
With my well saying!

K Hen

'Tis well said again,

And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well
And yet words are no deeds My father lov'd
you 155

He said he did and with his deed did crown
His word upon you Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come
home

But pardon my present havings, to bestow 160
My bounties upon you

Wol [Aside] What should this mean?

Sur [Aside] The Lord increase this business!

K Hen

Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell
me

If what I now pronounce you have found true,
And if you may confess it, say withal, 165
If you are bound to us or no What say you?

Wol Mysovereign I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than
could 168

My studied purposes requite which went
Beyond all man's endeavours my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires, 171
Yet fill'd with my abilities Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I 176
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K Hen

Fairly answer'd, 180

A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated, the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,
more 187

On you than any so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any

Wol

I do profess, 191

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own, that am, have, and will be.

Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul, though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make em, and
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty, 197
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours

K Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken. 200
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't Read o'er this,

[Giving him papers]
And after, thus and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have

[Exit KING, frowning upon CARDINAL WOLSEY, the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering]

Wol What should this mean? 204
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing I must read this
paper, 209

I fear, the story of his anger 'Tis so,
This paper has undone me! 'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
Forme own ends, indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by what cross devil 215
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly, yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune 220
Will bring me off again. What's this?—'To the
Pope!

The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's holiness Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-
ness, 224
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more 228

Re-enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal who
commands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's, 232
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol Stay,
Where's your commission, lord? words cannot
carry

Authority so weighty
Suf Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol Till I find more than will or words to
do it, 237
I mean your malice, know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 241
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin
Follow your envious courses men of malice,
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no
doubt, 245

In time will find their fit rewards That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king—
Mine and your master—with his own hand gave
me, 248

Bade me enjoy it with the place and honours
During my life, and to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents now who'll take it?

Suf The king, that gave it
Wol It must be himself then 252

Suf Thou art a proud traitor, priest
Wol Proud lord, thou heest

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so

Suf Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law 257

The heads of all thy brother cardinals—
With thee and all thy best parts bound to-
gether—

Weigh'd not a hair of his Plague of your
policy! 260

You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st
him, 263

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe

Wol This and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false The duke by law

Found his deserts how innocent I was 268
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness

If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour, 272

That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,

Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies

Suf By my soul, 276
Your long coat, priest, protects you, thou
shouldst feel

Mysword! the life-blood of thee else My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?

And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, 281

Farewell nobility, let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks

Wol All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach

Suf Yes, that goodness 284
Of gleanings all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion,

The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope against the king, your
goodness, 288

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,

As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues, 292

Who if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life, I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal
Wol How much, methinks, I could despise
this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!
Nor Those articles, my lord, are in the king's
hand,

But thus much, they are foul ones
Wol So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise
When the king knows my truth

Sur This cannot save you
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall
Now, if you can blush, and cry 'guilty,' cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty

Wol Speak on, sir,
I dare your worst objections, if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners

Sur I had rather want those than my head
Have at you!

First, that, without the king's assent or know-
ledge,

You wrought to be a legate, by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops

Nor Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd, in which you brought the
king

To be your servant

Sur Then, that without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal

Sur Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado to conclude
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara

Sur That, out of mere ambition, you have
caus'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin
Sur Then, that you have sent innumerable
substance,—

By what means got I leave to your own con-
science —

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham O my lord!
Press not a falling man too far, 'tis virtue
His faults lie open to the laws, let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see
him

So little of his great self
Sur I forgive him

Suf Lord Cardinal, the king's further plea-
sure is

Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,

That therefore such a writ be su'd against you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge
Nor And so we'll leave you to your medita-
tions

How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall
thank you.

So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal
[*Exeunt all except WOLSEY*]

Wol So farewell to the little good you bear
me

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him,
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth. My high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have,
And when he falls he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed

Why, how now, Cromwell!
Crom I have no power to speak, sir

Wol What! amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed

Crom How does your Grace?
Wol Why, well

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd
me,

I humbly thank his Grace, and from these
shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour
O! 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your Grace has made that
right use of it.

Wol I hope I have I am able now, methinks —
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,—

To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer
What news abroad?

Crom The heaviest and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol.

Crom The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen

Lord Chancellor in your place

Wol. That's somewhat sudden

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience, that his

bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in bless-

ings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!

Wol What more?

Crom That Cranmer is return'd with wel-

come,
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury

Wol That's news indeed

Crom Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel, and the voice is now
Only about her coronation

Wol There was the weight that pull'd me
down O Cromwell!

The king has gone beyond me all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited

Upon my smiles Go, get thee from me, Crom-

well,
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now

To be thy lord and master seek the king,—
That sun, I pray, may never set!—I have told

him
What, and how true thou art; he will advance

thee,
Some little memory of me will stir him—

I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too Good Cromwell,

Neglect him not, make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety

Crom O my lord!
Must I then, leave you? must I needs forego

So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord
The king shall have my service, but my

prayers
For ever and for ever, shall be yours

Wol Cromwell, I did not think to shed a
tear

In all my miseries, but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman

Let's dry our eyes and thus far hear me, Crom-

well,
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleep in dull cold marble where no men-

tion
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught

thee
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of

honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in,
A sure and safe one though thy master miss'd it.

Mark But my fall, and that that ruin'd me.

God bless him! 393

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last cherish those hearts that hate

thee, 444
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's, then if thou fall'st, O

Cromwell! 449
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr Serve the king,

And,—prithce, lead me in
There take an inventory of all I have, 452

To the last penny, 'tis the king's my robe,
And my integrity to heaven is all

I dare now call mine own O Cromwell, Crom-

well! 455
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age

Have left me naked to mine enemies
Crom Good sir, have patience

Wol So I have Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do

dwell [Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I—A Street in Westminster

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting

First Gen You're well met once again

Sec Gen So are you

First Gen You come to take your stand
here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?
Sec Gen 'Tis all my business At our last

encounter 4
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial

First Gen 'Tis very true but that time offer'd
sorrow,

This, general joy
Sec Gen 'Tis well the citizens,

I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever for-

ward, 9
In celebration of this day with shows,

Pageants, and sights of honour
First Gen Never greater,

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir 12
Sec Gen May I be bold to ask what that

contains,
That paper in your hand?

First Gen Yes, 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day

By custom of the coronation 16
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be high-steward, next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal you may read the rest.

Sec Gen I thank you, sir had I not known
those customs, 20

I should have been beholding to your paper
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,

The princess dowager? how goes her business?
First Gen That I can tell you too The Arch-

bishop 24
Of Canterbury accompanied with other

Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Amphthull, where the princess lay, to
which 23

She was often cited by them, but appear'd not
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd, 32
And the late marriage made of none effect
Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick

Sec Gen Alas! good lady!

The trumpets sound stand close, the queen is
coming [Trumpets
[Hautboys

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION

A lively flourish of trumpets

- 1 Two Judges
- 2 Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace
before him
- 3 Choristers, singing [Music
- 4 Mayor of London, bearing the mace Then
Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head
a gilt copper crown
- 5 MARQUESS DORSET, bearing a sceptre of gold,
on his head a demi-coronal of gold With
him, the EARL OF SURREY, bearing the rod of
silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's
coronet Collars of SS
- 6 DUKE OF SUFFOLK, in his robe of estate, his
coronet on his head, bearing a long white
wand, as high steward With him, the DUKE
OF NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship,
a coronet on his head Collars of SS
- 7 A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports
under it, the QUEEN in her robe in her hair
richly adorned with pearl, crowned On
each side of her, the BISHOPS OF LONDON and
WINCHESTER
- 8 The old DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, in a coronal
of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the
QUEEN'S train
- 9 Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain
circlets of gold without flowers

They pass over the stage in order and state

Sec Gen A royal train, believe me These I
know, 37

Who's that that bears the sceptre?

First Gen Marquess Dorset
And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod

Sec Gen A bold brave gentleman. That
should be 40

The Duke of Suffolk?

First Gen 'Tis the same, high-steward
Sec Gen And that my Lord of Norfolk?

First Gen Yes.

Sec Gen [Looking on the QUEEN] Heaven
bless thee!

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel, 44

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady
I cannot blame his conscience

First Gen

They that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports

Sec Gen Those men are happy, and so are
all are near her

I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk 52

First Gen It is, and all the rest are count-
esses

Sec Gen Their coronets say so These are
stars indeed,

And sometimes falling ones.

First Gen No more of that.

[Exit Procession, with a great
flourish of trumpets

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir Where have you been broil-
ing? 56

Thrd Gen Among the crowd i' the Abbey,
where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more I am stifled

With the mere rankness of their joy

Sec Gen You saw

The ceremony?

Thrd Gen That I did

First Gen How was it? 60

Thrd Gen Well worth the seeing

Sec Gen Good sir, speak it to us

Thrd Gen As well as I am able The rich
stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off 64

A distance from her, while her Grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,

In a rich chair of state, opposing freely

The beauty of her person to the people 68

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman

That ever lay by man which when the people

Had the full view of, such a noise arose

As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest, 72

As loud, and to as many tunes hats, cloaks,—

Doublets, I think,—flew up, and had their
faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such
joy

I never saw before Great-bellied women, 76

That had not half a week to go, like rams

In the old time of war, would shake the press,

And make 'em reel before them No man living

Could say, 'This is my wife,' there, all were
woven 80

So strangely in one piece

Sec Gen But, what follow'd?

Thrd Gen At length her Grace rose, and

with modest paces

Came to the altar, where she kneel'd, and,

saint-like,

Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd de-
voutly 84

Then rose again and bow'd her to the people.

When by the Archbishop of Canterbury

She had all the royal makings of a queen,

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown, 88

The rod, and band of peace, and all such em-
blems

Laid nobly on her which perform'd, the choir,

With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum* So she parted, 92
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gen Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that's
past,

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost 96
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall

Third Gen I know it,
But 'tis so lately alter'd that the old name
Is fresh about me

Sec Gen What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the
queen? 100

Third Gen Stokesly and Gardiner, the one
of Winchester —

Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary, —
The other, London.

Sec Gen He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer

Third Gen All the land knows that
However, yet there's no great breach, when it
comes, 106

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from
him

Sec Gen Who may that be, I pray you?

Third Gen Thomas Cromwell
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king
Has made him master o' the jewel house,
And one, already, of the privy-council. 112

Sec Gen He will deserve more

Third Gen Yes, without all doubt
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more

Both. You may command us, sir 117
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — *Kimbolton.*

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick led between
GRIFFITH and PATIENCE*

Grif How does your Grace?

Kath O Griffith sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden Reach a chair
So, now, methinks, I feel a little ease 4
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st
me,

That the great child of honour, Cardinal
Wolsey,

Was dead?

Grif Yes, madam but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't. 8

Kath Prithce, good Griffith, tell me how he
died

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif Well the voice goes, madam.
For after the stout Earl Northumberland 12
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,

As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule

Kath Alas! poor man. 16

Grif At last, with easy roads, he came to
Leicester,

Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him
To whom he gave these words 'O! father
abbot, 20

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye,
Give him a little earth for charity'

So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness 24
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,

About the hour of eight,—which he himself
Foretold should be his last,—full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows, 28

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace

Kath So may he rest, his faults lie gently on
him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
him, 32

And yet with charity He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking

Himself with princes, one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom, simony was fair-play, 36

His own opinion was his law, the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double

Both in his words and meaning He was never,
But where he meant to run, pitiful, 40

His promises were, as he then was, mighty,
But his performance, as he is now, nothing

Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example

Grif Noble madam, 44
Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water May it please your highness

To hear me speak his good now?

Kath Yes, good Griffith,
I were malicious else

Grif This cardinal, 48
Though from a humble stock, undoubtedly

Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,

Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading,
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,

But, to those men that sought him sweet as
summer 54

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,—
Which was a sin,—yet in bestowing, madam,

He was most princely Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,

Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it, 60

The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,

That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him,

For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little 66

And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God

Kath After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,

To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith 72
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still, and set me lower 76
I have not long to trouble thee Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to 80

[*Sad and solemn music*
Grif She is asleep good wench, let s sit
down quiet,
For fear we wake her softly, gentle Patience

The Vision Enter, solemnly tripping one after
another, six Personages, clad in white robes,
wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and
golden vizards on their faces branches of
bays or palm in their hands They first
congee unto her, then dance and, at certain
changes, the first two hold a spare garland
over her head at which, the other four make
reverend curtsies then, the two that held the
garland deliver the same to the other next
two, who observe the same order in their
changes, and holding the garland over her
head which done, they deliver the same gar-
land to the last two, who likewise observe
the same order, at which,—as it were by
inspiration,—she makes in her sleep signs
of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to
heaven and so in their dancing they vanish,
carrying the garland with them The music
continues

Kath Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye
all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif Madam, we are here
Kath It is not you I call for 85
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif None, madam,
Kath No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed
troop

Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness, 90
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I
feel

I am not worthy yet to wear I shall assuredly
Grif I am most joyful, madam, such good
dreams 93

Possess your fancy
Kath Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me [*Music ceases*
Pat Do you note

How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she
looks, 97

And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!
Grif She is going, wench Pray, pray
Pat Heaven comfort her! 100

Enter a Messenger

Mess An't like your Grace,—
Kath You are a saucy fellow

Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted great-
ness

To use so rude behaviour go to, kneel 104
Mess I humbly do entreat your highness
pardon,

My haste made me unmannerly There is
staying

A gentleman, sent from the king to see you
Kath Admit him entrance, Griffith but this
fellow 108

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger*

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the
emperor

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius
Cap Madam, the same, your servant

Kath O my lord! 112
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me But, I pray
you,

What is your pleasure with me?
Cap Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your Grace, the
next, 116

The king's request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations, 119
And heartily entreats you take good comfort

Kath O! my good lord, that comfort comes
too late

'Tis like a pardon after execution
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd
me,

But now I am past all comforts here but prayers
How does his highness?

Cap Madam, in good health 125
Kath So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor
name

Banish'd the kingdom Patience, is that letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?
Pat No, madam 129

[*Giving it to KATHARINE.*

Kath Sir I most humbly pray you to deliver
this to my lord the king

Cap Most willing, madam
Kath In which I have commended to his
goodness 132

The model of our chaste loves, his young
daughter

The dew of heaven fall thick in blessings on
her!

Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—
She is young and of a noble modest nature, 136
I hope she will deserve well—and a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd
him,

Heaven knows how dearly My next poor peti-
tion

Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long 141

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully.
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—
And now I should not lie,—but will deserve, 144
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble,
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have
'em. 148

The last is, for my men they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me,
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by 152
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer
life

And able means, we had not parted thus
These are the whole contents and, good my
lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world, 156
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the
king

To do me this last right.

Cap By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man! 160

Kath I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness

Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world, tell him, in death I bless'd
him. 164

For so I will Mine eyes grow dim Farewell,
My lord Griffith, farewell Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet I must to bed,
Call in more women When I am dead, good
wench, 168

Let me be us'd with honour strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may
know

I was a chaste wife to my grave embalm me,
Then lay me forth, although unqueen'd, yet
like 172

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me
I can no more [*Exeunt, leading KATHARINE*]

ACT V

SCENE I—*London A Gallery in the Palace*

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page
with a torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS
LOVELL*

Gar It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy It has struck

Gar These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights, times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us 4

To waste these times Good hour of night, Sir
Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at
pr. mero

With the Duke of Suffolk

Lov I must to him too, 8

Before he go to bed I'll take my leave

Gar Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell What's
the matter?

It seems you are in haste an if there be

No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business affairs, that
walk— 13

As they say spirits do—at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day

Lov My lord, I love you, 16
And durst commend a secret to your ear

Much weightier than this work The queen's in
labour,

They say, in great extremity, and fear'd
She'll with the labour end 19

Gar The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find

Good time, and live but for the stock, Sir
Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now

Lov Methinks I could

Cry the amen, and yet my conscience says 24
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does

Deserve our better wishes
Gar But, sir, sir,

Hear me, Sir Thomas you're a gentleman
Of mine own way, I know you wise, religious,

And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well, 26
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,

Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves

Lov Now sir, you speak of two 32
The most remark'd i' the kingdom As for

Cromwell
Beside that of the jewel-house, is made master

O' the rolls and the king's secretary, further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of his preferments,

With which the time will load him The arch-
bishop 37

Is the king's hand and tongue, and who dare
speak

One syllable against him?

Gar Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare, and I myself have ventur'd

To speak my mind of him and indeed this day,
Sir,—I may tell it you,—I think I have

Incens'd the lords o' the council that he is— 44
For so I know he is, they know he is—

A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land with which they

mov'd
Have broken with the king, who hath so far

Given ear to our complaint,—of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs

Our reasons laid before him,—hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board 51

Hebeconvented He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out From your affairs

I under you too long, good-night, Sir Thomas!

Lov Many good-nights, my lord I rest your
servant. [*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*]

Enter the KING and SUFFOLK

K Hen Charles, I will play no more to-
night, 56

My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me
Suf Sir, I did never win of you before.

K Hen But little, Charles,
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play. 60

Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message who return'd her thanks
In the great st humbleness, and desir'd your
highness

Most heartily to pray for her

K Hen What sayst thou, ha?
To pray for her? what! is she crying out?

Lov So said her woman, and that her suffer-
ance made

Almost each pang a death.

K Hen Alas! good lady
Suf God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladdening of
Your highness with an heir!

K Hen 'Tis midnight Charles
Prithee, to bed, and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen Leave me alone,
For I must tunk of that which company
Would not be friendly to

Suf I wish your highness
A quiet night and my good mistress will
Rememoe in my prayers

K Hen Charles good-night
[Exit SUFFOLK]

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY

Well, Sir, what follows?

Den Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-
bishop,

As you commanded me.

K Hen Ha! Canterbury?
Den Ay, my good lord.

K Hen 'Tis true where is he, Denny?
Den He attends your highness pleasure.

K Hen Bring him to us
[Exit DENNY]

Lov [Aside] This is about that which the
bishop spake

I am happily come hither

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER

K Hen Avoid the gallery
[LOVELL seems to stay]

Ha! I have said. Begone
What!—

Cran I am fearful. Wherefore frowns he
thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror all's not well
K Hen How now, my lord! You do desire to
know

Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran [Kneeling] It is my duty
To attend your highness pleasure

K Hen Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury

Come, you and I must walk a turn together,
I have news to tell you come, come, give me
your hand

Ah! my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you, which, being con-
sider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us, where, I know
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower you a brother
of us,

It fits we thus proceed or else no witness
Would come against you

Cran [Kneeling] I humbly thank your high-
ness,

And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder for I know
There's none stands under more calumnious
tongues

Than I myself, poor man
K Hen Stand up, good Canterbury
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend give me thy hand stand up
Prithee, let's walk Now, by thy holdname,
What manner of man are you? My lord I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have in some pains to bring to-
gether

Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard
you,
Without indurance, further

Cran Most dread hege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh
not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K Hen Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the
whole world?

Your enemies are many, and not small, their
practices
Must bear the same proportion, and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been
done

You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjurd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to go to,
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence! or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K Hen Be of good cheer,
They shall no more prevail than we give way
to

Keep comfort to you, and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall
chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary

Fail not to use, and with what vehemency

The occasion shall instruct you if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look! the good man
152 weeps,
He's honest, on mine honour God's blest
mother
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
155 None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [Exit CRANMER.] He
has strangled
His language in his tears

Enter an Old Lady

Gent [Within] Come back what mean you?
Old L I'll not come back, the tidings that I
bring
160 Will make my boldness manners Now, good
angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
K Hen Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay, and of a boy
Old L Ay, ay, my hege, 165
And of a lovely boy the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter Sir, your queen 168
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.
K Hen. Lovell!

Re-enter LOVELL

Lov Sir!
K Hen Give her a hundred marks I'll to
the queen. [Exit
Old L. A hundred marks! By this light, I'll
ha' more. 173
An ordinary groom is for such payment
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for thus the girl was like to him? 176
I will have more, or else unsay 't, and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt

SCENE II — *The Lobby before the Council-
Chamber*

*Enter CRANMER, Pursuivants, Pages, &c,
attending*

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the
gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd
me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?
Ho!
Who waits there?

Enter KEEPER

Sure, you know me?
Yes, my lord, 4
But yet I cannot help you. Why?
Cran Your Grace must wait till you be
call'd for

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS

Cran. So
Butts [Aside] This is a piece of malice I
am glad
I came this way so happily the king 8
Shall understand it presently
Cran [Aside] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician. As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me
Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace! For
certain, 12
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their
malice,—
To quench mine honour they would shame to
make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor 16
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys But their
pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience

Enter, at a window above, the KING and BUTTS

Butts I'll show your Grace the strangest
sight,—

K Hen What's that, Butts?

Butts I think your highness saw this many
a day 20

K Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts There, my lord,
The high promotion of his Grace of Canter-
bury,

Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuiv-
ants,

Pages, and footboys

K Hen Ha! 'Tis he, indeed 24

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had
thought

They had parted so much honesty among 'em,—

At least, good manners,—as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' plea-
sures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery 32

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close,

We shall hear more anon [Exeunt above

SCENE III — *The Council-Chamber*

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the DUKE OFSUFFOLK,
the DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, Lord
Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL.
The Chancellor places himself at the upper
end of the table on the left hand, a seat being
left void above him, as for the ARCHBISHOP OF
CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in
order on each side CROMWELL at the lower
end as secretary Keeper at the door*

Chan Speak to the business, Master secre-
tary

Why are we met in council?

Crom Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury

Gar Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor Who waits there? 4
 Keep Without, my noble lords?
 Gar Yes

Keep My lord archbishop
 And has done half-an hour, to know your pleasures

Chan Let him come in
 Keep Your Grace may enter now
 [CRANMER enters and approaches the council-table]

Chan My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry 8

To sit here at this present and behold
 That chair stand empty but we all are men,
 In our own natures frail, and capable
 Of our flesh few are angels out of which frailty
 And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us, 13

Have misdeemean'd yourself, and not a little
 Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
 The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,— 16

For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,
 Divers and dangerous, which are heresies,
 And, not reform'd may prove pernicious 19

Gar Which reformation must be sudden too,
 My noble lords, for those that tame wild horses
 Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,

Till they obey the manage If we suffer— 24
 Out of our easiness and childish pity
 To one man's honour—this contagious sickness,
 Farewell all physic and what follows then?
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taunt 28
 Of the whole state as, of late days, our neighbours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories

Cran My good lords, hitherto in all the progress 32

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
 And with no little study, that my teaching
 And the strong course of my authority
 Might go one way, and safely and the end 36
 Was ever, to do well nor is there living,—

I speak it with a single heart, my lords,—
 A man that more detests, more stirs against,
 Both in his private conscience and his place,
 Defacers of a public peace, than I do 41
 Pray heaven the king may never find a heart

With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment 44
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships

That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf Nay, my lord, 48
 That cannot be you are a counsellor,

And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gar My lord, because we have business of more moment,
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure, 52

And our consent, for better trial of you,
 From hence you be committed to the Tower,

Where, being but a private man again,
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 More than, I fear, you are provided for 57
 Cran Ah! my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you,

You are always my good friend if your will pass,
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
 You are so merciful I see your end, 61

'Tis my undoing love and meekness lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition
 Win straying souls with modesty again, 64
 Cast none away That I shall clear myself,

Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
 In doing daily wrongs I could say more, 68
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest

Gar My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
 That's the plain truth your painted gloss discovers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness 72

Crom My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
 By your good favour, too sharp men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect

For what they have been tis a cruelty 76
 To load a falling man.

Gar Good Master secretary,
 I cry your honour mercy, you may, worst

Of all this table, say so

Crom Why, my lord?
 Gar Do not I know you for a favourer 80
 Of this new sect? ye are not sound

Crom Not sound?
 Gar Not sound I say

Crom Would you were half so honest!
 Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears

Gar I shall remember this bold language.
 Crom Do, 84

Remember your bold life too

Chan This is too much,
 Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar I have done.
 Crom And I.

Chan Then thus for you, my lord it stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith 88
 You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner,

There to remain till the king's further pleasure
 Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

All We are
 Cran Is there no other way of mercy,
 But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar What other? 93
 Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
 Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar Receive him, 96
 And see him safe i' the Tower

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
 I have a little yet to say Look there, my lords;

By virtue of that ring I take my cause 99

Out of the grips of cruel men and give it
To a most noble judge the king my master

Chan. This is the king's ring,

Sur 'Tis no counterfeit

Suf 'Tis the right ring, by heaven! I told ye
all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves

Nor Do you think my lords, 105

The king will suffer but the little finger

Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain

How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't

Crom My mind gave me,

In seeking tales and informations

Against this man—whose honesty the devil

And his disciples only envy at— 112

Ye blew the fire that burns ye now have at ye!

*Enter the KING, frowning on them he takes
his seat*

Gar Dread sovereign, how much are we
bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince,

Not only good and wise, but most religious 116

One that in all obedience makes the Church

The chief aim of his honour, and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect,

His royal self in judgment comes to hear 120

The cause betwixt her and this great offender

K Hen You were ever good at sudden com-
mendations,

Bishop of Winchester but know, I come not

To hear such flattery now, and in my presence,

They are too thin and bare to hide offences 125

To me you cannot reach, you play the spangle,

And think with wagging of your tongue to win

me,

But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure

Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody 129

[*To CRANMER*] Good man, sit down. Now let

me see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee

By all that's holy, he had better starve 132

Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur May it please your Grace,—

K Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought I had had men of some under-

standing

And wisdom of my council, but I find none

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man, 137

This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—

This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy

At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?

Why, what a shame was this! Did my com- 141

mission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye

Power as he was a counsellor to try him,

Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,

More out of malice than integrity, 145

Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean,

Which ye shall never have while I live

Chan Thus far,

My most dread sov'reign, may it like your

Grace 148

To let my tongue excuse all What was pur-
pos'd

Concerning his imprisonment was rather—

If there be faith in men—meant for his trial

And fair purgation to the world, than malice, 152

I'm sure, in me

K Hen Well, well, my lords, respect him

Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it

I will say thus much for him, if a prince

May be beholding to a subject, I 156

Am, for his love and service so to him

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him

Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of

Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me,

That is, a fair young maid that yet wants

baptism, 161

You must be godfather, and answer for her

Cran The greatest monarch now alive may

glory

In such an honour how may I deserve it, 164

That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare

your spoons you shall have two noble partners

with you, the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady

Marquess Dorset will these please you? 169

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge

you,

Embrace and love this man

Gar With a true heart

And brother-love I do it

Cran And let heaven

Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation

K Hen Good man! those joyful tears show

thy true heart

The common voice I see, is verified

Of thee, which says thus, Do my Lord of

Canterbury 176

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever?

Come, lords, we trifle time away, I long

To have this young one made a Christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain, 180

So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV—The Palace-Yard

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and
his Man.

Port You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals.

Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude

slaves, leave your gaping

[*Within*] Good Master porter, I belong to

the larder 5

Port Belong to the gallows, and be hanged,

you rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch

me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones

these are but switches to 'em I'll scratch your

heads you must be seeing christenings! Do

you look for ale and cakes here, you rude

rascals? 12

Man. Pray, sir, be patient 'tis as much

impossible—

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with

cannons—

To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep

On May-day morning, which will never be 16
 We may as well push against Paul's as sur em
Port How got they in, and be hang'd?
Man Alas, I know not, how gets the tide in?
 As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—20
 You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
 I made no spare, sir

Port You did nothing sir
Man I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor
 Colbrand

To mow em down before me but if I spar d any
 That had a head to hit, either young or old,
 He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, 26
 Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again

And that I would not for a cow God save her!
 [Within] Do you hear, Master porter? 29

Port I shall be with you presently, good
 Master puppy Keep the door close, surrah

Man What would you have me do? 32
Port What should you do but knock 'em

down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to
 muster in? or have we some strange Indian
 with the great tool come to court, the women so
 besiege us? Bless me what a fry of fornication
 is at door! On my Christian conscience this
 one christening will beget a thousand here will
 be father godfather, and all together 40

Man Thespoons will be the bigger sir There
 is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be
 a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience
 twenty of the dog days now reign in 's nose all
 that stand about him are under the line, they
 need no other penance That fire-drake did I
 hit three times on the head and three times was
 his nose discharged against me he stands there
 like a mortar-piece to blow us There was a
 haberdasher's wife of small wit near him that
 railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off
 her head for kindling such a combustion in the
 state I mussed the meteor once, and hit that
 woman, who cried out, Clubs! when I might
 see from far some forty truncheoners draw to
 her succour which were the hope o' the Strand,
 where she was quartered They fell on, I made
 good my place, at length they came to the
 broomstaff to me, I defied em still, when
 suddenly a file of boys behind em, loose shot,
 delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was
 fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the
 work The devil was amongst em, I think, surely 64

Port These are the youths that thunder at a
 playhouse and fight for bitten apples, that no
 audience but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or
 the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers are
 able to endure I have some of 'em in *Limbo*
Patrum, and there they are like to dance these
 three days, besides the running banquet of two
 beadles, that is to come 72

Enter the Lord Chamberlain

Cham Mercy o' me, what a multitude are
 here!

They grow still too, from all parts they are
 coming,
 As if we kept a fair here! Where are these
 porters,

These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand,
 fellows 76

There s a trum rabble let in Are all these
 Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall
 have

Great store of room, no doubt left for the ladies,
 When they pass back from the christening

Port An t please your honour, 80
 We are but men and what so many may do
 Not being torn a-pieces we have done
 An army cannot rule em.

Cham As I live,
 If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all 84
 By the heels and suddenly, and on your heads
 Clap round fines for neglect ye're lazy knaves,
 And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when
 Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets
 sound, 88

They re come already from the christening
 Go, break among the press, and find a way out
 To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find

A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two
 months 92

Port Make way there for the princess
Man You great fellow,

Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache
Port You i the camlet, get up o' the rail

I'll pick you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt

SCENE V.—The Palace

*Enter trumpets, sounding, then two Aldermen,
 Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF
 NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF
 SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great stand-
 ing-bowls for the christening gifts then, four
 Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the
 DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing
 the child, richly habited in a mantle, &c
 train borne by a Lady, then follows the MAR-
 CHIONESS OF DORSET, the other godmother,
 and Ladies The troop pass once about the
 stage, and Garter speaks*

Gart Heaven, from thy endless goodness,
 send prosperous life long and ever happy to
 the high and mighty Princess of England, Eliza-
 beth! 4

Flourish. Enter KING and Train

Cran [Kneeling] And to your royal Grace,
 and the good queen

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray
 All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady
 Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, 8
 May hourly fall upon ye!

K Hen Thank you, good lord archbishop
 What is her name?

Cran Elizabeth.
K Hen. Stand up, lord.

[The KING kisses the Child
 With this kiss take my blessing, God protect
 thee!]

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran Amen. 12
K Hen My noble gossips, ye have been too
 prodigal

I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me, and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em
truth.

This royal infant,—heaven still move about
her!—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises 19
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness she shall
be—

But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed Saba was never 24
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue

Than this pure soul shall be all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good, 28
Shall still be doubled on her, truth shall nurse
her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her,
She shall be lov'd and fear'd, her own shall
bless her

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, 32
And hang their heads with sorrow, good grows
with her

In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours
God shall be truly known, and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by
blood 39

Nor shall this peace sleep with her, but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new-create another heir
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,— 44
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness,—

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror, 48

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name 52

Shall be, and make new nations, he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him, our children's children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England, 57

An aged princess, many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it
Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her, yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn
her

K. Hen. O lord archbishop! 64

Thou hast made me now a man never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heaven, I shall desire 68
To see what this child does, and praise my
Maker

I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding,
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, 73
lords

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank
ye,

She will be sick else This day no man think
He has business at his house, for all shall stay
This little one shall make it holiday [Exeunt

EPILOGUE

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here some come to take their ease
And sleep an act or two, but those, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets, so, 'tis clear
They'll say 'tis naught others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, 'That's witty!
Which we have not done neither that, I fear, 8
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em if they smile, 12
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours, for 'tis ill hap
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRIAM, King of Troy	NESTOR,	} Grecian Commanders.
HECTOR,	DIOMEDES,	
TROILUS,	PATROCLUS,	
PARIS,	HERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.	
DEIPHOBUS,	ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida	
HELENUS,	Servant to Troilus.	
MARGARELON a Bastard Son of Priam.	Servant to Paris.	
ÆNEAS,	Servant to Diomedes.	
ANTENOR,		
} Trojan Commanders.		
CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.	HELEN Wife to Menelaus.	
PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.	ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector	
AGAMEMNON the Grecian General.	CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam a prophetess.	
MENELAUS, his Brother	CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.	
ACHILLES,		
AJAX,		
ULYSSES,		
} Grecian Commanders.		

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it

PROLOGUE

*In Troy there lies the scene From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the munsters and instruments 4
Of cruel war sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong unmures 8
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps, and that's the quarrel
To Tenedos they come,
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their war-like freightage now on Dardan 13
plans
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilius, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples 17
And responsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited 24
In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play 29
Like or find fault, do as your pleasures are
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war*

ACT I

SCENE I.—Troy. Before PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,

That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, Troilus, alas! has none.
Pan Will this gear ne'er be mended?
Tro The Greeks are strong, and skilful to
their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness
valiant, 8
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractis'd infancy 12
Pan Well, I have told you enough of this
for my part I'll not meddle nor make no further
He that will have a cake out of the wheat must
tarry the grinding 16
Tro Have I not tarried?
Pan. Ay, the grinding, but you must tarry
the bolting.
Tro Have I not tarried? 20
Pan. Ay, the bolting, but you must tarry
the leavening
Tro Still have I tarried.
Pan. Ay, to the leavening, but here's yet in
the word 'hereafter' the kneading, the making
of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the
baking, nay, you must stay the cooling too, or
you may chance to burn your lips 28
Tro Patience herself, what goddess e'er she
be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit,
And when far Cressid comes unto my thoughts,—
So, traitor! 'when she comes'!—When is she
thence? 33
Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than
ever I saw her look, or any woman else.
Tro I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain, 37
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have—as when the sun doth light a storm—

Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile, 40
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming glad-
ness,

Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness
Pan An her hair were not somewhat darker
than Helen's,—well, go to,—there were no more
comparison between the women but, for my
part, she is my kinswoman, I would not, as they
term it, praise her, but I would somebody had
heard her talk yesterday, as I did I will not
dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but— 49

Tro O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep 52
They lie indrench'd I tell thee I am mad
In Cressid's love thou answer'st, she is fair,
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse, O! that her hand, 57
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft
seizure

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman thus thou
tell'st me, 61
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her,
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given
me 64

The knife that made it

Pan I speak no more than truth.

Tro Thou dost not speak so much

Pan Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be
as she is if she be fair, 'tis the better for her,
an she be not, she has the mends in her own
hands. 71

Tro Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!

Pan I have had my labour for my travail,
ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you
gone between, and between, but small thanks
for my labour 76

Tro What! art thou angry, Pandarus? what!
with me?

Pan Because she's kin to me, therefore she's
not so fair as Helen an she were not kin to me,
she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on
Sunday But what care I? I care not an she
were a black-a-moor, 'tis all one to me

Tro Say I she is not fair? 83

Pan I do not care whether you do or no
She's a fool to stay behind her father let her
to the Greeks, and so I'll tell her the next time
I see her For my part, I'll meddle nor make
no more in the matter. 88

Tro Pandarus,—

Pan Not I

Tro Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan Pray you, speak no more to me! I will
leave all as I found it, and there an end. 93

[Exit PANDARUS. An alarum.

Tro Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace,
rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus
I cannot fight upon this argument, 97
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus,—O gods! how do you plague me
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar, 100
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we? 104
Her bed is India, there she lies, a pearl
Between our Ilum and where she resides
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,
Ourself the merchant, and thus sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark 109

Alarum Enter ÆNEAS

Æne How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore
not afield?

Tro Because not there this woman's an-
swer sorts

For womanish it is to be from thence 112

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro By whom, Æneas?

Æne Troilus, by Menelaus

Tro Let Paris bleed 'tis but a scar to scorn,

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [Alarum]

Æne Hark, what good sport is out of town
to-day! 118

Tro Better at home, if 'would I might' were
'may'

But to the sport abroad are you bound thither?

Æne In all swift haste

Tro Come, go we then together
[Exeunt]

SCENE II.—The Same A Street

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres Who were those went by?

Alex Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cres And whither go they?

Alex Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle Hector, whose patience 4

Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer,

And, like as there were husbandry in war,

Before the sun rose he was harness'd light, 8

And to the field goes he, where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw

In Hector's wrath

Cres What was his cause of anger?

Alex The noise goes, thus there is among 12

the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector,

They call him Ajax

Cres Good, and what of him?

Alex They say he is a very man per se 16

And stands alone

Cres So do all men, unless they are drunk,

sick, or have no legs

Alex This man, lady, hath robbed many

beasts of their particular additions he is as

valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as

the elephant a man into whom nature hath so

crowded humours that his valour is crushed into

folly, his folly sauced with discretion there is

no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attainment but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind Argus all eyes and no sight. 31

Cres But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry? 32

Alex They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking. 37

Cres Who comes here?

Enter PANDARUS

Alex Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres Hector's a gallant man. 40

Alex As may be in the world, lady.

Pan What's that? what's that?

Cres Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander. How do you cousin? When were you at Ilion?

Cres This morning, uncle. 47

Pan What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to Ilion? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

Pan E'en so. Hector was stirring early. 52

Cres That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan Was he angry?

Cres So he says here.

Pan True, he was so. I know the cause too. He'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's Troilus will not come far behind him, let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too. 60

Cres What! is he angry too?

Pan Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres O Jupiter! there's no comparison. 64

Pan What! not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him. 68

Pan Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres Then you say as I say, for I am sure he is not Hector.

Pan No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees. 73

Cres 'Tis just to each of them: he is himself.

Pan Himself! Alas, poor Troilus, I would he were. 76

Cres So he is.

Pan Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres He is not Hector.

Pan Himself! no, he's not himself. Would a' were himself well, the gods are above, time must friend or end well, Troilus, well, I would my heart were in her body. No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus. 84

Cres Excuse me.

Pan He is elder.

Cres Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan Th' other's not come to't: you shall tell me another tale when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres He shall not need it if he have his own. 92

Pan Nor his qualities.

Cres No matter.

Pan Nor his beauty.

Cres 'Twould not become him his own's better. 96

Pan You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour,—for so 'tis I must confess,—not brown neither. 100

Cres No, but brown.

Pan Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres To say the truth, true and not true. 104

Pan She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan So he has.

Cres Then Troilus should have too much, if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his: he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose. 113

Pan I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres Then she's a merry Greek indeed. 116

Pan Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window, and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,— 120

Cres Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan Why, he is very young, and yet will he, within three pound lift as much as his brother Hector. 125

Cres Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan But to prove to you that Helen loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,— 130

Cres Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres O! he smiles valiantly.

Pan Does he not? 136

Cres O! yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan Why, go to, then. But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so. 141

Pan Troilus! why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens in the shell. 146

Pan I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin: indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,—

Cres Without the rack. 150

Pan And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres Alas! poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan But there was such laughing Queen
Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o'er

Cres With millstones 156
Pan And Cassandra laughed.

Cres But therewasmoretemperatefireunder
the pot of her eyes did her eyes run o'er too

Pan And Hector laughed. 160

Cres At what was all this laughing?

Pan Marry, at the white hair that Helen
spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres An't had been a green hair, I should
have laughed too 165

Pan They laughed not so much at the hair
as at his pretty answer

Cres What was his answer? 168

Pan Quoth she, 'Here's but one-and-fifty
hairs on your chin, and one of them is white'

Cres This is her question

Pan That's true make no question of that
'One-and-fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and one white
that white hair is my father, and all the rest are
his sons' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these
hairs is Paris, my husband?' 'The forked one,'
quoth he, 'pluck't out, and give it him' But
there was such laughing and Helen so blushed,
and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed,
that it passed 180

Cres So let it now, for it has been a great
while going by

Pan Well, cousin, I told you a thing yester-
day, think on't. 184

Cres So I do

Pan I'll be sworn 'tis true he will weep you,
an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres And I'll spring up in his tears, an
'twere a nettle against May [A retreat sounded

Pan Hark! they are coming from the field.
Shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass
toward Ilum? good niece, do, sweet niece, Cressida.

Cres At your pleasure 193

Pan Here, here, here's an excellent place
here we may see most bravely I'll tell you them
all by their names as they pass by, but mark
Troilus above the rest. 197

Cres Speak not so loud.

ENEAS passes over the stage.

Pan That's Æneas is not that a brave
man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell
you but mark Troilus, you shall see anon. 201

ANTENOR passes over

Cres Who's that?

Pan That's Antenor he has a shrewd wit,
I can tell you, and he's a man good enough
he's one of the soundest judgments in Troy,
whosoever, and a proper man of person. When
comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon
if he see me you shall see him nod at me. 208

Cres Will he give you the nod?

Pan You shall see

Cres If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan That's Hector, that, that, look you, that,
there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's

a brave man, niece O brave Hector! Look
how he looks! there's a countenance! Is't not
a brave man? 216

Cres O! a brave man.

Pan Is a' not? It does a man's heart good.
Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look
you yonder, do you see? look you there there's
no jesting, there's laying on, take't off who
will, as they say there be hacks! 222

Cres Be those with swords?

Pan Swords? any thing, he cares not, an
the devil come to him, it's all one by God's lid,
it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris,
yonder comes Paris 227

PARIS crosses over

Look ye yonder, niece is't not a gallant man
too, is't not? Why, this is brave now Who
said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt
why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha!
Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see
Troilus anon 233

Cres Who's that?

HELENUS passes over

Pan That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus
is. That's Helenus I think he went not forth
to-day That's Helenus 237

Cres Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan Helenus? no, yes, he'll fight indifferent
well I marvel where Troilus is Hark! do you
not hear the people cry, 'Troilus?' Helenus is
a priest 242

Cres What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROIUS passes over

Pan Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus
'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hem! Brave
Troilus! the prince of chivalry! 246

Cres Peace! for shame, peace!

Pan Mark him, note him O brave Troilus!
look well upon him, niece look you how his
sword is bloodied, and his helmet more hacked
than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he
goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-
and-twenty Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way!
Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a
goddess he should take his choice O admirable
man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him, and, I
warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to
boot.

Cres Here come more. 259

Soldiers pass over

Pan Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff
and bran! porridge after meat! I could live
and die! the eyes of Troilus Ne'er look, ne'er
look, the eagles are gone crows and daws,
crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as
Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece 265

Cres There is among the Greeks Achilles, a
better man than Troilus.

Pan Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very
camel. 269

Cres Well, well.

Pan 'Well, well!' Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man? 276

Cres Ay, a minced man and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out

Pan You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie 281

Cres Upon my back, to defend my belly, upon my wit, to defend my wiles, upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty, my mask, to defend my beauty, and you, to defend all these and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches

Pan Say one of your watches 288

Cres Nay, I'll watch you for that and that's one of the chiefest of them too if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching 293

Pan You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy

Boy Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you 296

Pan Where?

Boy At your own house, there he unarm'd him.

Pan Good boy, tell him I come [*Exit Boy*] I doubt he be hurt Fare ye well, good niece

Cres Adieu, uncle

Pan I'll be with you, niece, by and by

Cres To bring, uncle?

Pan Ay, a token from Troilus 304

Cres By the same token, you are a bawd.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice
He offers in another's enterprise,
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see 308
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.
Yet hold I off Women are angels, wooing
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing

That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this 312

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach 316
Achievement is command, ungain'd, beseech
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp Before
AGAMEMNON'S Tent*

*Sennet Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,
MENELAUS, and Others*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below 4
Falls in the promis'd largeness checks and
disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain 8
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us
That we come short of our suppose so far
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls
stand, 10

Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought 16
That gave t surmised shape Why then, you
princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And call them shames? which are indeed nought
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove, 20
To find persisive constancy in men

The fineness of which metal is not found
In Fortune's love, for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread, 24
The hard and soft, seem all affi'd and kin

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away, 28
And what hath mass or matter, by itself

Lies rich in virtue and unmingled
Nest With due observance of thy god-like
seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply 32
Thy latest words In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men the sea being smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way 36
With those of nobler bulk!

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetus, and anon behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid moun-
tains cut, 40

Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse where's then the saucy boat
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled, 44
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so

Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune, for in her ray and bright-
ness

The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze 48
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why then the thing
of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key, 52
Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulysses Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of
Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit, 56
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation

The which [To AGAMEMNON] most mighty for
thy place and sway, 60
[To NESTOR] And thou most reverend for thy
stretch'd-out life,
I give to both your speeches, which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass, and such again
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver, 65
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-
tree
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish
ears
To his experienc'd tongue, yet let it please
both, 68
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak
Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca, and be t of
less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident, 72
When rank Theristes opes his mastick jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle
Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been
down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a
master, 76
But for these instances
The specialty of rule hath been neglected
And look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow fac-
tions 80
When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What have we expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask
The heavens themselves, the planets, and thus
centre 85
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order 88
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other, whose medicinal eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil, 92
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad but when the
planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny,
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth, 97
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes,
horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states 100
Quite from their fixture! O! when degree is
shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores, 105
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Precedence of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place? 108
Take but degree away, untune that string
And, hark! what discord follows, each thing
meets
In mere oppugnancy the bounded waters

Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe 113
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead
Force should be right, or rather, right and
wrong— 116
Between whose endless jar justice resides—
Should lose their names, and so should justice
too
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite, 120
And appetite, a universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce a universal prey,
And last eat up himself Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate, 125
Follows the choking
And this neglect of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward with a purpose
It hath to climb The general's disdain'd 129
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath, so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick 132
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own snaws To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength
Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here dis-
cover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick
Agam. The nature of the sickness found,
Ulysses, 140
What is the remedy?
Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion
crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame, 144
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs With him Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests, 148
And with ridiculous and awkward action—
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls—
He pageants us Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on 152
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffold-
age,— 156
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in—and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending, with terms un-
squar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
dropp'd, 160
Would seem hyperboles At this fusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause,
Cries, 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just. 164
Now play me Nestor, hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being drest to some oration'
That's done—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, like as Vulcan and his wife—
Yet good Achilles still cries, 'Excellent! 166

'Tis Nestor right Now play him me Patroclus,
 Arming to answer in a night alarm
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age 172
 Must be the scene of mirth, to cough and spit,
 And with a palsy fumbling on his gorger,
 Shake in and out the rivet and at this sport
 Sir Valour dies, cries, 'O' enough Patroclus
 Or give me ribs of steel, I shall split all 177
 In pleasure of my spleen' And in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact 180
 Achievements plots orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success or loss what is or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes 84
Nes And in the imitation of these twain—
 Whom as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice—many are infect
 Ajax is grown self will'd, and bears his head 188
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles, keeps his tent like him,
 Makes factious feasts rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle and sets Thersites— 192
 A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint—
 To match us in comparison with dirt,
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger 196
Ulys They tax our policy, and call it
 cowardice

COUNT wisdom as no member of the war,
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand the skill and mental parts, 200
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
 Of their observant toil the enemies weight,—
 Why, thus hath not a finger's dignity 204
 They call this bed work, mappery, closet-war,
 So that the ram that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
 They place before his hand that made the engine
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution. 210
Nes Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons [A tucket
Agam What trumpet? look, Menelaus
Men From Troy

Enter ENEAS.

Agam What would you 'fore our tent?
Ene Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I
 pray you? 216
Agam Even this
Ene May one, that is a herald and a prince,
 Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agam With surety stronger than Achilles'
 arm 220
 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one
 voice
 Call Agamemnon head and general.
Ene Fair leave and large security. How
 may
 A stranger to those most imperial looks 224
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam How!
Ene Ay,
 I ask, that I might waken reverence

And bid the cheek be ready with a blush 228
 Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
 The youthful Phœbus
 Which is that god in office guiding men?
 Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon? 232
Agam This Trojan scorns us, or the men of
 Troy
 Are ceremonious courtiers
Ene Courtiers as free as debonair, unarm'd,
 As bending angels, that s their fame in peace
 But when they would seem soldiers, they have
 galls, 237
 Good arms strong joints, true swords, and,
 Jove's accord
 Nothing so full of heart But peace, *Eneas*!
 Peace, Trojan! lay thy finger on thy lips! 240
 The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
 If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth,
 But what the repining enemy commends,
 That breath fame blows, that praise, sole pure,
 transcends 244
Agam Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself
Eneas?
Ene Ay, Greek that is my name
Agam What's your affair I pray you?
Ene Sir pardon us for Agamemnon sears
Agam He hears nought privately that comes
 from Troy 249
Ene Nor I from Troy come not to whisper
 him
 I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
 To set his sense on the attentive bent, 252
 And then to speak.
Agam Speak frankly as the wind
 It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour,
 That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
 He tells thee so himself
Ene Trumpet, blow aloud 256
 Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents,
 And every Greek o' mettle let him know,
 What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.
 [Trumpet sounds
 We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy, 260
 A prince called Hector,—Priam is his father,—
 Who in this dull and long continu'd truce
 Is rusty grown he bade me take a trumpet,
 And to this purpose speak king's, princes, lords!
 If there be one among the fair st of Greece 265
 That holds his honour higher than his ease,
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his
 peril, 269
 That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
 That loves his mistress more than in confes-
 sion,
 With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
 And dare avow her beauty and her worth
 In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
 Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks, 273
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
 He hath a lady wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms, 276
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
 Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.
 If any come, Hector shall honour him, 280
 If none, he'll say in Troy when he returns,

The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord
Æneas,

If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home but we are soldiers,
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love! 288
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector, if none else, I am he
Nest Tell him of Nestor, one that was a
man

When Hector's grandsire suck'd he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian host 293
One noble man that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver, 296
And in my vanbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world his youth in flood 300
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of
blood

Æne Now heavens forbid such scarcity of
youth!

Ulyss. Amen
Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your
hand,

To our pavilion shall I lead you first.
Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent
Yourself shall feast with us before you go, 308
And find the welcome of a noble foe

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulyss. Nestor!
Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my
bram,

Be you my time to bring it to some shape

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis
Blunt wedges rive hard knots the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up 317
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how? 320

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector
sends,

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as
substance 324

Whose grossness little characters sum up
And, in the publication, make no stram,
But that Achilles, were his bram as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows, 328
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judg-
ment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think
you? 332

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you
else oppose,

That can from Hector bring those honours off,

If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells, 336
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd

In this wild action, for the success, 340
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general,

And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen 344
The baby figure of the giant mass

Of things to come at large It is suppos'd
He that meets Hector issues from our choice,

And choice, being mutual act of all our souls, 348
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd

Out of our virtues, who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquering
part, 352

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows

Directive by the limbs 356
Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech

Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector
Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,
And think perchance they'll sell, if not, 360

The lustre of the better yet to show
Shall show the better Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet,

For both our honour and our shame in this 364
Are dogg'd with two strange followers

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes what
are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from
Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should share with
him 368

But he already is too insolent,
And we were better parch in Afric sun

Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair if he were foul, 372

Why then we did our main opinion crush
In tant of our best man. No, make a lottery,
And by device let blockish Ajax draw

The sort to fight with Hector among our-
selves 376

Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon

Who broils in loud applause, and make him
fall

His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends 380
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices if he fail,

Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men But, but or miss, 384

Our project's life thus shape of sense assumes
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice, 388

And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon go we to him straight.

Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their
bone.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—A Part of the Grecian Camp

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax Thersites!
Ther Agamemnon, how if he had boils? full,
 all over, generally?
Ajax Thersites!
Ther And those boils did run? Say so, did
 not the general run then? were not that a
 botchy core?

Ajax Dog!
Ther Then would come some matter from
 him I see none now
Ajax Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not
 hear?
Feel then [Strikes him]

Ther The plague of Greece upon thee, thou
 mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax Speak then, thou vine-wedst leaven,
 speak I will beat thee into handsomeness

Ther I shall sooner rail thee into wit and
 holiness but I think thy horse will sooner con
 an oration than thou learn a prayer without
 book Thou canst strike canst thou? a red
 murrain o thy jade's tricks!

Ajax Toadstool, learn me the proclamation
Ther Dost thou think I have no sense, thou
 strik'st me thus?

Ajax The proclamation!
Ther Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think
Ajax Do not, porpentine, do not my fingers
 itch

Ther I would thou didst itch from head to
 foot and I had the scratching of thee, I would
 make thee the loathsomest scab of Greece
 When thou art forth in the incursions, thou
 strikest as slow as another

Ajax I say, the proclamation!
Ther Thou grumblest and railest every hour
 on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his
 greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty,
 ay that thou barkest at him.

Ajax Mistress Thersites!
Ther Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax Cobloaf!
Ther He would pun thee into shivers with
 his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax You whoreson cur [Beating him]
Ther Do, do

Ajax Thou stool for a witch!
Ther Ay, do, do thou sodden-witted lord!
 thou hast no more brain than I have in mine
 elbows, an assinego may tutor thee thou scurvy-
 valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans,
 and thou art bought and sold among those of
 any wit, like a barbarian slave If thou use to
 beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what
 thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax You dog!
Ther You scurvy lord!

Ajax You cur! [Beating him]
Ther Mars his idiot! do, rudeness, do,
 camel, do, do

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

Achil Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do
 you this?

How now Thersites! what's the matter, man?

Ther You see him there do you?

Achil Ay what's the matter?

Ther Nay, look upon him.

Achil So I do what's the matter?

Ther Nay, but regard him well

Achil 'Well! why so I do

Ther But yet you look not well upon him,

for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax

Achil I know that, fool

Ther Ay, but that fool knows not himself

Ajax Therefore I beat thee

Ther Lo, lo, lo, lo what modicums of wit he

utters! his evasions have ears thus long I have

bobbed his brain more than he has beat my

bones I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and

his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a

sparrow This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears

his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll

tell you what I say of him.

Achil What?

Ther I say, this Ajax,—

[Ajax offers to strike him]

Achil Nay, good Ajax

Ther Has not so much wit—

Achil Nay, I must hold you

Ther As will stop the eye of Helen's needle,

for whom he comes to fight.

Achil Peace, fool!

Ther I would have peace and quietness, but

the fool will not he there, that he, look you

there

Ajax O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther No, I warrant you, for a fool's will

shame it.

Patr Good words, Thersites.

Achil What's the quarrel?

Ajax I bade the vile owl go learn me the

tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon

me.

Ther I serve thee not.

Ajax Well, go to, go to

Ther I serve here voluntary

Achil Your last service was sufferance, 'twas

not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary

Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under

an impress.

Ther Even so, a great deal of your wit too

lies in your sinews, or else there be liars Hector

shall have a great catch if he knock out either of

your brains a' were as good crack a fusty nut

with no kernel.

Achil What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose

wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails

on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen, and

make you plough up the wars.

Achil What, what?

Ther Yes, good sooth to, Achilles! to,

Ajax! to!

Ajax I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards

Patr No more words, *Thersites*, peace! 124

Ther I will hold my peace when *Achilles* brach bids me, shall I?

Achl There's for you, *Patroclus*

Ther I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools. [Exit 132

Patr A good riddance

Achl Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host

That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and *Troy* To-morrow morning call some knight to arms That hath a stomach, and such a one that dares 137 Maintain—I know not what 'tis trash Farewell.

Ajax Farewell Who shall answer him?

Achl I know not it is put to lottery, otherwise, 140

He knew his man.

Ajax O, meaning you I will go learn more of it. [Exeunt

SCENE II.—*Troy* A Room in *PRIAM'S Palace*

Enter *PRIAM*, *HECTOR*, *TROIUS*, *PARIS*, and *HELENUS*.

Pri After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,

Thus once again says *Nestor* from the Greeks 'Deliver *Helen*, and all damage else, As honour loss of time, travail, expense, 4 Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war, Shall be struck off? *Hector*, what say you to't?

Hect Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I, 8

As far as toucheth my particular,

Yet, dread *Friam*,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More spongy to suck in the sense of fear, 12 More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'

Than *Hector* is The wound of peace is surety, Surety secure, but modest doubt is call'd The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches 16 To the bottom of the worst. Let *Helen* go Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Every tithesoul, 'mongst many thousand dimes, Hath been as dear as *Helen*, I mean, of ours If we have lost so many tenths of ours, 21 To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us, Had it our name, the value of one ten, What merit's in that reason which denies 24 The yielding of her up?

Tro Fie, fie! my brother,

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king So great as our dread father in a scale Of common ounces? will you with counters sum The past proportion of his infinite? 29 And buckle in a waist most fathomless

With spans and inches so diminutive

As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame! 32

Hel No marvel though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them Should not our father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons, Because your speech hath none that tells him so? 36

Tro You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons

You know an enemy intends you harm, You know a sword employ'd is perilous, 40

And reason flies the object of all harm Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set The very wings of reason to his heels, 44

And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove, Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,

Let's shut our gates and sleep manhood and honour

Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts 48

With this cram'd reason reason and respect Make livers pale, and lusthood deject.

Hect Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost

The holding

Tro What is aught but as 'tis valu'd?

Hect But value dwells not in particular will, It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 'tis precious of itself As in the prize This mad idolatry 56

To make the service greater than the god, And the will dotes that is inclinable

To what infectiously itself affects, Without some image of the affected merit 60

Tro I take to-day a wife, and my election Is led on in the conduct of my will,

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears, Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores 64

Of will and judgment How may I avoid, Although my will distaste what it elected,

The wife I chose? there can be no evasion To blench from this and to stand firm by

honour 68

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant When we have sold them, nor the remainder

vands We do not throw in unrespective sink Because we now are full. It was thought meet

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks Your breath of full consent bellied his sails,

The seas and winds—old wranglers—took a truce

And did him service he touch'd the ports desir'd, 76

And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness

Wrinkles *Apollo's*, and makes stale the morning

Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt.

Is she worth keeping? why she is a pearl 81
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand
 ships
 And ruin'd crown'd kings to merchants
 If you'll avouch twas wisdom Paris went — 84
 As you must needs, for you all cried Go go —
 If you'll confess he brought home nob's prize —
 As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your
 hands

And cry'd Inestimable! — why do you now 88
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that Fortune never did,
 Beggar the estimation which you prize
 Richer than sea and land? O! theft most base,
 That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep! 93
 But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
 That in their country did them that disgrace
 We fear to warrant in our native place 96

Cas [Within] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri What noise? what shriek?

Tro 'Tis our mad sister I do know her voice

Cas [Within] Cry Trojans!

Hect It is Cassandra 100

Enter CASSANDRA raving

Cas Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand
 eyes

And I will fill them with prophetic tears

Hect Peace, sister, peace!

Cas Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
 eids, 104

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
 Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come
 Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
 Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand, 109
 Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all
 Cry Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!
 Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go [Exit
Hect Now, youthful Troilus, do not these
 high strains 113

Of divination in our sister work
 Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
 So madly hot that no discourse of reason, 116
 Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
 Can qualify the same?

Tro Why, brother Hector,
 We may not think the justness of each act
 Such and no other than event doth form it, 120
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
 Because Cassandra's mad her brain-sick rap-
 tures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
 Which hath our several honours all engag'd 124
 To make it gracious. For my private part,
 I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons,
 And Jove forbid there should be done amongst
 us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
 To fight for and maintain. 129

Par Else might the world convince of levity
 As well my undertakings as your counsels,
 But I attest the gods, your full consent 132
 Gave wings to my propension and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project
 For what, alas! can these my single arms?

What propugnation is in one man's valour, 136
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite? Yet I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will, 140
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done
 Nor faint in the pursuit

Pri Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights
 You have the honey still but these the gall, 144
 So to be valiant is no praise at all

Par Sir I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasure such a beauty brings with it,
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape 148
 Wip'd off in honourable keeping her
 What treason were it to the ransom'd queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up, 152
 On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
 That so degenerate a strain as this
 Should once set footing in your generous
 bosoms?

There's not the meanest spirit on our party 156
 Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
 When Helen is defended nor none so noble
 Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfam'd
 Where Helen is the subject then I say, 160
 Well may we fight for her whom we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel

Hect Paris and Troilus, you have both said
 well,

And on the cause and question now in hand 164
 Have glaz'd but superficially, not much
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy
 The reasons you allege do more conduce 168
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and re-
 venge

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision Nature craves 173
 All dues be render'd to their owners now,
 What nearer debt in all humanity
 Than wife is to the husband? if this law 176
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation 180
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
 As it is known she is, these moral laws 184
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd thus to persist
 In doing wrong extenuates not wrong
 But makes it much more heavy Hector's
 opinion 188

Is this, in way of truth, yet, nevertheless,
 My spritely brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep Helen still,
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities. 193

Tro Why, there you touch'd the life of our
 design

Were it not glory that we more affected

Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood 197
Spent more in her defence But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, 200
Whose present courage may beat down our
foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us,
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promiss'd glory 204
As smiles upon the forehead of this action
For the wide world's revenue

Hect I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Pnamus
I have a rousing challenge sent amongst 208
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits
I was advertis'd their great general slept
Whilst emulation in the army crept 212
Thus, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp Before
ACHILLES' Tent*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther How now, Thersites! what, lost in the
labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax
carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him
O worthy satisfaction! Would it were otherwise,
that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me
'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but
I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations
Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer If Troy be
not taken till these two undermine it, the walls
will stand till they fall of themselves O! thou
great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that
thou art Jove the king of gods, and, Mercury
lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if
ye take not that little little less than little wit
from them that they have, which short-armed
ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce it
will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a
spider, without drawing their massy irons and
cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on
the whole camp! or, rather, the Neapolitan
bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse de-
pendant on those that war for a placket. I have
said my prayers, and devil Envy say Amen.
What, ho! my Lord Achilles! 24

Enter PATROCLUS

Patr Who's there? Thersites! Good Ther-
sites, come in and rail.

Ther If I could have remembered a gilt
counterset, thou wouldst not have shipped out
of my contemplation but it is no matter, thy-
self upon thyself! The common curse of man-
kind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great
revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and
discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be
thy direction till thy death! then, if she that
lays thee out says thou art a fair corpse, I'll be
sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded
any but lazars. Amen Where's Achilles? 37

Patr What! art thou devout? wast thou in
prayer?

Ther Ay, the heavens hear me!

40

Enter ACHILLES

Achil Who's there?

Patr Thersites, my lord

Achil Where, where? Art thou come? Why,
my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not
served thyself in to my table so many meals?
Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther Thy commander, Achilles Then tell
me Patroclus, what's Achilles? 48

Patr Thy lord, Thersites Then tell me, I
pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther Thy knower, Patroclus Then tell me,
Patroclus, what art thou? 52

Patr Thou mayst tell that knowest.

Achil O! tell tell

Ther I'll decline the whole question. Aga-
memnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my
lord, I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is
a fool.

Patr You rascal!

Ther Peace, fool! I have not done 60

Achil He is a privileged man. Proceed,
Thersites

Ther Agamemnon is a fool, Achilles is a
fool, Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid,
Patroclus is a fool. 65

Achil Derive this, come

Ther Agamemnon is a fool to offer to com-
mand Achilles, Achilles is a fool to be com-
manded of Agamemnon, Thersites is a fool to
serve such a fool, and Patroclus is a fool
positive.

Patr Why am I a fool? 72

Ther Make that demand to the Creator It
suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes
here?

Achil Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody
Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit*

Ther Here is such patchery, such juggling,
and such knavery! all the argument is a
cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw
emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now,
the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and
lechery confound all! [*Exit*

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIO-
MEDES, and AJAX.*

Agam. Where is Achilles? 84

Patr Within his tent, but ill-dispos'd, my
lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are
here.

He shent our messengers, and we lay by
Our appertunments, visiting of him 88
Let him be told so, lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are

Patr I shall say so to him.
[*Exit*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his
tent 92
He is not sick.

Ajax Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart you
may call it melancholy if you will favour the

man, but by my head, 'tis pride but why,
why? let him show us a cause A word, my lord

[Takes AGAMEMNON aside]
Nest What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him

Nest Who, Thersites?

Ulyss He

Nest Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles

Nest All the better, their faction is more our wish than their faction but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite

Ulyss The amity that wisdom knits not folly may easily untie Here comes Patroclus

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest No Achilles with him.

Ulyss The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure

Patr Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry if any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness and this noble state To call upon him, he hopes it is no other But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam Hear you, Patroclus We are too well acquainted with these answers But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions Much attribute he hath, and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld, Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss, Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him, and you shall not

sin If you do say we think him over-proud And under-honest, in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgment, and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,

Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind

His humorous predomance, yea, watch His pettish luncs, his ebbs, his flows, as if

The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,

That if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him, but let him, like an engine

Not portable, be under this report

'Bring action hither, this cannot go to war' A stirring dwarf we do allowance give

Before a sleeping giant tell him so

Patr I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Agam In second voice we'll not be satisfied, We come to speak with him. *Ulysses, enter you.*

Ulyss What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam No question

Ajax Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Agam No, noble Ajax, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable

Ajax Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is

Agam Your mind is the clearer, Ajax and your virtues the fairer He that is proud eats up himself pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise

Ajax I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads

Nest *[Aside]* Yet he loves himself is t not strange?

Re-enter ULYSSES

Ulyss Achilles will not to the field to-morrow

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss He doth rely on none, But carries on the stream of his dispose

Without observance or respect of any, In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam Why will he not upon our fair request

Untent his person and share the air with us?

Ulyss Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important possess'd he is with greatness,

And speaks not to himself but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath imagin'd worth

Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,

That 'twixt his mental and his active parts Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages

And batters down himself what should I say? He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens

of it Cry 'No recovery'

Agam. Let Ajax go to him. Dear lord, go you and meet him in his tent

'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led At your request a little from himself

Ulyss O Agamemnon! let it not be so We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes

When they go from Achilles shall the proud lord

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam, And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve And ruminate himself shall he be worshipp'd

Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd,

Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit, As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles That were to enlard his fat-already pride,

And add more coals to Cancer when he burns.

With entertaining great Hyperion. 209
 This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
 And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him'
Nest [Aside] O! this is well, he rubs the
 vein of him 213
Dio [Aside] And how his silence drinks up
 this applause!
Ajax If I go to him, with my armed fist 216
 I'll pash him o'er the face
Agam O, no! you shall not go
Ajax An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze
 his pride
 Let me go to him 220
Ulyss Not for the worth that hangs upon
 our quarrel
Ajax A paltry, insolent fellow!
Nest [Aside] How he describes himself!
Ajax Can he not be sociable? 224
Ulyss [Aside] The raven chides blackness
Ajax I'll let his humours blood
Agam [Aside] He will be the physician
 that should be the patient 228
Ajax An all men were o' my mind,—
Ulyss [Aside] Wit would be out of fashion
Ajax A' should not bear it so, a' should eat
 swords first shall pride carry it? 232
Nest [Aside] An't would, you'd carry half
Ulyss [Aside] A' would have ten shares
Ajax I will knead him, I will make him
 supple
Nest [Aside] He's not yet through warm
 force hun with praises pour in, pour in, his
 ambition is dry 238
Ulyss [To AGAMEMNON] My lord, you feed
 too much on this dislike
Nest Our noble general, do not do so 240
Dio You must prepare to fight without
 Achilles
Ulyss Why, 'tis this naming of him does
 him harm
 Here is a man—but 'tis before his face,
 I will be silent.
Nest Wherefore should you so? 244
 He is not emulous, as Achilles is
Ulyss Know the whole world, he is as
 valiant
Ajax A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus
 with us! Would he were a Trojan! 248
Nest What a vice were it in Ajax now,—
Ulyss If he were proud,—
Dio Or covetous of praise,—
Ulyss Ay, or surly borne,— 252
Dio Or strange, or self-affected!
Ulyss Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of
 sweet composure,
 Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee
 suck
 Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature 256
 Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition
 But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
 Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
 And give him half and, for thy vigour, 260
 Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
 To sinewy Ajax I will not praise thy wisdom,
 Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
 Thy spacious and dilated parts here's Nestor

Instructed by the antiquary times, 265
 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise,
 But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
 As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
 You should not have the eminence of him, 269
 But be as Ajax
Ajax Shall I call you father?
Ulyss Ay, my good son
Dio Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax
Ulyss There is no tarrying here, the hart
 Achilles 272
 Keeps thicket Please it our great general
 To call together all his state of war,
 Fresh kings are come to Troy to-morrow,
 We must with all our main of power stand fast
 And here's a lord,—come knights from east to
 west, 277
 And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam Go we to council Let Achilles sleep
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks
 draw deep [Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I—Troy PRIAM'S Palace

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan Friend! you! pray you, a word do not
 you follow the young Lord Paris?
Serv Ay, sir, when he goes before me
Pan You depend upon him, I mean? 4
Serv Sir, I do depend upon the Lord
Pan You depend upon a noble gentleman,
 I must needs praise him
Serv The Lord be praised! 6
Pan You know me, do you not?
Serv Faith, sir, superficially
Pan Friend, know me better I am the
 Lord Pandarus 12
Serv I hope I shall know your honour
 better
Pan I do desire it
Serv You are in the state of grace 16
Pan Grace! not so, friend, honour and
 lordship are my titles. [Music within.] What
 music is this?
Serv I do but partly know, sir it is music
 in parts 21
Pan Know you the musicians?
Serv Wholly, sir
Pan Who play they to? 24
Serv To the hearers, sir
Pan At whose pleasure, friend?
Serv At mine, sir, and theirs that love music
Pan Command, I mean, friend. 28
Serv Who shall I command, sir?
Pan Friend, we understand not one another
 I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning At
 whose request do these men play? 32
Serv That's to't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at
 the request of Paris my lord, who is there in
 person, with him the mortal Venus, the heart-
 blood of beauty, love's invisible soul. 36
Pan Who, my cousin Cressida?
Serv No, sir, Helen could you not find out
 that by her attributes?
Pan It should seem, fellow, that thou hast

not seen the Lady Cressida I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes 44

Serv Sudden business there's a stewed phrase, indeed

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended

Pan Fair be to you my lord and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measures fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow! 50

Helen Dear lord you are full of fair words

Pan You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par You have broke it cousin and, by my life, you shall make it whole again you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance Nell, he is full of harmony 57

Pan Truly, lady, no

Helen O, sir!

Pan Rude, in sooth, in good sooth, very rude 61

Pan Well said, my lord! Well, you say so in fits

Pan I have business to my lord, dear queen My lord will you vouchsafe me a word? 65

Helen Nay, this shall not hedge us out we'll hear you sing certainly

Pan Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me But marry, thus, my lord My dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen My Lord Pandarus, honey-sweet lord,— 73

Pan Go to, sweet queen, go to commend himself most affectionately to you

Helen You shall not bob us out of our melody if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan Sweet queen, sweet queen! that's a sweet queen, I' faith 80

Helen And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence

Pan Nay, that shall not serve your turn that shall it not, in truth, la! Nay, I care not for such words no, no And, my lord, he desires you, that if the kung call for him at supper, you will make his excuse

Helen My Lord Pandarus,— 88

Pan What says my sweet queen, my very sweet queen?

Par What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night? 92

Helen Nay, but my lord,—

Pan What says my sweet queen! My cousin will fall out with you. You must know where he sups. 96

Par I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan No, no, no such matter, you are wide. Come, your disposer is sick. 100

Par Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par I spy 104

Pan You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument Now, sweet queen

Helen Why, this is kindly done

Pan My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have sweet queen 109

Helen She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris

Pan He! no, she'll none of him, they two are twain. 113

Helen Falling in, after falling out, may make them three

Pan Come come, I'll hear no more of this I'll sing you a song now 117

Helen Ay ay, prithee now By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead

Pan Ay, you may, you may 120

Helen Let thy song be love this love will undo us all O Cupid Cupid Cupid!

Pan Love! ay that it shall I' faith

Par Ay, good now, love, love nothing but love 125

Pan In good troth, it begins so

[Sings]

Love love nothing but love still more!

For oh! love's bow 128

Shoots buck and doe

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds

But tickles still the sore 132

These lovers cry O! O! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill

Doth turn O! O! to ha! ha! ha! 136

So dying love lives still

O! O! a while but ha! ha! ha!

O! O! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen In love, I' faith, to the very tip of the nose 141

Par He eats nothing but doves love and that breeds hot blood and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love 145

Pan Is this the generation of love? hot blood? hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why they are vipers is love a generation of vipers? 149

Par Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so

How chance my nephew Troilus went not? 153

Helen He has he lip at something you know all Lord Pandarus.

Pan Not I, honey-sweet queen I long to hear how they sped to-day You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par To a hair

Pan Farewell, sweet queen. 160

Helen Commend me to your niece.

Pan I will, sweet queen.

[Exit A retreat sounded]

Par They're come from field let us to Priam's hall

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you 164

To help unarmour Hector his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,

Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
 Or force of Greekish sinews, you shall do
 more 168
 Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector
Helen 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris,
 Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
 Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, 172
 Yea, overshines ourself
Par Sweet, above thought I love thee
 [Exeunt

SCENE II — *The Same* PANDARUS' Orchard

Enter PANDARUS and TROILUS' Boy, meeting

Pan How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Boy No, sir, he stays for you to conduct him thither 4

Enter TROILUS

Pan O! here he comes How now, how now!

Tro Sirrah, walk off [Exit Boy

Pan Have you seen my cousin?

Tro No, Pandarus I stalk about her door,
 Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks 9
 Staying for waftage O! be thou my Charon,
 And give me swift transference to those fields
 Where I may wallow in the hly-beds 12
 Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus!
 From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,

And fly with me to Cressid

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard. I'll bring her straight [Exit

Tro I am giddy, expectation whirls me round
 The imaginary relish is so sweet

That it enchants my sense What will it be
 When that the watery palate tastes indeed 20
 Love's thrice-repured nectar? death, I fear me,
 Swounding destruction, or some joy too fine,
 Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness

For the capacity of my ruder powers 24

I fear it much, and I do fear besides

That I shall lose distinction in my joys,

As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps

The enemy flying 28

Re-enter PANDARUS

Pan She's making her ready she'll come straight
 you must be witty now She does so blush,
 and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite I'll fetch her
 It is the prettiest villian she fetches her breath as
 short as a new-ta'en sparrow [Exit

Tro Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom,

My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse, 36

And all my powers do their bestowing lose,

Like vassalage at unawares encountering

The eye of majesty

Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush?

shame's a baby Here he is now swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me
 What! are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways, an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner So, so, rub on, and kiss the mistress How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter, the air is sweet Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river go to, go to

Tro You have bereft me of all words, lady

Pan Words pay no debts, give her deeds, but she'll bereave you of the deeds too if she call your activity in question. What! billing again? Here's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'—Come in, come in I'll go get a fire [Exit

Cres Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro O Cressida! how often have I wished me thus! 64

Cres Wished, my lord! The gods grant,—O my lord!

Tro What should they grant? what makes thus pretty abrupton? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro Fears make devils of cherubins, they never see truly 73

Cres Blind fear, that seeming reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear to fear the worst oft cures the worse 77

Tro O! let my lady apprehend no fear in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster

Cres Nor nothing monstrous neither? 80

Tro Nothing but our undertakings, when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers, thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit 88

Cres They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters? 95

Tro Are there such? such are not we Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove, our head shall go bare, till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus. 105

Cres Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS

Pan What! blushing still? have you not done talking yet? 108

Cres Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you

Pan I thank you for that if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me Be true to my lord, if he finch, chide me for it 113

Tro You know now your hostages, your uncle's word, and my firm faith 113

Pan Nay, I'll give my word for her too Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown 120

Cres Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day For many weary months

Tro Why was my Cressid then so hard to win? 124

Cres Hard to seem won, but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—pardon me— If I confess much you will play the tyrant.

I love you now, but till now, not so much 128

But I might master it in faith, I lie, My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown Too headstrong for their mother See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us? 132

When we are so unsecret to ourselves? But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not, And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man, Or that we women had men's privilege 136

Of speaking first Sweet, bid me hold my tongue, For in this rapture I shall surely speak

The thing I shall repent See see! your silence, Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws My very soul of counsel Stop my mouth. 141

Tro And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence

Pan Pretty, 't' faith

Cres My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me, 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss 145

I am ashamed O heavens! what have I done? For this time will I take my leave, my lord

Tro Your leave, sweet Cressid? 148

Pan Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning—

Cres Pray you, content you

Tro What offends you, lady?

Cres Sir, mine own company 152

Tro You cannot shun yourself

Cres Let me go and try

I have a kind of self resides with you, But an unkind self, that itself will leave, 156

To be another's fool I would be gone

Where is my wit? I speak I know not what.

Tro Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely

Cres Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love, 160

And fell so roundly to a large confession, To angle for your thoughts but you are wise, Or else you love not, for to be wise, and love.

Exceeds man's might, that dwells with gods above 164

Tro O! that I thought it could be in a woman—

As if it can I will presume in you— To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love

To keep her constancy in plight and youth, 168

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind That doth renew swifter than blood decays

Or that persuasion could but thus convince me, That my integrity and truth to you 172

Might be affronted with the match and weight Of such a winnow'd purity in love,

How were I then uplifted! but, alas! I am as true as truth's simplicity, 176

And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres In that I'll war with you

Tro O virtuous fight! When right with right wars who shall be most right.

True swans in love shall in the world to come Approve their truths by Troilus when their times, 181

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare, Want smiles, truth tir'd with iteration,

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon, 184

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate, As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,

Yet, after all comparisons of truth, As truth's authentic author to be cited, 188

'As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse And sanctify the numbers

Cres Prophet may you be! If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot itself, 192

When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy, And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,

And mighty states characterless are grated To dusty nothing, yet let memory, 196

From false to false, among false maids in love Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said 'as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth, As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf, 200

Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son, Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,

'As false as Cressid'

Pan Go to, a bargain made, seal it, seal it I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand, here my cousin's If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all Pandars, let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, Amen. 212

Tro Amen.

Cres Amen.

Pan Amen Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death away!

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! 220

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III—*The Grecian Camp*

Enter AGAMEMNON ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,
AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS

Cal Now, princes, for the service I have done you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind
That through the sight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, 5
Incurr'd a traitor's name expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes, sequestering from me all
That time acquaintance, custom, and condition
Made tame and most familiar to my nature,
And here to do you service, have become
As new into the world, strange unacquainted
I do beseech you, as in way of taste, 13
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf 16

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan?
make demand

Cal You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,

Yesterday took Troy holds him very dear
Oft have you—often have you thanks there-
fore— 20

Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied, but this Antenor
I know is such a wrest in their affairs
That their negotiations all must slack, 24
Wanting his manage, and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter, and her pre-
sence 28
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither. Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. Good Diomed, 32
Furnish you fairly for this interchange
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready

Dio This shall I undertake, and 'tis a bur-
den 36

Which I am proud to bear

[*Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS*]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their tent

Ulyss. Achilles stands in the entrance of his
tent

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot, and, princes all, 40

Lay negligent and loose regard upon him
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me

Why such unplausible eyes are bent on him
If so, I have derision med'cinable 44

To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.

It may do good. pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees 48

Feed arrogance and are the poor man's fees.
Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put
on

A form of strangeness as we pass along
So do each lord and either greet him not, 52
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way

Achul. What! comes the general to speak
with me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst
Troy 56

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught
with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the
general?

Achul. No

Nest. Nothing my lord 60

Agam. The better

[*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR*]

Achul. Good day, good day

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit*]

Achul. What! does the cuckold scorn me? 64

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achul. Good morrow, Ajax

Ajax. Ha?

Achul. Good morrow 68

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too [*Exit*]

Achul. What mean these fellows? Know they
not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely they were us'd
to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles, 72
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars

Achul. What! am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with for-
tune,

Must fall out with men too what the declin'd is
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others 77

As feel in his own fall, for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,

And not a man, for being simply man, 80
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him, as places, riches, and

favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers, 84
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together

Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me
Fortune and I are friends I do enjoy 88

At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks, who do, methinks, find

out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses 92
I'll interrupt his reading.

How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achul. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, *That man, how dearly ever parted,*

How much in having, or without or in, 97

Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,

Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection 100

As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver

Achil This is not strange, Ulysses!
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself 104
To others' eyes nor doth the eye itself—
That most pure spirit of sense—behold itself,
Not going from itself, but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form, 108
For speculation turns not to itself
Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself This is not strange at all.

Ulyss I do not stram at the position, 112
It is familiar, but at the author's drift,
Who in his circumstance expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing—
Though in and of him there be much consist-
ing— 116

Till he communicate his parts to others
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they're extended, who, like an arch,
reverberates 120

The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in
this,

And apprehended here immediately 124
The unknown Ajax

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse,
That has he knows not what Nature, what
things there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use! 128
What things again most dear in the esteem
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-
morrow,

An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens! what some men
do, 132

While some men leave to do
How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!

How one man eats into another's pride, 136
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! why even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast, 140
And great Troy shrinking

Achil I do believe it, for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me
Good word or look, what! are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his
back, 145

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude,
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are
devour'd 148

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail 152
In monumental mockery. Take the instant
way,

For honour travels in a strait so narrow
Where one but goes abreast keep, then, the
path, 156

For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue if you give way,

Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost, 160
Or like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on then what they do in
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top
yours, 164
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand,

And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the corner welcome ever smiles, 168
And farewell goes out sighing O! let not virtue
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was,
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service, 172
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-born
gawds, 176

Though they are made and moulded of things
past,

And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted

The present eye praises the present object 180
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax,
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs The cry went once on
thee, 184

And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent,
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods
themselves, 189

And drave great Mars to faction.
Achil Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons

Ulyss But 'gainst your privacy 192
The reasons are more potent and heroic.
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil Ha! known!
Ulyss Is that a wonder? 196

The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every gram of Pluto's gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the
gods, 200

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery—with whom relation
Durst never meddle—in the soul of state,
Which hath an operation more divine 204
Than breath or pen can give expression to.

All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord,
And better would it fit Achilles' march 208
To throw down Hector than Polyxena,
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her
trump,

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
 'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,' 213
 But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
 Farewell, my lord. I as your lover speak,
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should

break
Patr To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd
 you. 217

A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this
 They think my little stomach to the war 221
 And your great love to me restrains you thus
 Sweet, rouse yourself, and the weak wanton
 Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous
 fold, 224

And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour
 by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake, 228
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O! then, beware,
 Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-
 selves

Omission to do what is necessary
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger, 232
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patro-
 clus

I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him 236
 To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
 To see us here unarmed. I have a woman's
 longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace, 240
 To talk with him and to behold his visage,
 Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, ask-
 ing for himself. 244

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with
 Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an
 herolical cudgelling that he raves in saying
 nothing.

Achil. How can that be? 252

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a
 peacock, a stride and a stand, rummates like a
 hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to
 set down her reckoning, bates his lip with a
 politic regard, as who should say 'There were wit
 in this head, an 'twould out,' and so there is,
 but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which
 will not show without knocking. The man's
 undone for ever, for if Hector break not his
 neck in the combat, he'll break 't himself in van-
 glory. He knows not me: I said, 'Good morrow,
 Ajax,' and he replies, 'Thanks, Agamemnon.'
 What think you of this man that takes me for

the general? He's grown a very land-fish, lan-
 guageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a
 man may wear it on both sides, like a leather
 jerkin. 269

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him,
 Thersites

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody, he
 professes not answering, speaking is for beggars,
 he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on
 his presence let Patroclus make demands to me,
 you shall see the pageant of Ajax. 276

Achil. To him, Patroclus tell him, I humbly
 desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valor-
 ous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to
 procure safe-conduct for his person of the mag-
 nanimous and most illustrious, six-or-seventen-
 times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian
 army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax! 284

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to in-
 vite Hector to his tent,— 289

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from
 Agamemnon 292

Ther. Agamemnon!

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't? 296

Ther. God be w' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven
 o'clock it will go one way or other, howsoever,
 he shall pay for me ere he has me 301

Patr. Your answer, sir

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What
 music will be in him when Hector has knocked
 out his brains, I know not, but, I am sure,
 none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his cnews to
 make catlings on 309

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him
 straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse, for
 that's the more capable creature 313

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain
 stir'd,

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS,
Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were
 clear again, that I might water an ass at it!
 I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a
 valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—Troy. A Street.

*Enter, on one side, AENEAS, and Servant with a
 torch, on the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTI-
 NOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with torches.*

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Del.

It is the Lord Aeneas.

Aene Is the prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly
business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company
Dio That's my mind too Good morrow,
Lord *Aeneas*

Par A valiant Greek, *Aeneas*, take his hand
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field

Aene Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce,
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute

Dio The one and other Diomed embraces
Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long,
health!

But when contention and occasion meet, 16
By Jove, I'll say the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit, and policy

Aene And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life, 21
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently 24

Dio We sympathize Jove, let *Aeneas* live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die, 28
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

Aene We know each other well
Dio We do, and long to know each other
worse

Par This is the most despitelful gentle greet-
ing, 32
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of
What business, lord, so early?

Aene I was sent for to the king, but why,
I know not

Par His purpose meets you 'twas to bring
this Greek 36

To Calchas' house, and there to render him,
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid
Let's have your company, or, if you please,
Haste there before us I constantly do think—40
Or rather, call my thought a certain know-
ledge—

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore I fear 44
We shall be much unwelcome

Aene That I assure you
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy

Par There is no help
The bitter disposition of the time 48
Will have it so On, lord, we'll follow you.

Aene Good morrow, all [Exit
Par And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell
me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship, 52
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best—
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio Both alike

He merits well to have her that doth seek her—
Not making any scruple of her soileure— 56
With such a hell of pain and world of charge,
And you as well to keep her that defend her—
Not palating the taste of her dishonour—
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends 60
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece,
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors 64
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor
more,

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par You are too bitter to your country-
woman.

Dio She's bitter to her country Hear me,
Paris 68

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk for every scruple
Of her contaminated carnion weight
A Trojan hath been slain Since she could
speak, 72

She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death

Par Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy, 76
But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We'll not commend what we intend to sell
Here lies our way [Exeunt

SCENE II —The Same A Court before
PANDARUS' House

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro Dear, trouble not yourself the morn is
cold

Cres Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine
uncle down
He shall unbolt the gates

Tro Trouble him not,
To bed, to bed sleep kill those pretty eyes, 4
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres Good morrow then
Tro I prithee now, to bed.

Cres Are you weary of me?
Tro O Cressida! but that the busy day, 8
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald
crows,

And dreaming night will hide our joys no
longer,

I would not from thee

Cres Night hath been too brief
Tro Beshrew the witch! with venomous
wights she stays 12

As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than
thought.

You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres Prithee, tarry
You men will never tarry 16

O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off
And then you would have tarried. Hark!
there's one up

Pan. [Within] What! are all the doors open
here?

Tro It is your uncle
Cres A pestilence on him! now will he be
 mocking I shall have such a life!

Enter PANDARUS

Pan How now, how now! how go maiden-
 heads?
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid? 24
Cres Go hang yourself; you naughty mock-
 ing uncle!
You bring me to do—and then you flout me too
Pan To do what? to do what? let her say
 what what have I brought you to do? 28
Cres Come, come, beshrew your heart!
 you'll ne'er be good,
 Nor suffer others

Pan Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor
 capocchia! hast not slept to-night? would he
 not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take
 him!

Cres Did not I tell you? 'would he were
 knock'd o' the head! [*Knocking within*]
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see 36
My lord, come you again into my chamber
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily
Tro Ha, ha!

Cres Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no
 such thing [*Knocking within*]
How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in
I would not for half Troy have you seen here

[*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA*]

Pan [*Going to the door*] Who's there?
 what's the matter? will you beat down the
 door? How now! what's the matter? 45

Enter AENEAS.

Aene Good morrow, lord, good morrow

Pan Who's there? my Lord Aeneas! By
 my troth,

I know you not what news with you so early?

Aene Is not Prince Troilus here? 49

Pan Here! what should he do here?

Aene Come, he is here, my lord do not
 deny him it doth import him much to speak
 with me 53

Pan Is he here, say you? 'tis more than
 I know, I'll be sworn for my own part, I came
 in late. What should he do here? 56

Aene Who! nay, then come, come, you'll
 do him wrong ere you're 'ware You'll be so
 true to him, to be false to him. Do not you
 know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go 60

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro How now! what's the matter?

Aene My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute
 you,

My matter is so rash there is at hand
 Pans your brother, and Deiphobus, 64
 The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
 Deliver'd to us, and for him forthwith,
 Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
 We must give up to Diomedes' hand 68
 The Lady Cressida.

Tro Is it so concluded?

Aene By Priam, and the general state of
 Troy

They are at hand and ready to effect it

Tro How my achievements mock me! 72

I will go meet them and, my Lord Aeneas,

We met by chance, you did not find me here
Aene Good, good, my lord, the secrets of
 nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity 76

[*Exeunt TROILUS and AENEAS.*]

Pan Is't possible? no sooner got but lost?
 The devil take Antenor! the young prince will
 go mad a plague upon Antenor! I would they
 had broke 's neck! 80

Enter CRESSIDA

Cres How now! What is the matter? Who
 was here?

Pan Ah! ah!

Cres Why sigh you so profoundly? where's
 my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's
 the matter?

Pan Would I were as deep under the earth
 as I am above! 88

Cres O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan Prithce, get thee in Would thou hadst
 ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his
 death O poor gentleman! A plague upon
 Antenor! 93

Cres Good uncle, I beseech you, on my
 knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan Thou must be gone wench, thou must
 be gone, thou art changed for Antenor Thou
 must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus
 'twill be his death, 'twill be his bane, he cannot
 bear it 100

Cres O you immortal gods! I will not go

Pan Thou must

Cres I will not, uncle I have forgot my
 father,

I know no touch of consanguinity, 104

No kin, no love, no blood no soul so near me

As the sweet Troilus O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of false-
 hood

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can, 109

But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to it I'll go in and weep,—

Pan Do, do 113

Cres Tear my bright hair, and scratch my
 praised cheeks,

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my
 heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from
 Troy [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same Before PANDARUS'*
House

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, AENEAS, DEIPHOBUS,
ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par It is great morning, and the hour pre-
 fix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek

Comes fast upon Good my brother Troilus,
 Tell you the lady what she is to do,
 And haste her to the purpose
Tro Walk into her house,
 I'll bring her to the Grecian presently
 And to his hand when I deliver her,
 Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
 A priest, there offering to it his own heart. *[Exit*
Par I know what 'tis to love,
 And would, as I shall pity, I could help!
 Please you walk in, my lords *[Exeunt]*

SCENE IV—*The Same A Room in*
PANDARUS' House

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA

Pan Be moderate, be moderate
Cres Why tell you me of moderation?
 The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
 And violenteth in a sense as strong
 As that which causeth it how can I moderate it?
 If I could temporize with my affection
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my grief
 My love admits no qualifying dross,
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS

Pan Here, here, here he comes Ah! sweet
 ducks
Cres *[Embracing him]* O Troilus! Troilus!
Pan What a pair of spectacles is here! Let
 me embrace too 'O heart,' as the goodly say-
 ing is,—

O heart heavy heart,
 Why sighst thou without breaking?

when he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart
 By friendship nor by speaking.

There was never a truer time Let us cast away
 nothing, for we may live to have need of such a
 verse we see it we see it. How now, lambs!

Tro Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a
 purity,
 That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which
 Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from
 me

Cres Have the gods envy?

Pan Ay, ay, ay, ay, 'tis too plain a case

Cres And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro A hateful truth.

Cres What! and from Troilus too?

Tro From Troy and Troilus

Cres Is it possible?

Tro And suddenly, where injury of chance

Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by

All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips

Of all rejoinder, forcibly prevents

Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring breath

We two, that with so many thousand sighs

Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

Injurious time now with a robber's haste

Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
 With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to
 them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears

Aene *[Within]* My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro Hark! you are call'd some say the

Genius so

Cries 'Come!' to him that instantly must die.

Bid them have patience, she shall come anon

Pan Where are my tears? rain, to lay this

wind, or my heart will be blown up by root!

[Exit]

Cres I must then to the Grecians?

Tro No remedy

Cres A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry

Greeks!

When shall we see again?

Tro Hear me, my love Be thou but true of

heart,—

Cres I true! how now! what wicked deem

is this?

Tro Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us

I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee,

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart,

But, 'be thou true' say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation, be thou true,

And I will see thee

Cres O! you shall be expos'd, my lord, to

dangers

As infinite as imminent, but I'll be true

Tro And I'll grow friend with danger Wear

this sleeve

Cres And you this glove When shall I see

you?

Tro I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels, to

give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres O heavens! 'be true' again!

Tro Hear why I speak it, love

The Grecian youths are full of quality,

They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of

nature,

Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exer-
 cise

How novelty may move, and parts with person,

Alas! a kind of godly jealousy,—

Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,—

Makes me afraid

Cres O heavens! you love me not.

Tro Dye I a villain, then!

In this I do not call your faith in question

So mainly as my merit I cannot sing,

Nor heal the high lavoit, nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games, fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and

pregnant

But I can tell that in each grace of these

There lurks a still and dumb-discouraging devil

That tempts most cunningly But be not

tempted.

Cres Do you think I will?

Tro No
But something may be done that we will not
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeable potency 97

Ene [Within] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro Come, kiss, and let us part

Par [Within] Brother Troilus!

Tro Good brother, come you hither,
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you. 100

Cres My lord, will you be true?

Tro Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity, 104
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper
crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare
Fear not my truth, the moral of my wit
Is plain, and true, there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTEOR, DEIPHOBUS,
and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! Here is the lady 109
Which for Antenor we deliver you
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is 112
Entreat her fair, and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio Fair Lady Cressid, 116
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage, and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly

Tro Grecian, thou dost not use me court-
teously, 121

To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises 124
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge,
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio O! be not mov'd, Prince Troilus
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message
To be a speaker free, when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust, and know you, lord, 132
I'll nothing do on charge to her own worth
She shall be priz'd, but that you say 'be't so,'
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, 'no'

Tro Come, to the port, I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy
head. 137

Lady, give me your hand, and, as you walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and
DIOMEDES. *Trumpet sounded.*]

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Ene How have we spent this morning!
The prince must thank me tardy and remiss, 141
That swore to ride before him to the field

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field
with him.

Dei Let us make ready straight 144

Ene Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alac-
rity,

Let us address to tend on Hector's heels
The glory of our Troy doth thus day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V — The Grecian Camp Lists set out

Enter AJAX, armed AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and
Others

Agam Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appalled air 4
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither

Ajax Thou, trumpet, there's my purse
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe

Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek 8

Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood,

Thou blow'st for Hector [*Trumpet sounds*]

Ulyss No trumpet answers

Achil 'Tis but early days 12

Agam Is not yond Diomed with Calchas'
daughter?

Ulyss 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait,
He rises on the toe that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth. 16

Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA

Agam Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio Even she

Agam Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
sweet lady

Nest Our general doth salute you with a
kiss

Ulyss Yet is the kindness but particular, 20

'Twere better she were kiss'd in general

Nest And very courtly counsel I'll begin

So much for Nestor

Achil I'll take that winter from your lips,
fair lady 24

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men I had good argument for kissing once

Patr But that's no argument for kissing
now,

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment, 28
And parted thus you and your argument

Ulyss O, deadly gall, and theme of all our
scorns!

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns

Patr The first was Menelaus' kiss, this,
mine 32

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O! this is true.

Patr Paris and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men I'll have my kiss, sir Lady, by your
leave.

Cres In kissing, do you render or receive? 36

Patr Both take and give.

Cres I'll make my match to live,

The kiss you take is better than you give,
Therefore no kiss
Men I'll give you boot, I'll give you three
for one 40
Cres You're an odd man, give even, or give
none
Men An odd man, lady! every man is odd
Cres No, Paris is not, for, you know tis
true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you. 44
Men You fillip me o' the head
Cres No, I'll be sworn.
Ulyss It were no match, your nail against
his horn
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres You may
Ulyss I do desire it.
Cres Why, beg, then 48
Ulyss Why, then, 'for Venus sake, give me a
kiss
When Helen is a maid again, and his
Cres I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis
due
Ulyss Never's my day, and then a kiss of
you 52
Dio Lady, a word I'll bring you to your
father [*DIOMEDES leads out CRESSIDA*]
Nest A woman of quick sense
Ulyss Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip
Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton spirits look
out 56
At every joint and motive of her body
O! these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickling reader, set them down 61
For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game [*Trumpet within*]
All The Trojans trumpet
Agam Yonder comes the troop 64
Enter HECTOR armed ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and
other Trojans, with Attendants
Æne Hail, all you state of Greece! what
shall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you
purpose
A victor shall be known? will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity 68
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask
Agam Which way would Hector have it?
Æne He cares not, he'll obey conditions 72
Achil 'Tis done like Hector, but securely
done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd
Æne If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?
Achil If not Achilles, nothing 76
Æne Therefore Achilles, but, whate'er,
know this
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector,

The one almost as infinite as all, 80
The other blank as nothing Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood
In love whereof half Hector stays at home, 84
Half heart half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half
Greek
Achil A maiden battle, then? O! I perceive
you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES

Agam Here is Sir Diomed Go, gentle
knight, 88
Stand by our Ajax as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it, either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath the combatants being kin 92
Half stunts their strife before their strokes begin
[*AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists*]
Ulyss They are oppos'd already
Agam What Trojan is that same that looks
so heavy?
Ulyss The youngest son of Priam, a true
knight 96
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue,
Not soon provoked, nor being provoked soon
calm'd
His heart and hand both open and both free 100
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows,
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath
Manly as Hector but more dangerous, 104
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects, but he in heat of action
Is more vindictive than jealous love
They call him Troilus, and on him erect 108
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector
Thus says Æneas, one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me 112
[*Alarum HECTOR and AJAX fight*]
Agam They are in action
Nest Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro Hector thou sleep'st awake thee!
Agam His blows are well dispos'd there,
Ajax!
Dio You must no more [*Trumpets cease*]
Æne Princes enough so please you 116
Ajax I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio As Hector pleases
Hect Why, then will I no more
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed, 120
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation twixt us twain
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
That thou couldst say, 'This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan the sinews of this leg 125
All Greek and this all Troy, my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's, by Jove omnipotent, 128
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish
member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud But the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword 133
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax,
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms,
Hector would have them fall upon him thus
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax I thank thee, Hector
Thou art too gentle and too free a man
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death 140

Hect Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud st
oyes

Cries, 'This is he!' could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector
Ene There is expectance here from both
the sides, 145

What further you will do

Hect We'll answer it,
The issue is embracement *Ajax*, farewell
Ajax If I might in entreaties find success,—
As seld I have the chance,—I would desire 149

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents
Dio 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great
Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector
Hect Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me,
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part.

Desire them home Give me thy hand, my
cousin, 156

I will go eat with thee and see your knights
Ajax Great Agamemnon comes to meet us
here.

Hect The worthiest of them tell me name
by name,
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes 160
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to
one

That would be rid of such an enemy,
But that's no welcome, understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with
hunks 165

And formless ruin of oblivion,
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing, 168
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, wel-
come.

Hect I thank thee, most imperious Aga-
memnon.

Agam. [To TROILUS.] My well-fam'd Lord of
Troy, no less to you. 172

Men Let me confirm my princely brother's
greeting

You brace of war-like brothers, welcome hither
Hect. Whom must we answer?

Ene. The noble Menelaus.
Hect. O! you, my lord? by Mars his gaunt-
let, thanks! 176

Mock not that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove
She's well, but bade me not commend her to
you.

Men Name her not now, sir, she's a deadly
theme 180

Hect O! pardon, I offend
Nest I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee
oft,

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth and I have
seen thee, 184

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subdements,
When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i' th'
air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd, 188
That I have said to some my standers-by,
'Lo! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!'

And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee
in, 192

Like an Olympian wrestling this have I seen,
But thus thy countenance, sull lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him he was a soldier
good, 196

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents

Ene 'Tis the old Nestor 200
Hect Let me embrace thee, good old chron-
icle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with
time

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee
Nest I would my arms could match thee in
contention, 204

As they contend with thee in courtesy
Hect I would they could

Nest Ha!
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-
morrow 208

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the
time—

Ulyss I wonder row how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect I know your favour, Lord Ulysses well
Ah! sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed

In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy
Ulyss Sir, I foretold you then what would
ensue 216

My prophecy is but half his journey yet
For yonder walls, that pertain to your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the
clouds,

Must kiss their own feet
Hect I must not believe you 220

There they stand yet, and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood the end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time, 224

Will one day end it.

Ulyss So to him we leave it.

Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome.
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent, 228

Achil I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses,
thou!

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect Is this Achilles? 232

Achil I am Achilles
Hect Stand fair, I pray thee let me look on thee

Achil Behold thy fill
Hect Nay, I have done already

Achil Thou art too brief I will the second time, 236

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb
Hect O! like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er,

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body 241

Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?

That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout 244

Hector's great spirit flew Answer me, heavens!
Hect It would discredit the bless'd gods,

proud man,
To answer such a question Stand again

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly 248
As to prenominate in nice conjecture

Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil I tell thee, yea.
Hect Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,

I'd not believe thee Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,

But, by the forge that studded Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er

You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag, 256
His insolence draws folly from my lips,

But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax Do not chafe thee, cousin
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone, 260

Till accident or purpose bring you to't
You may have every day enough of Hector,

If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him 264

Hect I pray you, let us see you in the field,
We have had peeing wars since you refus'd

The Grecians' cause.

Achil Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death, 268

To-night all friends.

Hect Thy hand upon that match.
Agam First, all you peers of Greece, go to

my tent,
There in the full convive we afterwards,

As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall 272
Concur together, severally entreat him.

Bear loud the tabournes, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know

[*Exeunt all except TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]
Tro My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,

In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?
Ulyss At Menelaus' tent, most princely

Troilus.
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night,

Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,

But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view 281
On the fair Cressid.

Tro Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent, 284
To bring me thither?

Ulyss You shall command me, sir
As gentle tell me, of what honour was

This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That waits her absence? 288

Tro O, sir! to such as boasting show their scars

A mock is due Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd, she is and doth

But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth
[*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I.—The Grecian Camp Before
ACHILLES' Tent

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

Achil I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil How now, thou core of envy! 4
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee 8

Achil From whence, fragment?
Ther Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy

Patr Who keeps the tent now?
Ther The surgeon's box, or the patient's

wound. 13
Patr Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther Prithce, be silent, boy I profit not
by thy talk thou art thought to be Achilles'

male varlet. 18
Patr Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther Why, his masculine whore Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping,

ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten

livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i the palm, incurable

bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous

discoveries! 28
Patr Why, thou damnable box of envy,

thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?
Ther Do I curse thee?

Patr Why, no, you rancous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no 33

Ther No! why art thou then exasperate,
thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou

green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah! how the poor

world is pestered with such water-flies, dimmities of nature.

Patr Out, gall! 40

Ther Finch egg!

Achil My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba, 44
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it
Fall Greeks fail fame, honour or go or stay,
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey 49
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent,
This night in banquetting must all be spent
Away, Patroclus! 52

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

Ther With too much blood and too little
brain, these two may run mad but if with too
much brain, and too little blood they do, I'll be
a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon an
honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails,
but he has not so much brain as ear-wax and
the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his
brother, the bull, the primitive statue, and
oblique memorial of cuckolds, a thrifty shoe-
ing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's
leg, to what form but that he is should wit
larded with malice and malice forced with wit
turn him to? To an ass, were nothing he is both
ass and ox, to an ox, were nothing he is both
ox and ass To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew,
a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring
without a roe, I would not care, but to be
Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny
Ask me not what I would be, if I were not
Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of a
lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hey-day!
spirits and fires! 74

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON,
ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES,
with lights

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong

Ajax No, yonder 'tis,

There, where we see the lights

Hect I trouble you. 76

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss Here comes himself to guide you.

Re-enter ACHILLES.

Achil Welcome, brave Hector, welcome,
princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid
good-night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you. 80
Hect Thanks and good-night to the Greeks'
general.

Men. Good-night, my lord.

Hect Good-night, sweet Lord Menelaus

Ther Sweet draught 'sweet, 'quotha'! sweet
sink, sweet sewer 85

Achil. Good-night and welcome both at once,
to those

That go or tarry

Agam. Good-night. 88

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries, and you too,
Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two

Dio I cannot, lord, I have important business,
The tide whereof is now Good-night, great 92

Hector

Hect Give me your hand

Ulyss [*Aside to TROILUS*] Follow his torch,
he goes to Calchas' tent

I'll keep you company

Tro Sweet sir, you honour me

Hect And so, good-night 96

[*Exit* DIOMEDES, ULYSSES and

TROILUS following

Achil Come, come, enter my tent

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX,

and NESTOR.

Ther That same Diomed's a false-hearted
rogue, a most unjust knave, I will no more trust
him when he leers than I will a serpent when
he hisses He will spend his mouth, and prom-
mise, like Brabblers the hound, but when he
performs, astronomers foretell it it is pro-
digious, there will come some change the sun
borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his
word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than
not to dog him they say he keeps a Trojan
drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent I'll
after Nothing but lechery! all incontinent
varlets [*Exit*

SCENE II.—*The Same Before* CALCHAS' Tent

Enter DIOMEDES

Dio What, are you up here, ho! speak.

Cal [*Within*] Who calls?

Dio Diomed Calchas, I think Where's
your daughter?

Cal [*Within*] She comes to you. 4

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance
after them THERSITES

Ulyss Stand where the torch may not dis-
cover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio How now, my charge!

Cres Now, my sweet guardian! Hark! a
word with you [*Whispers* 8

Tro Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss She will sing any man at first sight

Ther And any man may sing her, if he can
take her cliff, she's noted.

Dio Will you remember? 12

Cres Remember! yes

Dio Nay, but do, then,

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro What should she remember? 16

Ulyss Last!

Cres Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more
to folly

Ther Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres I'll tell you what,— 20

Dio Foh, foh! come, tell a pin you are
forsworn.

Cres In faith, I cannot What would you have me do?
Ther A juggling trick,—to be secretly open
Dio What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath,
 Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek
Dio Good-night
Tro Hold patience!
Ulyss How now, Trojan?
Cres Diomed,—
Dio No, no, good-night, I'll be your fool no more
Tro Thy better must
Cres Hark! one word in your ear
Tro O plague and madness!
Ulyss You are mov'd, prince, let us depart, I pray you,
 Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
 To wrathful terms This place is dangerous, 36
 The time right deadly I beseech you, go
Tro Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss Nay, good my lord, go off
 You flow to great distraction, come, my lord
Tro I pray thee, stay
Ulyss You have not patience, come 40
Tro I pray you, stay By hell, and all hell's torments,
 I will not speak a word!
Dio And so, good night
Cres Nay, but you part in anger
Tro Doth that grieve thee?
 O wither'd truth!
Ulyss Why, how now, lord!
Tro By Jove, 44
 I will be patient.
Cres Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio Foh, foh! adieu, you palter
Cres In faith, I do not come hither once again.
Ulyss You shake, my lord, at something will you go? 48
 You will break out
Tro She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss Come, come
Tro Nay, stay, by Jove, I will not speak a word
 There is between my will and all offences
 A guard of patience stay a little while 52
Ther How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato finger, tickles these together!
 Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio But will you, then? 56
Cres In faith, I will, la, never trust me else
Dio Give me some token for the surety of it
Cres I'll fetch you one [Exit
Ulyss You have sworn patience
Tro Fear me not, sweet lord, 60
 I will not be myself, nor have cognition
 Of what I feel I am all patience
 Re-enter CRESSIDA.
Ther Now the pledge! now, now, now!
Cres Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve. 64
Tro O beauty! where is thy faith?

Ulyss My lord,—
Tro I will be patient, outwardly I will
Cres You look upon that sleeve, behold it well
 He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't to me again. 68
Dio Whose was't?
Cres It is no matter, now I have't again.
 I will not meet with you to-morrow night.
I prithee Diomed, visit me no more
Ther Now she sharpens well said, whetstone! 72
Dio I shall have it
Cres What, thus?
Dio Ay, that.
Cres O! all you gods O pretty, pretty pledge!
 Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
 Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
 And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, 77
 As I kiss thee Nay, do not snatch it from me,
 He that takes that doth take my heart withal
Dio I had your heart before, thus follows it.
Tro I did swear patience 81
Cres You shall not have it, Diomed, faith
 you shall not,
 I'll give you something else
Dio I will have this Whose was it?
Cres 'Tis no matter
Dio Come, tell me whose it was 85
Cres 'Twas one s that loved me better than
 you will
 But, now you have it, take it.
Dio Whose was it?
Cres By all Diana's waiting-women yond, 88
 And by herself, I will not tell you whose
Dio To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
 And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn, 92
 It should be challeng'd.
Cres Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past and yet
 it is not
 I will not keep my word.
Dio Why then, farewell,
 Thou never shalt mock Diomed again. 96
Cres You shall not go one cannot speak a word,
 But it straight starts you.
Dio I do not like this fooling.
Ther Nor I, by Pluto but that that likes not me
 Pleases me best. 100
Dio What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres Ay, come —O Jove!—
 Do come —I shall be plagu'd.
Dio Farewell till then.
Cres Good-night I prithee, come.— [Exit DIOMEDS.
 Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee, 104
 But with my heart the other eye doth see.
 Ah! poor our sex, this fault in us I find,
 The error of our eye directs our mind.
 What error leads must err O! then conclude
 Minds away'd by eyes are full of turpitude. 109 [Exit.

Ther A proof of strength she could not publish more,

Unless she said, 'My mind is now turn'd whore'

Ulyss All's done, my lord.

Tro It is

Ulyss Why stay we, then?

Tro To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke

But if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An asperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,

As if those organs had deceptive functions,

Created only to calumniate

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro She was not, sure

Ulyss Most sure she was

Tro Why, my negation hath no taste of

madness.

Ulyss Nor mine, my lord Cressid was here

but now.

Tro Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

Think we had mothers, do not give advantage

To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme, 128

For depravation, to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule rather think this not Cressid

Ulyss What hath she done, prince, that can

soil our mothers?

Tro Nothing at all, unless that thus were she

Ther Will he swagger himself out on's own

eyes?

Tro This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she,

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony, 136

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself, 140

By-fold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt this is, and is not, Cressid.

Within my soul there doth conduce a fight 144

Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth.

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point as subtle 148

As Ariadne's broken woof to enter

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates,

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself,

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and

loos'd, 152

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy

reliques 156

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss May worthy Troilus be half attach'd

With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro Ay, Greek, and that shall be divulged

well 160

In characters as red as Mars his heart

Inflam'd with Venus never did young man

fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul

Hark, Greek as much as I do Cressid love, 164

So much by weight hate I her Diomed,

That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm,

Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,

Mysword should bite it Not the dreadful spout

Which shipmen do the hurricano call, 169

Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear

In his descent than shall my prompted sword

Falling on Diomed. 173

Ther He'll tinkle it for his concupy

Tro O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false,

false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name, 176

And they'll seem glorious

Ulyss O! contain yourself,

Your passion draws ears hither

Enter AENEAS

Aene I have been seeking you this hour, my

lord

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy 180

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home

Tro Have with you, prince My courteous

lord, adieu

Farewell, revolted fair! and Diomed,

Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head! 184

Ulyss I'll bring you to the gates

Tro Accept distracted thanks

[*Exeunt TROILUS, AENEAS and ULYSSES*]

Ther Would I could meet that rogue Dio-

med! I would croak like a raven, I would bode,

I would bode Patroclus would give me any

thing for the intelligence of this whore the

parrot will not do more for an almond than

he for a commodious drab Lechery lechery,

still, wars and lechery nothing else holds

fashion A burning devil take them! [*Exit*]

SCENE III — Troy Before PRIAM'S Palace

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE

And When was my lord so much ungently

temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day

Hect You train me to offend you, get

you in 4

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go

And My dreams will, sure, prove ominous

to the day

Hect No more, I say

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas Where is my brother Hector?

And Here, sister, arm'd, and bloody in

intent. 8

Consort with me in loud and dear petition,

Pursue we him on knees, for I have dream'd

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of

slaughter 12

Cas O! 'tis true.

Hect Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

Cas No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet

brother,

Hect Be gone, I say the gods have heard me swear

Cas The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd Than spotted livers in the sacrifice

And O! be persuaded do not count it holy To hurt by being just it is as lawful, 20 For we would give much, to use violent thefts, And rob in the behalf of charity

Cas It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,

But vows to every purpose must not hold. 24 Unarm, sweet Hector

Hect Hold you still, I say, Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate Life every man holds dear, but the dear man Holds honour far more precious-dear than life

Enter TROILUS

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day? 29

And Cassandra, call my father to persuade [Exit CASSANDRA]

Hect No, faith, young Troilus, doff thy harness, youth,

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry 32 Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong, And tempt not yet the brushes of the war Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy, I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy 36

Tro Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,

Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro When many times the captive Grecian falls, 40

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword, You bid them rise, and live.

Hect O! 'tis fair play

Tro Fool's play, by heaven, Hector

Hect How now! how now!

Tro For the love of all the gods, 44

Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers, And when we have our armours buckled on, The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords, Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth. 48

Hect Fie, savage, fie!

Tro Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day

Tro Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars 52 Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire,

Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees, Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears,

Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn, 56

Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way, But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast.

He is thy crutch, now if thou lose thy stay, 60 Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, Fall all together

Pri Come, Hector, come, go back The wife hath dream'd, thy mother hath had visions,

Cassandra doth foresee, and I myself 64 Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt, To tell thee that this day is ominous Therefore, come back.

Hect Aeneas is a-field, And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks, 68 Even in the faith of valour, to appear This morning to them.

Pri Ay, but thou shalt not go

Hect I must not break my faith You know me dutiful, therefore, dear sir, 72

Let me not shame respect, but give me leave To take that course by your consent and voice,

Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas O Priam! yield not to him.

And Do not, dear father 76

Hect Andromache, I am offended with you Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [Exit ANDROMACHE]

Tro This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl

Makes all these bodements

Cas O farewell! dear Hector 80 Look! how thou diest, look! how thy eye turns

pale, Look! how thy wounds do bleed at many vents

Hark! how Troy roars how Hecuba cries out! How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth! 84

Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement, Like witless antics, one another meet,

And all cry Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector! 88

Tro Away! Away!

Cas Farewell. Yet, soft! Hector, I take my leave

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive [Exit

Hect You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.

Go in and cheer the town we'll forth and fight, Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night. 93

Pri Farewell the gods with safety stand about thee!

[Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums]

Tro They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe,

I come to lose my aim, or win my sleeve. 96

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Tro. Let me read. 100

Pan. A whoreson trick, a whoreson rascally trick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of

this girl and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she there? 108

Tro Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart,
The effect doth operate another way

[*Tearing the letter*
Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together

My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds 113
[*Exeunt severally*

SCENE IV — *Between Troy and the Grecian Camp*

Alarums Excursions Enter THERSITES.

Ther Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy dotting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm I would fain see them meet, that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles, and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day, whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t' other 20

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following

Tro Fly not, for shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after

Dio Thou dost miscall retire
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude 24
Have at thee!

Ther Hold thy whore, Grecian! now for thy whore, Trojan! now the sleeve, now the sleeve!
[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match? 28
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther No, no, I am a rascal, a scurvy railing knave, a very filthy rogue.

Hect I do believe thee five. [*Exit*

Ther God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me, but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another I would laugh at that miracle, yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit*

SCENE V — *Another Part of the Plains*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant

Dio Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse,

Present the fair steed to my Lady Cressid
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, 4
And am her knight by proof

Serv I go, my lord. [*Exit*

Enter AGAMEMNON

Agam Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon, bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner, 8
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cediis, Polixenes is slam,
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt, 12
Patroclus ta'en, or slam, and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd, the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all 16

Enter NESTOR

Nest Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame
There is a thousand Hectors in the field
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse, 20
And there lacks work, anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale, then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes,
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does, and does so much
That proof is called impossibility 29

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss O! courage, courage, princes, great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance
Patroclus' wounds haversous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons, 33
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd,
come to him,

Crying on Hector Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it, 36

Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself
With such a careless force and forceless care 40
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit*

Dio Ay, there, there.

Nest So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES

Achil Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face, 45

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but
Hector [Exeunt]

SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Plains

Enter AJAX

Ajax Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show
thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES

Dio Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax What wouldst thou?

Dio I would correct him

Ajax Were I the general, thou shouldst have
my office

Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what,
Troilus!

Enter TROILUS

Tro O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face,
thou traitor!

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio Ha! art thou there?

Ajax I'll fight with him alone stand,
Diomed

Dio He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Tro Come, both you coggng Greeks, have
at you both! [Exeunt, fighting]

Enter HECTOR

Hect Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my
youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES

Achil Now I do see thee Ha! have at thee,
Hector!

Hect Pause, if thou wilt

Achil I do disdain thy courtesy, proud
Trojan

Be happy that my arms are out of use

My rest and negligence befrend thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again,

Till when, go seek thy fortune [Exit]

Hect Fare thee well —

I would have been much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee How now, my brother!

Re-enter TROILUS

Tro Ajax hath ta'en Æneas shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry him I'll be ta'en too,

Or bring him off Fate, hear me what I say!

I reck not though I end my life to-day [Exit]

Enter One in sumptuous armour

Hect Stand, stand, thou Greek, thou art a
goodly mark.

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,

I'll crush it, and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast,
abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons

Achil Come here about me, you my Myr-
midons,

Mark what I say Attend me where I wheel
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in
breath

And when I have the bloody Hector found, 4
Empale him with your weapons round about,
In fellest manner execute your aims
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye
It is decreed, Hector the great must die 8
[Exeunt]

Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting then
THERSITES

Ther The cuckold and the cuckold-maker
are at it Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris,
'loo! now, my double-henned sparrow! 'loo,
Paris, loo! The bull has the game 'ware
horns, ho! [Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS]

Enter MARGARELON

Mar Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther What art thou?

Mar A bastard son of Priam's. 16

Ther I am a bastard too, I love bastards I
am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard
in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegi-
timate One bear will not bite another, and
wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the
quarrel's most ominous to us if the son of a
whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment.
Farewell, bastard [Exit]

Mar The devil take thee, coward! [Exit]

SCENE VIII.—Another Part of the Plains

Enter HECTOR.

Hect Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

Now is my day's work done, I'll take good
breath

Rest, sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and
death. [Puts off his helmet, and hangs
his shield behind him.]

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to
set, 5

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,

To close the day up, Hector's life is done. 8

Hect I am unarm'd, forego this vantage,
Greek

Achil Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man
I seek [HECTOR falls]

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!

Here lies thy heart, thy smews, and thy bone. 12

On! Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,

'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'—

[A retreat sounded.]

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr The Trojan trumpets sound the like,
my lord. 16

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads
the earth,

And, stickler-like, the armes separates.

My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have
fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.—
 Come, tie his body to my horse's tail, 21
 Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exeunt]

SCENE IX.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,
 DIOMEDES, and Others marching Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest Peace, drums!
 [Within] Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by
 Achilles

Ajax If it be so, yet bragless let it be, 4
 Great Hector was a man as good as he

Agam March patiently along Let one be
 sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent

If in his death the gods have us befriended, 8
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are
 ended. [Exeunt marching]

SCENE X.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter ENEAS and Trojans.

Ene Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the
 field
 Never go home, here starve we out the night

Enter TROILUS.

Tro Hector is slain.

All Hector! the gods forbid!

Tro He's dead, and at the murderer's horse's
 tail, 4
 In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful
 field.

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with
 speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
 I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy, 8
 And linger not our sure destructions on!

Ene My lord, you do discomfort all the
 host.

Tro. You understand me not that tell me so
 I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death, 12
 But dare all imminence that gods and men
 Address their dangers in. Hector is gone.

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd 16
 Go in to Troy, and say there Hector's dead

There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and waves,

Cold statues of the youth and, in a word, 20
 Scare Troy out of itself But march away

Hector is dead, there is no more to say
 Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare, 25

I'll through and through you! And, thou great-
 siz'd coward,

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still 28

That mouldeth goblin's swift as frenzy's thoughts
 Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe
 [Exeunt ENEAS and Trojan Forces]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other
 side, PANDARUS

Pan But hear you, hear you! 32

Tro Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and
 shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!
 [Exit]

Pan A goodly medicine for my aching bones!
 O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent
 despised O traitors and bawds, how earnestly
 are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why
 should our endeavour be so loved, and the per-
 formance so loathed? what verse for it? what
 instance for it?—Let me see!— 41

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing
 Till he hath lost his honey and his sting
 And being once subdu'd in armed tail 44
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your
 painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall, 48
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall

Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me yet for your aching bones.

Brethren and sisters of the hold door trade, 52
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made,

It should be now but that my fear is this,
 Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.

Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases 56
 And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[Exit.]

CORIOLANUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CAIUS MARCIUS afterwards Caius Marcius Coriolanus.
 TITUS LARTIUS, } Generals against the Volscians.
 COMINIUS, }
 MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus.
 SICIPIUS VELUTUS, } Tribunes of the People.
 JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
 YOUNG MARCIUS Son to Coriolanus.
 A Roman Herald.
 TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians.
 Lieutenant to Aufidius.
 Conspirators with Aufidius.
 NIKANOR, a Roman.

A Citizen of Antium.

ADRIAN, a Volscian.
 Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMINIA, Mother to Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.

VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.

Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ediles,
 Lictors Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants
 to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE — *Rome and the Neighbourhood Corioli and the Neighbourhood Antium*

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Rome A Street*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons

First Cit Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All Speak, speak

First Cit You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All Resolved, resolved.

First Cit First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All We know't, we know't.

First Cit Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price Is't a verdict?

All No more talking on't, let it be done Away, away!

Sec Cit One word, good citizens.

First Cit We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good What authority surfeits on would relieve us If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely, but they think we are too dear the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularise their abundance our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge

Sec Cit Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

First Cit Against him first he's a very dog to the commonalty

Sec Cit Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Sec Cit Nay, but speak not maliciously

First Cit I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother,

and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Sec Cit What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All Come, come

First Cit Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA

Sec Cit Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath always loved the people

First Cit He's one honest enough would all the rest were so!

Men What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

First Cit Our business is not unknown to the senate, they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor sutors have strong breaths they shall know we have strong arms too

Men Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit We cannot, sir, we are undone already

Men I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them

Against the Roman state, whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder than can ever

Appear in your impediment. For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it, and

Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack!

You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you
slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like
fathers,

When you curse them as enemies

First Cit Care for us! True, indeed! They
ne'er cared for us yet suffer us to famish, and
their storehouses crammed with grain, make
edicts for usury, to support usurers, repeal
daily any wholesome act established against the
rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily
to chain up and restrain the poor If the wars
eat us not up, they will, and there's all the love
they bear us

Men Either you must
Confess yourselves v'ndrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly I shall tell you
A pretty tale it may be you have heard it,
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale t a little more

First Cit Well, I'll hear it, sir, yet you
must not think to fob off our disgrace with a
tale, but, an't please you, deliver

Men There was a time when all the body's
members

Rebell'd against the belly, thus accus'd it
That only like a gulf it did remain
I the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where the other in-
struments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body The belly answer'd,—

First Cit Well, sir, what answer made the
belly?

Men Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of
smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even
thus—

For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous
parts

That envied his receipt, even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

First Cit Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks! what then? what
then?

First Cit Should by the cormorant belly be
restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body.—

Men Well, what then?
First Cit The former agents, if they did com-
plain,

What could the belly answer?

Men I will tell you,

If you'll bestow a small, of what you have little,
Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer
First Cit You're long about it.

Men Note me thus, good friend,
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon, and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the
brain,

And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live And though that all at once,
You, my good friends,—thus says the belly,
mark me,—

First Cit Ay, sir, well, well
Men 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to't?

First Cit It was an answer how apply you
this?

Men The senators of Rome are this good
belly,
And you the mutinous members, for, examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things
rightly
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall
find

No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves What do you
think,

You, the great toe of this assembly?
First Cit I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men For that, being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st fore-
most

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage
But make you ready your stuff bats and clubs
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcus!
Mar Thanks —What's the matter, you dis-
sentionous rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit We have ever your good word.
Mar He that will give good words to thee
will flatter

Beneath abhorring What would you have, you
curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights
you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to
you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun Your virtue is, 180
To make him worthy whose offence subdues
him,

And curse that justice did it Who deserves
greatness

Deserves your hate, and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that 184
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes Hang ye!
Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind, 188
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Hum vile that was your garland. What's the
matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who, 192
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their seek-
ing?

Men For corn at their own rates, whereof
they say

The city is well stor'd

Mar Hang 'em! They say! 196
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol, who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines, side factions,
and give out

Conjectural marriages, making parties strong,
And feeling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes They say there's
gram enough! 202

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as
high 205

As I could pick my lance

Men Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-
suaded,

For though abundantly they lack discretion, 208
Yet are they passing cowardly But, I beseech
you,

What says the other troop?

Mar They are dissolv'd hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry, sigh'd forth
proverbs

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must
eat, 212

That meat was made for mouths, that the gods
sent not

Corn for the rich men only With these shreds
They vented their complainings, which being
answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,—

To break the heart of generosity, 217

And make bold power look pale,—they threw
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the
moon,

Shouting their emulation.

Men What is granted them?

Mar Five tribunes to defend their vulgar
wisdoms, 221

Of their own choice one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me, it will in time 225
Win upon power, and throw forth greater
themes

For insurrection's arguing

Men This is strange

Mar Go, get you home, you fragments! 228

Enter a Messenger, hastily

Mess Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar Here what's the matter?

Mess The news is, sir, the Volscies are in
arms

Mar I am glad on't, then we shall ha' means
to vent

Our musty superfluity See, our best elders 232

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Sena-
tors, JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELUTUS

First Sen Marcius, 'tis true that you have
lately told us,

The Volscies are in arms

Mar They have a leader,

Tullius Aufidius, that will put you to't. 236

I sin in envying his nobility,

And were I anything but what I am,

I would wish me only he

Com You have fought together

Mar Were half to half the world by the ears,
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make 240

Only my wars with him he is a lion

That I am proud to hunt.

First Sen Then, worthy Marcius,

Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com It is your former promise.

Mar Sir, it is, 244

And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullius' face

What! art thou stuff? stand'st out?

Tit No, Caius Marcius,

I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with 248

t'other,

Ere stay behind this business.

Men O! true-bred

First Sen Your company to the Capitol,

where I know

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [To COMINIUS.] Lead you on

[To MARCIUS.] Follow Cominius, we must fol- 252

low you,

Right worthy you priority

Com. Noble Marcius!

First Sen. [To the Citizens.] Hence! to your

homes! be gone.

Mar Nay, let them follow

The Volscies have much corn, take these rats

thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,

Your valour puts well forth, pray, follow 257

[Exit SENATORS, COMINIUS, MARCIUS, TITUS,

and MENENIUS. Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Mar-
cius?

Bru He has no equal
Sic When we were chosen tribunes for the people,— 260
Bru Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
Sic Nay, but his taunts
Bru Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods
Sic Bemock the modest moon.
Bru The present wars devour him, as is grown 264

Too proud to be so valiant.
Sic Such a nature, Ticked with good success, disdains the shadow Which he treads on at noon But I do wonder His insolence can brook to be commanded 268 Under Cominius

Bru Fame, at the which he aims, In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot Better be held nor more attain'd than by A place below the first, for what miscarnes 272 Shall be the general's fault, though he perform To the utmost of a man, and giddy censure Will then cry out of Marcus 'O! if he Had borne the business'

Sic Besides, if things go well, 276 Opinion, that so sticks on Marcus, shall Of his demerits rob Cominius

Bru Come Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcus, Though Marcus earn'd them not, and all his faults 280 To Marcus shall be honours, though indeed In aught he merit not

Sic Let's hence and hear How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion, More than his singularity, he goes 284 Upon this present action

Bru. Let's along [Exeunt]

SCENE II — Corioli. The Senate-house

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and Senators

First Sen So, your opinion is, Aufidius, That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels, And know how we proceed.

Auf Is it not yours? What ever have been thought on in this state, 4 That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone Since I heard thence, these are the words I think

I have the letter here, yes, here it is 8 They have press'd a power, but it is not known Whether for east, or west the dearth is great The people mutinous and it is rumour'd, Cominius, Marcus, your old enemy,— 12 Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,— And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman, These three lead on this preparation Whether 'tis bent most likely 'tis for you 16 Consider of it

First Sen Our army's in the field We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready To answer us.

Auf Nor did you think it folly To keep your great pretences veil'd till when 20

They needs must show themselves, which in the hatching, It seem'd, appear'd to Rome By the discovery We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was To take in many towns ere almost Rome 24 Should know we were afoot.

Sec Sen Noble Aufidius, Take your commission hie you to your bands, Let us alone to guard Corioli If they set down before's, for the remove 28 Bring up your army, but, I think you'll find They've not prepared for us

Auf O! doubt not that, I speak from certainties Nay, more, Some parcels of their power are forth already, 32 And only hitherward I leave your honours If we and Caius Marcus chance to meet, 'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike Till one can do no more

All The gods assist you! 36

Auf And keep your honours safe!

First Sen Farewell

Sec Sen Farewell

All Farewell [Exeunt]

SCENE III — Rome A Room in MARCIUS'S House

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA they set them down on two low stools and sew

Vol I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort If my son were my husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame To a cruel war I sent him, from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man 19

Vir But had he died in the business, madam, how then?

Vol Then, his good report should have been my son I therein would have found issue Hear me profess sincerely had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcus, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action. 28

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gen Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself

Vol Indeed, you shall not. 32 Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,

See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair,
As children from a bear, the Volscies shunning
him

Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome.' His bloody
brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvestman that s task'd to mow 40
Or all or lose his hire

Vir His bloody brow! O Jupiter! no blood.

Vol Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba, 44
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords, contemning. Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome 48

[*Exit* Gentlewoman.]

Vir Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and
an Usher

Val My ladies both, good day to you 52

Vol Sweet madam

Vir I am glad to see your ladyship

Val How do you both? you are manifest
housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A
fine spot, in good faith. How does your little
son? 58

Vir I thank your ladyship, well, good
madam

Vol He had rather see the swords and hear
a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster 61

Val O my word, the father's son, I'll swear
'tis a very pretty boy. O my troth, I looked
upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together
he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw
him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he
caught it, he let it go again, and after it again,
and over and over he comes, and up again,
caught it again, or whether his fall enraged
him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and
tear it, O! I warrant, how he mammocked it! 72

Vol One on 's father's moods

Val Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir A crack, madam

Val Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must
have you play the idle huswife with me this
afternoon. 77

Vir No, good madam, I will not out of
doors

Val Not out of doors!

Vol She shall, she shall 80

Vir Indeed, no, by your patience, I'll not
over the threshold till my lord return from the
wars

Vol Fie! you confine yourself most un-
reasonably. Come, you must go visit the good
lady that lies in 86

Vir I will wish her speedy strength, and visit
her with my prayers, but I cannot go thither

Vol Why, I pray you?

Vir 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want
love. 91

Val You would be another Penelope, yet,
they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses'
absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come,
I would your cambric were sensible as your
finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity.
Come, you shall go with us 97

Vir No, good madam, pardon me, indeed, I
will not forth.

Val In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell
you excellent news of your husband. 101

Vir O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val Verily, I do not jest with you; there
came news from him last night. 104

Vir Indeed, madam?

Val In earnest, it's true, I heard a senator
speak it. Thus it is. The Volscies have an army
forth, against whom Cominius the general is
gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your
lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their
city Corioli, they nothing doubt prevailing and
to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine
honour, and so, I pray, go with us. 113

Vir Give me excuse, good madam, I will
obey you in every thing hereafter

Vol Let her alone, lady, as she is now she
will but disease our better mirth. 117

Val In troth I think she would. Fare you
well then. Come, good sweet lady, Prithce,
Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go
along with us. 121

Vir No, at a word, madam, indeed I must
not. I wish you much mirth.

Val Well then, farewell.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV — Before Corioli

*Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS
LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a
Messenger*

Mar Yonder comes news a wager they have
met.

Lart My horse to yours, no

'Tis done.

Mar

Agreed

Lart Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess They lie in view, but have not spoke
as yet 4

Lart So the good horse is mine.

Mar I'll buy him of you.

Lart No, I'll nor sell nor give him, lend you
him I will

For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar How far off lie these armies?

Mess Within this mile and half. 8

Mar Then shall we hear their 'larum, and
they ours.

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from
hence,

To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy
blast. 12

*A Parley sounded. Enter, on the Walls, two
Senators, and Others*

Tullius Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less
than he,

That's lesser than a little Hark, our drums
 [Drums afar off] we'll break our
 Are bringing forth our youth walls, 16
 Rather than they shall pound us up our gates,
 Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with
 rushes
 They'll open of themselves Hark you, far off!
 [Alarum afar off]
 There is Aufidius list, what work he makes 20
 Amongst your cloven army

Mar O! they are at it!
 Lart Their noise be our instruction. Lad-
 ders, ho!

The Volsces enter, and pass over the stage
 Mar They fear us not, but issue forth their
 city

Now put your shields before your hearts, and
 fight 24

With hearts more proof than shields Advance,
 brave Titus
 They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
 Which makes me sweat with wrath Come on,
 my fellows

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volscie, 28
 And he shall feel mine edge

Alarum The Romans are beaten back to their
 trenches Re-enter MARCIUS

Mar All the contagion of the south light on
 you,
 You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and
 plagues

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd 32
 Further than seen, and one infect another
 Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and
 hell! 36

All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and ag'd fear! Mend and charge
 home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
 And make my wars on you, look to't come on,
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their
 wives, 41

As they us to our trenches follow'd

Another alarum The Volsces and Romans re-
 enter, and the fight is renewed The Volsces
 retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them
 to the gates

So, now the gates are ope now prove good
 seconds

'Tis for the followers Fortune widens them, 44
 Not for the fliers mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates]
 First Sol Foolhardiness! not I.

Sec Sol Nor I.

[MARCUS is shut in.]

Third Sol See, they have shut him in.

All To the pot, I warrant him

[Alarum continues]

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All Slain, sir, doubtless 48
 First Sol Following the fliers at the very
 heels,
 With them he enters, who, upon the sudden,
 Clapp'd to their gates, he is himself alone,
 To answer all the city

Lart O noble fellow! 52
 Who, sensibly, outdares his senseless sword,
 And, when it bows, stands up Thou art left,

Marcus
 A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
 Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible 57
 Only in strokes, but, with thy grim looks and
 The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
 Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the
 world 60

Were feverous and did tremble
 Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by
 the enemy
 First Sol Look, sir!
 Lart O! 'tis Marcius!
 Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike
 [They fight, and all enter the city]

SCENE V—Corioli A Street

Enter certain Romans, with spoils

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome

Sec Rom And I this

Third Rom A murrain on't! I took this for
 silver [Alarum continues still afar off]

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a
 trumpet

Mar See here these movers that do prize
 their hours 4

At crack'd drachme! Cushions, leadenspoons,
 Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
 Bury with those that wore them, these base
 slaves,

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up Down with
 them! 8

And hark, what noise the general makes! To
 him!

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
 Piercing our Romans then, valiant Titus, take
 Convenient numbers to make good the city, 12
 Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will
 haste

To help Cominius

Lart Worthy sir, thou bleed'st,
 Thy exercise hath been too violent
 For a second course of fight.

Mar Sir, praise me not, 16
 My work hath yet not warm'd me fare you
 well

The blood I drop is rather physical
 Than dangerous to me to Aufidius thus
 I will appear, and fight.

Lart Now the fair goddess, Fortune, 20
 Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
 Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentle-
 man,

Prosperity be thy page!

Mar Thy friend no less
Than those she places highest! So, farewell 24
Lart Thou worthiest Marcius!—
[Exit MARCIUS
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place,
Call thither all the officers of the town.
Where they shall know our mind Away! 28
[Exeunt

Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the
other, 36
Holding Coriol in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your
trenches? 40
Where is he? Call him hither

SCENE VI—Near the Camp of COMINIUS.

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating
Com Breathe you, my friends well fought,
we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have
struck, 4
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends Ye Roman gods!
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-
countering, 8
May give you thankful sacrifice

Enter a Messenger

Thy news?
Mess The citizens of Corioli have issu'd,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle
I saw our party to their trenches driven, 12
And then I came away

Com Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well How long is't
since? 16

Mess Above an hour, my lord
Com 'Tis not a mile, briefly we heard their
drums 16
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess Spies of the Volscies
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about, else had I, sir, 20
Half an hour since brought my report.

Com Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have
Before-time seen him thus

Mar [Within] Come I too late? 24
Com The shepherd knows not thunder from
a tabor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Enter MARCIUS.

Mar Come I too late?
Com Ay, if you come not in the blood of
others 28
But mantled in your own.

Mar O! let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors. 32
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar As with a man busied about decrees
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;

Let him alone,
He did inform the truth but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for
them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did
budge 44
From rascals worse than they

Com But how prevail'd you?
Mar Will the time serve to tell? I do not
think.

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so? 48

Com Marcius, we have at disadvantage
fought,
And did retire to win our purpose

Mar How lies their battle? Know you on
which side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com As I guess, Marcius, 52
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust, o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope

Mar I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought 56
By the blood we have shed together by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you
directly

Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates,
And that you not delay the present but, 60
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour

Com Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never 64
Deny your asking take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar Those are they
That most are willing If any such be here—
As it were sun to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd, if any fear 69
Lesser his person than an ill report,

If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself, 72
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[They all shout, and wave their swords
take him up in their arms, and cast up
their caps

O! me alone? Make you a sword of me? 76
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volscies? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number, 80
Though thanks to all, must I select from all
the rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight,

As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com March on, my fellows 85
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [Exeunt]

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon CORIOLI, going with drum and trumpet towards COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart So, let the ports be guarded keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid, the rest will serve
For a short holding if we lose the field, 4
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu Fear not our care, sir
Lart Hence, and shut your gates upon us
Our guider, come, to the Roman camp conduct
us. [Exeunt]

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps*

Alarum. *Enter from opposite sides MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.*

Mar I'll fight with none but thee, for I do
hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker

Auf We hate alike
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy Fix thy foot 4

Mar Let the first budger die the other's
slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf If I fly, Marcus,
Hailoo me like a hare

Mar Within these three hours, Tullus, 8
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd, 'tis not my
blood

Wherein thou seest me mask'd, for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf Wert thou the Hector 12
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here —

[*They fight, and certain Volscies come to the aid of AUFIDIUS*
Officious, and not valiant, you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds. 16

[*Exeunt fighting, all driven in by MARCIUS*]

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp*

Alarum A retreat sounded Flourish *Enter from one side, COMINIUS and Romans, from the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

Com If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's
work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,
I' the end, admire, where ladies shall be frighted,

And, gladly quak'd, hear more, where the dull
Tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine
honours,
Shall say, against their hearts, 8
'We thank the gods our Rome hath such a
soldier!
Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit

Lart O general, 12
Here is the steed, we the caparison
Hadst thou beheld —

Mar Pray now, no more my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me I have
done

As you have done, that's what I can, induc'd
As you have been, that's for my country 17
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com You shall not be
The grave of your deserving, Rome must know
The value of her own 'twere a concealment 21
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech
you, — 25

In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, — before our army hear
me

Mar I have some wounds upon me, and they
smart 28
To hear themselves remember'd

Com Should they not.
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death Of all the
horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of
all 32

The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice

Mar I thank you, general, 36
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing 40

[*A long flourish They all cry 'Marcus! Marcus!' cast up their caps and lances*
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare

Mar May these same instruments, which
you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets
shall

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities
be

Made all of false-fac'd soothing! 44
When steel grows soft as is the parasite's silk,
Let him be made a coverture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or soil'd some debile wretch,

Which, without note, here's many else have
done,
You shout me forth
In exclamations hyperbolical,
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies

Com. Too modest are you
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in
manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland, in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging, and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS! Bear
The addition nobly ever!

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!
[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums]
Cor. I will go wash,
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
To undercrest your good addition
To the farness of my power

Com. So, to our tent,
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general

Com. Take it, 'tis yours. What is't?
Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house, he us'd me kindly
He cried to me, I saw him prisoner,
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O! well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter! forgot.
I am weary, yea, my memory is tir'd.
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent
The blood upon your visage dries, 'tis time
It should be look'd to come.

SCENE X.—The Camp of the Volsces.
A Flourish. Cornets Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!
First Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good
condition.
Auf. Condition!

I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a Volsc, be that I am. Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee, so often hast thou beat
me,
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had, for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force—
True sword to sword—I'll potch at him some
way

Or wrath or craft may get him
First Sol. He's the devil
Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My
valour's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him, for him
Shall fly out of itself Nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to the
city,

Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that
must
Be hostages for Rome

First Sol. Will not you go?
Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove I
pray you—

'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey
First Sol. I shall, sir *[Exeunt]*

ACT II

SCENE I.—Rome A Public Place

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have
news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?
Men. Not according to the prayer of the
people, for they love not Marcius

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their
friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?
Sic. The lamb

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry
plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that bays like a
bear

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a
lamb. You two are old men, tell me one thing
that I shall ask you.

Sic. Well, sir
Bru. Well, sir

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in,
that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored
with all.

Sic Especially in pride

Bru And topping all others in boasting

Men This is strange now do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you? 26

Both Why, how are we censured?

Men Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Well, well, sir, well. 30

Men Why, 'tis no great matter, for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures, at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru We do it not alone, sir 37

Men I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride O! that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves. O! that you could 45

Bru What then, sir?

Men Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates—alias fools—as any in Rome 49

Sic Menenius, you are known well enough too

Men I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't, said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and tender-like upon too trivial motion, one that converses more with the buttock of the might than with the forehead of the morning What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weasmen as you are,—I cannot call you Lycurguses,—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worship have delivered the matter well when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables, and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they be deadly that tell you have good faces If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your busson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too? 73

Bru Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mugglers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more en-

tangled by your hearing all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves You are a pair of strange ones 90

Bru Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary benchman in the Capitol 93

Men Our very priests must become mockers if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are When you speak best unto the purpose it is not worth the wagging of your beards, and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass pack-saddle Yet you must be saying Marcius is proud, who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen Good den to your worships more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians I will be bold to take my leave of you [BRUTUS and SICINIUS go aside

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast? 111

Vol Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches, for the love of Juno, let's go

Men Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation 116

Men Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Vol } Nay, 'tis true

Vir }

Vol Look, here's a letter from him the state hath another, his wife another, and, I think, there's one at home for you

Men I will make my very house reel to-night A letter for me! 124

Vir Yes, certain, there's a letter for you, I saw it.

Men A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years' health, in which time I will make a lip at the physician the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded 133

Vir O! no, no, no

Vol O! he is wounded, I thank the gods for't

Men So do I too, if it be not too much Brings a' victory in his pocket? The wounds become him

Vol On 's brows, Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland 140

Men Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol Titus Lartius writes they fought together, but Aufidius got off. 143

Men And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that an he had stayed by him I would not have been so fidused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this? 148

Vol Good ladies, let's go Yes, yes, yes, the senate has letters from the general, wherein he

gives my son the whole name of the war He
hath in this action outdone his former deeds
doubtly 153
Vol In troth there's wondrous things spoke
of him.
Men Wondrous! ay I warrant you, and not
without his true purchasing 157
Vir The gods grant them true!
Vol True! pow wow
Men True! I'll be sworn they are true
Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes*] God
save your good worships! Marcus is coming
home he has more cause to be proud. [*To*
VOLUMNIA] Where is he wounded? 164
Vol I the shoulder, and i' the left arm there
will be large cicatrices to show the people when
he shall stand for his place He received in the
repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body 168
Men One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,
there's none that I know
Vol He had before this last expedition,
twenty-five wounds upon him. 172
Men Now, it's twenty-seven every gash was
an enemy's grave [*A shout and flourish*]
Hark! the trumpets
Vol These are the ushers of Marcius before
him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves
tears 178
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie,
Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men
die
A Sennet Trumpets sound Enter COMINIUS and
TITUS LARTIUS, between them, CORIOLANUS,
crowned with an oakengarland, with Captains,
Soldiers, and a Herald
Her Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius
did fight
Within Corioli gates where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Carus Marcius, these
In honour follows Coriolanus 184
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
[*Flourish*]
All Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
Cor No more of this, it does offend my heart
Pray now, no more
Com Look, sir, your mother!
Cor O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods 189
For my prosperity [Kneels]
Vol Nay, my good soldier, up,
My gentle Marcius, worthy Carus, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,— 192
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?
But O! thy wife!—
Cor My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd
home,
That weep'd to see me triumph? Ah! my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear, 197
And mothers that lack sons.
Men Now, the gods crown thee!
Cor And live you yet? [*To VALERIA*.] O my
sweet lady, pardon.
Vol I know not where to turn. O! welcome
home, 200

And welcome, general, and ye're welcome all.
Men A hundred thousand welcomes I could
weep,
And I could laugh, I am light, and heavy Wel-
come
A curse begnaw at very root on 's heart 204
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on, yet, by the faith of
men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that
will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet, welcome, war-
riors! 208
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly
Com Ever right.
Cor Menenius, ever, ever
Her Give way there, and go on!
Cor [*To VOLUMNIA and VALERIA*] Your
hand, and yours 212
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited,
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours
Vol I have liv'd 216
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy only
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not
but
Our Rome will cast upon thee
Cor Know, good mother, 220
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com On to the Capitol!
[*Flourish Cornets. Exeunt in state, as*
before The Tribunes remain
Bru All tongues speak of him, and the
bleared sights 224
Are spectacl'd to see him your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck, 228
Clambering the walls to eye him stalls, bulks,
windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions, all agreeing 231
In earnestness to see him seld-shown flames
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawdied cheeks to the wanton spoil
Of Phoebus burning kisses such a pothor 237
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.
Sic On the sudden 240
Cor I warrant him consul.
Bru Then our office may,
During his power go sleep
Sic He cannot temperately transport his
honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.
Bru In that there's comfort. 245
Sic Doubt not, the commoners, for whom
we stand,

But they upon their ancient malice will
Forget with the least cause these his new
honours, 248
Which that he'll give them, make I as little
question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put 252
The napless vesture of humility,
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths

Sec 'Tis right

Bru It was his word. O! he would miss it
rather 256
Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry to him
And the desire of the nobles

Sec I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution

Bru 'Tis most like he will. 260

Sec It shall be to him then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.

Bru So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred 264
He still hath held them, that to his power he
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders,
and
Disproportioned their freedoms, holding them,
In human action and capacity, 268
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sec This, as you say, suggested 272
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't, and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire 276
To kindle their dry stubble, and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever

Enter a Messenger

Bru What's the matter?

Mess You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis
thought
That Marcius shall be consul. 280
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him, and
The blind to hear him speak. matrons flung
gloves,

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers
Upon him as he pass'd, the nobles bended, 284
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts
I never saw the like.

Bru Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time, 288
But hearts for the event.

Sec Have with you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Same The Capitol.

Enter two Officers to lay cushions

First Off Come, come, they are almost here.
How many stand for consulships?

Sec Off Three, they say, but 'tis thought of
every one Coriolanus will carry it 4

First Off That's a brave fellow, but he's
vengeance proud, and loves not the common
people 7

Sec Off Faith, there have been many great
men that have flattered the people, who ne'er
loved them, and there be many that they have
loved, they know not wherefore so that if they
love they know not why, they hate upon no
better a ground Therefore, for Coriolanus
neither to care whether they love or hate him
manifests the true knowledge he has in their
disposition, and out of his noble carelessness
lets them plainly see't 17

First Off If he did not care whether he had
their love or no, he waded indifferently 'twixt
doing them neither good nor harm, but he seeks
their hate with greater devotion than they can
render it him, and leaves nothing undone that
may fully discover him their opposite Now, to
seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the
people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to
flatter them for their love 26

Sec Off He hath deserved worthily of his
country, and his ascent is not by such easy
degrees as those who, having been supple and
courteous to the people, bonneted, without any
further deed to have them at all into their
estimation and report, but he hath so planted
his honours in their eyes, and his actions in
their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent,
and not confess so much, were a kind of in-
grateful injury, to report otherwise, were a
malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck
reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard
it.

First Off No more of him, he is a worthy
man make way, they are coming 41

*A Sennet Enter, with Lictors before them, COM-
NIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many
other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS The
Senators take their places, the Tribunes take
theirs also by themselves*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volscies, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting, 44
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country therefore,
please you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general 48
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom
We meet here both to thank and to remember
With honours like himself.

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius 53
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. [To the Tribunes]

Masters o' the people, 56
We do request your kindest ears, and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sen We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts 60
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly

Bru Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than 64
He hath hereto priz'd them at

Men That's off, that's off
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru Most willingly,
But yet my caution was more pertinent 68
Than the rebuke you give it

Men He loves your people,
But tie him not to be their bedfellow
Worthy Cominius, speak

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away
Nay keep your place

First Sen Sit, Coriolanus, never shame to
hear 72
What you have nobly done

Cor Your honours' pardon
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them

Bru Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not 76
Cor No, sir yet oft

When blows have made me stay, I fled from
words
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not. But your
people

I love them as they weigh
Men Pray now, sit down

Cor I had rather have one scratch my head
i' the sun 80

When the alarm were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd [Exit

Men Masters of the people
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter —
That's thousand to one good one,—when you
now see 84

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on 's ears to hear it Proceed, Com-
inius

Com I shall lack voice the deeds of Corio-
lanus

Should not be utter'd feebly It is held 88
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver if it be,

The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd At sixteen years, 92

When Tarquim made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,

When with his Amazonian chun he drove 96
The bristled lips before him. He bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view

Slew three opposers Tarquim's self he met,
And struck him on his knee in that day's
feats, 100

When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age

Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea, 104
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since

He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this
last,

Before and in Coriol, let me say
I cannot speak him home he stopp'd the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward 109
Turn terror into sport as weeds before

A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem his sword, death's
stamp, 112

Where it did mark, it took, from face to foot
He was a thing of blood whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted

With shunless destiny, address came off 117
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Coriol like a planet. Now all s his

When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce 120
His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quickened what in flesh was fatigate,

And to the battle came he, where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if 124
'Twere a perpetual spoil, and till we call'd

Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting

Men Worthy man!
First Sen He cannot but with measure fit
the honours 128

Which we devise him
Com Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious as they were

The common muck o' the world he covets less
Than misery itself would give rewards 132
His deeds with doing them and is content

To spend the time to end it
Men He's right noble
Let him be call'd for

First Sen Call Coriolanus.
Off He doth appear 136

Re-enter CORIOLANUS

Men The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul

Cor I do owe them stil
My life and services.

Men It then remains
That you do speak to the people

Cor I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot 141
Put on the gown stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage.

please you,
That I may pass this doing

Sic Sir, the people 144
Must have their voices, neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony

Men Put them not to't
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have, 148
Your honour with your form.

Cor It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru [Aside to SICINUS.] Mark you that?
Cor To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,
Show them the unaching scars which I should
hide, 153

As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men Do not stand upon't
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them, and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour

Sen To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but SICNIUS*

and BRUTUS.
Bru You see how he intends to use the
people 160

Sic May they perceive 's intent! He will re-
quire them,

As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here on the market-place
I know they do attend us [Exeunt

SCENE III.—The Same The Forum.

Enter several Citizens

First Cit Once, if he do require our voices,
we ought not to deny him.

Sec Cit We may, sir, if we will 3

Thud Cit We have power in ourselves to do
it, but it is a power that we have no power to
do, for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his
deeds, we are to put our tongues into those
wounds and speak for them, so, if he tell us his
noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble
acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous,
and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to
make a monster of the multitude, of the which,
we being members, should bring ourselves to be
monstrous members 14

First Cit And to make us no better thought
of, a little help will serve, for once we stood up
about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us
the many-headed multitude. 18

Thud Cit We have been called so of many,
not that our heads are some brown, some black,
some abram, some bald, but that our wits are
so diversely coloured and truly I think, if all
our wits were to issue out of one skull, they
would fly east, west, north, south, and their
consent of one direct way should be at once to
all the points o' the compass

Sec Cit Think you so? Which way do you
judge my wit would fly? 28

Thud Cit Nay, your wit will not so soon out
as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up
in a block-head, but if it were at liberty, 'twould,
sure, southward. 32

Sec Cit Why that way?

Thud Cit To lose itself in a fog, where
being three parts melted away with rotten dews,
the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to
help to get thee a wife. 37

Sec Cit You are never without your tricks
you may, you may

Thud Cit Are you all resolved to give your
voices? But that's no matter, the greater part
carries it. I say, if he would incline to the
people, there was never a worthier man. 43

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS, in a gown of humility,
and MENENIUS*

Here he comes, and in a gown of humility
mark his behaviour We are not to stay all
together, but to come by him where he stands,
by ones, by twos, and by threes He's to make
his requests by particulars, wherein every one
of us has a single honour, in giving him our own
voices with our own tongues therefore follow
me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him
All Content, content [Exeunt Citizens

Men O, sir, you are not right have you not
known 53

The worstest men have done't?

Cor What must I say?
'I pray, sir,'—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace 'Look, sir, my
wounds! 56

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran
From the noise of our own drums'

Men O me! the gods!
You must not speak of that you must desire
them 60

To think upon you
Cor Think upon me! Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men You'll mar all
I'll leave you Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray
you, 64

In wholesome manner
Cor Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean [Exit MENENIUS
So, here comes a brace

Re-enter two Citizens

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here?
First Cit We do, sir, tell us what hath
brought you to't. 69

Cor Mine own desert.

Sec Cit Your own desert!

Cor Ay, not mine own desire 72

First Cit How! not your own desire?

Cor No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to
trouble the poor with begging

First Cit You must think, if we give you
any thing, we hope to gain by you 77

Cor Well, then, I pray, your price o' the
consulship?

First Cit The price is, to ask it kindly 80

Cor Kindly! sir, I pray, let me ha't I have
wounds to show you, which shall be yours in
private. Your good voice, sir, what say you?

Sec Cit You shall ha't, worthy sir 84

Cor A match, sir. There is in all two worthy
voices begged I have your aims: adieu.

First Cit But this is something odd

Sec Cit An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis
no matter [Exeunt the two Citizens

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor Pray you now, if it may stand with the
tune of your voices that I may be consul. I
have here the customary gown. 92

Thurd Cit You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly

Cor Your emgma? 95

Thurd Cit You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends, you have not indeed loved the common people

Cor You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly, that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul 110

Fourth Cit We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily

Thurd Cit You have received many wounds for your country 114

Cor I will not seal your knowledge with showing them I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further 117

Both Cit The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! *[Exeunt]*

Cor Most sweet voices! Better it is to die, better to starve, 120 Than crave the hire which first we do deserve Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here, To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear, Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't, What custom wills, in all things should we do't, The dust on antique time would lie unswept, And mountainous error be too highly heap'd For truth to o'er-peer Rather than fool it so, Let the high office and the honour go 129 To one that would do thus I am half through, The one part suffer'd, the other will I do Here come more voices 132

Re-enter three other Citizens

Your voices for your voices I have fought, Watch'd for your voices, for your voices bear Of wounds two dozen odd, battles thrice six I have seen and heard of for your voices have Done many things, some less, some more, your voices 137

Indeed, I would be consul
Fifth Cit He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice 140

Sixth Cit Therefore let him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All Amen, amen 144
God save thee, noble consul! *[Exeunt Citizens.]*
Cor Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SCORNUS.

Men You have stood your limitation, and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice remains That, in the official marks invested, you 148 Anon do meet the senate.

Cor Is this done?

Sic The custom of request you have discharged

The people do admit you, and are summon'd To meet anon, upon your approbation. 152

Cor Where? at the senate-house?

Sic There, Coriolanus

Cor May I change these garments?

Sic You may, sir

Cor That I'll straight do, and, knowing myself again, 156

Repair to the senate-house.

Men I'll keep you company Will you along?

Bru We stay here for the people

Sic Fare you well

[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.]

He has it now, and by his looks, methinks, 160

'Tis warm at's heart

Bru With a proud heart he wore

His humble weeds Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens

Sic How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

First Cit He has our voices, sir 164

Bru We pray the gods he may deserve your love

Sec Cit Amen, sir To my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices

Thurd Cit Certainly,

He flouted us downright 168

First Cit No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us

Sec Cit Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says

He used us scornfully he should have show'd us His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country 172

Sic Why, so he did, I am sure.

All No, no, no man saw 'em.

Thurd Cit He said he had wounds, which he could show in private,

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

'I would be consul,' says he 'aged custom, 176

But by your voices, will not so permit me,

Your voices therefore 'when we granted that,

Here was, 'I thank you for your voices, thank you,

Your most sweet voices now you have left

your voices 180

I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?

Sic Why, either were you ignorant to see't,

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

Bru Could you not have told him

As you were lesson'd, when he had no power, 185

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy, ever spake against

Your liberties and the charters that you bear

I' the body of the weal, and now, arriving 189

A place of potency and sway o' the state,

If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the plebeian, your voices might 192

Be curses to yourselves? You should have said

That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices and 196
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination, from him pluck'd 200
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to,
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article 204
Tying him to aught, so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his
choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt 208
When he did need your loves, and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your
bodies

No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic Have you 213
Ere now denied the asker? and now again
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues? 216

Third Cit He s not confirm'd, we may deny
him yet.

Sec Cit And will deny him

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound
First Cit Ay, twice five hundred and their
friends to piece 'em 220

Bru Get you hence instantly, and tell those
friends,

They have chose a consul that will from them
take

Their liberties, make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking 224
As therefore kept to do so

Sic Let them assemble,
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you, besides, forget
not 228

With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit he scorn'd you, but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance, 232
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes, that we labour'd —
No impediment between,—but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic Say, you chose him 237
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections, and that, your
minds,

Pre-occupied with what you rather must do 240
That what you should, made you against the
gram

To voice him consul, lay the fault on us.

Bru Ay, spare us not, Say we read lectures
to you.

How youngly he began to serve his country, 244
How long continu'd, and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king, 248
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither,
And Censorinus, that was so surnam'd,—
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,— 252
Was his great ancestor

Sic One thus descended,
That hath, beside, well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past, 257
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation

Bru Say you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on, 260
And presently, when you have drawn your
number,

Repair to the Capitol

All We will so, almost all
Repent in their election [Exeunt Citizens]

Bru Let them go on,
This mutiny were better put in hazard 264
Than stay, past doubt, for greater

If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger

Sic To the Capitol, come 268
We will be there before the stream o' the people,
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I—Rome A Street

Cornets Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COM-
NIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patri-
cians

Cor Tullus Aufidius then had made new
head?

Lart He had, my lord, and that it was which
caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor So then the Volscies stand but as at first,
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make
road 5
Upon 's again.

Com They are worn, lord consul, so
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor Saw you Aufidius? 8
Lart On safe-guard he came to me, and did
curse

Against the Volscies, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town—he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor Spoke he of me?

Lart He did, my lord

Cor How? what? 12

Lart How often he had met you, sword to
sword;

That of all things upon the earth he hated

Your person most, that he would pawn his
 fortunes
 To hopeless restitution, so he might 16
 Be call'd your vanquisher
Cor At Antium lives he?
Lart At Antium
Cor I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
 To oppose his hatred fully Welcome home 20

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
 The tongues o' the common mouth I do despise
 them,

For they do prank them in authority
 Against all noble sufferance

Sic Pass no further 24

Cor Ha! what is that?

Bru It will be dangerous to go on no further

Cor What makes this change?

Men The matter?

Com Hath he not pass'd the noble and the
 common? 28

Bru Commus no

Cor Have I had children's voices?

First Sen Tribunes, give way, he shall to
 the market-place

Bru The people are incens'd against him

Sic Stop,

Or all will fall in broil

Cor Are these your herd? 32

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,

And straight disclaim their tongues? What are

your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their

teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men Be calm, be calm 36

Cor It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,

To curb the will of the nobility

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule

Nor ever will be rul'd

Bru Call t not a plot 40

The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,

When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd,

Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd

them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness 44

Cor Why, this was known before

Bru Not to them all

Cor Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru How! I inform them!

Cor You are like to do such business.

Bru Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours. 48

Cor Why then should I be consul? By yond

clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me

Your fellow tribune

Sic You show too much of that

For which the people stir, if you will pass 52

To where you are bound, you must inquire your

way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,

Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm. 56

Com The people are abus'd, set on. This
 paltering
 Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus
 Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
 I' the plain way of his merit

Cor Tell me of corn! 60

This was my speech, and I will speak t again —

Men Not now, not now

First Sen Not in this heat, sir, now

Cor Now, as I live, I will Mynobler friends,

I crave their pardons 64

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves I say again,

In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, 69

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd

and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd num-

ber,

Who lack'd not virtue no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars

Men Well, no more. 73

First Sen No more words, we beseech you

Cor How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs 76

Com words till they decay against those measles,

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought

The very way to catch them

Bru You speak o' the people,

As if you were a god to punish, not 80

A man of their infirmity

Sic 'Twere well

We let the people know't.

Men What, what? his choler?

Cor Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep, 84

By Jove, 'twould be my mind!

Sic It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further

Cor Shall remain!

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark 88

you

His absolute 'shall?'

Com. 'Twas from the canon

Cor 'Shall!'

O good but most unwise patricians! why,

You grave but reckless senators, have you thus

Given Hydra here to choose an officer, 92

That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but

The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not

spirit

To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,

And make your channel his? If he have power,

Then vail your ignorance, if none, awake 97

Your dangerous lenity If you are learned,

Be not as common fools, if you are not,

Let them have cushions by you. You are ple-

beians 100

If they be senators, and they are no less,

When, both your voices blended, the great'st

taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their magis-

trate,

And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,' 104
 His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece By Jove himself!
 It makes the consuls base, and my soul aches
 To know, when two authorities are up, 108
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
 The one by the other

Com Well, on to the market-place
Cor Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
 The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
 Sometime in Greece,—

Men Well, well, no more of that.
Cor Though there the people had more
 absolute power,

I say, they nourish d disobedience, fed 116
 The rum of the state

Bru Why, shall the people give
 One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor I'll give my reasons,
 More worthier than their voices. They know
 the corn 119

Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd
 They ne'er did service for't Being press'd to
 the war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
 They would not thread the gates this kind of
 service 123

Did not deserve corn gratis Being i' the war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusa-
 tion

Which they have often made against the senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the motive 128
 Of our so frank donation Well, what then?
 How shall this bisson multitude digest

The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
 What's like to be their words 'We did request
 it, 132

We are the greater poll, and in true fear
 They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
 Call our cares, fears, which will in time break
 ope 136

The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
 To peck the eagles.

Men Come, enough.

Bru Enough, with over-measure.

Cor No, take more
 What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
 Seal what I end withal! Thus double worship, 141
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the
 other

Insult without all reason, where gentry, title,
 wisdom,

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no 144
 Of general ignorance,—it must omit

Real necessities, and give way the while
 To unstable slightness purpose so barr'd, it
 follows

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech
 you, 148

You that will be less fearful than discreet,
 That love the fundamental part of state
 More than you doubt the change on't, that
 prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish 152
 To jump a body with a dangerous physic
 That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison Your dis-
 honour 156

Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity which should become it,
 Not having the power to do the good it would,
 For the ill which doth control it

Bru He has said enough 160
Sic He has spoken like a traitor, and shall

answer
 As traitors do

Cor Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!
 What should the people do with these bald
 tribunes? 164

On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To the greater bench In a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was
 law,

Then were they chosen in a better hour, 168
 Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
 And throw their power i' the dust

Bru Manifest treason!
Sic Thus a consul? no

Bru The ædiles, ho! Let him be appre-
 hended. 172

Enter an Ædile

Sic Go, call the people, [Exit Ædile] in
 whose name, myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
 A foe to the public weal obey, I charge thee,
 And follow to thine answer

Cor Hence, old goat! 176
Sen We'll surety him.

Com Aged sir, hands off
Cor Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake
 thy bones

Out of thy garments
Sic Help, ye citizens!

Re-enter Ædiles, with Others, and a rabble of
 Citizens

Men On both sides more respect 180
Sic Here's he that would take from you all
 your power

Bru Seize him, ædiles!
Citizens Down with him!—down with him!—

Sen Weapons!—weapons!—weapons!—184
 [They all bustle about CORIOLANUS, crying

Tribunes!—patricians!—citizens!—What ho!—
Sicinius!—Brutus!—Coriolanus!—Citizens!

Peace!—Peace!—Peace!—Stay!—Hold!—Peace!
Men What is about to be?—I am out of
 breath, 188

Confusion's near, I cannot speak. You, trib-
 unes

To the people! Coriolanus, patience!
 Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic Hear me, people peace!
Citizens Let's hear our tribune—Peace!—

Speak, speak, speak. 192
Sic You are at point to lose your liberties

Marcus would have all from you Marcus,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul

Men Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench
First Sen To unbuild the city and to lay all
flat.

Sic What is the city but the people?
Citizens True,

The people are the city
Bru By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people's magistrates
Citizens You so remain. 201

Men And so are like to do
Com That is the way to lay the city flat,

To bring the roof to the foundation, 204
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin

Sic This deserves death
Bru Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it We do here pronounce, 208
Upon the part of the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy

Of present death
Sic Therefore lay hold of him

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him

Bru Ediles, seize him! 213
Citizens Yield, Marcus, yield!

Men Hear me one word,
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word

Ed Peace peace! 216
Men Be that you seem, truly your country's

friends,
And temperately proceed to what you would

Thus violently redress.
Bru Sir, those cold ways

That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon

him 221
And bear him to the rock

Cor No, I'll die here
[Drawing his sword]

There's some among you have beheld me fight-
ing

Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen
me 224

Men Down with that word! Tribunes, with-
draw awhile

Bru Lay hands upon him.
Men Help Marcus, help,

You that be noble, help him, young and old!
Citizens Down with him!—down with him!

[In this mutiny the Tribunes, the Ediles,
and the People are beat in

Men Go, get you to your house, be gone, 229
away!

All will be naught else.
Sec Sen Get you gone.

Cor Stand fast,
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men Shall it be put to that?
First Sen The gods forbid!

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house, 233
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself, be gone, beseech you

Com Come, sir, along with us. 236
Cor I would they were barbarians,—as they

are,
Though in Rome litter'd,—not Romans,—as

they are not,
Though cal'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,—

Men Be gone
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue, 240

One time will owe another
Cor On fair ground

I could beat forty of them
Men I could myself

Take up a brace of the best of them, yea, the
two tribunes

Com But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic,
And manhood is call'd foolery when it stands 245

Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend

Like interrupted waters and o'erbear 248
What they are us'd to bear

Men Pray you be gone.
I'll try whether my old wit be in request

With those that have but little this must be
patch'd

With cloth of any colour
Com Nay, come away 252

[Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and Others
First Pat This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men His nature is too noble for the world
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for s power to thunder His heart's his
mouth 256

What his breast forges, that his tongue must
vent,

And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [A noise within]

Here's goodly work!
Sec Pat I would they were a-bed!

Men I would they were in Tiber! What the
vengeance! 261

Could he not speak 'em fair?
Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble

Sic Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city and

Be every man himself?
Men You worthy tribunes,—

Sic He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian
rock 265

With rigorous hands he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial

Than the severity of the public power, 268
Which he so sets at nought.

First Cit He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,

And we their hands.
Citizens He shall, sure on't.

Men Sir, sir,— 272

Sic Peace!
Men Do not cry havoc, where you should

but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic Sir, how comes 't that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men Hear me speak
As I do know the consul's worthiness, 276

So can I name his faults.

Sic Consul! what consul?

Men The Consul Coriolanus.

Bru He consul!

Citizens No, no, no, no, no

Men If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,
good people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time

Sic Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch

This viperous traitor To eject him hence

Were but one danger, and to keep him here

Our certain death, therefore it is decreed

He dies to-night.

Men Now the good gods forbid

That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude

Towards her deserved children is enroll'd

In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic He's a disease that must be cut away

Men O! he's a limb that has but a disease,

Mortal to cut it off, to cure it easy

What has he done to Rome that's worthy
death?

Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost,—

Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath

By many an ounce,—he dropp'd it for his coun-
try.

And what is left, to lose it by his country

Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,

A brand to th' end o' the world

Sic This is clean kam

Bru Merely awry. when he did love his

country

It honour'd him.

Men The service of the foot

Being once gangren'd, is not then respected

For what before it was.

Bru We'll hear no more.

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,

Lest his infection, being of catching nature,

Spread further

Men One word more, one word.

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find

The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,

Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by pro-
cess,

Lest parties—as he is belov'd—break out,

And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru If 'twere so,—

Sic What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come!

Men Consider this he has been bred i' the

wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd

In bolted language, meal and bran together

He throws without distinction. Give me leave,

I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him

Where he shall answer by a lawful form,—

In peace,—to his utmost peril.

First Sen. Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way the other course

Will prove too bloody, and the end of it

Unknown to the beginning

Sic Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer

Masters, lay down your weapons

Bru Go not home

Sic Meet on the market-place We'll attend

you there

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed

In our first way

Men I'll bring him to you.

[To the Senators] Let me desire your company

He must come,

Or what is worst will follow

First Sen Pray you, let's to him

[Exeunt]

SCENE II.—The Same A Room in CORIO-
LANUS'S House

Enter CORIOLANUS and PATRICIANS

Cor Let them pull all about mine ears, pre-
sent me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels,

Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,

That the precipitation might down stretch

Below the beam of sight, yet will I still

Be thus to them

First Pat You do the nobler

Cor I muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont

To call them woollen vassals, things created

To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads

In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,

When one but of my ordinance stood up

To speak of peace or war

Enter VOLUMNIA

I talk of you

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have

me

False to my nature? Rather say I play

The man I am.

Vol O! sir, sir, sir,

I would have had you put your power well on

Before you had worn it out

Cor Let go

Vol You might have been enough the man

you are

With striving less to be so lesser had been so

The thwarting of your dispositions if

You had not show'd them how you were dis-
pos'd,

Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor Let them hang

Vol Ay, and burn too

24

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men Come, come, you have been too rough,

something too rough,

You must return and mend it.

First Sen. There's no remedy,

Unless, by not so doing, our good city

Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsel'd.

I have a heart of mettle apt as yours,

But yet a brain that leads my use of anger

To better vantage

Men Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but
that

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear

Cor What must I do?

Men Return to the tribunes

Cor Well, what then? what then? 36

Men Repeat what you have spoke

Cor For them! I cannot do it to the gods,

Must I then do it to them?

Vol You are too absolute,

Though therein you can never be too noble, 40

But when extremities speak I have heard you

say,

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,

I the war do grow together grant that, and

tell me

In peace what each of them by th' other lose, 44

That they combine not there

Cor Tush, tush!

Men A good demand

Vol If it be honour in your wars to seem

The same you are not—which for your best

ends,

You adopt your policy,—how is it less or worse

That it shall hold companionship in peace 49

With honour as in war since that to both

It stands in like request?

Cor Why force you this?

Vol Because that now it lies you on to

speak 52

To the people, not by your own instruction

Nor by the matter which your heart prompts

you

But with such words that are but rooted in

Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables

Of no allowance to your bosom's truth 57

Now, this no more dishonours you at all

Than to take in a town with gentle words,

Which else would put you to your fortune and

The hazard of much blood 61

I would dissemble with my nature where

My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd

I should do so in honour I am in this, 64

Your wife your son, these senators, the nobles,

And you will rather show our general louts

How you can frown than spend a fawn upon

'em,

For the inheritance of their loves and safe-

guard 68

Of what that want might ruin.

Men Noble lady!

Come, go with us, speak fair, you may save so,

Not what is dangerous present, but the loss

Of what is past.

Vol I prithee now, my son, 72

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,

And thus far having stretch'd it,—here be with

them,

Thy knee bussing the stones,—for in such busi-

ness

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the igno-

rant 76

More learned than the ears,—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far 85
As thou hast power and person

Men This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were
yours,

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free 88
As words to little purpose

Vol Prithee now,

Go and be rul'd, although I know thou hadst

rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf

Than flatter him in a bower Here is Cominius

Enter COMINIUS

Com I have been i the market-place, and,
sir, 'tis fit 93

You make strong party, or defend yourself

By calmness or by absence all's in anger

Men Only fair speech

Com I think 'twill serve if he 96

Can thereto frame his spirit

Vol He must and will

Prithee now, say you will and go about it

Cor Must I go show them my unbarbed

sconce?

Must I with my base tongue give to my noble

heart 100

A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't

Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,

This mould of Marcus, they to dust should

grind it, 104

And throw't against the wind To the market-

place! 104

You have put me now to such a part which

never

I shall discharge to the life

Com Come, come, we'll prompt you

Vol I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast

said

My praises made thee first a soldier, so, 108

To have my praise for this, perform a part

Thou hast not done before

Cor Well, I must do't

Away, my disposition, and possess me

Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be

turn'd, 113

Which quired with my drum, into a pipe

Small as a eunuch, or the virgin voice

That babies lull asleep! The smiles of knaves

Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys' tears take

up 116

The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue

Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd

knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his

That hath receiv'd an aim! I will not do't, 120

Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,

And by my body's action teach my mind

A most inherent baseness

Vol At thy choice then
To beg of thee it is my more dishonour 124
Than thou of them Come all to run, let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list, 128
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it
from me,
But owe thy pride thyself

Cor Pray, be content
Mother, I am going to the market-place,
Chide me no more I'll mountebank their
loves, 132
Cog their hearts from them, and come home
below d
Of all the trades in Rome Look, I am going
Commend me to my wife I'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do 136
I' the way of flattery further

Vol Do your will. [*Exit*
arm yourself

To answer mildly, for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong 140
Than are upon you yet.

Men The word is 'mildly'

Cor Pray you, let us go
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour

Men Ay, but mildly 144
Cor Well, mildly be it then. Mildly!

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*The Same The Forum*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru In this point charge him home, that he
affects
Tyrannical power if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates 4
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd He's coming.

Bru How accompanied?

Æd With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic Have you a catalogue 8
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd I have, 'tis ready

Sic Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd I have.

Sic Assemble presently the people hither, 12
And when they hear me say, 'It shall be so,
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it
either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let
them,

If I say, fine, cry 'fine,'—if death, cry 'death,' 16
Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd I shall inform them.

Bru And when such time they have begun
to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a dim confus'd 20
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence

Æd Very well

Sic Make them be strong and ready for this
hint,
When we shall hap to give t them.

Bru Go about it 24

[*Exit Ædile*]

Put him to choler straight. He hath been us d
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein d again to temperance, then he speaks
What's in his heart, and that is there which
looks 29

With us to break his neck.

Sic Well, here he comes

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
Senators, and Patricians*

Men Calmly, I do beseech you

Cor Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest
piece 32

Will bear the knave by the volume. The
honour'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthymen! plant love among us!

Throng our large temples with the shows of
peace, 36

And not our streets with war!

First Sen

Amen, amen.

Men A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic Draw near, ye people

Æd List to your tribunes, audience, peace!

I say

Cor First, hear me speak.

Both Tri Well, say Peace, ho! 40

Cor Shall I be charg'd no further than this
present?

Must all determine here?

Sic I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,

Allow their officers, and are content 44

To suffer lawful censure for such faults

As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor I am content.

Men Lo! citizens, he says he is content
The war-like service he has done, consider, 48

Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor Scratches with briers,

Scars to move laughter only

Men Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen, 52

You find him like a soldier do not take

His rougher accents for malicious sounds,

But, as I say, such as become a soldier,

Rather than envy you.

Com.

Well, well, no more. 56

Cor What is the matter,

That being pass'd for consul with full voice

I am so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic Answer to us 60
Cor Say, then 'tis true, I ought so
Sic We charge you, that you have contriv'd
to take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical, 64
For which you are a traitor to the people

Cor How! Traitor!

Men Nay, temperately, your promise

Cor The fires! the lowest hell fold-in the
people!

Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say

'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free 72
As I do pray the gods

Sic Mark you this, people?

Citizens To the rock!—to the rock with him!

Sic Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge

What you have seen him do, and heard him

speak, 76

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,

Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying

Those whose great power must try him, even

this, 80

So criminal and in such capital kind,

Deserves the extremest death

Bru But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor What do you prate of service?

Bru I talk of that, that know it.

Cor You!

Men Is this the promise that you made your

mother? 84

Cor Know, I pray you —

Cor I'll know no further

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,

Vagabond exile flaying pent to linger

But with a grain a day, I would not buy 88

Their mercy at the price of one fair word,

Nor check my courage for what they can give,

To have 't with saying Good morrow!

Sic For that he has,—

As much as in him lies,—from time to time 92

Envied against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power as now at last

Given hostile strokes, and that not in the pre-

sence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers 96

That do distribute it in the name of the people,

And in the power of us the tribunes, we,

Even from this instant, banish him our city,

In peril of precipitation 100

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more

To enter our Rome gates! the people's name,

I say, it shall be so

Citizens It shall be so,—It shall be so,—Let

him away — 104

He's banish'd, and it shall be so

Com Hear me, my masters, and my com-

mon friends,—

Sic He's sentenc'd, no more hearing.

Com

I have been consul, and can show for Rome 108

Her enemies' marks upon me I do love

My country's good with a respect more tender,

More holy, and profound, than mine own life,

My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,

And treasure of my loins, then if I would 113

Speak that—

Sic We know your drift speak what?

Bru There's no more to be said, but he is

banish'd,

As enemy to the people and his country 116

It shall be so

Citizens It shall be so,—it shall be so

Cor You common cry of curs! whose breath

I hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize

As the dead carcasses of unburied men 120

That do corrupt my air, I banish you

And here remain with your uncertainty!

Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!

Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes, 124

Fan you into despair! Have the power still

To banish your defenders, till at length

Your ignorance,—which finds not, till it feels,—

Making but reservation of yourselves — 128

Still your own foes,—deliver you as most

Abated captives to some nation

That won you without blows! Despising,

For you, the city, thus I turn my back 132

There's a world elsewhere

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,

Senators, and Patricians]

Ed The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens Our enemy is banish'd—he is

gone!—Hoo! hoo!

[*They all shout and throw up their caps*]

Sic Go, see him out at gates and follow him,

As he hath follow'd you, with all despite, 137

Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard

Attend us through the city

Citizens Come, come,—let us see him out at

gates! come! 140

The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come!

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Rome Before a Gate of the City*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENE-

NIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor Come, leave your tears a brief farewell

the beast

With many heads butts me away Nay, mother,

Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd,

To say extremity was the trier of spirits 4

That common chances common men could bear,

That when the sea was calm all boats alike

Show'd mastership in floating, fortune's blows,

When most struck home, being gentle wounded

craves 8

A noble cunning you were us'd to load me

With precepts that would make invincible

The heart that could not them.

Vir O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—!

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades
in Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. Commius,
Droop not, adieu. Farewell, my wife! my
mother!

I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime
general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles, tell these sad
women

'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes
As 'tis to laugh at them. My mother, you wot
well

My hazards still have been your solace, and
Believe 't not lightly,—though I go alone
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,—
your son

Will or exceed the common or be caught
With cautious baits and practice

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Commius
With thee awhile, determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee

Cor. O the gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with
thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,
And we of thee. So, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needier

Cor. Fare ye well
Thou hast years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised. Bring me but out at gate
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand
Com. IExeunt.

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Street near
the Gate.*

Enter SICINUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile

Sic. Bid them all home, he's gone, and we'll
no further

The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done

Than when it was a-doing
Sic. Bid them home,
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength

Bru. Dismiss them home
[Exit Ædile]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS

Here comes his mother

Sic. Let's not meet her
Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad
Bru. They have taken note of us. Keep on
your way

Vol. O! you're well met. The hoarded plague
o' the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace! be not so loud
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should
hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some [To BRUTUS]
Will you be gone?

Vir. [To SICINUS] You shall stay too. I
would I had the power
To say so to my husband

Sic. Are you mankind?
Vol. Ay, fool, is that a shame? Note but
this fool

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!
Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise
words,

And for Rome's good I'll tell thee what, yet
go

Nay, but thou shalt stay too. I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand

Sic. What then?
Vir. What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity
Vol. Bastards and all

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for
Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace!
Sic. I would be had continu'd to his country
As he began, and not unknot himself

The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had
Vol. 'I would he had!' 'Twas you incens'd
the rabble

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know

Bru. Pray, let us go
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
this

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome so far my son,—

This lady's husband here, this, do you see,—

Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru Well, well, we'll leave you

Sic Why stay we to be baited

With one that wants her wits?

Vol Take my prayers with you

[*Exeunt Tribunes*]

I would the gods had nothing else to do

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em

But once a day, it would unclog my heart

Of what lies heavy to t.

Men You have told them home,

And by my troth, you have cause You'll sup

with me?

Vol Anger's my meat I sup upon myself,

And so shall starve with feeding Come let s

go

Leave this faint puling and lament as I do, 52

In anger Juno-like Come, come, come

Men Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — A Highway between Rome and Antium

Enter a Roman and a Volscian, meeting

Rom I know you well, sir, and you know

me your name I think is Adrian

Vol It is so, sir truly I have forgot you

Rom I am a Roman, and my services are,

as you are against 'em know you me yet? 5

Vol Nicanor? No

Rom The same, sir

Vol You had more beard, when I last saw

you, but your favour as well approved by your

tongue What's the news in Rome? I have a

note from the Volscian state to find you out

there you have well saved me a day's journey

Rom There hath been in Rome strange in-

surrections the people against the senators,

patricians, and nobles 15

Vol Hath been? Is it ended then? Our

state thinks not so, they are in a most war-like

preparation and hope to come upon them in

the heat of their division 19

Rom The main blaze of it is past, but a small

thing would make it flame again For the nobles

receive so to heart the banishment of that

worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe apt-

ness to take all power from the people and to

pluck from them their tribunes for ever This

lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost

mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol Coriolanus banished? 28

Rom Banished, sir

Vol You will be welcome with this intelli-

gence, Nicanor 31

Rom The day serves well for them now I

have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a

man's wife is when she's fallen out with her

husband Your noble Tullus Aufidius will

appear well in these wars, his great opposer,

Coriolanus, being now in no request of his

country 38

Vol He cannot choose. I am most for-

tunate, thus accidentally to encounter you you

have ended my business, and I will merrily

accompany you home. 42

Rom I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you? 46

Vol A most royal one the centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning 50

Rom I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action So sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company

Vol You take my part from me sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours 56

Rom Well, let us go together [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV — Antium Before AUFIDIUS' House

Enter CORIOLANUS in mean apparel, disguised and muffled

Cor A goodly city is this Antium City, 'Tis I that made thy widows many an heir Of these fair edifices fore my wars

Have I heard groan and drop then, know me not, 4

Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones

In puny battle slay me

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir

Cit And you

Cor Direct me if it be your will Where great Aufidius lies Is he in Antium? 8

Cit He is, and feasts the nobles of the state At his house this night

Cor Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit This, here before you

Cor Thank you, sir Farewell.

[*Exit Citizen*]

O world! thy slippery turns. Friends now fast sworn, 12

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,

Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and

exercise,

Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love

Unseparable, shall within this hour, 16

On a dissension of a doit, break out

To bitterest enmity so, fellest foes,

Whose passions and whose plots have broke

their sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance, 20

Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear

friends

And interjoin their issues. So with me

My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon

This enemy town I'll enter if he slay me, 24

He does fair justice, if he give me way,

I'll do his country service. [*Exit*]

SCENE V — The Same A Hall in AUFIDIUS' House

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

First Serv Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit*]

Enter a Second Servingman.

Sec Serv Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! *[Exit]*

Enter CORIOLANUS

Cor A goodly house the feast smells well, but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the First Servingman.

First Serv What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you pray, go to the door *[Exit]*

Cor I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus

Re-enter Second Servingman.

Sec Serv Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out

Cor Away!

Sec Serv 'Away!' Get you away

Cor Now, thou art troublesome

Sec Serv Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a Third Servingman *Re-enter the First*

Third Serv What fellow's this?

First Serv A strange one as ever I looked on I cannot get him out o' the house prithee, call my master to him

Third Serv What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house

Cor Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth

Third Serv What are you?

Cor A gentleman

Third Serv A marvellous poor one

Cor True, so I am

Third Serv Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station, here's no place for you, pray you, avoid come

Cor Follow your function, go, and batten on cold bits. *[Pushes him away]*

Third Serv What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here

Sec Serv And I shall. *[Exit]*

Third Serv Where dwell'st thou?

Cor Under the canopy

Third Serv 'Under the canopy!'

Cor Ay

Third Serv Where's that?

Cor 'I' the city of kites and crows

Third Serv 'I' the city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor No, I serve not thy master

Third Serv How sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor Ay, 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou pratt'st, and pratt'st serve with thy trencher Hence. *[Beats him away.]*

Enter AUFIDIUS and First Servingman.

Auf Where is this fellow?

Sec Serv Here, sir I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within

Auf Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man what's thy name?

Cor *[Unmuffling]* If, Tullus, Not yett thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not

Think me for the man I am necessity

Commands me name myself

Auf

What is thy name?

[Servants retire]

Cor A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears, And harsh in sound to thine

Auf

Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face Bears a command in't, though thy tackle's torn,

Thou show'st a noble vessel What's thy name?

Cor Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

Auf

I know thee not Thy name?

Cor My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces, Great hurt and mischief, thereto witness may

My surname, Coriolanus the painful service, The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood

Shed for my thankless country, are requested But with that surname, a good memory,

And witness of the malice and displeasure Which thou shouldst bear me only that name

remains,

The cruelty and envy of the people,

Permitted by our dastard nobles, who Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest,

And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be Whoop'd out of Rome Now this extremity

Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope, Mistake me not, to save my life, for if

I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world I would have voided thee, but in mere spite,

To be full quit of those my banishers, Stand I before thee here Then if thou hast

A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge Thine own particular wrongs and stop those

maims

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn so use it, That my revengful services may prove

As benefits to thee, for I will fight Agamst my canker'd country with the spleen

Of all the under fiends. But if so be Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more

fortunes

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word I also am Longer to live most weary, and present

My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice, Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,

Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate, Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast;

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service

Auf O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from
my heart 108

A root of ancient envy If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say, 'Tis true' I did not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against 113
My grained ash a hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest 116
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did

Contend against thy valour Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married never man 120
Sigh'd truer breath, but that I see thee here
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold Why, thou Mars! I tell
thee 124

We have a power on foot and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't Thou hast beat me out 127
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters twixt thyself and me,
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms fisting each other's throat
And wak'd half dead with nothing Worthy
Marcius, 132

Had we no quarrel else to Rome but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome, 136
Like a bold flood o'er-bear O! come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories, 140
Though not for Rome itself

Cor You bless me gods!
Auf Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou
wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges take
The one half of my commission, and set down,
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness, thine own
ways,

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote, 148
To fright them ere destroy But come in
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy, 152
Yet, Marcius, that was much Your hand
most welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS*]

First Serv [*Advancing*] Here's a strange
alteration!

Sec Serv By my hand, I had thought to
have stricken him with a cudgel, and yet my
mind gave me his clothes made a false report of
him 159

First Serv What an arm he has! He turn'd
me about with his finger and his thumb, as one
would set up a top.

Sec Serv Nay I knew by his face that there
was something in him he had, sir a kind of face
me-hought—I cannot tell how to term it 165

First Serv He had so, looking as it were—
would I were hanged but I thought there was
more in him than I could think 168

Sec Serv So did I! I besworn he is simply
the rarest man in the world

First Serv I think he is, but a greater
soldier than he you wot on 172

Sec Serv Who? my master?

First Serv Nay it's no matter for that

Sec Serv Worth six on him

First Serv Nay not so neither, but I take
him to be the greater soldier 177

Sec Serv Faith, look you, one cannot tell
how to say that for the defence of a town our
general is excellent 180

First Serv Ay, and for an assault too

Re-enter Third Servingman.

Third Serv O slaves! I can tell you news
news, you rascals

First Serv } What, what, what? let's partake
Sec Serv }

Third Serv I would not be a Roman, of all
nations, I had as lief be a condemned man 186

First Serv } Wherefore? wherefore?
Sec Serv }

Third Serv Why here's he that was wont to
thwack our general, Caius Marcius

First Serv Why do you say 'thwack our
general?' 191

Third Serv I do not say thwack our general
but he was always good enough for him

Sec Serv Come, we are fellows and friends
he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him
say so himself 196

First Serv He was too hard for him—directly
to say the truth on't before Coriolanus scotched
him and notched him like a carbonado

Sec Serv An he had been cannibally given,
he might have broil'd and eaten him too 201

First Serv But, more of thy news

Third Serv Why he is so made on here
within, as if he were son and heir to Mars set
at upper end o' the table no question asked
him by any of the senators but they stand bald
before him. Our general himself makes a mistress
of him, sanctifies himself with a hand, and turns
up the white o' the eye to his discourse But the
bottom of the news is our general is cut i' the
middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday,
for the other has half, by the entreaty and
grant of the whole table He'll go, he says, and
sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears he
will mow down all before him, and leave his
passage polled 216

Sec Serv And he's as like to do't as any
man I can imagine

Third Serv Do it! he will do't, for—look
you, sir—he has as many friends as enemies
which friends, sir—as it were—durst not—look
you, sir—show themselves—as we term it—his
friends, whilst he is in directitude.

First Serv Directitude! what's that? 224

Sec Serv But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and reveal all with him 228

First Serv But when goes this forward?

Thurd Serv To-morrow, to-day, presently You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon, 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips. 233

Sec Serv Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers

First Serv Let me have war, say I, it exceeds peace as far as day does night, it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, muffled, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men. 242

Sec Serv 'Tis so and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds

First Serv Ay, and it makes men hate one another 247

Thurd Serv Reason because they then less need one another The wars for my money I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians They are rising, they are rising 251

All In, in, in, in! [Exeunt

SCENE VI — Rome A Public Place

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS

Sic We hear not of him, neither need we fear him,

His remedies are tame i' the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry Here do we make his friends 4

Blush that the world goes well, who rather had Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going About their functions friendly 9

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he O! he is grown most kind Of late. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both! 12

Sic Your Coriolanus is not much muss'd But with his friends the commonwealth doth stand,

And so would do, were he more angry at it. *Men.* All's well, and might have been much better, if 16

He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing his mother and his wife Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good den, our neighbours. 20

Bru. Good den to you all, good den to you all.

First Cit Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both

Sic Live, and thrive! *Bru* Farewell, kind neighbours we wish'd Coriolanus 24

Had lov'd you as we did

Citizens Now the gods keep you!

Sic Farewell, farewell [Exeunt Citizens.

Bru This is a happier and more comely time Than when these fellows ran about the streets Crying confusion.

Bru Caus Marcius was 29 A worthy officer i' the war, but insolent, O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking, Self-loving,—

Sic And affecting one sole throne, 32 Without assistance

Men. I think not so

Sic We should by this, to all our lamentation, If he had gone forth consul, found it so

Bru The gods have well prevented it, and Rome 36 Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile

Æd Worthy tribunes, There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, Reports, the Volscs with two several powers Are enter'd in the Roman territories, 40 And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before them

Men 'Tis Aufidius, Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world, 44 Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,

And durst not once peep out

Sic Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be 48 The Volscs dare break with us

Men. Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can, And three examples of the like have been Within my age But reason with the fellow, 52 Before you punish him, where he heard this, Lest you shall chance to whip your information, And beat the messenger who bids beware Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic Tell not me: 56 I know this cannot be

Bru. Not possible

Enter a Messenger

Mess The nobles in great earnestness are going All to the senate-house some news is come, That turns their countenances

Sic 'Tis this slave — 60 Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes his raising, Nothing but his report.

Mess Yes, worthy sir, The slave's report is seconded, and more,

More fearful, is deliver'd

Sic What more fearful? 64

Mess It spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcus,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst
Rome,

And vows revenge as spacious as between 68
The young'st and oldest thing

Sic This is most likely

Bru Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may
wish

Good Marcus home again

Sic The very trick on't.

Men This is unlikely 72
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety

Enter another Messenger

Sec Mess You are sent for to the senate
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius, 76
Associated with Aufidius rages
Upon our territories, and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and
took
What lay before them 80

Enter COMINIUS

Com O! you have made good work!

Men What news? what news?

Com You have help to ravish your own
daughters and

To melt the city leads upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses —

Men What's the news? what's the news? 85

Com Your temples burned in their cement,
and

Your franchises whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore

Men Pray now, your news?—88

You have made fair work, I fear me. Pray, your
news?

If Marcus should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com If!

He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity in Nature, 92

That shapes man better, and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence

Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies

Men You have made good work 96

You, and your apron-men, you that stood so
much

Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com He will shake

Your Rome about your ears

Men As Hercules 100

Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made
fair work!

Bru But is this true, sir?

Com Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions

Do smilingly revolt and who resist 104
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who's it can blame
him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men We are all undone unless 108

The noble man have mercy

Com Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do't for shame: the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf

Does of the shepherds for his best friends, if
they 112

Should say, 'Be good to Rome, they charg'd
him even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate
And therein show'd like enemies

Men 'Tis true

If he were putting to my house the brand 116
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, 'Beseech you, cease'—You have made

fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never 120
So incapable of help

Sic Say not we brought it

Bru How! Was it we? We lov'd him, but,
like beasts

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your
clusters,

Who did hoot him out o' the city

Com But I fear 124

They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points

As if he were his officer: desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence, 128

That Rome can make against them

Enter a troop of Citizens

Men Here come the citizens
And is Aufidius with him? You are they

That made the air unwholesome, when you
cast

Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at 132
Coriolanus: exile! Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a soldier's head

Which will not prove a whip as many cox-
combs

As you threw caps up will he tumble down 136
And pay you for your voices: 'Tis no matter,
If he could burn us all into one coal,

We have deserv'd it

Citizens Faith, we hear fearful news

First Cit For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity 141

Sec Cit And so did I

Third Cit And so did I, and to say the
truth, so did very many of us. That we did we

did for the best, and though we willingly con-
sented to his banishment, yet it was against our

will

Com You're goodly things: you voices!

Men You have made
Good work: you and your cry! Shall's to the
Capitol? 145

Com O! ay, what else?

[*Exeunt COMINIUS and MENENIUS.*]

Sic Go, masters, get you home, be not dis-
may'd.

These are a side that would be glad to have 152
This true which they so seem to fear Go home,
And show no sign of fear

First Cit The gods be good to us! Come,
masters, let's home I ever said we were 1 the
wrong when we banished him 157

Sec Cit So did we all But come, let's home
[*Exeunt Citizens*]

Bru I do not like this news

Sic Nor I 160

Bru Let s to the Capitol Would half my
wealth

Would buy this for a he!

Sic Pray let us go [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII — *A Camp at a small distance
from Rome*

Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.

Auf Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu I do not know what witchcraft's in
him, but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end, 4
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own

Auf I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would 9
When first I did embrace him, yet his nature
In that's no changeling and I must excuse
What cannot be amended

Lieu Yet, I wish sir,— 12
I mean for your particular,—you had not
Join'd in commission with him but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely 16

Auf I understand thee well, and be thou
sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows
not

What I can urge against him Although it
seems,

And so he thinks, and is no less apparent 20
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian
state,

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword, yet he hath left undone 24
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account

Lieu Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
Rome?

Auf All places yield to him ere he sits down,
And the nobility of Rome are his 29
The senators and patricians love him too
The tribunes are no soldiers, and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty 32
To expel him thence I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not 36
Carry his honours even, whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man, whether defect of judgment,

To fail in the disposing of those chances 40
Which he was lord of, or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but command-
ing peace

Even with the same austerity and garb 44
As he controll'd the war, but one of these,
As he hath spices of them all, not all,

For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd but he has a merit 48
To choke it in the utterance So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time,

And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair 52
To extol what it hath done

One fire drives out one fire one nail, one nail,
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths
do fail

Come, let's away When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all, then shortly art thou
mine [*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I — *Rome A Public Place*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS,
and Others*

Men No, I'll not go you hear what he hath
said

Which was sometime his general, who lov'd
him

In a most dear particular He call'd me father
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him, 4
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home

Com He would not seem to know me

Men Do you hear? 8
Com Yet one time he did call me by my
name

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together Coriolanus
He would not answer to, forbad all names, 12
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome

Men Why, so you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome, 16
To make coals cheap a noble memory!

Com I munded him how royal 'twas to
pardon

When it was less expected he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state 20
To one whom they had punish'd

Men Very well
Could he say less?

Com I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends his answer to me was, 24
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff he said 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence

Men For one poor grain or two! 28
I am one of those his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains
'You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt

Above the moon We must be burnt for you 32
Sic Nay, pray, be patient if you refuse your
 aid

In this so-never-needed help, yet do not
 Upbraid's with our distress But, sure, if you
 Would be your country's pleader, your good
 tongue, 36

More than the instant army we can make,
 Might stop our countervail

Men No, I'll not meddle
Sic Pray you, go to him

Men What should I do? 40
Bru Only make trial what your love can do
 For Rome, towards Marcius

Men Well, and say that Marcius
 Return me, as Cominius is returned,

Unheard, what then? 44
 But as a discontented friend, grief shot
 With his unkindness? say 't be so?

Sic Yet your good will
 Must have that thanks from Rome, after the
 measure

As you intended well

Men I'll undertake it 48
 I think he'll hear me Yet, to bite his lip
 And hum at good Cominius much unhearts me

He was not taken well, he had not dim'd
 The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then 52

We pout upon the morning, are unapt
 To give or to forgive, but when we have stuff'd

These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
 With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls 56

Than in our priest-like fasts therefore, I'll
 watch him

Till he be dieted to my request,
 And then I'll set upon him

Bru You know the very road into his kind-
 ness, 60

And cannot lose your way

Men Good faith I'll prove him,
 Speed how it will I shall ere long have know-
 ledge

Of my success [Exit
Com. He'll never hear him

Sic Not? 64
Com. I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye

Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury
 The gaoler to his pity I kneel'd before him,

'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise, dismiss'd me
 Thus, with his speechless hand what he would
 do 68

He sent in writing after me what he would not,
 Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions

So that all hope is vain

Unless his noble mother and his wife, 72
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him

For mercy to his country Therefore let's hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[Exit.]

SCENE II — The Volscian Camp before Rome
 The Guards at their stations.

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

First Guard Stay! whence are you?

Sec Guard. Stand! and go back.

Men You guard like men, 'tis well, but, by
 your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come

To speak with Coriolanus

First Guard From whence?

Men From Rome

First Guard You may not pass, you must
 return our general 5

Will no more hear from thence

Sec Guard You'll see your Rome embrac'd
 with fire before

You'll speak with Coriolanus

Men Good my friends,
 If you have heard your general talk of Rome, 9

And of his friends there it is lots to blanks
 My name hath touch'd your ears it is Mene-
 nius

First Guard Be it so, go back the virtue of
 your name 12

Is not here passable

Men I tell thee fellow

Thy general is my lover I have been

The book of his good acts, whence men have
 read

His fame unparallel'd haply amplified, 16
 For I have ever glorified my friends—

Of whom he's chief—with all the size that verity
 Would without lapsing suffer nay, sometimes

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground 20
 I have tumbled past the throw and in his praise

Have almost stamp'd the leasing Therefore,
 fellow,

I must have leave to pass

First Guard Faith sir, if you had told as
 many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words

in your own, you should not pass here, no,
 though it were as virtuous to lie as to live

chastely Therefore go back 28

Men Prithce fellow remember my name is
 Menenius, always factionary on the party of
 your general

Sec Guard Howsoever you have been his
 liar—as you say you have—I am one that,
 telling true under him, must say you cannot

pass Therefore go back. 35

Men Has he dined canst thou tell? for I
 would not speak with him till after dinner

First Guard You are a Roman, are you?

Men I am as thy general is. 39

First Guard Then you should hate Rome, as
 he does Can you, when you have pushed out

your gates the very defender of them, and, in a
 violent popular ignorance, given your enemy

your shield, think to front his revenges with the
 easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of

your daughters, or with the palsied intercession
 of such a decayed dotage as you seem to be?

Can you think to blow out the intended fire your
 city is ready to flame in with such weak breath

as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back
 to Rome, and prepare for your execution you

are condemned, our general has sworn you out
 of reprieve and pardon. 53

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here
 he would use me with estimation.

Sec Guard Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general

57

First Guard My general cares not for you.
Back, I say go, lest I let forth your half-pint of
blood, back, that's the utmost of your having
back.

61

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS

Cor What's the matter?

Men Now, you companion, I'll say an errand
for you you shall know now that I am in
estimation, you shall perceive that a Jack
guardant cannot office me from my son Corio-
lanus guess, but by my entertainment with
him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging,
or of some death more long in spectatorship,
and crueller in suffering, behold now presently,
and swound for what's to come upon thee [To
CORIOLANUS] The glorious gods sit in hourly
synod about thy particular prosperity, and love
thee no worse than thy old father Menenius
does! O my son! my son! thou art preparing
fire for us, look thee, here's water to quench it.
I was hardly moved to come to thee, but being
assured none but myself could move thee, I
have been blown out of your gates with sighs,
and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy
petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage
thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this
varlet here, this, who, like a block, hath denied
my access to thee

85

Cor Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor Wife, mother, child, I know not. My
affairs

88

Are servanted to others though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much Therefore, be gone
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I love
thee,

Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,

96

[Gives a paper]

And would have sent it. Another word, Mene-
nius,

I will not hear thee speak This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome yet thou behold'st!

Auf You keep a constant temper

100

[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS]

First Guard Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

Sec Guard 'Tis a spell, you see, of much
power You know the way home again.

First Guard Do you hear how we are shent
for keeping your greatness back?

105

Sec Guard What cause, do you think, I
have to swound?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your
general for such things as you, I can scarce
think there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath
a will to die by himself fears it not from another.
Let your general do his worst. For you, be that
you are, long, and your misery increase with
your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

[Exit.

First Guard A noble fellow, I warrant him.

Sec Guard The worthy fellow is our general
he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.
[Exeunt]

SCENE III —The Tent of CORIOLANUS

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others

Cor We will before the walls of Rome to-
morrow

Set down our host My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how
plainly

I have borne this business

Auf Only their ends

You have respected, stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome, never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you

Cor This last old man,

Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father,
Nay, godded me indeed Their latest refuge
Was to send him, for whose old love I have
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more
offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only
That thought he could do more A very little
I have yielded to, fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, here-
after

Will I lend ear to [Shout within] Ha! what
shout is this?

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

*Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,
leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Atten-
dants*

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd
mould

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood But out, affec-
tion!

All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate
What is that curtsy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and
am not

Of stronger earth than others. My mother
bows,

As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod, and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, 'Deny not' Let the Volscies
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand
As if a man were author of himself

And knew no other kin

Vir My lord and husband!

Cor These eyes are not the same I wore in
Rome

Vir The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
Makes you think so.

Cor Like a dull actor now, 40
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny, but do not say
For that, 'Forgive our Romans' O! a kiss 44
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world 49
Leave unsaluted Sink, my knee, i' the earth,

[Kneels]
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons

Vol O! stand up bless'd, 52
Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent *[Kneels]*

Cor What is this? 56
Your knees to me! to your corrected son!
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars, then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun, 60
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work

Vol Thou art my warrior,
I help to frame thee Do you know this lady?

Cor The noble sister of Publicola, 64
The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple dear Valeria!

Vol This is a poor epitome of yours, 68
[Pointing to the Child]
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself

Cor The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst
prove 72
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol Your knee, sirrah 76
Cor That's my brave boy!

Vol Even he, your wife, this lady, and my-
self,

Are suitors to you
Cor I beseech you, peace—
Or, if you'd ask, remember thus before
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you demands Do not bid me 81
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural desire not 84
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons

Vol O! no more, no more,
You have said you will not grant us any thing,
For we have nothing else to ask but that 88
Which you deny already yet we will ask,
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness. Therefore,
hear us

Cor Aufidius, and you Volscies, mark; for 92
we'll

Hear nought from Rome in private Your re-
quest?

Vol Should we be silent and not speak, our
raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither since that thy sight, which
should 98

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow, 100

Making the mother, wife, and child to see
The son, the husband, and the father tearing

His country's bowels out And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital thou barr'st us 104

Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy, for how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,

Whereto we are bound, together with thy vic-
tory, 108

Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse or else thy person,

Our comfort in the country We must find
An evident calamity, though we had 112

Our wish, which side should win, for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led

With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin, 116

And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood For myself, son,

I purpose not to wait on Fortune till
These wars determine if I cannot persuade
thee 120

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one thou shalt no sooner

March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to t, thou shalt not—on thy mother's

womb 124

That brought thee to this world
Vir Ay, and mine,

That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
name

Living to time
Boy A' shall not tread on me

I'll run away till I am bigger but then I'll fight 128

Cor Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see

I have sat too long *[Rising]*
Vol Nay, go not from us thus

If it were so, that our request did tend 132
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy

The Volscies whom you serve, you might con-
demn us,

As poisonous of your honour no, our suit
Is, that you reconcile them while the Volscies

May say, 'This mercy we have show'd,' the
Romans, 137

'Thus we receiv'd,' and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee and cry, 'Be bless'd'

For making up this peace! Thou know'st,
great son, 140

The end of war's uncertain, but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit

Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name

Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses, 144
 Whose chronicle thus writ The man was noble,
 But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
 Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
 To the ensuing age abhorr'd. Speak to me,
 son! 148

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
 To imitate the graces of the gods,
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt 152
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not
 speak?

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak
 you

He cares not for your weeping Speak, thou,
 boy 156

Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons There is no man in the
 world

More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me
 prate

Like one i' the stocks Thou hast never in thy
 life 160

Show'd thy dear mother any courtesv,
 When she—poor hen! fond of no second
 brood—

Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour Say my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back, but it it be not so, 165
 Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague
 thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
 To a mother's part belongs He turns away
 Down, ladies 'let us shame him with our knees
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
 Than pity to our prayers Down an end
 This is the last so we will home to Rome, 172
 And die among our neighbours Nay, behold us
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength 176
 Than thou hast to deny't Come, let us go
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother,
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance Yet give us our dispatch
 I am hush'd until our city be a-fire, 182
 And then I'll speak a little

Cor [Holding VOLUMNIA by the hand, silent] O mother, mother

What have you done? Behold! the heavens do
 ope,

The gods look down, and thus unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother! mother! O! 185
 You have won a happy victory to Rome,
 But, for your son, believe it, O! believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him pre-
 vail'd, 188

If not most mortal to him But let it come
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace Now, good Aufi-
 dius

Were you in my stead would you have heard
 A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius? 193
 Auf I was mov'd withal.

Cor I dare be sworn you were

And, sir, it is no little thing to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion But, good sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me for my
 part, 197
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you, and pray
 you,

Stand to me in this cause O mother! wife!
 Auf [Aside] I am glad thou hast set thy
 mercy and thy honour 200

At difference in thee out of that I'll work
 Myself a former fortune

[The ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS

Cor Ay, by and by,
 But we will drink together, and you shall bear
 A better witness back than words, which we, 204
 On like conditions, would have counter-seal'd
 Come, enter with us Ladies, you deserve
 To have a temple built you all the swords
 In Italy, and her confederate arms, 208
 Could not have made this peace [Exeunt

SCENE IV—Rome A Public Place

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS

Men See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond
 corner-stone?

Sic Why, what of that? 3

Men If it be possible for you to d'splace it
 with your little finger, there is some hope the
 ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may
 prevail with him But I say, there is no hope
 in't Our throats are sentenced and stay upon
 execution. 9

Sic Is't possible that so short a time can
 alter the condition of a man?

Men There is differency between a grub and
 a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub This
 Marcus is grown from man to dragon he has
 wings, he's more than a creeping thing

Sic He loved his mother dearly 16

Men So did he me and he no more remem-
 bers his mother now than an eight year-old
 horse The tartness of his face sours ripe
 grapes when he walks he moves like an engine,
 and the ground shrinks before his treading he
 is able to pierce a corslet with his eye, talks like
 a knell and his hum is a battery He sits in his
 state, as a thing made for Alexander What
 he bids be done is finished with his bidding He
 wants nothing of a god but eternity and a
 heaven to throne in

Sic Yes, mercy, if you report him truly 28

Men I paint him in the character Mark
 what mercy his mother shall bring from him
 there is no more mercy in him than there is
 milk in a male tiger that shall our poor city
 find and all this is 'long of you 33

Sic The gods be good unto us!

Men No, in such a case the gods will not be
 good unto us When we banished him, we
 respected not them, and, he returning to break
 our necks, they respect not us

Enter a Messenger

Mess Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your
 house 4

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, 40
And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll e'en kill him death by inches

Enter a second Messenger

Sic What's the news?
Sec Mess Good news, good news the ladies
have prevail'd, 44

The Volscians are clogg'd and Marcius gone
A merry day did never greet Rome,
No not the expiation of the Tarquins

Sic Fr end
Art thou certain this is true? 48

Sec Mess As certain as I know the sun is
sure

Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt
of it?

Near through an arrow so ruin'd the blow
tude,

As the recomfited through the gates. Why,
I ask you! 52

*[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums
beating all together. Shouting also within]*

The trumpets sackbutts psalteries, and fife's
Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sundance. Hark, you! *[A shout within]*
This is good news 56

I will go meet the ladies. This Volturnia
is north of consuls senators, 56

A city full of tongues such as you
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-
day 59

This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I did not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[Music still and shouting]

Sic First, the gods bless you for your tidings,
next,

Accept my thankfulness

Sec Mess Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks

Sic They are near the city? 64

Sec Mess Almost at point to enter

Sic We will meet them,
And help the joy *[Going]*

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators
Patricians, and People. They pass over the
stage*

First Sen Behold our patroness, the life of
Rome!

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods 68
And make triumphant fires strew flowers before
them

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother,
Cry, 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'

All Welcome, ladies, 72

Welcome! *[A flourish with drums and
trumpets. Exeunt]*

SCENE V—Corioli A Public Place

Enter TOLLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf Go tell the lords of the city I am here
Deliver them this paper having read it,

Bid them repair to the market-place, where I
Even in theirs and in the commons ears, 4
Will vouch the truth of it. Hi! I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd and
Intends to appear before the people hoping
To purge himself with words disparch 8
[Enter Aufidius]

*Enter three or four Companions of Aufidius
Factor*

Most welcome!
1st Con How is it with our general? 12

Auf I live so
As with a man by his own arms empow'r'd
And with his own arm's sin

Sic Con Most noble sir 14
If you do hold the same merit which
You wish us now, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger

Auf Sir I cannot tell
We must proceed as we do find the people 6
Third Con The people will remain uncertain
will it

'Twixt you there's difference but the fall of
the her

Makes the survivor heir of all

Auf I know it
And my pretext to strike at him admit 20
A good construction I read him and I pawn'd
Mine for our father's truth who being so
heighten'd,

He water'd his new plants with dew of flattery
Seducing so my friends, and to his end 24
He bow'd his nature never known before
But to be rough unswayable and free

Third Con Sir his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost 28
By lack of tooping—

Auf That I would have spoke of
Being banish'd for that he came unto my hearth,
Presented to my knife his throat I took him,
Made him joint-servant with me gave him a way
In all his own desires, nay let him choose 33
Out of my files his projects to a compass,

My best and freshest men, serv'd his design-
ments

In mine own person hop'd to reap the fame 36
Which he did end all his and took some pride
To do myself this wrong till at the last
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if 40
I had been mercenary

First Con So he did, my lord
The army marvell'd at it, and, in the last
When we had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—

Auf There was it 44
For which my sinew shall bestretch'd upon him
At a few drops of women's rheum which are
As cheap as lies he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action therefore shall he die, 48
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

*[Drums and trumpets sound with
great shouts of the People]*

First Con Your native town you enter'd
like a post,

And had no welcomes home, but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise

Sec Con And patient fools, 52
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats
tear

With giving him glory

Third Con Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your
sword, 56

Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounce'd shall bury
His reasons with his body

Auf Say no more
Here come the lords 60

Enter the Lords of the city

Lords You are most welcome home

Auf I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords We have

First Lord And grieve to hear 't
What faults he made before the last, I think 64
Might have found easy fines, but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where 68
There was a yielding, this admits no excuse
Auf He approaches you shall hear him

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours, a
crowd of Citizens with him*

Cor Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier,
No more infected with my country's love 72
Than when I parted hence but still subsisting
Under your great command You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted and
With bloody passage led your wars even to 76
The gates of Rome Our spoils we have brought
home

Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates 80
Than shame to the Romans, and we here
deliver,

Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf Read it not, noble lords, 84
But tell the traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers

Cor Traitor! How now?

Auf Ay, traitor, Marcus
Cor Marcus!

Auf Ay, Marcus, Caius Marcus. Dost thou
think 88

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up, 92
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother,
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting 96

Counsel o' the war but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other

Cor Hear st thou, Mars? 100

Auf Name not the god, thou boy of tears

Cor Ha!

Auf No more

Cor Measureless liar, thou hast made my
heart

Too great for what contains it Boy! O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever 105
I was forc'd to scold Your judgments, my
grave lords,

Must give this cur the lie and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him,
that 108

Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

First Lord Peace, both, and hear me speak

Cor Cut me to pieces, Volscies, men and
lads, 112

Stain all your edges on me Boy! False hound!

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,

That, like an eagle in a dove cote, I

Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli 116

Alone I did it Boy!

Auf Why, noble lords,

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy brag-

gart,

'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Conspirators Let him die for't 120

All the People Tear him to pieces—Do it

presently—He killed my son—My daughter

—He killed my cousin Marcus—He killed my
father 124

Sec Lord Peace, ho! no outrage peace!

The man is noble and his fame folds in

This orb o' the earth His last offences to us

Shall have judicious hearing Stand, Aufidius,

And trouble not the peace

Cor O! that I had him, 129

With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,

To use my lawful sword!

Auf Insolent villain!

Conspirators Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw,

and kill CORIOLANUS, who falls AU-

FIDIUS stands on his body

Lords Hold, hold, hold, hold! 132

Auf My noble masters, hear me speak

First Lord O Tullius!

Sec Lord Thou hast done a deed whereat

valour will weep

Third Lord Tread not upon him. Masters

all, be quiet

Put up your swords 136

Auf My lords, when you shall know,—as in
this rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot,—the great danger

Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice

That he is thus cut off Please it your honours

To call me to your senate, I'll deliver 141

Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

First Lord Bear from hence his body Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers, I'll be one,
And mourn you for him Let him be regarded Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully,
As the most noble corse that ever herald 145 Trail your steel pikes Though in this city he
Did follow to his urn. Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one, 153
Sec Lord His own impatience Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame Yet he shall have a noble memory
Let's make the best of it Assist
Auf My rage is gone, 148
And I am struck with sorrow Take him up [Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS
A dead march sound.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SATURNINUS Son to the late Emperor of Rome and afterwards declared Emperor
 BASSIANUS Brother to Saturninus in love with Lavinia.
 TITUS ANDRONICUS, a Roman General against the Goths
 MARCUS ANDRONICUS Tribune of the People and brother to Titus
 LUCIUS }
 QUINTUS } Sons to Titus Andronicus
 MARTIUS }
 MUTIUS }
 YOUNG LUCIUS a Boy Son to Lucius
 PUBLIUS Son to Marcus Andronicus
 SEMPRONIUS }
 CAIUS } Kinsmen to Titus
 VALENTINE, }
 ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.
 ALARBUS }
 DEMETRIUS } Sons to Tamora.
 CHIRON }
 AARON a Moor beloved by Tamora
 A Captain, Tribune Messenger, and Clown, Romans.
 Goths and Romans.
 TAMORA Queen of the Goths
 LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus
 A Nurse, and a black Child
 Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants

SCENE —Rome, and the Country near it

ACT I

SCENE I.—Rome

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing The Tribunes and Senators aloft and then enter SATURNINUS and his Followers at one door, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours

Sat Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
 Defend the justice of my cause with arms,
 And, countrymen, my loving followers,
 Plead my successive title with your swords 4
 I am his first-born son that was the last
 That wore the imperial diadem of Rome,
 Then let my father's honours live in me,
 Nor wrong mine age with this indignity 8

Bas Romans, friends, followers, favourers of
 my right,

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
 Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
 Keep then this passage to the Capitol,
 And suffer not dishonour to approach
 The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
 To justice, continence, and nobility,
 But let desert in pure election shine, 16
 And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown

Mar Princes, that strive by factions and by
 friends
 Ambitiously for rule and empery,
 Know that the people of Rome, for whom we
 stand 20

A special party, have, by common voice,
 In election for the Roman empery,
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
 For many good and great deserts to Rome 24
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within the city walls
 He by the senate is accited home

From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes, 29
 Hath yok'd a nation, strong, train'd up in arms
 Ten years are spent since first he undertook
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms 32
 Our enemies' pride five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field,

And now at last, laden with honour's spous, 36
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms

Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
 Whom worthily you would have now succeed, 40
 And in the Capitol and senate's right

Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
 That you withdraw you and abate your strength,

Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness 45

Sat How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
 thoughts!

Bas Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy 48
 In thy uprightness and integrity,

And so I love and honour thee and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,

And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament, 52
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends,

And to my fortunes and the people's favour
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd

[Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.]
 Sat Friends, that have been thus forward in
 my right, 56

I thank you all and here dismiss you all,
 And to the love and favour of my country

Commit myself, my person, and the cause 60
[Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
 As I am confident and kind to thee.

Bas Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
[Flourish. They go up into the Senate-house.]

Enter a Captain

Cap Romans, make way! the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribed with his sword, 68
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome

Drums and trumpets sounded, and then enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS, after them two Men bearing a coffin covered with black then LUCIUS and QUINTUS After them TITUS ANDRONICUS, and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners Soldiers and people following The bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks

Tit Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!

Lo! as the bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay, 72
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome 76
Thou great defender of this Capitol
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons
Half of the number that King Priam had, 80
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love,
These that I bring unto their latest home
With burial among their ancestors 84
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword

Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
Why sufferst thou thy sons, unbred yet
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx? 88
Make way to lay them by their brethren

[The tomb is opened]
There greet in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys, 92
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths, 96

That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd, 100
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth

Tit I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror, 104

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O! think my son to be as dear to me, 108
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke,
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets! 112

For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood 116
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful,
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge
Thrice-noble Titus spare my first-born son 120
Tit Patient yourself madam, and pardon me

These are their brethren, whom your Goths
beheld
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice 124
To this your son is mark'd and due he must
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone

Luc Away with him! and make a fire straight
And with our swords upon a pile of wood, 128
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed
[Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS and MUTIUS with ALARBUS]

Tam O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chu Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Dem Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome
Alarbus goes to rest and we survive 133
To tremble under Titus threatening look
Then madam stand resolv'd but have withal
The self-same gods, that arm'd the Queen of
Troy 136

With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora the Queen of Goths—
When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was
queen— 140
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with their swords bloody

Luc See, lord and father, how we have performed
Our Roman rites Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire, 144
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky

Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome

Tit Let it be so and let Andronicus 148
Make this his latest farewell to their souls

[Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in
rest

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps! 152
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned drugs, here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons! 156

Enter LAVINIA

Lav In peace and honour live Lord Titus
long
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies, 160

And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome
O! bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud

Tit Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly
reserv'd 165

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live, outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise! 168

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS and Tribunes, re-
enter SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and Others

Mar Long live Lord Titus, my beloved
brother,

Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome,
Tit Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother
Marcus

Mar And welcome, nephews, from success-
ful wars, 172

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your
swords,

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp, 176
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been, 180

Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This pallament of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire

With these our late-deceased emperor's sons 184
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness. 188

What should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day.

To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all? 192

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,

Knighted in field, slam manfully in arms, 196
In right and service of their noble country
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,

But not a sceptre to control the world
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last. 200

Mar Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the
empire

Sat Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
tell?

Tit Patience, Prince Saturninus.
Sat Romans, do me right

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe
them not 204

THU Saturninus be Rome's emperor
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the
good 208

That noble-minded Titus means to thee!
Tit Content thee, prince; I will restore to
thee

The people's hearts, and wear them from them-
selves.

Bas Andronicus, I do not flatter thee, 212
But honour thee, and will do till I die
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be, and thanks to men

Of noble minds is honourable meed 216
Tit People of Rome, and people's tribunes
here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
Tribunes To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome, 221

The people will accept whom he admits
Tit Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I
make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son, 224
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal

Then, if you will elect by my advice, 228
Crown him, and say, 'Long live our emperor!'

Mar With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor, 232

And say, 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'
[A long flourish]

Sat Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts, 236
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,

Lavinia will I make my empress, 240
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please
thee?

Tit It doth, my worthy lord, and in this
match 244

I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace
And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate 248

My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet 252

Sat Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts, 256

Romans, forget your fealty to me
Tit [To TAMORA] Now, madam, are you
prisoner to an emperor,

To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers 260

Sat A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance
Though chance of war hath wrought this change
of cheer, 264

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome.
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent 268
Daunt all your hopes. madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav Not I, my lord, with true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy 272
Sat Thanks, sweet Lavinia Romans, let us
go

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free
Proclaim our honours, lords with trumpet and
drum [Flourish SATURNINUS courts

Bas Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is
mine [Seizing LAVINIA

Tit How, sir! Are you in earnest then, my
lord? 277

Bas Ay, noble Titus, and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right

Mar *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice 280
This prince in justice seizeth but his own

Luc And that he will, and shall, if Lucius
live

Tit Traitors avaunt! Where is the em-
peror's guard? 284

Treason my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd
Sat Surpris'd! By whom?

Bas By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away

[Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS
with LAVINIA

Mu Brothers, help to convey her hence
away

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe 288
[Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS and MARTIUS

Tit Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her
back

Mu My lord, you pass not here
Tit What! villain boy

Barst me my way in Rome? [Stabs MUTIUS
Mu Help, Lucius, help! [Dies

Re-enter LUCIUS

Luc My lord, you are unjust, and, more
than so 292

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son
Tit Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine,

My sons would never so dishonour me
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor 296

Luc Dead, if you will but not to be his wife
That is another lawful promise of love [Exit

Sat No, Titus no, the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock 300

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonour me
Was none in Rome to make a stale 304

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agreed these deeds with that proud brag of
thine,

That saidst I begg'd the empire at thy hands
Tit O monstrous! what reproachful words
are these! 308

Sat But go thy ways, go, give that changing

Sat And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of
Goths,

That like the stately Ptolemy amongst her nymphs, 316
Dost overshadow the gallant dames of Rome,

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

And will create thee Empress of Rome 320
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near

And tapers burn so bright and every thing 324
In readiness for Hymeneus stand

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome
Or climb my palace till from forth this place

I lead espous'd my bride along with me 328
Tam And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome

I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,

She will a handmaid be to his desires
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth 332

Sat Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon Lords,
accompany

Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered 336
There shall we consummate our spousal rights

[Exeunt all but TITUS
Tit I am not bid to wait upon this bride

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone, 339
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and
MARTIUS

Mar O! Titus see, O! see what thou hast
done,

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son
Tit No foolish tribune no no son of mine

Nor thou nor these, confederates in the deed 344
That hath dishonour'd all our family

Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!
Luc But let us give him burial, as becomes

Give Mutius burial with our brethren 348
Tit Traitors away! he rests not in this tomb

This monument five hundred years hath stood
Which I have sumptuously re-edified

Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors 352
Repose in fame, none basely slain in brawls

Bury him where you can he comes not here
Mar My lord, this is impiety in you

My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him, 356
He must be buried with his brethren.

My foes I do repute you every one

So, trouble me no more, but get you gone

Mart He is not with himself, let us withdraw 368

Quin Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried

[*MARCUS and the sons of TITUS kneel*

Mar Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

Quin Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

Tit Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed 372

Mar Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter His noble nephew here in virtue's nest, 376

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax

That slew himself, and wise Laertes' son 380

Did graciously plead for his funerals

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here

Tit Rise, Marcus, rise

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw, 384

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!

Well, bury him, and bury me the next

[*MUTIUS is put into the tomb*

Luc There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb 388

All [*Kneeling*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius,

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause

Mar My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—

How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths 392

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit I know not, Marcus, but I know it is,

Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell

Is she not, then, beholding to the man 396

That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Mar Yes, and will nobly him remunerate

Flourish Re-enter, on one side, SATURNINUS,

attended, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and

AARON on the other side, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA,

and Others

Sat So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize

God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride 400

Bas And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,

Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave

Sat Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape 404

Bas Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,

My true-betrothed love and now my wife?

But let the laws of Rome determine all,

Megacchius I am possess'd of that is mine 408

Sat 'Tis good, sir, you are very short with

My word and promise to the emperor,

But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you

Bas My lord, what I have done, as best I may,

Answer I must and shall do with my life 412

Only thus much I give your Grace to know

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,

Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd 416

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son

In zeal to you and highly mov'd to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave 420

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,

That hath express'd himself in all his deeds

A father and a friend to thee and Rome

Tit Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds 424

'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam My worthy lord, if ever Tamora 428

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all,

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past

Sat What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,

And basely put it up without revenge? 433

Tam Not so, my lord, the gods of Rome

forfend

I should be author to dishonour you!

But on mine honour dare I undertake 436

For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him,

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose, 440

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart

[*Aside to SATURNINUS*] My lord, be rul'd by

me, be won at last,

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents

You are but newly planted in your throne, 444

Lest then, the people, and patricians too,

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,

And so supplant you for ingratitude,

Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin, 448

Yield at entreats, and then let me alone

I'll find a day to massacre them all,

And raze their faction and their family,

The cruel father, and his traitorous sons, 452

To whom I sued for my dear son's life,

And make them know what 'tis to let a queen

Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.

[*Aloud*] Come, come, sweet emperor, come, 456

Andronicus,

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart

That dies in tempest of thy angry frown

Sat Rise, Titus, rise, my empress hath pre- 459

vail'd

Tit I thank your majesty and her, my lord

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me

Tam Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily,

And must advise the emperor for his good 464

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus,

And let it be mine honour, good my lord,

That I have reconcil'd your friends and you

For you Prince Bassianus I have pass'd 468

My word and promise to the emperor,

That you will be more mild and tractable
And fear not, lorus, and you, Lavinia
By my advice, all humbled on your knees, 472
You shall ask pardon of his majesty

Luc We do, and vow to heaven and to his
highness,

That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour and our own 476

Mar That on mine honour here I do protest
Sat Away, and talk not trouble us no more

Tam Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all
be friends

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace, 480
I will not be denied sweet heart look back

Sat Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother s
here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults 484

Stand up
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend, and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest 488

Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends

This day shall be a love-day, Tamora
Tit To-morrow, an it please your majesty 492

To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your Grace

bon jour
Sat Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too

[*Trumpets Lament*]

ACT II

SCENE I—Rome Before the Palace

Enter AARON

Aar Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of Fortune's shot and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatning reach 4
As when the golden sun salutes the morn
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills, 8
So Tamora

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress, 13
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph
long

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes 16
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress 20
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's 24
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving

Dem Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit
wants edge

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for aught thou know'st, affected be 28

Chi Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all
And so in this to bear me down with braves.

'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate

I am as able and as fit as thou 33

To serve, and to deserve my mistress grace,
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,

And plead my passions for Lavinia's love 36
Aar Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep
the peace

Dem Why, boy, although our mother, un-
advic'd,

Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your
friends? 40

Go to, have your lath glu'd within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it

Chi Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I
have,

Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare
Dem Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw*]

Aar Why, how now, lords! 45
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge 48
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most con-
cerns,

Nor would you your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome 52

For shame, put up
Dem Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal

Thrust those reproachful speeches down his
throat 55

That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here
Chi For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,

Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy
tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform!
Aar Away, I say! 60

Now, by the gods that war-like Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all

Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right? 64

What! is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge? 68

Young lords, beware! an should the empress
know

This discord's ground, the music would not
please

Chi I care not, I, knew she and all the world
I love Lavinia more than all the world 72

Dem Youngling, learn thou to make some
meaner choice

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aar Why, are ye mad? or know ye not in
Rome

How furious and impatient they be, 76
And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device

Ch Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love 80
Aar To achieve her! how?

Dem Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore may be won,
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd 84
What, man! more water gldeth by the mill
Than wots the miller of, and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother, 88
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge

Aar [Aside] Ay, and as good as Saturninus
may

Dem Then why should he despair that know
to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality? 92
What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar Why, then, it seems, some certain snail
or so

Would serve your turns

Ch Ay, so the turn were serv'd 96

Dem Aaron, thou hast hit it

Aar Would you had hit it too!

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado
Why, hark ye! hark ye! and are you such fools
To square for this? Would it offend you then too
That both should speed?

Ch Faith, not me

Dem Nor me, so I were one

Aar For shame, be friends, and join for that
you jar

'Tis policy and stratagem must do 104
That you affect, and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must performe accomplish as you may

Take this of me: I weree was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love 109
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand 112

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop

The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are

Fitted by kind for rape and villany 116

Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force if not by words

This way or not at all stand you in hope
Come come, out! oppress with her sacred wit

To villany and vengeance consecrate 121

Will we acquit with all that we intend
And she shall file our engines with advice

That will not suffer you to square yourselves 124

But to your wishes height advance you both
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame

The palace full of tongues, of eyes and ears
The woods are ruthless dreadful deaf, and dull,

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take
your turns 129

There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's
eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury

Ch Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice

Dem Sir, 'tis aut nefas, till I find the stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

Per Styga, per manes vehor

[Exeunt]

SCENE II — A Forest

Horns and cry of hounds heard Enter TITUS
ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c. MARCUS,
LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS

Tit The hunt is up, the morn is bright and
grey

The fields are fragrant and the woods are green

Uncouple here and let us make a bay,

And wake the emperor and his lovely bride, 4

And rouse the prince and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise

Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours
To attend the emperor's person carefully 8

I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd

[4 cry of hounds, and horns winded
in a peal]

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LA-
VINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and Attendants

Many good morrows to your majesty,
Madam, to you as many and as good 12

I promised your Grace a hunter's peal

Sat And you have rung it lustily, my lord,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies

Bas Lavinia, how say you?

Lav I say, no, 16

I have been broad awake two hours and more

Sat Come on, then, horse and chariots let
us have,

And to our sport — [To TAMORA] Madam, now
shall ye see

Our Roman hunting

Mar I have dogs, my lord, 20

Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top

Tit And I have horse will follow where the
game

Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain

Dem [Aside] Chiron, we hunt not, we, with
horse nor hound, 25

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground

[Exeunt]

SCENE III — A lonely Part of the Forest

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold

Aar He that had wit would think that I had
none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly 4

Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget

A very excellent piece of villany

And so repose, sweet gold for their unrest 8

That have their aims out of the empress' chest

[Hides the gold]

Enter TAMORA

Tam My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st
thou sad,

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?

The birds chant melody on every bush, 12
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer d shadow on the ground
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit, 16
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the
hounds,

Replaying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise, 20
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave, 24
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber
Whilst hounds and horns and sweet melodious
birds

Be unto us as is a nurse's song 28
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep
Aar Madam, though Venus govern your
desires,

Saturn is dominator over mine
What signifies my deadly-standing eye, 32
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution? 36

No, madam, these are no venerable signs
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul, 40
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in
thee,

This is the day of doom for Bassianus,
His Philomel must lose her tongue to day,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity, 44
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll
Now question me no more, we are espied, 48
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives destruction

Tam Ah! my sweet Moor, sweeter to me
than life

Aar No more, great empress, Bassianus
comes 52

Be cross with him and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be [Exit

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA

Bas Who have we here? Rome's royal em-
press,

Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop? 56
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had, 61
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art! 65

Lav Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your Moor and you 68

Are singled forth to try experiments
Jove shield your husband from his hounds
to-day!

'Tis pity they should take him for a stag
Bas Believe me, queen, your swarth Cim-
merian 72

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly
steed,

And wander'd hither to an obscure plot, 77
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav And, being intercepted in your sport, 80
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love,
This valley fits the purpose passing well 84

Bas The king my brother shall have note of
this

Lav Ay, for these slips have made him noted
long

Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!
Tam Why have I patience to endure all
this? 88

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON

Dem How now, dear sovereign, and our
gracious mother!

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?
Tam Have I not reason, thank you, to look
pale?

These two have 'tuc'd me hither to this place 92
A barren detested vale, you see, it is,

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe
Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds,
Unless the mighty owl or fatal raven 97

And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly
No sooner had they told this hellish tale, 105
But straight they told me they would bind me
here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death 108

And then they called me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect,
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come, 112

This vengeance on me had they executed
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children

Dem This is a witness that I am thy son 116

[Stabs BASSIANUS

Ch And this for me, struck home to show
my strength

[Also stabs BASSIANUS, who dies

Lav Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous
Tamora,

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam Give me thy poniard, you shall know,
my boy,¹²⁰
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
wrong
Dem Stay, madam, here is more belongs
to her
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw
This minion stood upon her chastity,¹²⁴
Upon her nuptial vow her loyalty
And with that painted hope she braves your
mightiness
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
Ch An if she do I would I were an eunuch
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,¹²⁹
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust
Tam But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting¹³²
Ch I warrant you, madam, we will make
that sure
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours
Lav O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's
face,—¹³⁶
Tam I will not hear her speak, away with
her!
Lav Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a
word
Dem Listen, fair madam, let it be your glory
To see her tears but be your heart to them¹⁴⁰
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain
Lav When did the tiger's young ones teach
the dam?
O! do not learn her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to
marble¹⁴⁴
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike
[*To CHIRON*] Do thou entreat her show a
woman pity
Ch What! wouldst thou have me prove
myself a bastard?¹⁴⁸
Lav 'Tis true! the raven doth not hatch a
lark
Yet have I heard, O! could I find it now,
The lion mov'd with pity did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away¹⁵²
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests
O! be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful¹⁵⁶
Tam I know not what it means, away with
her!
Lav O, let me teach thee! for my father's
sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have
slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears¹⁶⁰
Tam Hadst thou in person ne'er offended
me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain
To save your brother from the sacrifice,¹⁶⁴
But fierce Andronicus would not relent
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you
will
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav O Tamora! be call'd a gentle queen,¹⁶⁸
And with thine own hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long,
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died
Tam What begg'st thou then? fond woman,
let me go¹⁷²
Lav 'Tis present death I beg and one thing
more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell
O! keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,¹⁷⁶
Where never man's eye may behold my body
Do this, and be a charitable murderer
Tam So should I rob my sweet sons of their
fee
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee¹⁸⁰
Dem Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too
long
Lav No grace! no womanhood! Ah, beastly
creature
The blot and enemy to our general name
Confusion fall—¹⁸⁴
Ch Nay, then I'll stop your mouth Bring
thou her husband
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him
[*DEMETRIUS throws the body of BASSIANUS*
into the pit, then exeunt DEMETRIUS
and CHIRON, dragging off LAVINIA
Tam Farewell, my sons see that you make
her sure
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed¹⁸⁸
Till all the Andronici be made away
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons thus rull de¹⁹² over
[*Exit*]
Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS
Aar Come on, my lords the better foot be-
fore¹⁹²
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the parther fast asleep
Quin My sight is very dull whate'er it bodes
Mart And mine, I promise you were't not
for shame¹⁹⁶
Well could I have our sport to sleep awhile
[*Falls into the pit*
Quin What! art thou fall'n? What subtle
hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing
briers,¹⁹⁹
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me
Speak brother, hast thou hurt thee with the
fall?
Mart O brother! with the dismall'st object
hurt²⁰⁴
That ever eye with sight made heart lament
Aar [Aside] Now will I fetch the king to
find them here
That he thereby may give a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother
[*Exit*]
Mart Why dost not comfort me, and help
me out²⁰⁸
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole!

Quin I am surprised with an uncouth fear,
A chilling sweat o' erruns my trembling joints
My heart suspects more than mine eye can
see 213

Mart To prove thou hast a true divining
heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death 216
Quin Aaron is gone, and my compassionate
heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise
O' tell me how it is, for ne'er till now 220
Was I a child, to fear I know not what

Mart Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit 224
Quin If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument, 228
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood
O brother! help me with thy fainting hand, 233
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth 236

Quin Reach me thy hand, that I may help
thee out,

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave 240
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink

Mart Nor I no strength to climb without
thy help

Quin Thy hand once more, I will not loose
again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below 244
Thou canst not come to me I come to thee

[Falls in

Re-enter AARON with SATURNINUS

Sat Along with me I'll see what hole is
here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend 248
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead 252

Sat My brother dead! I know thou dost but
jest

He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase,
'Tis not an hour since I left him there 256

Mart We know not where you left him all
alive,

But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants, TITUS ANDRO-
NICUS, and LUCIUS.*

Tam Where is my lord, the king?

Sat Here, Tamora, though griev'd with kill-
ing grief. 260

Tam Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat Now to the bottom dost thou search my
wound

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered

Tam Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[Giving a letter

The complot of this timeless tragedy, 265
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny

Sat And if we miss to meet him hand-
somely, 268

*Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him
Thou know'st our meaning Look for thy reward
Among the nettles of the elder-tree 272*

*Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus*

*Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends
O Tamora! was ever heard the like? 276*

This is the pit, and thus the elder-tree
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out

That should have murder'd Bassianus here
Aar My gracious lord, here is the bag of
gold 280

Sat [To TITUS] Two of thy whelps, fell curs
of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison

There let them bide until we have devis'd 284
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam What! are they in this pit? O won-
drous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit High emperor, upon my feeble knee 288
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,

Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them.—
Sat If it be prov'd, you see it is apparent 292

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
Tam Andronicus himself did take it up

Tit I did, my lord yet let me be their bail,
For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow 296

They shall be ready at your highness' will
To answer their suspicion with their lives

Sat Thou shalt not bail them see thou fol-
low me

Some bring the murder'd body, some the mur-
derers 300

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain,
For, by my soul, were there worse end than

death,
That end upon them should be executed

Tam Andronicus, I will entreat the king 304
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit Come, Lucius, come, stay not to talk
with them. [Exeunt severally

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA,
ravished, her hands cut off, and her tongue
cut out*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can
speak,

Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd
thee.

Chu Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
 An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe 4
Dem See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.
Chu Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands
Dem She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
 And so let's leave her to her silent walks 8
Chu An twere my case, I should go hang myself
Dem If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON*]

Enter MARCUS

Mar Who's this? my niece, that flies away so fast?
 Cousin, a word, where is your husband? 12
 If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
 If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
 That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
 Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands 16
 Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
 Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
 Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
 And might not gain so great a happiness 20
 As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
 Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,
 Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips, 24
 Coming and going with thy honey breath.
 But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,
 And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue
 Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame,
 And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood, 29
 As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
 Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud. 32
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
 O! that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind
 Sorrow concealed, like to an oven stopp'd, 36
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is
 Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee, 40
 A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel
 O! had the monster seen those lily hands 44
 Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them.
 He would not, then, have touch'd them for his life,
 Or had he heard the heavenly harmony 48
 Which that sweet tongue hath made
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind, 52

For such a sight will blind a father's eye
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads,
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee 56
 O! could our mourning ease thy misery
 [*Exeunt*]

ACT III

SCENE I —Rome A Street

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS bound, passing on to the place of execution TITUS going before, pleading

Tit Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd, 5
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons, 8
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed
 For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write 12
 [*He throws himself on the ground*]
 My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite,
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush. [*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c, with the Prisoners*]

O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, 16
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers
 In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still,
 In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow, 20
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death 24
 And let me say, that never wept before,
 My tears are now prevailing orators

Luc O noble father, you lament in vain
 The tribunes hear you not, no man is by, 28
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone

Tit Ah! Lucius for thy brothers let me plead
 Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak 32

Tit Why, 'tis no matter, man if they did hear

They would not mark me, or if they did mark,
 They would not pity me, yet plead I must, 36
 All bootless unto them

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,

For that they will not intercept my tale 40

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me,
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribu'e like to these 44
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than
stones,

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to
death [Rises]

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon
drawn? 48

Luc To rescue my two brothers from their
death

For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment

Tit O happy man! they have befriended
thee 52

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then, 56
From these devourers to be banish'd!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA

Mar Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep,
Or, if not so thy noble heart to break 60
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age

Tit Will it consume me? let me see it then

Mar This was thy daughter

Tit Why, Marcus, so she is 64

Luc Ay me! this object kills me

Tit Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon
her

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea, 69
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds 72
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain,
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life,
In bootless prayer have they been held up, 76
And they have serv'd me to effectless use
Now all the service I require of them
Is that the one will help to cut the other

'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands, 80
For hands to do Rome service, are but vain

Luc Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd
thee?

Mar O! that delightful engine of her
thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing elo-
quence, 84

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear

Luc O! say thou for her, who hath done
this deed? 88

Mar O! thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound

Tit It was my dear, and he that wounded
her 92

Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead

For now I stand as one upon a rock
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge 97
Will in his brimish bowels swallow him
This way to death my wretched sons are gone,
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man, 100
And here my brother, weeping at my woes
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight 104
It would have maddened me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death 109
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this
Look! Marcus, ah! son Lucius, look on her
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew 113
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar Perchance she weeps because they
kill'd her husband,

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit If they did kill thy husband, then be
joyful, 117

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed,

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes 120
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some foun-
tain, 124

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, like meadows yet not dry,

With mury slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long 128
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb
shows 132

Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,

Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come 136

Luc Sweet father, cease your tears, for at
your grief

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps
Mar Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry
thine eyes

Tit Ah! Marcus, Marcus, brother, well I
wot 140

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine
own.

Luc Ah! my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks
Tit Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her
signs 144

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee

His napkin, with his true tears, all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks 148

O! what a sympathy of woe is this,
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter AARON

Aar Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word that, if thou love thy
sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
O' any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive, 156
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise? 160
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my
hand.

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
Luc Stay, father! for that noble hand of
thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies, 164
Shall not be sent, my hand will serve the turn
My youth can better spare my blood than you
And therefore mine shall save my brothers
lives.

Mar Which of your hands hath not de-
fended Rome, 168

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O! none of both but are of high desert
My hand hath been but idle, let it serve 172
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go
along,

For fear they die before their pardon come 176
Mar My hand shall go

Luc By heaven, it shall not go!
Tit Sirs, strive no more such wither'd herbs
as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy
son, 180

Let me redeem my brothers both from death
Mar And for our father's sake, and mother's
care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee
Tit Agree between you, I will spare my
hand. 184

Luc Then I'll go fetch an axe
Mar But I will use the axe

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS*
Tit Come hither, Aaron, I'll deceive them
both

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine
Aar [*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will
be honest, 188

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.
[*Cuts off TITUS' hand*]

Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit Now stay your strife what shall be is
dispatch'd. 192
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand

Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, b'd him bury it,
More hath it mented, that let it have 196
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price,
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own
Aar I go, Andronicus, and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee 201
[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O! how this
villany

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face 205

[*Exit*
Tit O! here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble run to the earth
If any power pities wretched tears, 208
To that I call! [*To LAVINIA*] What! wilt thou
kneel with me?

Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our
prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin
dun, 211

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms

Mar O! brother speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes

Tit Is not my sorrow deep, having no
bottom? 216

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar But yet let reason govern thy lament

Tit If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes 220
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth
o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil? 224
I am the sea, hark! how her sighs do blow,
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs,
Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd, 229
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them

Then give me leave, for losers will have leave 232
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand

Mess Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou re-
paid

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons, 236
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back
Thy griefs their sports thy resolution mock'd,
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit*
Mar Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily 241
And be my heart an ever burning hell!

These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some
deal, 244

But sorrow flouted at is double death

Luc Ah! that this sight should make so deep
a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat, 247
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe

[*LAVINIA KISSES TITUS*]

Mar Alas! poor heart, that kiss is comfort-
less

As frozen water to a starved snake

Tit When will this fearful slumber have an
end? 252

Mar Now, farewell, flattery die, Andro-
nicus,

Thou dost not slumber see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy war-like hand, thy mangled daughter here,
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight 256
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand 260
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal
sight

The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?

Tit Ha, ha, ha! 264

Mar Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with
this hour

Tit Why, I have not another tear to shed
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes, 268
And make them blind with tributary tears
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss 272
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed
them

Come, let me see what task I have to do
You heavy people, circle me about, 276
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs
The vow is made Come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear 280
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
teeth

As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight,
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay 284
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do

[*Exeunt TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA*]

Luc Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome 289
Farewell, proud Rome, till *Lucius* come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life
Farewell, *Lavinia*, my noble sister, 292
O! would thou wert as thou tofore hast been,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs

If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs, 296
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine 300

[*Exit*]

SCENE II.—*The Same A Room in TITUS
House A Banquet set out*

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young
LUCIUS, a Boy*

Tit So, so, now sit, and look you eat no
more

Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours
Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot 4
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms This poor right hand of
mine

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast, 8
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down

[*To LAVINIA*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost
talk in signs! 12

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous
beating

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans,

Or get some little knife between thy teeth, 16
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall

May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears 20

Mar Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to
lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life
Tit How now! has sorrow made thee dote
already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I 24
What violent hands can she lay on her life?

Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the name of
hands,

To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable? 28

O! handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none

Fie, fie! how frantically I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands, 32

If Marcus did not name the word of hands
Come, let's fall to, and, gentle girl, eat this

Here is no drink Hark Marcus, what she says,
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs 36

She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mash'd upon her
cheeks

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought,
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect 40

As begging hermits in their holy prayers
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to
heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet, 44

And by still practice learn to know thy meaning
Boy Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep
laments

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale
Mar Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,

Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness 48
Tit Peace, tender sapling, thou art made of
tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away

[MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy
knife? 52

Mar At that that I have kill'd, my lord, a
fly

Tit Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my
heart,

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny
A deed of death, done on the innocent, 56
Becomes not Titus' brother Get thee gone,
I see, thou art not for my company

Mar Alas! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly

Tit But how if that fly had a father and a
mother? 60

How would he hang his slender gilded wings
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!

Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody, 64
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast
kill'd him.

Mar Pardon me, sir, it was a black ill-
favour'd fly,

Like to the empress' Moor, therefore I kill'd
him.

Tit O, O O!

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor 72

Come hither purposely to poison me
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora

Ah! surrah
Yet I think we are not brought so low, 76

But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor

Mar Alas! poor man, grief has so wrought
on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances 80

Tit Come, take away Lavinia, go with me
I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee

Sad stories chanced in the times of old
Come, boy, and go with me thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle
[Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I.—Rome TITUS' Garden.

Enter TITUS and MARCUS Then enter young
LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him

Boy Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes
Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean. 4

Mar Stand by me, Lucius, do not fear thine
aunt.

Tit She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee
harm

Boy Ay, when my father was in Rome, she
did

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these
signs? 8

Tit Fear her not, Lucius somewhat doth
she mean

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee,

Somewhither would she have thee go with her
Ah! boy, Cornelia never with more care 12

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator

Mar Canst thou not guess wherefore she
plies thee thus?

Boy My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her, 17

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad,

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy 20
Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to fear,

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth, 24
Which made me down to throw my books and
fly,

Causeless, perhaps But pardon me, sweet aunt,
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go

I will most willingly attend your ladyship 28

Mar Lucius, I will
[LAVINIA turns over the books which
LUCIUS had let fall

Tit Hownow, Lavinia! Marcus, what means
this?

Some book there is that she desires to see
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy 32

But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd,
Come, and take choice of all my library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens 36
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar I think she means that there was more
than one

Confederate in the fact ay, more there was,
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge

Tit Lucius what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses,
My mother gave it me.

Mar For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest 44

Tit Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!
[Helping her

What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape, 48
And rape I fear, was root of thine annoy

Mar See, brother, see! note how she quotes
the leaves

Tit Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet
girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was, 52
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see!

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—
O! had we never, never hunted there,— 56

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes

Mar O! why should nature build so foul a
den,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies? 60

Tit Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none
but friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,

That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed? 64

Mar Sit down, sweet niece brother, sit
down by me
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!
My lord, look here, look here, Lavinia 68
This sandy plot is plain, guide, if thou canst,
Thus after me

[*He writes his name with his staff, and
guides it with his feet and mouth*
I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last
What God will have discover'd for revenge 74
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides
it with her stumps, and writes*

Tit O! do you read, my lord, what she hath
writ? 77

Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius

Mar What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed? 80

Tit Magni dom nator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar O! calm thee, gentle lord, although I
know

There is enough written upon this earth 84
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts

And arm the minds of infants to exclaims
My lord, kneel down with me, Lavinia, kneel,

And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector shope,
And swear with me, as, with the woeful fere 89

And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,

That we will prosecute by good advice 92
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,

And see their blood, or die with this reproach

Tit 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware

The dam will wake, an if she wind you once 97
She's with the lion deeply still in league,

And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list 100

You're a young huntsman, Marcus, let it alone,
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,

And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by the angry northern wind 104

Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves abroad,
And where's your lesson then? Boy, what say

you?

Boy I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe

For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome, 109

Mar Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full
oft

For his ungrateful country done the like.
Boy And, uncle, so will I, an if I live. 112

Tit Come, go with me into mine armoury
Lucius, I'll fit thee, and withal my boy

Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both! 116

Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou
not?

Boy Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,
grandsire

Tit No, boy, not so, I'll teach thee another
course

Lavinia, come Marcus, look to my house, 120
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court

Ay, marry, will we, sir, and we'll be waited on
[*Exeunt TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy*

Mar O heavens! can you hear a good man
groan,

And not relent or not compassion him? 124
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield,

But yet so just that he will not revenge 128
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit*

SCENE II — The Same A Room in the Palace

Enter, from one side, AARON, DEMETRIUS, and
CHIRON, from the other young LUCIUS, and
an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and
verses writ upon them

Chi Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius,
He hath some message to deliver us

Aar Ay, some mad message from his mad
grandfather

Boy My lords, with all the humbleness I
may, 4

I greet your honours from Andronicus;
[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods, confound

you both!

Dem Gramercy, lovely Lucius what's the
news? 8

Boy [*Aside*] That you are both decipher'd,
that's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape [*Aloud*] May it
please you, 8

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,

To gratify your honourable youth, 12
The hope of Rome, for so he bade me say,

And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well 16
And so I leave you both [*Aside*] like bloody

villains [*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

Dem What's here? A scroll, and written
round about?

Let's see —

[*Reads*] 'Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, 20
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu

Chi O! 'tis a verse in Horace, I know it well
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar Ay just, a verse in Horace, right, you
have it 24

[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found

their guilt

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with
lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick,
But were our witty empress well afoot, 29

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit!
But let her rest in her unrest awhile,

[*To them*] And now, young lords, was't not a
happy star 32

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing 36
Dem But me more good, to see so great a
lord

Basely insinuate and send us gifts
Aar Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly? 40
Dem I would we had a thousand Roman
dames

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust
Chi A charitable wish and full of love
Aar Here lacks but your mother for to say
amen 44
Chi And that would she for twenty thousand
more

Dem Come, let us go and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains
Aar [Aside] Pray to the devils, the gods
have given us over [Trumpets sound
Dem Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
thus? 49
Chi Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son
Dem Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child

Nur Good morrow, lords O! tell me, did
you see 52
Aaron the Moor?

Aar Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is, and what with Aaron now?
Nur O gentle Aaron! we are all undone 56
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar Why, what a caterwauling dost thou
keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur O! that which I would hide from
heaven's eye, 60
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace!
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd

Aar To whom?
Nur I mean, she's brought a-bed.
Aar Well, God give her good rest! What
hath he sent her? 64
Nur A devil
Aar Why, then she's the devil's dam a joy-
ful issue
Nur A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful
issue

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad 68
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime
The empress sends it thee thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's
point

Aar 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a
hue? 72
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
Dem Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar That which thou canst not undo
Chi Thou hast undone our mother 76
Aar Villain, I have done thy mother
Dem And therein, hellish dog, thou hast
undone

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed
choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend! 80
Chi It shall not live
Aar It shall not die
Nur Aaron, it must, the mother wills it so
Aar What! must it, nurse? then let no man
but I 84

Do execution on my flesh and blood
Dem I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's
point
Nurse, give it me, my sword shall soon dispatch
it
Aar Sooner this sword shall plough thy
bowels up 88

[Takes the Child from the Nurse,
and draws

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your
brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scurritar's sharp point 92
That touches this my first born son and heir
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's
brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war, 96
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands
What, what ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye a'house painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue, 100
In that it scorns to bear another hue,

For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood 104
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can

Dem Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress
thus?

Aar My mistress is my mistress, thus my-
self, 108

The vigour, and the picture of my youth
Thus before all the world do I prefer,
Thus maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome 112

Dem By this our mother is for ever sham'd
Chi Rome will despise her for this foul
escape

Nur The emperor in his rage will doom her
death

Chi I blush to think upon this ignomy 116
Aar Why, there's the privilege your beauty
bears

Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with
blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer 120
Look how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say 'Old lad, I am thine own'
He is your brother lords, sensibly fed
Of that self blood that first gave life to you, 124
And from that womb where you imprison'd
were

He is enfranchised and come to light
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face 128
Nur Aaron, what shall I say unto the em-
press?

Dem Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe 132
Aar Then sit we down, and let us all consult,
My son and I will have the wind of you
Keep there now talk at pleasure of your safety

[*They sit*]

Dem How many women saw this child of
his? 136

Aar Why, so, brave lords! when we join in
league,

I am a lamb, but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms 140
But say, again, how many saw the child?

Nur Cornelia the midwife and myself,
And no one else but the deliver d empress

Aar The empress, the midwife, and your-
self 144

Two may keep counsel when the third's away
Go to the empress, tell her this I said

[*Stabbing her*]

'Weke, weke!'

So cries a pig prepared to the spit 148

Dem What mean'st thou, Aaron? Where-
fore didst thou this?

Aar O lord, sir, tis a deed of policy
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no
And now be it known to you my full intent 153

Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed

His child is like to her far as you are 156
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir, 160

And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court,

And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords, you see, I have given her physic,

[*Pointing to the Nurse*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral, 165
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me 168

The midwife and the nurse well made away
Then let the ladies tattle what they please

Chi Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets

Dem For this care of Tamora, 172
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON,
bearing off the Nurse's body*]

Aar Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow
flies,

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends 176

Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you
hence,

For it is you that puts us to our shifts
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,

And feed on curds and whey and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave and bring you up 181

To be a warrior, and command a camp
[*Exit with the Child*]

SCENE III — *The Same A Public Place*

*Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters on the
ends of them with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS,
PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, and other Gentle-
men, with bows*

Tit Come, Marcus, come, kinsmen, thus is
the way

Sir boy, now let me see your archery
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there
straight

Terras Astræa reliquit

Be you remember d, Marcus, she's gone, she's
fled 4

Sirs, take you to your tools You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets,

Happily you may find her in the sea, 8
Yet there's as little justice as at land

No, Publius and Sempronius, you must do it,
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth 12
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you, deliver him this petition,
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,

And that it comes from old Andronicus, 16
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome

Ah! Rome Well, well, I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me 20
Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd
Thus wicked emperor may have shipp'd her
hence,

And, kinsmen then we may go pipe for justice
Mar O Publius! is not this a heavy case, 25

To see thy noble uncle thus distract?
Pub Therefore, my lord, it highly concerns

By day and night to attend him carefully, 28
And feed his humour kindly as we may,

Till time beget some careful remedy
Mar Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy

Join with the Goths, and with revengful war 32
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,

And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine
Tit Publius, how now! how now, my masters!

What! have you met with her? 36
Pub No, my good lord, but Pluto sends you
word,

If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,

He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere
else, 40

So that perforce you must needs stay a time
Tit He doth me wrong to feed me with delays

I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Achéron by the heels 44

Marcus we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops' size,

But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs
can bear 48

And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven and move the gods

To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs
Come, to this gear You are a good archer,

Marcus [*He gives them the arrows*
Ad Jovem, that's for you here, *ad Apollinem*
Ad Martem, that's for myself

Here, boy, to Pallas here, to Mercury
 To Saturn, Caus, not to Saturnine, 56
 You were as good to shoot against the wind
 To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid
 Of my word, I have written to effect,
 There's not a god left unsolicited 60

Mar Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into
 the court

We will afflict the emperor in his pride
 Tit Now, masters, draw [*They shoot*] O!
 well said Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap give it Pallas 64
 Mar My lord, I am a mule beyond the moon,
 Your letter is with Jupiter by this

Tit Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou
 done?

See, see! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns
 Mar This was the sport, my lord when
 Publius shot, 69

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
 That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,
 And who should find them but the empress' 72
 villain?

She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not
 choose

But give them to his master for a present
 Tit Why, there it goes God give his lord-
 ship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons
in it

News! news from heaven! Marcus, the post is
 come 76

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
 Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo O! the gibbet-maker? He says that he
 hath taken them down again, for the man must
 not be hanged till the next week. 81

Tit But what says Jupiter I ask thee?
 Clo Alas! sir, I know not Jupiter, I never
 drank with him in all my life 84

Tit Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?
 Clo Ay, of my pigeons sir, nothing else

Tit Why, didst thou not come from heaven?
 Clo From heaven! alas! sir, I never came
 there God forbid I should be so bold to press
 to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going
 with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take
 up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one
 of the imperial s men 93

Mar Why sir, that is as fit as can be to
 serve for your oration, and let him deliver the
 pigeons to the emperor from you 96

Tit Tell me, can you deliver an oration to
 the emperor with a grace?

Clo Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace
 in all my life 100

Tit Sirrah, come hither make no more ado,
 But give your pigeons to the emperor
 By me thou shalt have justice at his hands
 Hold, hold, meanwhile, here's money for thy
 charges. 104

Give me pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplica-
 tion?

Clo Ay, sir

Tit Then here is a supplication for you
 And when you come to him, at the first ap-
 proach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then
 deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your
 reward I'll be at hand, sir see you do it bravely

Clo I warrant you sir, let me alone 113

Tit Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come let
 me see it

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
 For thou hast made it like a humble suppliant
 And when thou hast given it to the emperor 117
 Knock at my door, and tell me what he says

Clo God be with you, sir, I will

Tit Come, Marcus, let us go Publius, follow
 me [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV —The Same Before the Palace

Enter SATURNINUS TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON,
Lords, and Others SATURNINUS with the arrows
in his hand that TITUS shot

Sat Why, lords, what wrongs are these!
 Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
 Troubled, confronted thus and, for the extent
 Of equal justice us'd in such contempt? 4
 My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,—
 However these disturbers of our peace
 Buzz in the people's ears,—there nought hath
 pass'd,

But even with law, against the wilful sons 8
 Of old Andronicus And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness? 12

And now he writes to heaven for his redress
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury,
 This to Apollo, thus to the god of war,
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome! 16

What's this but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice every where?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were 20
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages,

But he and his shall know that justice lives
 In Saturninus health whom, if she sleep, 24
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall

Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives

Tam My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts, 28
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd
 his heart,

And rather comfort his distressed plight 32
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best
 For these contempt—[*Aside*] Why, thus it
 shall become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick, 36
 Thy life-blood out if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo Yea, forsooth, an your mustership be imperial

Tam Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor

Clo 'Tis he God and Saint Stephengive you good den

I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here

[SATURNINUS reads the letter]

Sat Go, take him away, and hang him presently

Clo How much money must I have?

Tam Come, sirrah, you must be hanged

Clo Hanged! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end

[Exit, guarded]

Sat Despiteful and intolerable wrongs! Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother, Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!

Go, drag the villan hither by the hair, Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege

For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughterman, Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me

Enter ÆMILIUS

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil Arm, arm, my lord! Rome never had more cause

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus

Who threatens, in course of this revenge, to do As much as ever Coriolanus did

Sat Is war-like Lucius general of the Goths? These tidings nip me, and I hang the head

As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach 'Tis he the common people love so much,

Myself hath often heard them say, When I have walked like a private man,

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully, And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor

Tam Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius, And will revolt from me to succour him

Tam King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name

Is the sun dimm'd that gnats do fly in it? The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby, Knowing that with the shadow of his wings

He can at pleasure stint their melody, Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome

Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou emperor, I will enchant the old Andronicus

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep, Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rotted with delicious feed

Sat But he will not entreat his son for us

Tam If Tamora entreat him, then he will For I can smooth and fill his aged ear

With golden promises, that, were his heart Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue [To ÆMILIUS] Go thou before, be our ambassador

Say that the emperor requests a parley Of war-like Lucius, and appoint the meeting,

Even at his father's house, the old Anacronicus

Sat Æmilius, do this message honourably And if he stand on hostage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will please him best

Æmil Your bidding shall I do effectually

Tam Now will I to that old Andronicus, And temper him with all the art I have,

To pluck proud Lucius from the war-like Goths. And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,

And bury all thy fear in my devices

Sat Then go successantly, and plead to him.

ACT V

SCENE I — Plains near Rome

Flourish Enter LUCIUS, and an army of Goths, with drums and colours.

Luc Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,

I have received letters from great Rome, Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,

And how desirous of our sight they are Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,

Imperious and impatient of your wrongs, And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,

Let him make treble satisfaction

First Goth Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,

Whose high exploits and honourable deeds Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,

Be bold in us we'll follow where thou lead'st, Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day

Led by their master to the flower'd fields, And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths And, as he saith, so say we all with him

Luc I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.

But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his arms

Sec Goth Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery, And as I earnestly did fix mine eye

Upon the wasted building, suddenly
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall 24
 I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
 The crying babe controll'd with this discourse
 'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
 Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art, 28
 Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look
 Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor
 But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
 They never do beget a coal-black calf 32
 Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he hates the
 babe,—

'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
 Who, when he knows thou art the empress'
 babe,

Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake ' 36
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon
 him,

Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man

Luc O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate
 devil 40

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress eye,
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither wouldst thou con-
 vey 44

This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
 Why dost not speak? What! deaf? not a word?
 A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy 48

Aar Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood

Luc Too like the sire for ever being good
 First hang the child that he may see it sprawl,
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal 52
 Get me a ladder *[A ladder brought,*

which AARON is made to ascend
Aar Lucius, save the child,

And bear it from me to the empress
 If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
 That highly may advantage thee to hear 56
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 I'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!'

Luc Say on, and if it please me which thou
 speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd
Aar An if it please thee! why, assure thee,
 Lucius, 62

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak,
 For I must talk of murders, rapes, and mas-
 sacres,

Acts of black night, abominable deeds, 64
 Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
 Ruthful to hear, yet pitously perform'd
 And this shall all be buried by my death,

Unless thou swear to me my child shall live 68
Luc Tell on thy mind I say, thy child shall
 live

Aar Swear that he shall, and then I will
 begin

Luc Who should I swear by? thou believ'st
 no god

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
Aar What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not,

Yet, for I know thou art religious,
 And hast a thing within thee called conscience,

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies, 76
 Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
 Therefore I urge thy oath, for that I know
 An idiot holds his bauble for a god
 And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
 To that I'll urge him, therefore thou shalt vow
 By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
 That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
 To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up
 Or else I will discover nought to thee 85

Luc Even by my god I swear to thee I will
Aar First, know thou, I begot him on the
 empress

Luc O most insatiate and luxurious woman!

Aar Tut! Lucius, this was, but a deed of
 charity 89

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon
 'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus,

They cut thy sister's tongue and ravish'd her 92
 And cut her hands and trimm'd her as thou
 saw'st

Luc O detestable villain! call'st thou that
 trimming?

Aar Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and
 trimm'd, and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it 96
Luc O barbarous, beastly villains, like thy-
 self!

Aar Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct
 them

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
 As sure a card as ever won the set, 100

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me
 As true a dog as ever fought at head

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth
 I train'd thy brethren to that gulf-hole 104

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay,
 I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
 Confederate with the queen and her two sons

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
 And, when I had it drew myself apart, 112

And almost broke my heart with extreme
 laughter

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall
 When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads,

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily, 116
 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his

And when I told the empress of this sport,
 She swoonded almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses 120
First Goth What! canst thou say all this,
 and never blush?

Aar Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is

Luc Art thou not sorry for these heinous
 deeds?

Aar Ay, that I had not done a thousand
 more 124

Even now I curse the day, and yet, I think,
 Few come within the compass of my curse,

Wherein I did not some notorious ill
 As kill a man, or else devise his death, 128

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself,

Set deadly enmity between two friends,
Make poor men's cattle break their necks, 132
Set fire on barns and hay stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their
tears,

Off have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends'
doors, 136

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot,
And on their skins as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead' 140
Tut! I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more 144

Luc Bring down the devil, for he must not
die

So sweet a death as hanging presently
Aar If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire, 148
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak
no more

Enter a Goth

Goth My lord, there is a messenger from
Rome 152

Desires to be admitted to your presence

Luc Let him come near

Enter ÆMILIUS

Welcome, Æmilus! what's the news from
Rome?

Æmil Lord Lucius, and you princes of the
Goths, 156

The Roman emperor greets you all by me,
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a pailey at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages 160
And they shall be immediately deliver'd

First Goth What says our general?

Luc Æmilus, let the emperor give his
pledges

Unto my father and my uncle Marcus 164
And we will come March away [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*Rome Before TITUS' House*

*Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON,
disguised*

Tam Thus, in this strange and sad habili-
ment,

I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps, 5
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge,
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies 8

[*They knock.*]

Enter TITUS, above

Tit Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me open the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,

And all my study be to no effect? 12

You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down,
And what is written shall be executed

Tam Titus, I am come to talk with thee 16

Tit No, not a word, how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?

Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more

Tam If thou didst know me, thou wouldst
talk with me 20

Tit I am not mad, I know thee well enough
Witness this wretched stump, witness these
crimson lines,

Witness these trenches made by grief and care,
Witness the tiring day and heavy night, 24

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.

Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam Know, thou sad man, I am not
Tamora, 28

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend

I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes 32

Come down, and welcome me to this world's
light,

Confer with me of murder and of death.

There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,

No vast obscurity or misty vale, 36

Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,

Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake

Tit Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to
me, 41

To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam I am, therefore come down, and wel-
come me

Tit Do me some service ere I come to thee

Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,

Now give some surance that thou art Revenge

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels,

And then I'll come and be thy waggoner, 48

And whirl along with thee about the globe

Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet,

To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,

And find out murderers in their guilty caves 52

And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel

Trot like a servile footman all day long,

Even from Hyperion's rising in the east 56

Until his very downfall in the sea

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,

So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there

Tam These are my ministers, and come with
me 60

Tit Are these thy ministers? what are they
call'd?

Tam Rapine and Murder, therefore called
so,

*Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit Good Lord, how like the empress' sons
they are, 64

And you the empress! but we worldly men

Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes

O sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee;

And, if one arm's embracement will content thee, 68

I will embrace thee in it by and by [Exit above
Tam Thus closing with him fits his lunacy
Whatever I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Doyou uphold and maintain in your speeches, 72
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius his son,
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure, 76
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme 80

Enter TITUS

Tit Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too
How like the empress and her sons you are! 84
Well are you fitted had you but a Moor
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor, 88
And would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil
But welcome as you are What shall we do?

Tam What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus? 92
Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him

Tam Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong, 96

And I will be revenged on them all
Tit Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him, he s a murderer 100
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him, he s a ravisher
Go thou with them, and in the emperor's court 104

There is a queen attended by a Moor,
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee
I pray thee, do on them some violent death, 108
They have been violent to me and mine

Tam Well hast thou lesson'd us, this shall we do

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son, 112
Who leads towards Rome a band of war-like Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons, 116
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart
What says Andronicus to this device? 120

Tit Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius,
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him 124
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths,
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him, 129
As he regards his aged father's life

Mar This will I do, and soon return again.

[Exit
Tam Now will I hence about thy business, 132
And take my ministers along with me

Tit Nay, nay let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius 136

Tam [Aside to her sons] What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest? 140

Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,

And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit [Aside] I know them all, though they suppose me mad,

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam 144

Dem [Aside to TAMORA] Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here

Tam Farewell, Andronicus Revenge now goes

To lay a complot to betray thy foes [Exit TAMORA

Tit I know thou dost, and, sweet Revenge, farewell 148

Chi Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit Tut! I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS and Others

Pub What is your will? 152
Tit Know you these two?

Pub The empress' sons
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius

Tit Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd, 156

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name,
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius,

Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them,
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it therefore bind them sure, 161
And stop their mouths if they begin to cry

[Exit PUBLIUS, &c, seize CHIRON and DEMETRIUS

Chi Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub And therefore do we what we are commanded 164

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS, with LAVINIA, she bearing a basin, and he a knife

Tit Come, come, Lavinia, look, thy foes are bound

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me, 163

But let them hear what fearful words I utter
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stam'd with mud,

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd 172
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear 176

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd

What would you say if I should let you speak?
Villains! for shame you could not beg for grace

Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you 181
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

The basin that receives your guilty blood. 184
You know your mother means to feast with me,

And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Hark! villains, I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin I will rear, 189

And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,

Like to the earth swallow her own increase 192
This is the feast that I have bid her to,

And thus the banquet she shall surfeit on,
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,

And worse than Procne I will be reveng'd 196
And now prepare your throats Lavinia, come

[He cuts her throats]
Receive the blood and when that they are dead,

Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it, 200

And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd
Come, come, be every one officious

To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.

So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes

[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies]

SCENE III.—*The Same Court of Titus'*
House A banquet set out

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS and Goths, with AARON prisoner

Luc Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind

That I repair to Rome, I am content,
First Goth And ours with thine, befall what fortune will

Luc Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor, 4

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil,
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,

Till he be brought unto the empress' face,

For testimony of her foul proceedings 8
And see the ambush of our friends be strong,
I fear the emperor means no good to us

Aar Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter

forth 12
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in

[Exeunt Goths, with AARON Trumpets sound]

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand. 16

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with EMILIUS, Senators, Tribunes, and Others

Sat What! hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?
Mar Rome's emperor, and nephew, break

the parle,
These quarrels must be quietly debated. 20

The feast is ready which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places 24

Sat Marcus, we will. *[Hautboys sound]*

Enter TITUS, dressed like a cook, LAVINIA, veiled, young LUCIUS, and Others TITUS places the dishes on the table

Tit Welcome, my gracious lord, welcome, dread queen,

Welcome, ye war-like Goths, welcome, Lucius,
And welcome, all Although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs, please you eat of it 29
Sat Why art thou thus attur'd, Andronicus?

Tit Because I would be sure to have all well
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam We are beholding to you, good Andronicus 33

Tit An if your highness knew my heart, you were

My lord the emperor, resolve me this
Was it well done of rash Virginius 36

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stam'd, and de-

flower'd?
Sat It was, Andronicus

Tit Your reason, mighty lord? 40
Sat Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
Tit A reason mighty, strong, and effectual,

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant, 44
For me most wretched, to perform the like

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

[Kills LAVINIA]
Sat What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind? 48

Tit Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woeful as Virginius was,

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage and it is now done 52

Sat What! was she ravish'd? tell who did
the deed

Tit Will't please you eat? will't please your
highness feed?

Tam Why hast thou slain thine only daughter
thus?

Tit Not I 'twas Chiron and Demetrius 56
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue

And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong
Sat Go fetch them hither to us presently

Tit Why, there they are both, baked in that
pie, 60

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred

'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my knife's sharp
point [Kills TAMORA]

Sat Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed
deed! [Kills TITUS]

Luc Can the son's eye behold his father
bleed? 65

There's need for meed, death for a deadly deed!
[Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The

people in confusion disperse] MARCUS,
LUCIUS, and their partisans, go up into
the balcony

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of
Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl 68
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O! let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,

These broken limbs again into one body, 72
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,

And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,

Do shameful execution on herself 76
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,

Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,

[To LUCIUS] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst
our ancestor, 80

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear

The story of that baleful burning night
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's

Troy, 84
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,

Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome the civil wound

My heart is not compact of flint nor steel, 88
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,

But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance, even in the time

When it should move you to attend me most, 92
Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him

Luc Then, noble auditory, be it known to
you, 96

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's

brother
And they it was that ravished our suster 99

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd

Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel
out,

And sent her enemies unto the grave
Lastly, myself unkindly banished, 104

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies,

Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a

friend 108
And I am the turn'd forth, be it known to you,

That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body 112
Alas! you know I am no vaunter, I,

My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth

But, soft! methinks I do digress too much, 116
Citing my worthless praise O! pardon me,

For when no friends are by, men praise them-
selves

Mar Now is my turn to speak Behold this
child, 120

Of this was Tamora delivered,
The issue of an irreligious Moor,

Chief architect and plotter of these woes
The villain is alive in Titus' house,

Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true 124
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge

These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear

Now you have heard the truth, what say you
Romans? 128

Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,

The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,

And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our houses.

Speak, Romans, speak! and if you say we shall,
Lo! hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall 136

Emul Come, come, thou reverend man of
Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius, our emperor, for well I know

The common voice do cry it shall be so 140
Romans! Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal em-

peror!
Mar [To Attendants] Go, go into old Titus'

sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,

To be adjudg'd some dreadful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life 145

[Exeunt Attendants]

LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the Others descend

Romans! Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious
governor!

Luc Thanks, gentle Romans may I govern
so,

To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people give me aim awhile, 149

For nature puts me to a heavy task
Stand all aloof, but, uncle, draw you near,

To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk. 152

O! take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
 These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd
 face,

The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
 Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips 157
 O! were the sum of these that I should pay
 Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc Come hither, boy, come, come, and
 learn of us 160

To melt in showers thy grandsire lov'd thee
 well

Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
 Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow,
 Many a matter hath he told to thee, 164

Meet and agreeing with thine infancy,
 In that respect, then, like a loving child,

Shed yet some small drops from thy tender
 spring,

Because kind nature doth require it so 168
 Friends should associate friends in grief and
 woe

Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,
 Do him that kindness, and take leave of him

Boy O grandsire, grandsire! even with all
 my heart 172

Would I were dead, so you did live again
 O Lord! I cannot speak to him for weeping,

My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth

Re-enter Attendants, with AARON

First Rom You sad Andronici, have done
 with woes 176

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
 That hath been breeder of these dire events

Luc Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish
 him, 180

There let him stand, and rave, and cry for
 food

If any one relieves or pities him,
 For the offence he dies This is our doom

Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth
Aar O! why should wrath be mute, and fury 184

dumb?
 I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
 I should repent the evils I have done

Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
 Would I perform, if I might have my will 188

If one good deed in all my life I did,
 I do repent it from my very soul

Luc Some loving friends convey the em-
 peror hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave 192
 My father and Lavinia shall forthwith

Be closed in our household's monument
 As for that heinous tiger, Tamora

No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds, 196
 No mournful bell shall ring her burial,

But throw her forth to beasts and birds of
 prey

Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity,
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity

See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
 By whom our heavy haps had their beginning

Then afterwards, to order well the state,
 That like events may ne'er it ruinate 204

[*Exeunt*]

ROMEO AND JULIET

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona	PETER, Servant to Juliet's Nurse
PARIS, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince	ABRAHAM, Servant to Montague
MONTAGUE, } Heads of two Houses at variance with	An Apothecary
CAPULET } each other	Three Musicians
Uncle to Capulet	Page to Mercutio Page to Paris another Page an Officer
ROMEO, son to Montague	LADY MONTAGUE, Wife to Montague
MERCUTIO, Kinsman to the Prince	LADY CAPULET, Wife to Capulet.
BENVOLIO, Nephew to Montague	JULIET, Daughter to Capulet.
TYBALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet	Nurse to Juliet
FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan	Citizens of Verona male and female Kinsfolk to both Houses Masquers, Guards, Watchmen and Attendants,
FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order	
BALTHASAR, Servant to Romeo	
SAMPSON } Servants to Capulet.	
GREGORY, }	

Chorus.

SCENE.—Verona Once (in the Fifth Act), at Mantua

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

Chor Two households, both alike in dignity,
In far Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes 5
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life,
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could re-
move,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage, 12
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall muss, our toil shall strive to mend
[Exit.

ACT I

SCENE I.—Verona A Public Place

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers

Sam Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry
coals
Gre No, for then we should be colliers.
Sam I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw
Gre Ay, while you live, draw your neck out
o' the collar 6
Sam I strike quickly, being moved
Gre But thou art not quickly moved to strike
Sam A dog of the house of Montague moves
me 10
Gre To move is to stir, and to be valiant is
to stand, therefore, if thou art moved, thou
runnest away
Sam A dog of that house shall move me to
stand I will take the wall of any man or maid
of Montague's 16

Gre That shows thee a weak slave, for the
weakest goes to the wall.

Sam 'Tis true, and therefore women, being
the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall
therefore I will push Montague's men from the
wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre The quarrel is between our masters and
us their men 24

Sam 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant
when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel
with the maids, I will cut off their heads

Gre The heads of the maids? 28

Sam Ay, the heads of the maids, or their
maidenheads, take it in what sense thou wilt

Gre They must take it in sense that feel it

Sam Me they shall feel while I am able to
stand, and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of
flesh 34

Gre 'Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst,
thou hadst been poor John Draw thy tool, here
comes two of the house of the Montagues 37

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR

Sam My naked weapon is out, quarrel, I
will back thee

Gre How! turn thy back and run? 40

Sam Fear me not

Gre No, marry, I fear thee!

Sam Let us take the law of our sides, let
them begin. 44

Gre I will frown as I pass by, and let them
take it as they list

Sam Nay, as they dare I will bite my
thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if
they bear it. 49

Abr Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam I do bite my thumb, sir

Abr Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? 52

Sam [Aside to GREGORY] Is the law of our
side if I say ay?

Gre [Aside to SAMPSON] No
Sam No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you,
 sir, but I bite my thumb, sir 57
Gre Do you quarrel, sir?
Abr Quarrel, sir! no, sir
Sam If you do, sir, I am for you I serve as
 good a man as you 61
Abr No better
Sam Well, sir
Gre [Aside to SAMPSON] Say, 'better,' here
 comes one of my master's kinsmen 65
Sam Yes, better, sir
Abr You lie
Sam Draw, if you be men Gregory, re-
 member thy swashing blow [They fight]

Enter BENVOLIO

Ben Part, fools!
 Put up your swords, you know not what you
 do [Beats down their swords]

Enter TYBALT

Tyb What! art thou drawn among these
 heartless hunds? 72
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death
Ben I do but keep the peace put up thy
 sword,
 Or manage it to part these men with me
Tyb What! drawn, and talk of peace? I hate
 the word 76
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee
Have at thee, coward! [They fight]

*Enter several persons of both houses, who join
 the fray then enter Citizens, with clubs and
 partisans*

Citizens Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike!
 beat them down!
*Down with the Capulets! down with the Mon-
 tagues!* 80

*Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY
 CAPULET*

Cap What noise is this? Give me my long
 sword, ho!
Lady Cap A crutch, a crutch! Why call you
 for a sword?
Cap Mysword, I say! Old Montague is come,
 And flourishes his blade in spite of me 84

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

Mon Thou villain Capulet! Hold me not,
 let me go
Lady Mon Thou shalt not stir one foot to
 seek a foe

Enter PRINCE with his Train

Prin Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
 Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,— 88
 Will they not hear? What ho! you men, you
 beasts,
 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
 With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands 92
 Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the
 ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved prince

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, 96
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 Cast by their grave beseming ornaments,
 To wield old partisans, in hands as old, 100
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate
 If ever you disturb our streets again
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace
 For this time, all the rest depart away 104
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me,
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon
 To know our further pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart 109
 [Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MON-
 TAGUE, and BENVOLIO]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new a-
 broach?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben Here were the servants of your adver-
 sary 112

And yours close fighting ere I did approach
 I drew to part them, in the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears, 116
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and
 part, 120

Till the prince came, who part'd either part
Lady Mon O! where is Romeo? saw you
 him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray

Ben Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd
 sun 124

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad,
 Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
 That westward rooteth from the city's side, 128
 So early walking did I see your son
 Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood
 I, measuring his affections by my own, 132
 That most are busied when they're most alone,
 Pursu'd my humour not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me

Mon Many a morning hath he there been
 seen, 136

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep
 sighs

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the furthest east begin to draw 140
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself,
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
 And makes himself an artificial night 145
 Black and portentous must this humour prove
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove

Ben My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him

Ben Have you importun'd him by any
 means?

Mon Both by myself and many other friends
But he, his own affections' counsellor, 152
Is to himself, I will not say how true,
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm, 156
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows
grow
We would as willingly give cure as know 160
Ben See where he comes so please you, step
aside,
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied
Mon I would thou wert so happy by thy
stay,
To hear true shrift Come, madam, let's away
[*Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY*]

Enter ROMEO

Ben Good morrow, cousin
Rom Is the day so young? 165
Ben But new struck nine
Rom Ay me! sad hours seem long
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben It was What sadness lengthens
Romeo's hours? 168
Rom Not having that, which having, makes
them short
Ben In love?
Rom Out—
Ben Of love? 172
Rom Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben Alas! that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof
Rom Alas! that love, whose view is muffled
still, 176
Should, without eyes see pathways to his will
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was
here?
Yet tell me not for I have heard it all
Here's much to do with hate, but more with
love 180
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing! of nothing first create
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well seeming forms! 184
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick
health!
Still waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben No, coz, I rather weep 188
Rom Good heart, at what?
Ben At thy good heart's oppression
Rom Why, such is love's transgression
Griefs of mine own heavey in my breast, 192
Which thou wilt propagate to have it press'd
With more of thine this love that thou hast
shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs,
Being purg'd, a fire sparking in lovers' eyes, 197
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. 200

Farewell, my coz
Ben Soft, I will go along, [*Going*]
An if you leave me so you do me wrong
Rom Tut! I have lost myself, I am not here,
This is not Romeo, he's some other where 204
Ben Tell me in sadness, who is that you love
Rom What! shall I groan and tell thee?
Ben Groan! why, no,
But sadly tell me who
Rom Bid a sick man in sadness make his
will, 208
Ah! word ill urg'd to one that is so ill
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman
Ben I am'd so near when I suppos'd you
lov'd
Rom A right good mark-man! And she's
fair I love 212
Ben A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest
hit.
Rom Well, in that hit you miss she'll not
be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit,
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd, 216
From love's weak childish bow she lives un-
harm'd
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold 220
O! she is rich in beauty, only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store
Ben Then she hath sworn that she will still
live chaste?
Rom She hath, and in that sparing makes
huge waste, 224
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair 228
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now
Ben Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her
Rom O! teach me how I should forget to
think 232
Ben By giving liberty unto thine eyes
Examine other beauties
Rom 'Tis the way
To call hers exquisite, in question more
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows
Being black put us in mind they hide the fair, 237
He, that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost
Show me a mistress that is passing fair, 240
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget
Ben I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — The Same A Street

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace
Par Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pity 'tis you live at odds so long 5

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap But saying o'er what I have said before
My child is yet a stranger in the world, 8
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,
Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride

Par Younger than she are happy mothers made 12
Cap And too soon marr'd are those so early made

Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart, 16
My will to her consent is but a part,
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, 20
Whereto I have invited many a guest
Such as I love, and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more

At my poor house look to behold this night 24
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight 28
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherent at my house, hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be
Which on more view, of many mine being one 32
May stand in number, though in reckoning none

Come, go with me [*To Servant, giving him a paper*] Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona, find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say, 36

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay
[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS*]

Serv Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the taylor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets, but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. In good time

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

Ben. Tut! man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish; 48
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning,
One desperate grief cures with another's languish

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die. 52

Rom Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is, 56
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

Whipp'd and tormented, and—Good den, good fellow

Serv God gi' good den I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom Ay, mine own fortune in my misery 60
Serv Perhaps you have learn'd it without book but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom Ay, if I know the letters and the language 64

Serv Ye say honestly, rest you merry! [*Offering to go*]

Rom Stay, fellow, I can read.

Signior Martino and his wife and daughters, County Anselme and his beauteous sisters, the lady widow of Vitruvio, Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces, Mercutio and his brother Valentine mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters, my fair niece Rosaline Livia, Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena

A fair assembly whither should they come?

Serv Up 76
Rom Whither?

Serv To supper, to our house
Rom Whose house?

Serv My master's 80

Rom Indeed, I should have asked you that before

Serv Now I'll tell you without asking My master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine Rest you merry! [*Exit*]

Ben At this same ancient feast of Capulet's, Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st, 88

With all the admired beauties of Verona
Go thither, and, with unattainted eye

Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow 92

Rom When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!

And these, who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars! 96

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye, 100

But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid

That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows best 104

Rom I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III—*The Same A Room in CAPULET'S House*

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse

Lady Cap Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me

Nurse Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,—

I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-bird!
God forbid! where's this girl? what, Juliet! 4

Enter JULIET.

Jul How now! who calls?

Nurse Your mother

Jul Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

Lady Cap This is the matter Nurse, give
leave awhile

We must talk in secret nurse, come back again, 8

I have remember'd me, thou'st hear our counsel.

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age

Nurse Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour

Lady Cap She's not fourteen.

Nurse I'll lay fourteen of my teeth— 12

And yet to my teen be it spoken I have but four—

She is not fourteen. How long is it now

To Lammastide?

Lady Cap A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse Even or odd, of all days in the year,

Come Lammastide at night shall she be four-

teen. 17

Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—

Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God,

She was too good for me. But, as I said, 20

On Lammastide at night shall she be fourteen,

That shall she, marry, I remember it well

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,

And she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, 24

Of all the days of the year, upon that day,

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,

My lord and you were then at Mantua. 28

Nay, I do bear a brain—but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool!

To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug 32

'Shake,' quoth the dove-house 'twas no need,

I trow,

To bid me trudge

And since that time it is eleven years,

For then she could stand high lone, nay, by the

rood, 36

She could have run and waddled all about,

For even the day before she broke her brow

And then my husband—God be with his soul!

A' was a merry man—took up the child 40

'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more

wit,

Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my halidom,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay' 44

To see now how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' 48

quoth he,

And, pretty fool, it stunted and said 'Ay'

Lady Cap Enough of this, I pray thee, hold

thy peace

Nurse Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose

but laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say 'Ay'

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow 52

A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone,

A parlous knock, and it cried bitterly

'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to

age, 56

Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stunted and said 'Ay'

Jul And stunt thou too, I pray thee, nurse,

say I.

Nurse Peace, I have done God mark thee

to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed

An I might live to see thee married once, 61

I have my wish

Lady Cap Marry, that 'marry' is the very

theme

I came to talk of Tell me, daughter Juliet, 64

How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul It is an honour that I dream not of

Nurse An honour! were not I thine only

nurse,

I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from

thy teat 68

Lady Cap Well, think of marriage now,

younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers by my count,

I was your mother much upon these years 72

That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love

Nurse A man, young lady! lady, such a man

As all the world—why, he's a man of wax. 76

Lady Cap Verona's summer hath not such

a flower

Nurse Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very

flower

Lady Cap What say you? can you love the

gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast, 80

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen,

Examine every married lineament,

And see how one another lends content, 84

And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies

Find written in the margin of his eyes

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover 88

The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride

For fair without the fair within to hide

That book in many eyes doth share the glory,

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story 92

So shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him making yourself no less

Nurse No less! nay, bigger, women grow by

men.

Lady Cap Speak briefly, can you like of

Paris' love? 96

Jul I'll look to like, if looking liking move,

But no more deep will I endart mine eye

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly

Enter a Servant

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper

served up, you called, my young lady asked for,

the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and everything

in extremity I must hence to wait, I beseech

you, follow straight. 104

Lady Cap We follow thee, Juliet, the county

stays.

Nurse Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV — *The Same A Street*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and Others

Rom What! shall thus speech be spoke for our excuse,
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben The date is out of such prolixity
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,⁴
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper,
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone

Rom Give me a torch I am not for this ambling,

Being but heavy, I will bear the light
Mer Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance

Rom Not I, believe me you have dancing shoes

With numble soles, I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move¹⁶

Mer You are a lover, borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound

Rom I am too sore pierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound²⁰

I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe
Under love's heavy burden do I sink

Mer And, to sink in it, should you burden love

Too great oppression for a tender thing²⁴
Rom Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,

Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn

Mer If love be rough with you, be rough with love,
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love

down²⁸
Give me a case to put my visage in

[*Putting on a mask*]
A visor for a visor! what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?

Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me³²
Ben Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in,

But every man betake him to his legs

Rom A torch for me, let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,³⁶

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done

Mer Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word⁴⁰

If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,
Of—save your reverence—love, wherein thou stick'st

Up to the ears Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Rom Nay, that's not so
Mer I mean, sir, in delay⁴⁴

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day

Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits

Rom And we mean well in going to this masque,⁴⁸

But 'tis no wit to go
Mer Why, may one ask?

Rom I dream'd a dream to-night.
Mer And so did I.

Rom Well, what was yours?
Mer That dreamers often lie.

Rom In bed asleep, while they do dream things true⁵²

Mer O! then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.

Ben Queen Mab! What's she?
Mer She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone⁵⁶
On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers,⁶¹

The traces, of the smallest spider's web,
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams,

Her whip, of cricket's bone, the lash, of film,⁶⁴
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid,

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,⁶⁸
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,

Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers
And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love,⁷²

O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are⁷⁷

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit,

And sometimes comes she with a tithes-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,⁸¹

Then dreams he of another benefice,
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,⁸⁵

Of healths five fathom deep, and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,

And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,⁸⁸

And sleeps again This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,

And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes,

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,

Making them women of good carriage
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace!⁹⁶
Thou talk'st of nothing

Mer True, I talk of dreams,

Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air, 100
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. 104

Ben This wind you talk of blows us from
ourselves,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom I fear too early, for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars 108
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death. 112
But he, that hath the steedge of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V — *The Same A Hall in CAPULET'S
House*

Musicians waiting Enter Servingmen.

First Serv Where's Potpan, that he helps
not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape
a trencher!

Sec Serv When good manners shall lie all
in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed
too, 'tis a foul thing 6

First Serv Away with the joint stools, re-
move the court-cupboard, look to the plate
Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane, and,
as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan
Grindstone and Nell Antony! and Potpan! 12

Sec Serv Ay boy, ready 12
First Serv You are looked for and called
for, asked for and sought for in the great
chamber

Third Serv We cannot be here and there
too. 17

Sec Serv Cheerly, boys, be brisk awhile, and
the longer liver take all. [*They retire behind*

*Enter CAPULET and JULIET and Others of his
house, meeting the Guests and Maskers*

Cap Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have
their toes 20

Unplagu'd with corns will walk a bout with you
Ah ha! my mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
she, 26

I'll swear, hath corns, am I come near ye
now? 24

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear

Such as would please, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis
gone 28

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musi-
cians, play

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls
[*Music plays, and they dance*

More light, ye knaves! and turn the tables up
And quench the fire, the room has grown too
hot. 32

Ah! sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days,
How long is 't now since last yourself and I 36
Were in a mask?

Sec Cap By'r Lady, thirty years
Cap What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not
so much

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will, 40
Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

Sec Cap 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is
elder, sir

His son is thirty
Cap Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago 44
Rom What lady is that which doth enrich
the hand

Of yonder knight?
Serv I know not, sir

Rom O! she doth teach the torches to burn
bright. 48

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear,
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows, 52
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night 57

Tyb This, by his voice, should be a Montague
Fetch me my rapier, boy! What! dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an artick face, 60
To fieser and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin

Cap Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore
storm you so? 64

Tyb Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,

To scorn at our solemnity this night
Cap Young Romeo, is it? 68

Tyb 'Tis he, that villain Romeo 68
Cap Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone

He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth 72
I would not for the wealth of all this town

Here in my house do him disparagement,
Therefore be patient, take no note of him

It is my will, the which if thou respect, 76
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,

An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast
Tyb It fits, when such a villain is a guest

I'll not endure him
Cap He shall be endur'd 80

What! Goodman boy, I say, he shall, go to,
Am I the master here, or you? go to

You'll not endure him! God shall mend my
soul!

You'll make a mutiny among my guests! 84
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb Why, uncle, 'tis a shame
Cap Go to, go to,

You are a saucy boy—is't so indeed?—

This trick may chance to scathe you — I know what 88
 You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time
 Well said, my hearts! You are a princex, go
 Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!

I'll make you quiet What! cheerly, my hearts!
Tyb Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting 93
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
 Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall [*Exit Rom*]
Rom [To JULIET] If I profane with my unworsted hand 97

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss

Jul Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much, 101
 Which mannerly devotion shows in this,
 For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss 104
Rom Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul Ay pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer

Rom O! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do,
 They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair 108

Jul Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake

Rom Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take
 Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd

[*Kissing her*]
Jul Then have my lips the sin that they have took 112

Rom Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again
Jul You kiss by the book

Nurse Madam, your mother craves a word with you

Rom What is her mother?
Nurse Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house, 117
 And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous
 I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal,
 I tell you he that can lay hold of her 120

Shall have the chunks
Rom Is she a Capulet?
 O dear account! my life is my foe's debt

Ben Away, be gone, the sport is at the best
Rom Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest

Cap Nay gentlemen, prepare not to be gone, 125
 We have a trifling foolish banquet towards
 Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all,

I thank you, honest gentlemen good-night 128
 More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed
 Ah! surrah, by my fay, it waxes late,
 I'll to my rest

[*Exeunt all except JULIET and Nurse*]

Jul Come hither, nurse What is yond gentleman? 132

Nurse The son and heir of old Tiberio
Jul What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse Marry, that, I think, be young Petruccio
Jul What's he, that follows there, that would not dance? 136

Nurse I know not
Jul Go, ask his name — If he be married,
 My grave is like to be my wedding bed

Nurse His name is Romeo and a Montague,
 The only son of your great enemy 141

Jul My only love sprung from my only hate!
 Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
 Prodigious birth of love it is to me, 144

That I must love a loathed enemy
Nurse What's this what's this?
Jul A time I learn'd even now

Of one I danc'd withal
 [One calls within, 'JULIET!']
Nurse Anon, anon! —
 Come, let's away, the strangers are all gone 148

[*Exeunt*]

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

Chor Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
 And young affection gapes to be his heir
 That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair
 Now Romeo is belov'd and loves again, 5
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
 But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks

Being held a foe, he may, not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers us'd to swear
 And she as much in love, her means much less
 To meet her new-belov'd any where 12

But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
 Tempering extremity with extreme sweet

[*Exit*]

ACT II

SCENE I — Verona A Lane by the wall of CAPULET'S Orchard

Enter ROMEO

Rom Can I go forward when my heart is here?
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it*]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

Ben Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer He is wise, And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed 4

Ben He ran this way, and leap'd thus orchard wall

Call, good Mercutio

Mer Nay, I'll conjure too

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh
Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied,
Cry but 'Ay me!' couple but 'love' and 'dove,'
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word.
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him. 16
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering

thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, 20
That in thy likeness thou appear to us

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him 'twould anger
him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle 24
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down,
That were some spite my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name 28
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these
trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night
Blind is his love and best befits the dark. 32

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the
mark

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
O Romeo! that she were, O! that she were 37
An open *et cetera*, thou a poperin pear
Romeo, good night I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep 40
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then, for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*The Same* CAPULET'S Orchard.

Enter ROMEO

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a
wound

[*JULIET appears above at a window*
But, soft! what light through yonder window
breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, 4
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she
Be not her maid, since she is envious,
Her vestal livery is but sick and green, 5
And none but fools do wear it, cast it off.
It is my lady, O! it is my love
O! that she knew she were

She speaks, yet she says nothing what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it. 13
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes 16
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those
stars

As daylight doth a lamp, her eyes in heaven 20
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not
night

See! how she leans her cheek upon her hand
O! that I were a glove upon that hand, 24
That I might touch that cheek

Jul. Ay me!
Rom. She speaks

O! speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven 28
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air 32

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name,
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet 36

Rom. [Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I
speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy,
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, 40
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O! be some other name
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet, 44
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee, 48
Take all myself

Rom. I take thee at thy word
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be Romeo

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd
in night,

So stumblest on my counsel? 52

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee 56
Had I it written, I would tear the word

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred
words

Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? 60

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dis-
like

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and
wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here 65

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-
perch these walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;

Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me. 69
Jul. If they do see thee they will murder thee.

Rom Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords look thou but
sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity
Jul I would not for the world they saw thee
here

Rom I have night's cloak to hide me from
their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love

Jul By whose direction foundst thou out
this place?

Rom By Love, that first did prompt me to
inquire,

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot, yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise

Jul Thou knowst the mask of night is on
my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-
night

Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
What I have spoke but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'
And I will take thy word yet, if thou swearst,
Thou mayst prove false, at lovers' perjuries, as
They say, Jove laughs O gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully
Or if thou thinkst I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay, so
So thou wilt woo, but else, not for the world
In truth, fair Montague I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my haviour
light

But trust me, gentleman I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be
strange

I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheardst, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered

Rom Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul O! swear not by the moon, the in-
constant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable

Rom What shall I swear by?

Jul Do not swear at all,
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee

Rom If my heart's dear love—
Jul Well, do not swear Although I joy in
thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we
meet.

Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and
rest

Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul What satisfaction canst thou have to-
night?

Rom The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine

Jul I gave thee mine before thou didst re-
quest it,

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what
purpose, love?

Jul But to be frank, and give it thee again
And yet I wish but for the thing I have

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep, the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite

[Nurse calls within

I hear some noise within, dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true
Stay but a little, I will come again

Rom O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,

Too flattering-sweet to be substantial

Re-enter JULIET, above

Jul Three words, dear Romeo, and good-
night indeed

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-
morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee
Where and what time, thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world

Nurse [Within] Madam!

Jul I come, anon —But if thou mean'st not
well

I do beseech thee,—

Nurse [Within] Madam!

Jul By and by, I come —

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief
To-morrow will I send.

Rom So thrive my soul,—

Jul A thousand times good-night!

[Exit above

Rom A thousand times the worse, to want
thy light

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from
their books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks.

[Retiring

Re-enter JULIET, above

Jul Hist! Romeo, hist! O! for a falconer's
voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again.
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than
mine,

With repetition of my Romeo's name
Rom It is my soul that calls upon my name

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by
night

Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul Romeo!

Rom. My dear!

Jul At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom At the hour of nine 168

Jul I will not fail, 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom Let me stand here till thou remember it
Jul I shall forget, to have thee still stand
there, 172

Remembering how I love thy company

Rom And I'll still stay, to have thee still
forget,

Forgetting any other home but this

Jul 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee
gone, 176

And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again, 180
So loving-jealous of his liberty

Rom I would I were thy bird

Jul Sweet, so would I
Yet I should kill thee with much chenshing.
Good-night, good-night! parting is such sweet
sorrow 184

That I shall say good-night till it be morrow
[Exit

Rom Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in
thy breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell, 188

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell
[Exit

SCENE III.—*The Same* FRIAR LAURENCE'S
Cell

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket

Fri. L. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the
frowning night,

Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of
light,

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye 5
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up fill this osier cage of ours

With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb, 9
What is her burying grave that is her womb,
And from her womb children of divers kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find, 12
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different

O' mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true quali-
ties 16

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse 20
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified

Within the infant rind of this weak flower

Poison hath residence and medicine power 24
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part,

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart
Two such opposed foes encamp them still

In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will, 28
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO

Rom Good morrow, father!

Fri. L. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? 32
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie, 36
But where unbrused youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth

reign
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature, 40
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom That last is true, the sweeter rest was
mine

Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with
Rosaline? 44

Rom With Rosaline, my ghostly father?
no,

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe
Fri. L. That's my good son but where hast
thou been, then? 48

Rom I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again
I have been feasting with mine enemy, 49
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded both our remedies

Within thy help and holy physic lies 52
I bear no hatred blessed man, for, lo!
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in
thy drift,

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift 56
Rom Then plainly know my heart's dear
love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,

And all combin'd, save what thou must com-
bine 60

By holy marriage when and where and how
We met we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass, but thus I pray,

That thou consent to marry us to-day 64
Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is
here,

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes 68

Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sorrow cheeks for Rosaline,
How much salt water thrown away in waste,

To season love, that of it doth not taste! 72
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears,

Lo! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet, 76

If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence
then

Women may fall, when there's no strength in
men.

Rom Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosa-
line

Fri L For doting, not for loving, pupil
mine

Rom And bad'st me bury love

Fri L Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have

Rom I pray thee, chide not, she, whom I
love now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow,
The other did not so

Fri L O! she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell

But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be,

For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love

Rom O! let us hence, I stand on sudden
haste

Fri L Wisely and slow, they stumble that
run fast. [Exeunt

SCENE IV —The Same A Street

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

Mer Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben Not to his father's, I spoke with his
man.

Mer Why that same pale hard-hearted
wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad
Ben Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,

Hath sent a letter to his father's house

Mer A challenge, on my life

Ben Romeo will answer it.

Mer Any man that can write may answer a
letter

Ben Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
how he dares, being dared

Mer Alas! poor Romeo, he is already dead,
stabbed with a white wench's black eye, shot

through the ear with a love-song, the very pun
of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's

butt-shaft, and is he a man to encounter
Tybalt?

Ben Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer More than prince of cats, I can tell you.
O! he is the courageous captain of compliments.

He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time,
distance, and proportion, rests me his minims

rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom, the
very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duel-

list, a gentleman of the very first house, of
the first and second cause Ah! the immortal

passado! the punto reverso! the hay!

Ben The what?

Mer The pox of such antic, lisp, affecting
fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—'By

Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man! a very

good whore'—Why, is not this a lamentable
thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted
with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers,
these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on
the new form that they cannot sit at ease on
the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*! 38

Enter ROMEO

Ben Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo

Mer Without his roe, like a dried herring
O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he

for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in Laura
to his lady was but a kitchen-wench, marry,

she had a better love to be-rime her, Dido a
dowdy, Cleopatra a gipsy, Helen and Hero

hildings and harlots, Thisbe, a grey eye or so,
but not to the purpose Signior Romeo, *bon*

jour! there's a French salutation to your French
slop You gave us the counterfeits fairly last

night
Rom Good morrow to you both What
counterfeits did I give you?

Mer The slip, sir, the slip, can you not con-
ceive?

Rom Pardon, good Mercutio, my business
was great, and in such a case as mine a man

may strain courtesy

Mer That's as much as to say, such a case
as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams

Rom Meaning—to curtsy

Mer Thou hast most kindly hit it

Rom A most courteous exposition

Mer Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy

Rom Pink for flower

Mer Right

Rom Why, then, is my pump well flowered

Mer Well said, follow me this jest now till
thou hast worn out the pump, that, when the

single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain
after the wearing sole singular

Rom O single-soled jest! solely singular for
the singleness

Mer Come between us, good Benvolio, my
wit fain'ts

Rom Switch and spurs, switch and spurs,
or I'll cry a match

Mer Nay, if thy wits run the wild-geese
chase, I have done, for thou hast more of the

wild-geese in one of thy wits than, I am sure,
I have in my whole five Was I with you there

for the goose?
Rom Thou wast never with me for anything
when thou wast not here for the goose

Mer I will bite thee by the ear for that jest

Rom Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting, it is
a most sharp sauce

Rom And is it not then well served in to a
sweet goose?

Mer O! here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches
from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom I stretch it out for that word 'broad,'
which added to the goose, proves thee far and

wide a broad goose.

Mer Why, is not this better now than groan-
ing for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou

Romeo, now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole 100

Ben Stop there, stop there

Mer Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large. 105

Mer O! thou art deceived, I would have made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer 109

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two, a shirt and a smock. 112

Nurse Peter!

Peter Anon!

Nurse My fan, Peter

Mer Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer face. 117

Nurse God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse Is it good den? 120

Mer 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar 125

Nurse By my troth, it is well said, 'for himself to mar,' quoth a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom I can tell you, but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him I am the youngest of that name for fault of a worse 132

Nurse You say well

Mer Yea! is the worst well? very well took, I' faith, wisely, wisely

Nurse If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you. 137

Ben. She will indite him to some supper

Mer A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom What hast thou found? 140

Mer No hare, sir, unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [Sings]

An old hare hoar and an old hare hoar 144

Is very good meat in Lent
But a hare that is hoar is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither 149

Rom I will follow you.

Mer Farewell, ancient lady, farewell,

Lady lady, lady 152

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Nurse Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month. 158

Nurse An a' speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks, and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flurt-gills, I am none of his skains-mates [To PETER.] And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure! 165

Peter I saw no man use you at his pleasure, if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side 170

Nurse Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word, and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out, what she bid me say I will keep to myself, but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say for the gentlewoman is young, and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. 182

Rom Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse Good heart! and, I' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman. 187

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me

Nurse I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer 192

Rom Bid her devise Some means to come to shrift this afternoon, And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell

Be shriv'd and married Here is for thy pams, 197

Nurse No, truly, sir, not a penny

Rom Go to, I say, you shall

Nurse This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there 200

Rom And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall

Within this hour my man shall be with thee, And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair, Which to the high top-gallant of my joy 204 Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell! Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pams. Farewell! Commend me to thy mistress

Nurse Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir 208

Rom. What sayst thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom I warrant thee my man's as true as steel. 212

Nurse Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O! there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard, but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man, but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as

any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom Ay, nurse what of that? both with an R

Nurse Ah! mocker, that's the dog's name R is for the—No, I know it begins with some other letter and she had the prettest sentences of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it

Rom Commend me to thy lady

Nurse Ay, a thousand times [Exit ROMEO]

Peter! Anon!

Nurse Before, and apace [Exeunt]

SCENE V—The Same CAPULET'S Garden

Enter JULIET

Jul The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse,

In half an hour she promis'd to return
Perchance she cannot meet him that's not so
O! she is lame love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over lowering hills
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours, yet she is not come
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And hie to me

But old folks, many feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God! she comes O honey nurse! what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away

Nurse Peter, stay at the gate [Exit PETER]

Jul Now, good sweet nurse, O Lord! why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily,
If good, thou shalt hear the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face
Nurse I am aweary, give me leave awhile

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I had!

Jul I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak, good, good nurse, speak

Nurse Jesu! what haste? can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul How art thou out of breath when thou hast breath?

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse

Is thy news good or bad? answer to that,
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse Well, you have made a simple choice, you know not how to choose a man Romeo! no, not he, though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's, and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare He is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb Go thy ways, wench, serve God What! have you dined at home?

Jul No, no but all this did I know before What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse Lord! how my head aches, what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces My back o' t'other side, O! my back, my back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jauncing up and down.

Jul I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

Jul Where is my mother! why, she is within,

Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest 'Your love says like an honest gentleman,

Where is your mother?'

Nurse O! God's lady dear, Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow, 64 Is this the poulitice for my aching bones? Henceforward do your messages yourself

Jul Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?

Nurse Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul I have

Nurse Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news 73 Hie you to church, I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark,

I am the drudge and toil in your delight, 77 But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner hie you to the cell
Jul Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell [Exeunt]

SCENE VI.—The Same FRIAR LAURENCE'S Cell

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO

Fri L So smile the heaven upon this holy act,

That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy 4 That one short minute gives me in her sight

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,

It is enough I may but call her mine

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss consume the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness 12
And in the taste confounds the appetite
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so,
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow

Enter JULIET

Here comes the lady O! so light a foot 16
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity 20
Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor
Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter,
for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah! Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more 25
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the rragin d happiness that both 28
Receive in either by this dear encounter

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brag of his substance, not of ornament
They are but beggars that can count their 32
worth,

But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will
make short work,

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone 36
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I.—Verona. A Public Place

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl,
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stir- 4
ring

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that
when he enters the confines of a tavern claps
me his sword upon the table and says, 'God
send me no need of thee!' and by the operation
of the second cup draws him on the drawer,
when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow? 11

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in
thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to
be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to? 15

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that
hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than
thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for
cracking nuts, having no other reason but be-
cause thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such

an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy
head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of
meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as
addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast
quarrelled with a man for coughing in the
street, because he hath wakened thy dog that
hath lam asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall
out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet
before Easter? with another, for tying his new
shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor
me from quarrelling! 33

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art,
any man should buy the fee-simple of my life
for an hour and a quarter 36

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT, and Others

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them
Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you

Mer. And but one word with one of us? 44
Couple it with something, make it a word and
a blow

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that,
sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion with-
out giving? 48

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—
Mer. Consort! What! dost thou make us
minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look
to hear nothing but discords here's my fiddle-
stick, here's that shall make you dance
'Zounds! consort! 52

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of
men

Either withdraw unto some private place, 56
Or reason coldly of your grievances,

Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on us

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let
them gaze,

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I. 60

Enter ROMEO

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir Here
comes my man

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your
livery

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower
Your worship in that sense may call him 'man'

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love
thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage 68
To such a greeting, villain am I none,

Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turn and
draw 72

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender 76
As dearly as my own, be satisfied,

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Alla stoccata carries it away [Draws]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk? 80

Tyb What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out

Tyb [Drawing] I am for you 88

Rom Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up

Mer Come, sir, your passado [They fight]

Rom Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! 92

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

[Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans]

Mer I am hurt

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped. 96

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben What! art thou hurt?

Mer Ay, a scratch, a scratch, marry, 'tis enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page]

Rom Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much. 100

Mer No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm. 109

Rom I thought all for the best.

Mer Help me into some house, Benvolio,

Or I shall faint A plague o' both your houses!

They have made worms' meat of me I have 113

it,

And soundly too —your houses!

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO]

Rom This gentleman, the prince's near ally,

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt 116

In my behalf, my reputation stain'd

With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour

Hath been my kinsman. O sweet Juliet!

Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, 120

And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO

Ben O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio's

dead,

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,

Which too untimeously here did scorn the earth.

Rom This day's black fate on more days

doth depend. 125

Thus but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben Here comes the furious Tybalt back

again.

Rom. Ahve! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respective lenity, 129

And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again

That late thou gav'st me, for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads, 133

Staying for thine to keep him company

Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb Thou wretched boy, that didst consort

him here, 136

Shalt with him hence

Rom. This shall determine that

[They fight TYBALT falls]

Ben Romeo, away! be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain

Stand not amaz'd the prince will doom thee

death 140

If thou art taken hence! be gone! away!

Rom O! I am Fortune's fool

Ben Why dost thou stay?

[Exit ROMEO]

Enter Citizens, &c

First Cit Which way ran he that kill'd Mer-

cutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he? 144

Ben There lies that Tybalt

First Cit Up, sir, go with me.

I charge thee in the prince's name, obey

Enter PRINCE, attended, MONTAGUE, CAPULET,

their Wives, and Others

Prim Where are the vile beginners of this

fray?

Ben O noble prince! I can discover all 148

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio

Lady Cap Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's

child! 152

O prince! O cousin! husband! O! the blood is

spill'd

Of my dear kinsman. Prince, as thou art true,

For blood of ours shed blood of Montague

O cousin, cousin! 156

Prim. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand

did slay

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink

How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal 160

Your high displeasure all this, uttered

With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly

bow'd,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts 164

With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,

Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,

And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats

Cold death aside, and with the other sends 168

It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it Romeo he cries aloud,

'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than

his tongue

His agile arm beats down their fatal points, 172

And 'twixt them rushes, underneath whose arm

An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life

Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled,

But by and by comes back to Romeo, 176
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt
slain,

And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly 180
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die

Lady Cap He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife
And all those twenty could but kill one life. 185
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give,
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live

Prin Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio,
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend,

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt

Prin And for that offence 192
Immediately we do exile him hence
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleed-

ing,
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine 196
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none, let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. 201
Bear hence this body and attend our will
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The Same* CAPULET'S Orchard

Enter JULIET

Jul Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging, such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately 4
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen!
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites 8
By their own beauties, or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match, 12
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle, till strange love, grown
bold,

Think true love acted simple modesty 16
Come, night! come, Romeo! come, thou day in
night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back
Come gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd
night, 20

Give me my Romeo and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night, 24
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O! I have bought the mansion of a love,

But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd So tedious is this day 28
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O! here comes my
nurse

Enter Nurse with cords

And she brings news, and every tongue that
speaks 32

But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence
Now nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
the cords

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse Ay, ay, the cords
[*Throws them down*

Jul Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring
thy hands? 36

Nurse Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!

Alack the day! he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!
Jul Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse Romeo can, 40
Though heaven cannot O! Romeo, Romeo,
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul What devil art thou that dost torment
me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell 44
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'
And that bare vowel, 'I,' shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice

I am not I, if there be such an 'I,' 48
Or those eyes shut that make thee answer 'I,'
If he be slain, say 'I,' or if not 'no'

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe
Nurse I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
eyes, 52

God save the mark! here on his manly breast
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse,
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood, 56
All in gore blood, I swooned at the sight

Jul O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt,
break at once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 60

Nurse O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had.
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul What storm is this that blows so con-
trary? 64

Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin, and my dearest lord?

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general
doom!

For who is living if those two are gone? 68
Nurse Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished,
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished

Jul O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?

Nurse It did, it did, alas the day! it did. 72
Jul O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravens lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O! that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace

Nurse There's no trust, 85
No faith, no honesty in men, all naught,
All perjur'd, all dissemblers, all forsworn.
Ah! where's my man? give me some *aqua*
vita 88
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make
me old

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit, 92
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth
O! what a beast was I to chide at him.

Nurse Will you speak well of him that kill'd
your cousin? 96

Jul Shall I speak ill of him that is my hus-
band?

Ah! poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth
thy name,

When I, thy three hours wife, have mangled it?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my
cousin? 100

That villain cousin would have kill'd my hus-
band

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring,
Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy 104
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my
husband

All this is comfort, wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's
death, 108

That murder'd me I would forget it fain,
But O! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished!' 112

That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there

Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship, 116
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both, 119

Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished!' to speak that word

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead 'Romeo is banished!' 124

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound
In that word's death, no words can that woe
sound —

Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

Nurse Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's
corse 128

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither

Jul Wash they his wounds with tears mine
shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are be-
guil'd, 132

Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd
He made you for a highway to my bed,

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed
Come, cords, come, nurse, I'll to my wedding
bed, 136

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
Nurse Hie to your chamber, I'll find Romeo

To comfort you I wot well where he is
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here to-night 140

I'll to him, he is hid at Laurence's cell
Jul O! find him, give this ring to my true
knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell
[Exeunt]

SCENE III — *The Same* FRIAR LAURENCE'S Cell

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

Fri L Romeo, come forth, come forth, thou
fearful man

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity

Enter ROMEO

Rom Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom? 4

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri L Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom 8
Rom What less than doomsday is the prince's
doom?

Fri L A gentler judgment vanish'd from his
lips,

Not body's death, but body's banishment
Rom Ha! banishment! be merciful, say
'death,' 12

For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death do not say 'banish-
ment.'

Fri L Hence from Verona art thou banished.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide 16

Rom There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself

Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death, then 'banished,' 20

Is death mis-term'd? Calling death 'banished,'
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,

And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me
Fri L O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!

Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind
prince, 25

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banish-
ment

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not. 28
Rom 'Tis torture, and not mercy heaven is
here,

Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog

And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her, 32
But Romeo may not more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand, 36
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin,
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly 40
They are free men, but I am banished
And sayst thou yet that exile is not death?
Hast thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground

knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so
mean, 44
But 'banished' to kill me? 'Banished!'
O friar! the damned use that word in hell,
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor, 48
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

Fri L Thou fond mad man, hear me but
speak a word
Rom O! thou wilt speak again of banish-
ment. 52
Fri L I'll give thee armour to keep off that
word,

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Rom Yet 'banished'! Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet, 57
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more

Fri L O! then I see that madmen have no
ears 60
Rom How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

Fri L Let me dispute with thee of thy estate
Rom Thou canst not speak of that thou dost
not feel

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, 64
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Dotting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou
tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now, 68
Taking the measure of an unmade grave

[*Knocking within*
Fri L Arise, one knocks good Romeo,
hide thyself

Rom Not I, unless the breath of heart-sick
groans,

Mist-like, in fold me from the search of eyes 72

[*Knocking*
Fri L Hark! how they knock Who's
there? Romeo arise,

Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up, 76

[*Knocking*
Run to my study By and by! God's will!
What wilfulness is this! I come, I come!

[*Knocking*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse [*Within*] Let me come in, and you
shall know my errand.

I come from Lady Juliet

Fri L

Welcome, then

Enter Nurse

Nurse O holy friar! O! tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo? 81
Fri L There on the ground, with his own
tears made drunk

Nurse O! he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! 84

Fri L O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubber-
ing

Stand up, stand up, stand, an you be a man.
For Juliet's sake, for her sake rise and stand,
Why should you fall into so deep an O? 89

Rom Nurse!
Nurse Ah, sir! ah, sir! Well, death's the end
of all

Rom Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with
her? 92

Doth she not think me an old murderer
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what
says 96

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?
Nurse O! she says nothing, sir, but weeps
and weeps,

And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries, too
And then down falls again

Rom As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman O! tell me, friar, tell
me, 104

In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion [*Drawing his sword*

Fri L Hold thy desperate hand
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast

Unseemly woman in a seeming man,
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both! 112
Thou hast amaz'd me by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd

Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives, 116
By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and
earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do
meet

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst
lose 120

Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy
wit,

Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy
wit. 124

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man

Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury.
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish, 128

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
To set a-fire by thine own ignorance, 132
And thou oismember'd with thine own defence
What! rouse thee, man, thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead,
There art thou happy Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt, there art thou happy too 137

The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend,

And turns it to exile, there art thou happy
A pack of blessings light upon thy back, 140
Happiness courts thee in her best array,
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserably 144
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her,
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua, 148
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation 153
Go before, nurse commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto 156
Romeo is coming

Nurse O Lord! I could have stay'd here all the night

To hear good counsel O! what learning is
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come 160

Rom Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide

Nurse Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late

Rom How well my comfort is reviv'd by this! 164

Fri L Go hence, good-night, and here stands all your state

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence
Sojourn in Mantua, I'll find out your man, 168
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here
Give me thy hand, 'tis late farewell, good-night.

Rom But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee 173
Farewell [Exeunt

SCENE IV —The Same A Room in CAPULET'S House

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS

Cap Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,

And so did I well, we were born to die 4
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago

Par These times of woe afford no time to woo 8

Madam, good-night commend me to your daughter

Lady Cap I will, and know her mind early to-morrow,

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness

Cap Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender 12

Of my child's love I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me, nay, more, I doubt it not

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love, 16

And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—

But soft! what day is this?

Par Monday, my lord
Cap Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O! Thursday let it be O! Thursday, tell her, 20
She shall be married to this noble earl

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado, a friend or two,
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late, 24

It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday? 28

Par My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow

Cap Well, get you gone O! Thursday be it then

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day 32

Farewell, my lord Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very very late,

That we may call it early by and by
Good-night [Exeunt

SCENE V —The Same JULIET'S Chamber

Enter ROMEO and JULIET

Jul Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear,
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree 4

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale

Rom It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east 8
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops

I must be gone and live, or stay and die

Jul Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I!
It is some meteor that the sun exhales, 12

To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua

Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death 17

I am content, so thou wilt have it so

I'll say you grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow, 20
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads
I have more care to stay than will to go
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so 24
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day
Jul It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps
Some say the lark makes sweet division, 29
Thus doth not so, for she divideth us
Some say the lark and loathed toad change
eyes

O! now I would they had chang'd voices too, 32
Since arm from arm that voice doth us asfay,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day
O! now be gone, more light and light it grows
Rom More light and light, more dark and
dark our woes 36

Enter Nurse.

Nurse Madam!

Jul Nurse!

Nurse Your lady mother is coming to your
chamber 39

The day is broke, be wary, look about *[Exit]*

Jul Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Rom Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll
descend *[Descends]*

Jul Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my
friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour, 44
For in a minute there are many days
O! by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo

Rom Farewell! 48

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings love, to thee
Jul O! think'st thou we shall ever meet
again?

Rom I doubt it not, and all these woes shall
serve 52

For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul O God! I have an ill-divining soul
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb 56

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale
Rom And trust me, love, in my eye so do you
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu! *[Exit]*

Jul O fortune, fortune! all men call thee
fickle 60

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune,
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back. 64

Lady Cap *[Within]* Ho, daughter! are you
up?

Jul Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAULET

Lady Cap Why, how now, Juliet!

Jul Madam, I am not well. 69

Lady Cap Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live, 72

Therefore, have done some grief shows much of love,

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss

Lady Cap So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend 76

Which you weep for
Jul Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend
Lady Cap Well, girl, thou weepst not so
much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul What villain, madam?

Lady Cap That same villain, Romeo
Jul *[Aside]* Villain and he be many miles
asunder 82

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart,
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

Lady Cap That is because the traitor murderer lives 85

Jul Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

Lady Cap We will have vengeance for it,
fear thou not 88

Then weep no more I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company 92

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied
Jul Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd 96
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof
Soon sleep in quiet O! how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him

Lady Cap Find thou the means, and I'll find
such a man 104

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl
Jul And joy comes well in such a needy
time

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
Lady Cap Well, well, thou hast a careful
father, child, 108

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for

Jul Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
Lady Cap Marry, my child, early next
Thursday morn 113

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride 116

Jul Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter
too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride
 I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
 Ere he that should be husband comes to woo
 I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, 121
 I will not marry yet, and, when I do, I swear,
 It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
 Rather than Paris. These are news indeed! 124
Lady Cap Here comes your father, tell him
 so yourself,
 And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse

Cap When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle
 dew,
 But for the sunset of my brother's son 128
 It rains downright.
 How now! a conduit, girl? what's still in tears?
 Evermore showering? In one little body
 Thou counterfeist a bark, a sea, a wind, 132
 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
 Do ebb and flow with tears, the bark thy body is,
 Sailing in this salt flood, the winds, thy sighs,
 Who, raging with thy tears, and they with
 them, 136
 Without a sudden calm, will overset
 Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

Lady Cap Ay, sir, but she will none, she
 gives you thanks 140

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap Soft! take me with you, take me with
 you, wife

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
 Is she not proud? doth she not count her blessing,
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought 145
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul Not proud, you have, but thankful, that
 you have

Proud can I never be of what I hate, 148
 But thankful even for hate, that is meant love

Cap How now! how now, chop-logic! What
 is this?

'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you
 not,'

And yet 'not proud,' mistress minion, you, 152
 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no
 pouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither 156
 Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you bag-

gage!

You tallow face!

Lady Cap Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
 Hear me with patience but to speak a word 160

Cap Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
 wretch!

I tell thee what, get thee to church o' Thursday,
 Or never after look me in the face

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me, 164
 My fingers itch—Wife, we scarce thought us
 blessing

That God had lent us but this only child,
 But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her 168

Out on her, hilding!

Nurse God in heaven bless her!
 You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
 tongue, 171

Good prudence, smatter with your gossips, go

Nurse I speak no treason

Cap O! God ye good den.

Nurse May not one speak?

Cap Peace, you mumbling fool,
 Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
 For here we need it not

Lady Cap You are too hot 176

Cap God's bread! it makes me mad

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
 Alone, in company, still my care hath been

To have her match'd, and having now provided
 A gentleman of noble parentage, 181

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
 Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a
 man, 184

And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer 'I'll not wed,' 'I cannot love,'
 'I am too young,' 'I pray you pardon me,' 188

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with
 me

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest
 Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, advise 192

An you be mune, I'll give you to my friend,
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the
 streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good 196

Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.
 [Exit

Jul Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O! sweet my mother, cast me not away 200
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week,

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies

Lady Cap Talk not to me, for I'll not speak
 a word 204

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee [Exit

Jul O God! O nurse! how shall this be pre-
 vented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven,
 How shall that faith return again to earth, 208

Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth? comfort-me, counsel me

Alack, alack! that heaven should practise strata-
 gems

Upon so soft a subject as myself! 212
 What sayst thou? hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse?

Nurse Faith, here it is. Romeo
 Is banished, and all the world to nothing

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth 217

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county

O! he's a lovely gentleman, 220
 Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match, 224
For it excels your first or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nurse And from my soul too, 228
Or else beshrew them both

Jul Amen!
Nurse What!
Jul Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,
To make confession and to be absolv'd. 233

Nurse Marry, I will, and this is wisely done
[Exit]

Jul Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn, 236
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy 241
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit]

ACT IV

SCENE I—Verona FRIAR LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind

Uneven is the course, I like it not. 4

Par Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears 8

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,

And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears, 12

Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society

Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Fri. L. [Aside] I would I knew not why it
should be slow'd. 16

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET

Par Happily met, my lady and my wife!
Jul That may be, sir, when I may be a wife

Par That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul What must be shall be 20
Fri. L. That's a certain text.

Par Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par Do not deny to him that you love me

Jul I will confess to you that I love him. 25

Par So will ye, I am sure, that you love me
Jul If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face 28

Par Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears

Jul The tears have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite

Par Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report 32

Jul That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face

Par Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul It may be so, for it is not mine own 36
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now

My lord, we must entreat the time alone 40
Par God shield, I should disturb devotion!

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss [Exit]

Jul O! shut the door! and when thou hast done so, 44

Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. L. Ah! Juliet, I already know thy grief,
It strains me past the compass of my wits

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county 49

Jul Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help, 52

Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd, 56
Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time, 60
Give me some present counsel, or behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that

Which the commission of thy years and art 64
Could to no issue of true honour bring

Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy

Fri. L. Hold, daughter, I do spy a kind of hope, 68

Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself, 72

Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it,
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy 76

Jul O! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower,

Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
Where serpents are, chain me with roaring

bears, 80

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling
bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls,
Or bid me go into a new-made grave 84
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble.

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love 88
Fri L Hold, then, go home, be merry, give
consent

To marry Paris Wednesday is to-morrow
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber
Take thou this vial, being then in bed, 93
And this distilled liquor drink thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse 96
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease,
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st,
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To pale ashes, thy eyes' windows fall, 100
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life,
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death,
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours, 105
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning
comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead
Then—as the manner of our country is— 109
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie 112
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night 116
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua
And thus shall free thee from this present shame,
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it 120

Jul Give me, give me! O! tell me not of fear!
Fri L Hold, get you gone, be strong and
prosperous

In this resolve I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord 124
Jul Love, give me strength! and strength
shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II—*The Same Hall in CAPULET'S
House*

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and
Servingmen.*

Cap So many guests invite as here are writ
[*Exit Servant.*

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks
Sec Serv You shall have none ill, sir, for
I'll try if they can lick their fingers 4

Cap How canst thou try them so?

Sec Serv Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that
annot lick his own fingers therefore he that

cannot lick his fingers goes not with me 8
Cap Go, be gone [Exit Second Servant
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time
What! is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?
Nurse Ay, forsooth 12
Cap Well, he may chance to do some good
on her
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is
Nurse See where she comes from shrift with
merry look 16

Enter JULIET

Cap How now, my headstrong! where have
you been gadding?

Jul Where I have learn'd me to repent the
sin

Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd 20
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you

Cap Send for the county, go tell him of
this 24

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning

Jul I met the youthful lord at Laurence's
cell,

And gave him what became love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty 28

Cap Why, I'm glad on t, this is well stand
up

This is as't should be Let me see the county,
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar, 32
All our whole city is much bound to him

Jul Nurse, will you go with me into my
closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow? 36

Lady Cap No, not till Thursday, there is
time enough

Cap Go, nurse, go with her We'll to church
to-morrow [Exit JULIET and Nurse

Lady Cap We shall be short in our pro-
vision

'Tis now near night

Cap Tush! I will stir about, 40
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee,
wife

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to-night, let me alone,
I'll play the housewife for this once What, ho!
They are all forth well, I will walk myself 45
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow My heart is wondrous
light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd 48
[Exit

SCENE III—*The Same JULIET'S Chamber*

Enter JULIET and Nurse

Jul Ay, those attires are best, but, gentle
nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night,
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state. 4

Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET

Lady Cap What! are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul No, madam, we have cull'd such necessities

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you,
For I am sure, you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business

Lady Cap Good-night
Get thee to bed, and rest, for thou hast need
[*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse*]

Jul Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life

I'll call them back again to comfort me
Nurse! What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone
Come, vial

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no, this shall forbid it: he thou there
[*Laying down a dagger*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd
Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is: and yet methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.

I will not entertain so bad a thought
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stuf'd in the vault
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes

in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd,

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud, where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort
Alack, alack! is it not like that I,

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the

earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad

O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Envir'd with all these hideous fears,

And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's
bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee
[*She falls upon her bed within the curtains*]

SCENE IV — *The Same Hall in CAPULET'S House*

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse

Lady Cap Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse

Nurse They call for dates and quinces in the pastry

Enter CAPULET

Cap Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock
hath crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica

Spare not for cost
Nurse Go, go, you cot-q lean, go,

Get you to bed, faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching

Cap No, not a whit, what! I have watch'd
ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.
Lady Cap Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt

in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now

[*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse*]
Cap A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, logs, and baskets

Now, fellow,

What's there?
First Serv Things for the cook, sir, but I

know not what.
Cap Make haste, make haste [Exit first

Serving-man.] Surrah, fetch drier logs
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are

Sec Serv I have a head, sir, that will find
out logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter [Exit
Cap Mass, and well said, a merry whore-

son, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head Goodfaith! 'tis day

The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would [Music within] I hear

hum near
Nurse Wife! what, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris Hie, make haste,

Make haste, the bridegroom he is come already
Make haste, I say [Exeunt]

SCENE V — *The Same JULIET'S Chamber*

Enter Nurse

Nurse Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast,
I warrant her, she

Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why,

bride!
What! not a word? you take your pennyworths

now
Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,

The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep! 8
I needs must wake her Madam, madam,
madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed,
He'll fight you up, 't' faith Will it not be?
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down
again! 12

I must needs wake you Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas! Help! help! my lady's dead!
O! well-a-day, that ever I was born
Some *aqua-vite*, ho! My lord! my lady! 16

Enter LADY CAPULET

Lady Cap What noise is here?

Nurse O lamentable day!

Lady Cap What is the matter?

Nurse Look, look! O heavy day!

Lady Cap O me, O me! my child, my only
life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! 20
Help, help! Call help

Enter CAPULET

Cap For shame! bring Juliet forth, her lord
is come

Nurse She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead,
alack the day!

Lady Cap Alack the day! she's dead, she's
dead! she's dead! 24

Cap Ha! let me see her Out, alas! she's
cold,
Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff
Life and these lips have long been separated
Death lies on her like an untimely frost 28
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse O lamentable day!

Lady Cap O woeful time!

Cap Death that hath ta'en her hence to
make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak 32

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, and PARIS, with
Musicians

Fri L Come, is the bride ready to go to
church?

Cap Ready to go, but never to return
O sor! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife There she lies, 36
Flower as she was, deflowered by him
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir,
My daughter he hath wedded I will die
And leave him all life living, all is Death's! 40

Par Have I thought long to see this morn-
ing's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Lady Cap Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched,
hateful day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw 44
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight! 48

Nurse O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful
day!

Most lamentable day, most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day! 52
Never was seen so black a day as this
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited,
slam!

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd, 56
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life! no! life, but love in death!
Cap Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd,
kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now 60
To murder, murder our solemnity?

O child! O child! my soul and not my child!
Dead art thou! dead! alack, my child is dead,
And with my child my joys are burned! 64

Fri L Peace, ho! for shame! confusion
cure lives not

In these confusions Heaven and yourself
Hath part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid 68

Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life

The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd,
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd 72

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O! in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well 76

She's not well married that lives married long,
But she's best married that dies married young
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse, and, as the custom is, 80

In all her best array, bear her to church!
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment

Cap All things that we ordain'd festival, 84
Turn from their office to black funeral,
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change, 88
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary

Fri L Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with
him,

And go, Sir Paris every one prepare 92
To follow this fair corse unto her grave
The heavens do lower upon you for some ill
Move them no more by crossing their high will

[Exeunt CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS,
and Friar

First Mus Faith, we may put up our pipes,
and be gone 97

Nurse Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put
up for, well you know, this is a pitiful case

[Exit
First Mus Ay, by my troth the case may be
amended 101

Enter PETER

Pet Musicians! O! musicians, 'Heart's ease,
Heart's ease O! an ye will have me live, play
'Heart's ease' 104

First Mus Why 'Heart's ease'?

Pet O! musicians, because my heart itself

plays 'My heart is full of woe,' O! play me
some merry dump, to comfort me

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Sec Mus Not a dump we, 'tis no time to
play now

Enter BALTHASAR, booted

Pet You will not then?
Musicians No

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar? 12
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?

Pet I will then give it you soundly
First Mus What will you give us?

How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again,

Pet No money, on my faith! but the gleek,
I will give you the minstrel

For nothing can be ill if she be well 16
Bal Then she is well, and nothing can be ill,

First Mus Then will I give you the serving-
creature

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives

Pet Then will I lay the serving-creature's
dagger on your pate, I will carry no crotchets

I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20
And presently took post to tell it you

Pet I'll re you, I'll fa you Do you note me? 121
First Mus An you re us, and fa us, you
note us

Since you did leave it for my office, sir
Pom Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!

Sec Mus Pray you, put up your dagger,
and put out your wit

Thou know'st my lodging get me ink and
paper, 25

Pet Then have at you with my wit! I will
dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my
iron dagger. Answer me like men 128

And hire post-horses, I will hence to-night
Bal I do beseech you, sir, have patience

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound—

Your looks are pale and wild, and do import 28
Some misadventure

Why 'silver sound?' why 'music with her silver
sound?' What say you, Simon Catling? 133

Rom Tush, thou art deceiv'd,
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do

First Mus Marry, sir, because silver hath a
sweet sound

Has't thou no letters to me from the friar?
Bal No, my good lord

Pet Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?
Sec Mus I say 'silver sound,' because musi-
cians sound for silver

No matter, get thee gone, 32
And hire those horses I'll be with thee straight

Pet Pretty too! What say you, James
Soundpost? 140

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night
Let's see for means O mischief! thou art swift

Thrd Mus Faith, I know not what to say
Pet O! I cry you mercy, you are the singer,
'I will say for you. It is, 'music with her silver
sound,' because musicians have no gold for
sounding 145

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men 36
I do remember an apothecary,

And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples, meagre were his looks, 40

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes, and about his shelves 44

A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show 48

Noting this penury, to myself I said
And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a catiff wretch would sell it him 52

O! this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. 56

What, ho! apothecary!

Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.

Here lives a catiff wretch would sell it him 52
O! this same thought did but fore-run my need,

First Mus What a pestilent knave is this
same! 149

As I remember, this should be the house
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. 56

Sec Mus Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in
here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner
[Exeunt

What, ho! apothecary!

ACT V

SCENE I.—Mantua A Street.

Enter ROMEO

Rom If I may trust the flattering truth of
sleep,

Enter Apothecary
Ap Who calls so loud?

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit 4
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful

Rom Come hither, man. I see that thou art
poor,

thoughts
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to
think,—

Hold, there is forty ducats, let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear 60

And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently as hasty powder fir'd 64
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb

As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips, 3
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath

Ap Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them

Rom Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness, 68

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back.
The world is not thy friend nor the world's law
The world affords no law to make thee rich, 73
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this

Ap My poverty, but not my will, consents

Rom I pay thy poverty, and not thy will 76

Ap Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight

Rom There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls, 80

Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none
Farewell, buy food, and get thyself in flesh 84
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*Verona* FRIAR LAURENCE'S Cell

Enter FRIAR JOHN

Fri J Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

Fri L This same should be the voice of
Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter 4

Fri J Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town, 8
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd 12

Fri L Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

Fri J I could not send it, here it is again,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection 16

Fri L Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,

The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight 21
Unto my cell

Fri J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.
[*Exit*]

Fri L Now must I to the monument alone,
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake 24

She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents,

But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come 28

Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit*]

SCENE III.—*The Same* A Churchyard in it
a Monument belonging to the CAPULETS

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch

Par Give me thy torch, boy hence, and stand aloof,

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,

Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground. 4
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,

But thou shalt hear it whistle then to me,
Assignal that thou hear'st something approach

Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go 9

Page [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone

Here in the churchyard, yet I will adventure
[*Retires*]

Par Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal
bed I strew, 12

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans
The obseques that I for thee will keep 16
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep

[*The Page whistles*]

The boy gives warning something doth approach

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obseques and true love's rite? 20

What! with a torch?—muffle me, night awhile
[*Retires*]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch,
mattock, &c

Rom Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
iron

Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father 24

Give me the light upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,

And do not interrupt me in my course
Why I descend into this bed of death, 28

Is partly, to behold my lady's face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment therefore hence, be gone

But, if thou, jealous, dost return to pry 33
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy
limbs 36

The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far

Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.
Bal I will begone, sir, and not trouble you 40

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship
Take thou that

Live, and be prosperous, and farewell, good
fellow

Bal [*Aside*] For all this same, I'll hide me
here about

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. 44

[*Retires.*]

Rom Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!
Par This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief
It is supposed the fair creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies I will apprehend him.—
[Comes forward]
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague,
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die
Rom I must, indeed, and therefore came I hither
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone,
Let them affright thee: I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury: O! be gone
By heaven, I love thee better than myself
For I come hither arm'd against myself
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say
A madman's mercy bade thee run away
Par I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here
Rom Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!
[They fight]
Page O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch
Par [Falls] O, I am slain!—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet
[Dies]
Rom In faith, I will: Let me peruse this face
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O! give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd,
[Laying PARIS in the tomb]
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O! how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty
Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there
Tybalt, hest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O! what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah! dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids, O!
here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of mausoleum stars
From this world-wearied flesh: Eyes, look your
last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [Drinks] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die
[Dies]
Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, FRIAR
LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade
Fri L Saint Francis be my speed! how oft
to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's
there?
Bal Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well
Fri L Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my
friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capel's monument
Bal It doth so, holy sir, and there's my
master,
One that you love
Fri L Who is it?
Bal Romeo
Fri L How long hath he been there?
Bal Full half an hour
Fri L Go with me to the vault
Bal I dare not, sir
My master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death
If I did stay to look on his intents
Fri L Stay then, I'll go alone: Fear comes
upon me,
O! much I fear some ill unlucky thing
Bal As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Fri L [Advances] Romeo!
Alack, alack! what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
[Enters the tomb]
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what! Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah! what an unkind
hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance
The lady stirs
[Juliet wakes]
Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be, 149
And there I am Where is my Romeo?

Fri L I hear some noise Lady, come from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep 152
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents come, come away
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And Paris too come, I'll dispose of thee 156
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming,
Come, go, good Juliet — [Noise again] I dare
no longer stay

Jul Go, get thee hence, for I will not away
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's
hand? 163

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after! I will kiss thy lips, 164
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative [Kisses him
Thy lips are warm!]

First Watch [Within] I Lead, boy which way?
Jul Yea, noise? then I'll be brief O happy
dagger! [Snatching ROMEO's dagger]
This is thy sheath, [Stabs herself] there rest,
and let me die 170

[Falls on ROMEO's body and dies]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS

Page This is the place, there where the torch
doth burn.

First Watch The ground is bloody, search
about the churchyard 172
Go, some of you, whoever you find, attach
[Exeunt some of the Watch]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried 176
Go, tell the prince, run to the Capulets,
Raise up the Montagues, some others search
[Exeunt others of the Watch].

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry 181

Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

Sec Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found
him in the churchyard

First Watch Hold him in safety, till the
prince come hither

*Re-enter other of the Watch, with FRIAR
LAURENCE*

Third Watch Here is a friar, that trembles,
sighs, and weeps; 184
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

First Watch A great suspicion stay the friar
too 187

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants

Prince What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and Others
Cap What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad?

Lady Cap The people in the street cry
Romeo,

Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all run 192
With open outcry toward our monument

Prince What fear is this which startles in
our ears?

First Watch Sovereign, here lies the County
Paris slain,

And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before, 196
Warm and new kill'd

Prince Search, seek, and know how this foul
murder comes

First Watch Here is a friar, and slaughter'd
Romeo's man,

With instruments upon them, fit to open 200
These dead men's tombs

Cap O, heaven!—O wife! look how our
daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en!—for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague— 204

And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom
Lady Cap O me! this sight of death is as a
bell,

That warns my old age to a sepulchre

Enter MONTAGUE and Others

Prince Come, Montague for thou art early
up, 208

To see thy son and heir more early down.
Mon Alas! my liege, my wife is dead to-
night,

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine
age? 212

Prince Look, and thou shalt see
Mon O thou untaught! what manners is in
this,

To press before thy father to a grave?
Prince Seal up the mouth of outrage for a
while, 216

Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true
descent,

And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death meantime for-
bear, 220

And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri L I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place 224
Doth make against me, of this dreadful murder,
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince Then say at once what thou dost
know in this 228

Fri L I will be brief, for my short date of
breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife
I married them, and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death

Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this
city,
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd 236
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To County Paris then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks bid me devise some mean
To rid her from this second marriage, 241
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her,—so tutor'd by my art,—
A sleeping potion, which so took effect 244
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death meantime I writ to Romeo
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave, 248
Being the time the potion's force should cease
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone, 252
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo 256
But, when I came,—some minute ere the time
Of her awakening,—here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth, 260
And bear this work of heaven with patience,
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself 264
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time, 268
Unto the rigour of severest law
Prince We still have known thee for a holy
man.
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?
Bal I brought my master news of Juliet's
death 272
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument

This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the
vault, 276
If I departed not and left him there
Prince Give me the letter, I will look on it
Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?
Page He came with flowers to strew his
lady's grave, 281
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did,
Anon, comes one with light to open the tomb,
And by and by my master drew on him, 284
And then I ran away to call the watch.
Prince This letter doth make good the friar's
words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death
And here he writes that he did buy a poison 288
Of a poor apothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies?—Capulet! Montague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate, 292
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with
love.
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen all are punish'd
Cap O brother Montague! give me thy
hand 296
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand
Mon But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That while Verona by that name is known, 300
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet
Cap As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie,
Poor sacrifices of our enmity! 304
Prince A glooming peace this morning with
it brings,
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished
For never was a story of more woe 309
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo [Exeunt

TIMON OF ATHENS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TIMON a noble Athenian
 LUCIUS, } flattering Lords
 LUCULLUS }
 SEMPRONIUS }
 VENTIDIUS one of Timon's false Friends
 APEMANTUS a churlish Philosopher
 ALCIBIADES an Athenian Captain
 FLAVIUS Steward to Timon
 FLAMINIUS } Servants to Timon.
 LUCILIUS }
 SERVILIUS }
 CAPHIS }
 PHILOTUS, } Servants to Timon's Creditors
 TITUS, }
 LUCIUS }
 HORTENSIVS }

Servants of Ventidius and of Varro and Isidore (two
 of Timon's Creditors)
 Three Strangers
 An Old Athenian.
 A Page.
 A Fool
 Poet, Painter Jeweller, and Merchant.

PHRYNIA, } Mistresses to Alcibiades.
 TIMANDRA, }

Lords Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants

CUPID and Amazons in the Masque.

SCENE — *Athens, and the neighbouring Woods*

ACT I

SCENE I — *Athens A Hall in TIMON'S House*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Others, at several doors

Poet Good day, sir

Pain I am glad you're well

Poet I have not seen you long How goes the world?

Pain It wears, sir, as it grows

Poet Ay, that's well known,

But what particular rarity? what strange, 4

Which manifold record not matches? See,

Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power

Hath conjur'd to attend I know the merchant

Pain I know them both, th' other's a jewel- 8

Mer O! 'tis a worthy lord

Jew Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer A most incomparable man, breath'd, as it were,

To an untriable and continue goodness

He passes

Jew I have a jewel here— 12

Mer O! pray, let see it for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew If he will touch the estimate but, for that—

Poet When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse 16

Which aptly sings the good

Mer [Looking at the jewel.] 'Tis a good form.

Jew And rich here is a water, look ye

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord

Poet A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes 21

From whence 'tis nourish'd the fire i' the flint Shows not till it be struck, our gentle flame

Provokes itself, and, like the current flies 24

Each bound it chafes What have you there?

Pain A picture, sir When comes your book forth?

Poet Upon the heels of my presentment, sir Let's see your piece 28

Pain 'Tis a good piece

Poet So 'tis this comes off well and excellent

Pain Indifferent

Poet Admirable! How this grace

Speaks his own standing! what a mental power

This eye shoots forth! how big imagination 33

Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret

Pain It is a pretty mocking of the life, 36

Here is a touch, is't good?

Poet I'll say of it,

It tutors nature artificial strife

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, who pass over the stage

Pain How this lord is follow'd! 40

Poet The senators of Athens happy man!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man, 44

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug

With amplest entertainment my free drift

Halts not particularly, but moves itself

In a wide sea of wax no levell'd malice 48

Infects one comma in the course I hold,

But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,

Leaving no tract behind.

Pain How shall I understand you?

Poet I will unbolt to you. 52

You see how all conditions, how all minds—

As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality—tender down
Their services to Lord Timon his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging, 57
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts, yea, from the glass-fac'd
flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better 60
Than to abhor himself even he drops down
The knees before him and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod

Pain I saw them speak together
Poet Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant
hill 64

Fearn'd Fortune to be thron'd the base o' the
mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states amongst them all, 68
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Who n Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to
her,

Whose present grace to present slaves and ser-
vants 72

Translates his rivals
Pain 'Tis concern'd to scope
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, me-
thinks,

With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount 76
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition

Poet Nay, sir, but bear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment 80
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air

Pain Ay, marry, what of these? 84
Poet When Fortune in her shift and change
of mood

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's
top

Even on their knees and hands, let him slip
down, 88

Not one accompanying his declining foot.
Pain 'Tis common

A thousand moral paintings I can show
That shall demonstrate these quick b'ows of
Fortune's 92

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter LORD TIMON, address-
ing himself courteously to every sutor, a
Messenger from VENTIDIUS talking with him
LUCILIUS and other servants following

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?
Mess Ay, my good lord five talents is his
debt, 96

His means most short, his creditors most strait
Your honourable letter he desires

To those have shut him up, which, failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim Noble Ventidius! Well, 100
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me I do know
him

A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have I'll pay the debt and free
him 104

Mess Your lordship ever binds him
Tim Commend me to him I will send his
ransom,

And being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up, 108
But to support him after Fare you well

Mess All happiness to your honour [Exit

Enter an Old Athenian

Old Ath Lord Timon, hear me speak
Tim Freely, good father

Old Ath Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius
Tim I have so what of him? 113

Old Ath Most noble Timon, call the man
before thee

Tim Attends he here or no? Lucilius!
Luc Here, at your lordship's service 116

Old Ath This fellow here, Lord Timon, this
thy creature,

By night frequents my house I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd 120
Than one which holds a trencher

Tim. Well, what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin
else,

On whom I may confer what I have got
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride, 124
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love I prithee, noble lord,

Join with me to forbid him her resort, 128
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim The man is honest.
Old Ath Therefore he will be, Timon

His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter

Tim. Does she love him? 132
Old Ath She is young and apt

Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To LUCILIUS] Love you the maid?
Luc Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it

Old Ath If in her marriage my consent be
missing, 137

I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband? 141

Old Ath. Three talents on the present, in
future, all.

Tim This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me
long

To build his fortune I will strain a little, 144
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter,

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her

Old Ath Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his 148

Tim My hand to thee, mine honour on my
promise

Luc Humbly I thank your lordship never
may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping
Which is not ow'd to you! 152

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and Old Athenian*
Poet Vouchsafe my labour, and long live
your lordship!

Tim I thank you, you shall hear from me
anon

Go not away What have you there, my friend?
Pain A piece of painting, which I do be-
seech 156

Your lordship to accept
Tim Painting is welcome

The painting is almost the natural man,
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,

He is but outside these pencil'd figures are 160
Even such as they give out I like your work,

And you shall find I like it wait attendance
Till you hear further from me

Pain The gods preserve you!
Tim Well fare you, gentleman give me your
hand, 164

We must needs dine together Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise

Jew What, my lord! dispraise?
Tim A mere satiety of commendations

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd, 168
It would unclew me quite

Jew My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give but you well
know,

Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters Believe 't, dear
lord, 172

You mend the jewel by the wearing it.
Tim Well mock'd

Mer No, my good lord, he speaks the com-
mon tongue,

Which all men speak with him. 176
Tim Look, who comes here Will you be
chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew We'll bear, with your lordship
Mer He'll spare none

Tim Good morrow to thee, gentle Apeman-
tus!

Apem Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good
morrow, 180

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves
honest

Tim Why dost thou call them knaves? thou
know'st them not.

Apem Are they not Athenians?
Tim Yes 184

Apem Then I repent not.
Jew You know me, Apemantus?

Apem Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by
thy name. 188

Tim Thou art proud, Apemantus
Apem Of nothing so much as that I am not
like Timon

Tim Whither art going? 192
Apem To knock out an honest Athenian's
brains

Tim That's a deed thou'lt die for
Apem Right, if doing nothing be death by
the law 197

Tim How liketh thou this picture, Apeman-
tus?

Apem The best, for the innocence 200
Tim Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem He wrought better that made the
painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain You're a dog 204
Apem Thy mother's of my generation
what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?
Apem No, I eat not lords 208

Tim An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies
Apem O! they eat lords, so they come by
great bellies

Tim That's a lascivious apprehension 212
Apem So thou apprehendest it, take it for
thy labour

Tim How dost thou like this jewel, Ape-
mantus? 216

Apem Not so well as plain-dealing, which
will not cost a man a doit

Tim What dost thou think 'tis worth?
Apem Not worth my thinking How now,
poet! 221

Poet How now, philosopher!
Apem Thou liest

Poet Art not one? 224
Apem Yes

Poet Then I lie not.
Apem Art not a poet?

Poet Yes 228
Apem Then thou liest look in thy last work,
where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow

Poet That's not feigned, he is so 231
Apem Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay
thee for thy labour he that loves to be flattered

is worthy o' the flatterer Heavens, that I were
a lord! 235

Tim What wouldst do then, Apemantus?
Apem Even as Apemantus does now, hate
a lord with my heart. 238

Tim What, thyself?
Apem Ay

Tim Wherefore? 241
Apem That I had no angry wit to be a lord
Art not thou a merchant?

Mer Ay, Apemantus 244
Apem Traffic confound thee, if the gods will
not!

Mer If traffic do it, the gods do it.
Apem Traffic's thy god, and thy god con-
found thee! 249

Trumpet sounds Enter a Servant.
Tim What trumpet's that?
Serv 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship 252

Tim Pray, entertain them, give them guide to us
 You must needs dine with me Go not you hence
 Till I have thanked you, when dinner's done,
 Show me this piece I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there! 257
 Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
 That there should be small love 'mongst these
 sweet knaves,
 And all this courtesy! The strain of man's
 bred out 260

Into baboon and monkey

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and
 I feed

Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim Right welcome, sir!
 Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time 264
 In different pleasures Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all except* APEMANTUS

Enter two Lords

First Lord What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord That time serves still. 268

Apem. The more accursed thou, that still
 omitt'st it.

Sec Lord Thou art going to Lord Timon's
 feast?

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine
 heat fools 272

Sec Lord Fare thee well, fare thee well

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell
 twice

Sec Lord Why Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for
 I mean to give thee none 277

First Lord Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding
 make thy requests to thy friend 280

Sec Lord Away, unpeaceable dog! or I'll
 spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of an
 ass [Exit

First Lord He's opposite to humanity

Come, shall we in, 285

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
 The very heart of kindness

Sec Lord He pours it out, Plutus, the god
 of gold, 288

Is but his steward no meed but he repays
 Sevenfold above itself, no gift to him

But breeds the giver a return exceeding 291
 All use of quittance

First Lord The noblest mind he carries
 That ever govern'd man.

Sec Lord Long may he live in fortunes!
 Shall we in? 295

First Lord I'll keep you company [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—The Same A Room of State in
 TIMON'S House

*Hautboys playing loud music A great banquet
 served in, FLAVIUS and Others attending then*

enter LORD TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, and
 Senators, VENTIDIUS and Attendants *Then
 comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS discon-
 tentedly, like himself*

Ven Most honour'd Timon,
 It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's
 age,

And call him to long peace
 He is gone happy, and has left me rich 4

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
 To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled with thanks and service, from whose
 help

I deriv'd liberty

Tim O! by no means, 8
 Honest Ventidius, you mistake my love,

I gave it freely ever, and there's none
 Can truly say he gives, if he receives

If our betters play at that game, we must not
 dare 12

To imitate them, faults that are rich are fair
Ven. A noble spirit

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking
 on TIMON*

Tim Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis'd
 at first

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown, 17

But where there is true friendship, there needs
 none

Pray, sit, more welcome are ye to my fortunes
 Than my fortunes to me [*They sit*

First Lord My lord, we always have con-
 fess'd it 21

Apem. Ho, ho! confess'd it, hang'd it, have
 you not?

Tim O! Apemantus, you are welcome
Apem. No, 24

You shall not make me welcome
 I come to have thee thrust me out of doors

Tim Fie! thou'rt a churl, ye've got a humour
 there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame
 They say, my lords, *Ira furor brevis est*, 28

But yond man is ever angry
 Go, let him have a table by himself,

For he does neither affect company,
 Nor is he fit for it, indeed 32

Apem. Let me stay at thine apparel, Timon
 I come to observe, I give thee warning o't.

Tim I take no heed of thee, thou'rt an
 Athenian, therefore, welcome I myself would

have no power, prithee, let my meat make thee
 silent 38

Apem. I scorn thy meat, 'twould choke me,
 for I should

Ne'er flatter thee O you gods! what a number
 Of men eat Timon and he sees them not. 41

It grieves me to see so many dip their meat
 In one man's blood and all the madness is,

He cheers them up too 44

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men
 Methinks they should invite them without

knives,
 Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't, the fellow that 48
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and
pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him 't has been prov'd
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at
meals, 52

Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous
notes

Great men should drink with harness on their
throats

Tim My lord, in heart, and let the health
go round

Sec Lord Let it flow this way, my good lord

Apem Flow this way! A brave fellow! he
keeps his tides well Those healths will make
thee and thy state look ill, Timon.

Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, 60
Honest water, which ne'er left man the mire
This and my food are equals, there's no odds
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods

Immortal gods I crave no pelf 64

I pray for no man but myself

Grant I may never prove so fond,

To trust man on his oath or bond,

Or a harlot for her weeping 68

Or a dog that seems a sleeping

Or a keeper with my freedom

Or my friends, if I should need em. 72

Amen So fall to t

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks*]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the
field now 76

Alcib My heart is ever at your service, my
lord

Tim You had rather be at a breakfast of
enemies than a dinner of friends 80

Alcib So they were bleeding-new, my lord,
there's no meat like 'em I could wish my best
friend at such a feast

Apem 'Would all those flatterers were thine
enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em
and bid me to 'em 86

First Lord Might we but have that happi-
ness, my lord, that you would once use our
hearts, whereby we might express some part
of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever
perfect 91

Tim O! no doubt, my good friends, but the
gods themselves have provided that I shall have
much help from you. how had you been my
friends else? why have you that charitable title
from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to
my heart? I have told more of you to myself
than you can with modesty speak in your own
behalf, and thus far I confirm you O you
gods! think I, what need we have any friends, if
we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the
most needless creatures living should we ne'er
have use for 'em, and would most resemble
sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep
their sounds to themselves Why, I have often
wished myself poorer that I might come nearer
to you. We are born to do benefits, and what

better or properer can we call our own than the
riches of our friends? O! what a precious com-
fort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, com-
manding one another's fortunes O joy! e en
made away ere it can be born Mine eyes cannot
hold out water, methinks to forget their faults,
I drink to you

Apem Thou weepest to make them drink,
Timon 116

Sec Lord Joy had the like conception in our
eyes,

And, at that instant, like a babe, sprung up

Apem Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a
bastard

Third Lord I promise you, my lord, you
mov'd me much. 120

Apem Much! [Tucket sounded]

Tim What means that trumpet?

Enter a Servant.

How now!

Serv Please you, my lord, there are certain
ladies most desirous of admittance 124

Tim Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv There comes with them a forerunner,
my lord, which bears that office, to signify their
pleasures 128

Tim I pray, let them be admitted

Enter CUPID

Cup Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all
That of his bounties taste! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come
freely 132

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom Th' ear,
Taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise,
They only now come but to feast thine eyes

Tim They are welcome all, let 'em have
kind admittance 136

Music, make their welcome! [*Exit CUPID*]

First Lord You see, my lord, how ample
you're belov'd

Music Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies
as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing
and playing

Apem Hoy-day! what a sweep of vanity
comes this way

They dancel they are mad women, 140

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root

We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves,

And spend our flatteries to drink those men 144

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite and envy

Who lives that's not depraved or depraves?

Who dies that bears not one spurn to their
graves 148

Of their friend's gift?

I should fear those that dance before me now

Would one day stamp upon me it has been
done.

Men shut their doors against a setting sun. 152

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring

of TIMON; and to show their loves each singles,

out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women,
a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease

Tim You have done our pleasures much
grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind,
You have added worth unto 't and lustre, 156
And entertain'd me with mine own device,
I am to thank you for 't.

First Lady My lord, you take us even at the
best.

Apem Faith, for the worst is filthy, and
would not hold taking, I doubt me 161

Tim Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you please you to dispose yourselves

All Lad Most thankfully, my lord 164
[*Exeunt CUPID and Ladies*]

Tim Flavius!

Flav My lord!

Tim The little casket bring me hither

Flav Yes, my lord [Aside] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing hum in 's humour, 168

Else I should tell him well, I' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he
could

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind
[Exit] 173

First Lord Where be our men?

Serv Here, my lord, in readiness

Sec Lord Our horses!

Re-enter FLAVIUS with the Casket

Tim O, my friends! I have one word to say
to you, 176

Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much

As to advance this jewel, accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord 180

First Lord I am so far already in your gifts—
All So are we all

Enter a Servant.

Serv My lord, there are certain nobles of the
senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you. 184

Tim They are fairly welcome.

Flav I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word, it does concern you near

Tim Near! why then another time I'll hear
thee

I prithee, let's be provided to show them enter-
tainment. 188

Flav [Aside] I scarce know how

Enter another Servant.

Sec Serv May it please your honour, Lord
Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver 192

Tim I shall accept them fairly, let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

Third Serv Please you, my lord, that honour-
able gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your

company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has
sent your honour two brace of greyhounds 198

Tim I'll hunt with him, and let them be
receiv'd,

Not without fair reward

Flav [Aside] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great
gifts, 201

And all out of an empty coffer

Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is, 204

Being of no power to make his wishes good
His promises fly so beyond his state

That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word he is so kind that he now 208

Pays interest for 't, his land's put to their books
Well, would I were gently put out of office

Before I were forc'd out!
Happier he that has no friend to feed 212

Than such as do e'en enemies exceed
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit]

Tim You do yourselves
Much wrong, you hate too much of your own
merits

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love 216

Sec Lord With more than common thanks
I will receive it

Third Lord O! he's the very soul of bounty
Tim And now I remember, my lord, you
gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser 220
I rode on it is yours, because you lik'd it

Third Lord O! I beseech you, pardon me,
my lord, in that

Tim You may take my word, my lord, I
know no man

Can justly praise but what he does affect 224

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own,
I'll tell you true I'll call to you

All Lords O! none so welcome

Tim I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give, 228

Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary Alcibiades,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee, for all thy living

Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field

Alcib Ay defil'd land, my lord

First Lord We are so virtuously bound,—
Tim And so

Am I to you

Sec Lord So infinitely endear'd,— 236

Tim All to you. Lights, more lights!

First Lord The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord
Timon!

Tim Ready for his friends
[*Exeunt ALCEBIADES, Lords, &c*]

Apem What a coil's here!
Serving of becks and jutting out of burns! 240

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of
dregs

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound
legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on curtsies 244

Tim Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,

I would be good to thee

Apem No, I'll nothing, for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly what need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories? 252

Tim Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell, and come with better music. *[Exit]*

Apem So 256
Thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then, I'll lock thy heaven from thee
O! that men's ears should be
To counsel death, but not to flattery *[Exit]*

ACT II

SCENE I—*Athens. A Room in a Senator's House*

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand

Sen And late, five thousand to Varro and to Isidore

He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum, Which makes it five-and-twenty. Still in motion Of raging waste! It cannot hold, it will not. 4
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold,
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he why, give my horse to Timon, 8
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses. No porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold, no reason 12
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS

Caph Here, sir, what is your pleasure?

Sen Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon,

Importune him for my moneys, be not ceas'd 16
With slight denial, nor then silenc'd when—
'Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus,—but tell him,
My uses cry to me. I must serve my turn 20
Out of mine own, his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit. I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger,
Immediate are my needs, and my relief 25
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone
Put on a most importunate aspect, 28
A visage of demand, for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone 32

Caph I go, sir

Sen 'I go, sir!' Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph
Sen

I will, sir
Go *[Exeunt]*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Hall in TIMON'S House*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand

Flav No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,

That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot takes no account
How things go from him, nor resumes no care. 4
Of what is to continue never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel
I must be round with him, now he comes from
hunting 8

Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO

Caph Good even, Varro. What!

You come for money?

Var. Serv Is it not your business too?

Caph It is and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv It is so

Caph Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serv I fear it 12

Caph Here comes the lord!

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES and Lords, &c

Tim So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,

My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?

Caph My lord, here is a note of certain dues

Tim Dues! Whence are you?

Caph Of Athens here, my lord 17

Tim Go to my steward

Caph Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month 20

My master is awak'd by great occasion

To call upon his own, and humbly prays you

That with your other noble parts you'll suit

In giving him his right

Tim Mine honest friend, 24

I prithee, but repair to me next morning

Caph Nay, good my lord,—

Tim Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv One Varro's servant, my good

lord,—

Isid. Serv From Isidore,

He humbly prays your speedy payment. 28

Caph If you did know, my lord, my master's

wants,—

Var. Serv 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord,

six weeks

And past

Isid. Serv Your steward puts me off, my

lord, 32

And I am sent expressly to your lordship

Tim Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on,

I'll wait upon you instantly.

[Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.]

[To FLAVIUS.] Come hither, pray you, 36

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav Please you, gentlemen, 40
The time is unagreeable to this business
Your importunity cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid

Tim Do so, my friends 44
See them well entertained

Flav Pray, draw near [Exit] [Exit]

Enter APEMANTUS and Fool

Caph Stay, stay, here comes the fool with
Apemantus let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var Serv Hang him, he'll abuse us 48

Isid. Serv A plague upon him, dog!

Var Serv How dost, fool?

Apem Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var Serv I speak not to thee 52

Apem No, 'tis to thyself [To the Fool]

Come away

Isid Serv [To VAR SERV] There's the fool

hangs on your back already 56

Apem No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not

on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem He last asked the question Poor

rogues, and usurers' men' bawds between gold

and want! 61

All Serv What are we, Apemantus?

Apem Asses

All Serv Why? 64

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do

not know yourselves Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv Gramercies, good fool How does

your mistress? 69

Fool She's e'en setting on water to scald

such chickens as you are Would we could see

you at Corinth! 72

Apem. Good! gramercy

Enter Page

Fool Look you, here comes my mistress'

page

Page [To the Fool] Why, how now, captain!

what do you in this wise company? How dost

thou, Apemantus?

Apem Would I had a rod in my mouth, that

I might answer thee profitably 80

Page Prithce, Apemantus, read me the

superscription of these letters I know not

which is which

Apem Canst not read? 84

Page No

Apem There will little learning die then

that day thou art hanged This is to Lord

Timon, this to Alcibiades Go, thou wast born

a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd 89

Page Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou

shalt famish a dog's death Answer not, I am

gone [Exit Page]

Apem E'en so thou outrunn'st grace —

Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's

Fool Will you leave me there?

Apem If Timon stay at home You three
serve three usurers? 97

All Serv Ay, would they served us!

Apem So would I as good a trick as ever

hangman served thief 100

Fool Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv Ay, fool

Fool I think no usurer but has a fool to his

servant my mistress is one, and I am her fool

When men come to borrow of your masters

they approach sadly, and go away merry, but

they enter my mistress' house merrily and go

away sadly the reason of this? 108

Var Serv I could render one

Apem Do it, then, that we may account thee

a whoremaster and a knave, which, with-
standing, thou shalt be no less esteemed 112

Var Serv What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool A fool in good clothes, and something

like thee 'Tis a spirit sometime 't appears

like a lord, sometime like a lawyer, sometime

like a philosopher, with two stones more than s

artificial one He is very often like a knight,

and generally in all shapes that man goes up

and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this

spirit walks in 121

Var Serv Thou art not altogether a fool

Fool Nor thou altogether a wise man as

much foolery as I have, so much wit thou

lackest 125

Apem That answer might have become Ape-

mantus

All Serv Aside, aside, here comes Lord

Timon. 129

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS

Apem Come with me fool come

Fool I do not always follow lover, elder

brother and woman, sometime the philosopher

[Exit APEMANTUS and Fool]

Flav Pray you, walk near I'll speak with

you anon [Exit Servants]

Tim You make me marvel wherefore, ere

this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me,

That I might so have rated my expense 136

As I had leave of means?

Flav You would not hear me,

At many leasures I propos'd

Tim Go to

Perchance some single vantages you took,

When my indisposition put you back, 140

And that unaptness made your minister,

Thus to excuse yourself

Flav O my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts,

Laid them before you, you would throw them

off, 144

And say you found them in mine honesty,

When for some trifling present you have bid me

Return so much, I have shook my head, and

wept,

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd

you 148

To hold your hand more close I did endure

Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have

Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts My loved lord, 152
Though you hear now, too late, yet now 's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts

Tim Let all my land be sold
Flav 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and
gone, 156

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues, the future comes apace
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning? 160

Tim To Lacedæmon did my land extend

Flav O my good lord! the world is but a word,
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim You tell me true 164

Flav If you suspect my husbandry or false-
hood,

Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof So the gods bless me
When all our offices have been oppress'd 168
With notous feeders, when our vaults have wept
With drunken spith of wine, when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights and bray'd with min-
strelsy,

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock, 172
And set mine eyes at flow

Tim Prithce, no more

Flav Heavens! have I said, the bounty of
this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's? 176
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is
Lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this
praise, 179

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made
Feast-won, fast-lost, one cloud of winter
showers,

These flies are couch'd

Tim Come, sermon me no further,
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart,
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given. 184

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience
lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart,
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use 189

As I can bid thee speak

Flav Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim And, in some sort, these wants of mine
are crown'd,

That I account them blessings, for by these 192
Shall I try friends You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes, I am wealthy in my friends
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other
Servants

Serv My lord! my lord! 196

Tim I will dispatch you severally. you, to
Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucullus you I hunted
with his honour to-day, you, to Sempronius.

Commend me to their loves, and I am proud,
say, that my occasions have found time to use
them toward a supply of money let the request
be fifty talents

Flam As you have said, my lord 204

Flav [Aside] Lord Lucius, and Lucullus?

hum

Tim [To another Servant] Go you, sir, to
the senators,—

Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing,—bid em send o' the in-
stant 208

A thousand talents to me

Flav I have been bold,—

For that I knew it the most general way,—
To them to use your signet and your name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return

Tim Is't true? can't be? 213

Flav They answer, in a joint and corporate
voice,

That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would, are sorry, you are honour-
able, 216

But yet they could have wish'd, they know not,
Something hath been amiss, a noble nature

May catch a wrench, would all were well, 'tis pity;
And so, intending other serious matters, 220

After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence

Tim You gods, reward them!

Prithce, man, look cheerly These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary, 225

Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind,
And nature, as it grows again toward earth, 228

Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy

[To a Servant] Go to Ventidius —[To FLA-
VIUS] Prithce, be not sad,

Thou art true and honest, ingenuously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee —[To Servant] Ven-
tidius lately 232

Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate, when he was poor,

Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents, greet him from
me, 236

Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remem-
ber'd

With those five talents [Exit Servant] [To
FLAVIUS] That had, give't these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due Ne'er speak, or think
That Timon's fortunes mong his friends can sink.

Flav I would I could not think it that
thought is bounty's foe 242

Being free itself, it thinks all others so [Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I.—Athens A Room in LUCULLUS'
House

FLAMINIUS waiting Enter a Servant to him,

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is com-
ing down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [Aside] One of Lord Timon's men! a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right, I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectively welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [Exit Servant] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to untreat your honour to supply, who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas! good lord, a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't, and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his, I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from it.

Re-enter Servant with wine

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason, and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well good parts in thee. [To the Servant]—Get you gone, sirrah—[Exit Servant] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidaires for thee good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much suffer,

And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coals be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart? It turns in less than two nights? O you gods! I feel my master's passion. This slave unto his honour

Has my lord's meat in him
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment
When he is turn'd to poison?

O! may diseases only work upon't, And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour

SCENE II—The Same A Public Place

Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it, he cannot want for money

Sec Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Sec Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord
Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his, yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Servil. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord, I have sweat to see his honour

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well. commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend

Servil. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord, he's ever sending how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Servil. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord, requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Servil. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Servil. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might

ha' shown myself honourable! how unuckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do, the more beast, I say, I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness, but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him? 66

Servil. Yes, sir, I shall

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius

[*Exit SERVILIUS*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed, And he that's once denied will hardly speed

[*Exit*]

First Stran. Do you observe this Hostilius?

Sec Stran. Ay, too well

First Stran. Why this is the world's soul, and just of the same piece 72

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father, And kept his credit with his purse, 76

Supported his estate, nay, Timon's money Has paid his men their wages, he ne'er drinks

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip, And yet, O! see the monstrousness of man, 80

When he looks out in an ungrateful shape, He does deny him, in respect of his,

What charitable men afford to beggars

Third Stran. Religion groans at it

First Stran. For mine own part, 84

I never tasted Timon in my life, Nor came any of his bounties over me,

To mark me for his friend, yet, I protest, For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue, 88

And honourable carriage, Had his necessity made use of me,

I would have put my wealth into donation, And the best half should have return'd to him, 92

So much I love his heart. But, I perceive, Men must learn now with pity to dispense,

For policy suits above conscience [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — The Same A Room in SEMPRONIUS'S House

Enter SEMPRONIUS and a Servant of TIMON'S

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't. Hum! 'bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus, And now Ventidius is wealthy too,

Whom he redeem'd from prison all these 4 Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,

They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for

They have all denied him

Sem. How! have they denied him?

Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him? 8 And does he send to me? Three? hum!

It shows but little love or judgment in him Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physi-

cians, Thrice give him over, must I take the cure upon me? 12

He has much disgrac'd me in't, I'm angry at him,

That might have known my place. I see no sense for t, 1

But his occasions might have woo'd me first, For, in my conscience, I was the first man 16

That e'er received gift from him And does he think so backwardly of me now,

That I'll requite it last? No So it may prove an argument of laughter 20

To the rest, and I mongst lords be thought a fool

I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum, He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake,

I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return, 24

And with their faint reply this answer join, Who hates mine honour shall not know my

com [*Exit*]

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when

he made man politic, he crossed himself by t and I cannot think but in the end the villainies

of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to

be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire

Of such a nature is his politic love This was my lord's best hope, now all are fled 36

Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead, Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their

wards Many a bounteous year must be employ'd

Now to guard sure their master 40 And this is all a liberal course allows

Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house [*Exit*]

SCENE IV — The Same A Hall in TIMON'S House

Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to TIMON'S Creditors, waiting his coming out

First Var Serv. Well met, good morrow,

Titus and Hortensius

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro

Hor. Lucius!

What! do we meet together!

Luc. Ser. Ay, and I think

One business does command us all, for mine 4 Is money

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother

What do you think the hour?

Phi Labouring for nine. 8

Luc Serv So much?

Phi Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc Serv Not yet.

Phi I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc Serv Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him.

You must consider that a prodigal course 12

Is like the sun's, but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse,

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet 16

Find little.

Phi I am of your fear for that.

Tit I'll show you how to observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor Most true, he does.

Tit And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,

For which I wait for money. 21

Hor It is against my heart.

Luc Serv Mark, how strange it shows,

Timon in this should pay more than he owes

And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,

And send for money for 'em. 25

Hor I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness.

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,

And now ingratitude makes it worse than

stealth. 28

First Var Serv Yes, mine's three thousand

crowns, what's yours?

Luc Serv Five thousand mine.

First Var Serv 'Tis much deep and it should

seem by the sum,

Your master's confidence was as above mine, 32

Else, surely, his had equal'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc Serv Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is

my lord ready to come forth? 36

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit We attend his lordship, pray, signify so much.

Flam I need not tell him that, he knows

you are too diligent. [Exit FLAMINIUS.]

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc Serv Hal! is not that his steward muffled

so?

He goes away in a cloud. call him, call him.

Tit Do you hear, sir? 44

Sec Var Serv By your leave, sir.

Flav What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting, 48

'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,

And take down the interest into their gluttonous

mans. 53

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up,

Let me pass quietly.

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end, 56

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc Serv Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as

you.

For you serve knaves. [Exit

First Var Serv How! what does his cashier'd

worship mutter? 62

Sec Var Serv No matter what, he's poor,

and that's revenge enough. Who can speak

broadly than he that has no house to put his

head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit O! here's Servilius, now we shall know

some answer. 68

Servil If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to

repair some other hour, I should derive much

from't, for, take't of my soul, my lord leans

wondrously to discontent. His comfortable

temper has forsook him, he's much out of

health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc Serv Many do keep their chambers are

not sick.

And, if it be so far beyond his health, 76

Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,

And make a clear way to the gods.

Servil Good gods!

Tit We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam [Within] Servilius, help! my lord!

my lord! 80

Enter TIMON in a rage, FLAMINIUS

following.

Tim What! are my doors oppos'd against

my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place which I have feasted, does it now, 84

Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc Serv Put in now, Titus.

Tit My lord, here is my bill.

Luc Serv Here's mine. 88

Hor And mine, my lord.

Both Var Serv And ours, my lord.

Phi All our bills.

Tim Knock me down with 'em. cleave me to

the girdle. 92

Luc Serv Alas! my lord,—

Tim Cut my heart in sums.

Tit Mine, fifty talents.

Tim Tell out my blood. 96

Luc Serv Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim Five thousand drops pays that. What

yours? and yours?

First Var Serv My lord,—

Sec Var Serv My lord,— 100

Tim Tear me, take me, and the gods fall

upon you! [Exit.

Hor Faith, I perceive our masters may

throw their cans at their money. these debts

may well be called desperate ones, for a mad-

man owes 'em. [Exeunt]

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS

Tim They have e'en put my breath from
me, the slaves
Creditors' devils!

Flav My dear lord —

Tim What if it should be so?

Flav My lord, —

Tim I'll have it so My steward!

Flav Here, my lord

Tim So fitly! Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus and Sempronius, all
I'll once more feast the rascals

Flav O my lord!
You only speak from your distracted soul, 116
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table

Tim Be't not in thy care go
I charge thee, invite them all let in the tide
Of knaves once more, my cook and I'll provide
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V — The Same The Senate House

The Senate sitting

First Sen My lord, you have my voice to it,
the fault's

Bloody, 'tis necessary he should die
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy

Sec Sen Most true, the law shall bruise him

Enter ALCIBIADES, attended

Alcib Honour, health, and compassion to
the senate! 5

First Sen Now, captain

Alcib I am a humble suitor to your virtues
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into't 13
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues,

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice, — 16
An honour in him which buys out his fault, —
But, with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe, 20
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument

First Sen You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair 25
Your words have took such pains as if they
labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form, and set
quarrelling

Upon the head of valour, which indeed 28
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his
wrongs — 32

His outsoles, to wear them like his raiment,
carelessly,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill, 36
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib My lord, —

First Sen You cannot make gross sins look
clear,

To revenge is no valour, but to bear 40

Alcib My lords, then, under favour, pardon
me,

If I speak like a captain
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon't, 44

And let the foes quietly cut their throats
Without repugnancy? If there be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant 48

That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And the ass more captain than the lion, the
felon

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering O my lords! 52

As you are great, be pitifully good
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust,
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just. 56

To be in anger is impiety,
But who is man that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this
Sec Sen You breathe in vain.

Alcib In vain! his service done 60
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium

Were a sufficient bribe for his life
First Sen What's that?

Alcib I say my lords, he has done fair ser-
vice, 64

And slain in fight many of your enemies
How full of valour did he bear himself

In the last conflict and made plentiful wounds!
Sec Sen He has made too much plenty with
'em, 68

He's a sworn rioter, he has a sin that often
Drowns him and takes his valour prisoner,

If there were no foes that were enough
To overcome him, in that beastly fury 72

He has been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions 'tis unerr'd to us,

His days are foul and his drink dangerous
First Sen He dies 76

Alcib Hard fate! he might have died in war
My lords, if not for any parts in him, —

Though his right arm might purchase his own
time,

And be in debt to none — yet more to move you
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both, 81

And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all

My honour to you, upon his good returns. 84
If by this crime he owes the law his life,

Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore,
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Sen We are for law, he dies urge it
no more, 88

On height of our displeasure. Friend, or bro-
ther,

He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib Must it be so? it must not be My lords,
 I do beseech you, know me. 92
Sec Sen How!
Alcib Call me to your remembrances
Thrd Sen What!
Alcib I cannot think but your age has forgot
 me,

It could not else be I should prove so base, 96
 To sue, and be denied such common grace
 My wounds ache at you
First Sen Do you dare our anger?
 'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect,
 We banish thee for ever

Alcib Banish me! 100
 Banish your dotage, banish usury,
 That makes the senate ugly

First Sen If, after two days' shine, Athens
 contain thee,

Attend our weightier judgment And, not to
 swell our spirit, 104
 He shall be executed presently

[*Exeunt Senators*
Alcib Now the gods keep you old enough,
 that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!
 I am worse than mad I have kept back their
 foes, 108

While they have told their money and let out
 Their coin upon large interest, I myself
 Rich only in large hurts all those for this?
 Is this the balsam that the usuring senate 112
 Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
 It comes not ill, I hate not to be banish'd,
 It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
 That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up 116
 My discontented troops, and lay for hearts
 'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds,
 Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods
 [*Exit*]

SCENE VI.—The Same A Room of State in
 TIMON'S House

Music Tables set out Servants attending
*Enter divers Lords, Senators, and Others, at
 several doors.*

First Lord The good time of day to you, sir

Sec Lord I also wish it you. I think this
 honourable lord did but try us this other day 3

First Lord Upon that were my thoughts
 tiring when we encountered I hope it is not so
 low with him as he made it seem in the trial of
 his several friends

Sec Lord It should not be, by the persua-
 sion of his new feasting 9

First Lord I should think so he hath sent
 me an earnest inviting, which many my near
 occasions did urge me to put off, but he hath
 conjured me beyond them, and I must needs
 appear 14

Sec Lord In like manner was I in debt to
 my importunate business, but he would not hear
 my excuse I am sorry, when he sent to borrow
 of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord I am sick of that grief too, as I
 understand how all things go 20

Sec Lord Every man here's so What would
 he have borrowed you?

First Lord A thousand pieces

Sec Lord A thousand pieces! 24

First Lord What of you?

Thrd Lord He sent to me, sir,—Here he
 comes

Enter TIMON and Attendants

Tim With all my heart, gentlemen both,
 and how fare you? 29

First Lord Ever at the best, hearing well of
 your lordship

Sec Lord The swallow follows not summer
 more willing than we your lordship 33

Tim [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves
 winter, such summer-birds are men Gentle-
 men, our dinner will not recompense this long
 stay feast your ears with the music awhile,
 if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's
 sound, we shall to't presently 39

First Lord I hope it remains not unkindly
 with your lordship that I returned you an empty
 messenger

Tim O! sir let it not trouble you

Sec Lord My noble lord,— 44

Tim Ah! my good friend, what cheer?

Sec Lord Mymosthonourable lord, I am e'en
 sick of shame that when your lordship this other
 day sent to me I was so unfortunate a beggar

Tim Think not on't, sir 49

Sec Lord If you had sent but two hours
 before,—

Tim Let it not cumber your better remem-
 brance [*The banquet brought in*] Come, bring
 in all together

Sec Lord All covered dishes!

First Lord Royal cheer, I warrant you. 56

Thrd Lord Doubt not that, if money and
 the season can yield it

First Lord How do you? What's the news?
Thrd Lord Alcibiades is banished hear you
 of it? 61

First Lord Alcibiades banished!

Sec Lord 'Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord How? how? 64

Sec Lord I pray you, upon what?

Tim My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Thrd Lord I'll tell you more anon. Here's
 a noble feast toward 68

Sec Lord Thus is the old man still

Thrd Lord Will't hold? will't hold?

Sec Lord It does, but time will—and so— 72

Thrd Lord I do conceive

Tim Each man to his stool, with that spur
 as he would to the lip of his mistress, your diet
 shall be in all places alike Make not a city
 feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree
 upon the first place sit, sit. The gods require
 our thanks.— 78

You great benefactors sprinkle our society
 with thankfulness For your own gifts, make
 yourselves praised but reserve still to give, lest
 your duties be despised Lend to each man
 enough, that one need not lend to another, for,

were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods! the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome. Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water]

Some speak: What does his lordship mean?

Some other: I know not.

Tim: May you a better feast never behold, You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm water.

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last, Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces.

[Throwing the water in their faces]

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long. Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites, Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies, Cap and knees slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks! Of man and beast the infinite malady. Crust you quite o'er! What! dost thou go? Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou,—

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

[Throws the dishes at them]

What! all in motion? Henceforth be no feast, Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest. Burn house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be Of Timon man and all humanity! *[Exit]*

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c

First Lord: How now, my lords!

Sec Lord: Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

Thrd Lord: Push! did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord: I have lost my gown.

First Lord: He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat did you see my jewel?

Thrd Lord: Did you see my cap?

Sec Lord: Here 'tis.

Fourth Lord: Here lies my gown.

First Lord: Let's make no stay.

Sec Lord: Lord Timon's mad.

Thrd Lord: I feel t upon my bones.

Fourth Lord: One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. *[Exeunt]*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON

Tim: Let me look back upon thee O thou wall,

That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth, And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!

Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools, Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench, And minister in their steads! To general filths Convert, o' the instant, green virginity! Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast,

Rather than render back, out with your knives, And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!—

Large-handed robbers your gravemasters are,— And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed,

Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen, Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old lumping sure, With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,

Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth, Domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood,

Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades, Degrees, observances, customs and laws,

Decline to your confounding contraries, And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men,

Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,

Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty

Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth, That 'gaunst the stream of virtue they may strive, And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,

Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,

That their society, as their friendship, may Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee

But nakedness, thou detestable town! Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!

Timon will to the woods, where he shall find The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—

The Athenians both within and out that wall! And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow To the whole race of mankind, high and low!

Amen. [Exit]

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in TIMON'S House

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants

First Serv: Hear you, Master steward! where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining? *Flav:* Alack! my fellows, what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods, I am as poor as you.

First Serv: Such a house broke! So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not

One friend to take his fortune by the arm, And go along with him!

Sec Serv: As we do turn our backs From our companion thrown into his grave,

So his familiars to his buried fortunes Sunk all away, leave their false vows with him,

Like empty purses pick'd, and his poor self, A dedicated beggar to the air,

With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fel-
lows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav All broken implements of a ruin'd
house 16

Third Serv Yet do our hearts wear Timon's
livery,

That see I by our faces, we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow Leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck, 20
Hearing the surges threat we must all part
Into this sea of air

Flav Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake 24
Let's yet be fellows, let's shake our heads, and
say,

As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days' Let each take some,

[Giving them money]
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word
more 28

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor
[They embrace, and part several ways]

O! the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us.
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt? 32
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or so live,
But in a dream of friendship?

To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends? 36

Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness Strange, unusual blood,

When man's worst sin is he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again? 40

For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most accur'd,

Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas! kind lord,

He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat 45
Of monstrous friends,

Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it. 48

I'll follow and inquire him out
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will,

Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still. *[Exit]*

SCENE III.—*Woods and Cave near the Sea-shore.*

Enter TIMON from the Cave

Tim. O blessed breeding sun! draw from the
earth

Rotten humidity, below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Timon's brothers of one womb,

Whose procreation, residence and birth, 4
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several for-
tunes,

The greater scorns the lesser not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great for-
tune,

But by contempt of nature
Raise me thus beggar, and deny't that lord,

The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,

The beggar native honour
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides, 12
The want that makes him lean. Who dares,
who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, 'This man's a flatterer?' if one be,

So are they all, for every grize of fortune 16
Is smooth'd by that below the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool all is oblique,

There's nothing level in our cursed natures
But direct villany Therefore, be abhorr'd 20

All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains

Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me
roots! *[Digging]*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate 24
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold! No,

gods,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!

Thus much of this will make black white, foul
fair, 28

Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward
valiant.

Ha! you gods, why this? What tins, you gods?
Why, this

Will lug your priests and servants from your
sides,

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their
head 32

This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions, bless the accur'd,

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd, place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation, 36

With senators on the bench, this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again,

She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and
spices 40

To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st
odds

Amongst the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—*[March afar off]* Ha! a
drum? thou'rt quick, 44

But yet I'll bury thee thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand

Nay, stay thou out for earnest
[Keeping some gold]

*Enter ALCEBIADES, with drum and fife, in war-
like manner, PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.*

Alcib What art thou there? speak. 48

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw
thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!
Alcib What is thy name? Is man so hate-
ful to thee, 52

That art thyself a man?
Tim I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something

Alcib I know thee well,
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange

Tim I know thee too, and more than that
I know thee 57

I not desire to know Follow thy drum,
 With man's blood paint the ground, gules,
 gules,
 Religious canons, civil laws are cruel, 60
 Then what should war be? This fell whore of
 thine
 Hath in her more destruction than thy sword
 For all her cherubin look.

Phry Thy lips rot off!
Tim I will not kiss thee, then the rot re-
 turns 64
 To thine own lips again.

Alcib How came the noble Timon to this
 change?

Tim As the moon does, by wanting light to
 give

But then renew I could not like the moon, 68
 There were no suns to borrow of

Alcib Noble Timon, what friendship may I
 do thee?

Tim None, but to maintain my opinion
Alcib What is it, Timon? 72

Tim Promise me friendship, but perform
 none if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague
 thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform,
 confound thee, for thou art a man! 76

Alcib I have heard in some sort of thy
 miseries

Tim Thou saw'st them, when I had prosper-
 ity

Alcib I see them now, then was a blessed
 time

Tim As thine is now, held with a brace of
 harlots 80

Timan Is this the Athenian munion, whom
 the world

Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim Art thou Timandra?

Timan Yes

Tim Be a whore still, they love thee not that
 use thee,

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves 85

For tubs and baths, bring down rose-checked
 youth

To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan Hang thee, monster!

Alcib Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his
 wits 88

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band I have heard and griev'd

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth, 93

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour
 states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon
 them,—

Tim I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee
 gone. 96

Alcib I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear
 Timon.

Tim How dost thou pity him whom thou
 dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib Why, fare thee well.

Here is some gold for thee

Tim Keep it, I cannot eat it. 100

Alcib When I have laid proud Athens on a
 heap,—

Tim Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib Ay, Timon, and have cause

Tim The gods confound them all in thy con-
 quest, and 104

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib Why me, Timon?

Tim That, by killing of villains, thou wast
 born to conquer

My country

Put up thy gold go on,—here's gold,—go on,

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove 109

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air let not thy sword skip one

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard, 112

He is a usurer Strike me the counterfeit matron,

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword, for those milk-
 paps, 116

That through the window-bars bore at men's
 eye.

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors Spare not
 the babe,

Whose dumpled smiles from fools exhaust their
 mercy, 120

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And munge it sans remorse. Swear against
 objects,

Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes, 124

Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor
 babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy
 soldiers

Make large confusion, and, thy fury spent, 128

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold
 thou giv'st me,

Not all thy confusion.

Tim Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's
 curse upon thee! 132

Phry } Give us some gold, good Timon

Timan } hast thou more?

Tim Enough to make a whore forswear her
 trade,

And to make whores a bawd. Hold up, you
 sluts,

Your aprons mountant you are not oathable,

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear

Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues 138

The immortal gods that hear you, spare your
 oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions be wheres still;

And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up,

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be no turncoats yet may your pains, sex
 months, 144

Be quite contrary and thatch your poor thin
 roofs

With burdens of the dead, some that were hang'd,
No matter, wear them, betray with them
whore still,
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face 148
A pox of wrinkles!

Phry. } Well, more gold. What then?
Timon. } Believe t, that we'll do anything for gold.
Tim. Consumptions sow 152
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring Crack the lawyer's
voice,

That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillies shrilly hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh, 157
And not believes himself down with the nose,
Down with it flat, take the bridge quite away
Of him that, has particular to foresee, 160
Smells from the general weal make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald,

And let the unscar'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you plague all,
That your activity may defeat and quell 164
The source of all erection. There's more gold,
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phry. } More counsel with more money,
Timon. } bounteous Timon. 168
Tim. More where, more mischief first, I have
given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens!
Farewell, Timon

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more

Alcib. I never did thee harm. 173

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and
take

Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt ALCEBIADES,*

PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's un-

kindness, 177

Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,

[*Digging*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,

Teems, and feeds all, whose self-same mettle,

Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is
puff'd, 181

Engenders the black toad and adder blue,

The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,

With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven

Whereon Hyperion's quickenng fire doth shame,

Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,

From forth thy plentiful bosom, one poor root!

Ensear thy fertile and conception womb, 188

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and
bears,

Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward
face

Hath to the marbled mansion all above 192

Never presented! O! a root, dear thanks:

Dry up thy marrows, vines and plough-torn
leas,
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips! 197

Enter APEMANTUS

More man! Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed thither men report

Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use
them. 200

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep
a dog

Whom I would imitate consumption catch
thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected,

A poor unmanly melancholy sprung 204

From change of fortune Why this spade? this
place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?

Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,

Hug their diseases'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was Shame not these woods

By putting on the cunning of a carper 210

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive

By that which has undone thee hunge thy knee,

And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,

Blow off thy cap, praise his most vicious strain,

And call it excellent Thou wast told thus,

Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bid
welcome, 216

To knaves and all approachers 'tis most just

That thou turn rascal, hadst thou wealth again,

Rascals should have't Do not assume my like-

ness. 219

Tim. Were I like thee I'd throw away myself

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being
like thyself, 221

A madman so long, now a fool What! think'st

That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,

Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd
trees, 224

That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels

And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold
brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste

To cure the o'er-night's surfeit? Call the crea-

tures 228

Whose naked natures live in all the spite

Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused
trunks

To the conflicting elements expos'd,

Answer mere nature, bid them flatter thee, 232

O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a castrif.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee 237

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Does please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem If thou didst put this sour-cold habit
on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well, but thou
Dost it enforcedly, thou'dst courtier be again
Wert thou not beggar Willing misery
Outlives uncertain pomp, is crown'd before, 244
The one is filling still, never complete,
The other, at high wish best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content 248
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim Not by his breath that is more miser-
able

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog 252
Hast thou, like us from our first swath, pro-
ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drudges of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd
thyself 256

In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different buds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee But myself, 260
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of
men

At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves 264
Do on the oak, have with one winter's blast
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows, I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden 268
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in it Why shouldst thou
hate men?

They never flatter'd thee what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag, 272
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary Hence! be gone!
If thou hast not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer

Apem Art thou proud yet? 277

Tim Ay, that I am not thee
Apem I, that I was
No prodigal

Tim I, that I am one now
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee, 280
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [Eating a root.

Apem Here, I will mend thy feast

Tim First mend my company, take away
thyself 284

Apem So I shall mend mine own, by the lack
of thee

Tim 'Tis not well mended so, it is but
botch'd,

If not, I would it were

Apem What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,

Tell them there I have gold, look, so I have

Apem Here is no use for gold

The best and truest,

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm. 288

Apem Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim Under that's above me

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem Where my stomach finds meat, or,
rather, where I eat it

Tim Would poison were obedient and knew
my mind!

Apem Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim To sauce thy dishes

Apem The middle of humanity thou never
knewest, but the extremity of both ends When
thou wast in thy guilt and thy perfume, they
mocked thee for too much curiosity, in thy
rags thou knowest none, but art despised for
the contrary There's a medlar for thee, eat it

Tim On what I hate I feed not. 306

Apem Dost hate a medlar?

Tim Ay, though it look like thee

Apem An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner,
thou shouldst have loved thyself better now
What man didst thou ever know unthrift that
was beloved after his means? 312

Tim Who, without those means thou talkest
of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem Myself

Tim I understand thee, thou hadst some
means to keep a dog 317

Apem What things in the world canst thou
nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim Women nearest, but men, men are the
things themselves What wouldst thou do with
the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem Give it the beasts, to be rid of the
men 324

Tim Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the
confusion of men, and remain a beast with the
beasts?

Apem Ay, Timon. 328

Tim A beastly ambition, which the gods
grant thee to attain to If thou wert the lion,
the fox would beguile thee, if thou wert the
lamb, the fox would eat thee, if thou wert the
fox, the lion would suspect thee, when perad-
venture thou wert accused by the ass, if thou
wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee,
and still thou livest but as a breakfast to the
wolf, if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness
would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard
thy life for thy dinner, wert thou the unicorn,
pride and wrath would confound thee and make
thine own self the conquest of thy fury, wert
thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the
horse, wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be
seized by the leopard, wert thou a leopard,
thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of
thy kindred were jurors on thy life, all thy
safety were remotion, and thy defence absence
What beast couldst thou be, that were not
subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou
already, that seest not thy loss in transforma-
tion! 351

Apem If thou couldst please me with speak-
ing to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here,
the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest
of beasts.

Tim How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city? 357

Apem Yonder comes a poet and a painter the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again. 361

Tim When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus 364

Apem Thou art the cap of all the fools alive
Tim Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse!

Tim All villains that do stand by thee are pure 368

Apem There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim If I name thee
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands

Apem I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! 373
Choler does kill me that thou art alive,
I swoond to see thee

Apem Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose 376
A stone by thee [Throws a stone at him.

Apem Beast!

Apem Slave!

Tim Toad!

Apem Rogue, rogue, rogue!

Tim I am sick of this false world, and will love nought but even the mere necessities upon't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave, 380
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

[Looking on the gold
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce 384
Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate
wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god, 389
That soldier'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! 392
Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire

Apem Would 'twere so

But not till I am dead, I'll say thou'st gold

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly

Tim Throng'd to?

Apem Ay

Tim Thy back, I prithee

Apem Love, and love thy misery!

Tim Long live so, and so die!

[Exit APEMANTUS.
I am quit.

More things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor
them. 400

Enter Thieves

First Thief Where should he have this gold?
It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of
his remainder The mere want of gold, and the
falling-from of his friends, drove him into this
melancholy 405

Sec Thief It is noised he hath a mass of
treasure

Thurd Thief Let us make the assay upon
him if he care not for't, he will supply us
easily, if he covetously reserve it, how shall's
get it?

Sec Thief True, for he bears it not about
him, 'tis hid. 412

First Thief Is not this he?

Thieves Where?

Sec Thief 'Tis his description.

Thurd Thief He, I know him 416

All Save thee, Timon.

Tim Now, thieves?

All Soldiers, not thieves

Tim Both too, and women's sons 420

Thieves We are not thieves, but men that
much do want

Tim Your greatest want is, you want much
of meat

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath
roots,

Within this mule break forth a hundred springs,
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips, 425
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you Want! why
want?

First Thief We cannot live on grass, on
berries, water, 428

As beasts, and birds, and fishes

Tim Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds,
and fishes,

You must eat men Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work
not 432

In holier shapes, for there is boundless theft
In limited professions Rascal thieves,

Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the
grape, 435

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging trust not the physician,

His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob take wealth and lives to-
gether,

Do villany, do, since you protest to do't, 440
Like workmen I'll example you with thievery

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea, the moon's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun, 444
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears, the earth's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement, each thing's a thief,

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
power 449

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves,
away!

Rob one another. There's more gold cut
throats,

All that you meet are thieves To Athens go,
Break open shops, no tuing can you steal 453
But thieves do lose it steal no less for this
I give you, and gold confound you howsoever!
Amen 456

Thurd Thief He has almost charmed me
from my profession, by persuading me to it

First Thief 'Tis in the malice of mankind
that he thus advises us, not to have us thrive in
our mystery 461

Sec Thief I'll believe him as an enemy, and
give over my trade

First Thief Let us first see peace in Athens,
there is no time so miserable but a man may be
true [Exeunt Thieves

Enter FLAVIUS

Flav O you gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord? 468
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made! 472
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies! 476
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that
do!

He hath caught me in his eye. I will present
My honest grief unto him, and, as my lord, 480
Still serve him with my life My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward

Tim Away! what art thou?

Flav Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim Why dost ask that? I have forgot all
men,

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have
forgot thee 484

Flav An honest poor servant of yours

Tim Then I know thee not
I never had an honest man about me, ay all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains

Flav The gods are witness, 488

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim What! dost thou weep? Come nearer
Then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st 492
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust and laughter Pity's sleeping
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not
with weeping!

Flav I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief and whilst this poor wealth
lasts 497

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable? 500

It almost turns my dangerous nature mild

Let me behold thy face Surely, this man

Was born of woman.

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness, 504

You perpetual sober gods! I do proclaim

One honest man, mistake me not, but one,
No more, I pray, and he's a steward
How fain would I have hated all mankind! 508
And thou redeem'st tayself but all, save thee,
I fell with curses

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise,
For, by oppressing and betraying me, 512

Thou mightst have sooner got another service

For many so arrive at second masters

Upon their first lord's neck But tell me true,—

For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,—

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, 517

If not a usuring kindness and as rich men deal

gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav No, my most worthy master, in whose

breast 520

Doubt and suspect, alas! are plac'd too late

You should have fear'd false times when you

did feast,

Suspect still comes when an estate is least

That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind, 525

Care of your food and living, and, believe it,

My most honour'd lord,

For any benefit that points to me, 528

Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange

For this one wish, that you had power and wealth

To requite me by making rich yourself

Tim Look thee, 'tis so Thou singly honest

man, 532

Here, take the gods out of my misery,

Have sent thee treasure Go, live rich and

happy,

But thus condition'd thou shalt build from men,

Hate all, curse all, show charity to none, 536

But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar, give to dogs

What thou deny'st to men, let prisons swallow

'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted

woods, 540

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!

And so, farewell and thrive

Flav O! let me stay

And comfort you, my master

Tim If thou hatest

Curses, stay not, fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and

free, 544

Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee

[Exeunt severally]

ACT V

SCENE I—*The Woods Before TIMON'S Cave*

Enter Poet and Painter

Pain As I took note of the place, it cannot
be far where he abides

Poet What's to be thought of him? Does
the rumour hold for true that he is so full of
gold? 5

Pain Certain Alcibiades reports it, Phryma
and Timandra had gold of him he likewise
enriched poor straggling soldiers with great
quantity 'Tis said he gave unto his steward
mighty sum. 7

Poet Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends

Pain Nothing else, you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having

Poet What have you now to present unto him?

Pain Nothing at this time but my visitation, only, I will promise him an excellent piece

Poet I must serve him so too tell him of an intent that's coming towards him

Pain Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time, it opens the eyes of expectation, performance is ever the duller for his act, and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saving is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable, performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Enter TIMON from his cave

Tim [Aside] Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself

Poet I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him it must be a personating of himself, a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatness that follow youth and opulence

Tim [Aside] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee

Poet Nay let's seek him
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late

Pain True,
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.

Tim [Aside] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that riggst the bark and plough'st the foam,

Settlest admired reverence in a slave
To thee be worship, and thy saints for aye

Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey
Fit I meet them.

Poet Hail, worthy Timon!
Pain Our late noble master! 60
Tim Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted, 63
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words

Tim Let it go naked, men may see't the better 72

You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known

Pain He and myself
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it

Tim Ay, you are honest men 76

Pain We are hither come to offer you our service

Tim Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots and drink cold water? no
Both What we can do, we'll do, to do you service 80

Tim Ye're honest men. Ye've heard that I have gold,
I am sure you have speak truth, ye're honest men

Pain So it is said, my noble lord but therefore
Came not my friend nor I 84

Tim Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens thou'rt, indeed, the best,
Thou counterfeit'st most lively

Pain So, so, my lord
Tim E'en so, sir, as I say And, for thy fiction, 88

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth

That thou art even natural in thine art
But for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say you have a little fault 92
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend

Both Beseech your honour
To make it known to us

Tim You'll take it ill.
Both Most thankfully, my lord

Tim Will you indeed? 96
Both Doubt it not, worthy lord

Tim There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you

Both Do we, my lord?
Tim Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble, 100

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom, yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain I know none such, my lord
Poet Nor I 104

Tim Look you, I love you well, I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies

Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me, 108

I'll give you gold enough
Both Name them, my lord, let's know them

Tim You that way and you this, but two in company;

Each man apart, all single and alone, 112
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company
If, where thou art two villains shall not be,
Come not near him [*To the Poet*] If thou
would not reside

But where one villain is then him abandon
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold,
ye slaves 117

You have done work for me, there's payment
hence!

You are an alchemist, make gold of that
Out, rascal dogs! 120

[Beats them out and then returns to his cave]

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators

Flav It is in vain that you would speak with
Timon,

For he is set so only to himself
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

First Sen Bring us to his cave 124
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

Sec Sen At all times alike
Men are not still the same 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus time, with his fairer
hand, 128

Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him Bring us to
him,

And chance it as it may

Flav Here is his cave 131
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon!
Timon!

Look out, and speak to friends The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON, from his cave

Tim Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak,
and be hang'd 136
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

First Sen Worthy Timon,—
Tim Of none but such as you, and you of
Timon. 140

Sec Sen The senators of Athens greet thee,
Timon

Tim I thank them, and would send them
back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them

First Sen O! forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee. 144
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens, who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing

Sec Sen They confess 148
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross,
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal 152
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon,
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd
render,

Together with a recompense more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram,
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee block out what wrongs were
theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine

Tim You witch me in it, 160
Surprise me to the very brink of tears
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy sena-
tors

First Sen Therefore so please thee to return
with us, 164

And of our Athens—thine and ours—to take
The captainship thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good
name

Live with authority so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild, 169

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace

Sec Sen And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens

First Sen Therefore, Timon,— 172
Tim Well, sir, I will, therefore, I will, sir,
thus —

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not But if he sack fair
Athens, 176

And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks
it, 180

In pity of our aged and our youth
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take it at worst, for their knives
care not

While you have throats to answer for myself,
There's not a whistle in the unruly camp 185
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens So I leave
you

To the protection of the prosperous gods, 188
As thieves to keepers

Flav Stay not, all's in vain.
Tim Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend, 192
And nothing brings me all things Go, live
still

Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

First Sen We speak in vain
Tim But yet I love my country, and am
not 196

One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common brut doth put it.

First Sen That's well spoke.

Tim Commend me to my loving country-
men,—
First Sen These words become your lips as
they pass through them. 200

Sec Sen And enter in our ears like great
trumpeters

In their applauding gates

Tim Commend me to them,
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness
do them

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades'
wrath

Sec Sen I like this well, he will return again

Tim I have a tree which grows here in my
close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it, tell my friends, 212
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whose
please

To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe, 216
And hang himself I pray you, do my greeting

Flav Trouble him no further, thus you still
shall find him

Tim Come not to me again, but say to
Athens,

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion 220
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle. 224
Lips, let sour words go by and language end
What is amiss plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works and death their
gain!

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his
reign. [Exit]

First Sen His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature

Sec Sen Our hope in him is dead let us
return,

And strain what other means is left unto us 232
In our dear peril

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt]

SCENE II — Before the Walls of Athens

Enter two Senators and a Messenger

First Sen Thou hast painfully discover'd
are his files

As full as thy report?

Mess I have spoke the least,
Besides, his expedition promises

Present approach

Sec Sen. We stand much hazard if they
bring not Timon

Mess I met a courier, one mine ancient
friend,

Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force, 8
And made us speak like friends this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty which imported

His fellowship i' the cause against your city, 12
In part for his sake mov'd

First Sen. Here come our brothers

Enter Senators from TIMON

Third Sen No talk of Timon, nothing of
him expect

The enemies drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust In, and prepare

Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare 17
[Exeunt]

SCENE III — The Woods TIMON'S Cave, and a rude Tomb seen

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON

Sold By all description this should be the
place

Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is
this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span.
Some beast rear'd this, here does not live a

man. 4

Dead, sure, and this his grave What's on this
tomb

I cannot read, the character I'll take with wax
Our captain hath in every figure skill,

An ag'd interpreter, though young in days 8
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is [Exit]

SCENE IV — Before the Walls of Athens

Trumpets sound Enter ALCIBIADES with his
Powers

Alcib Sound to this coward and lascivious
town

Our terrible approach [A parley sounded]

Enter Senators, on the Walls

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills 4

The scope of justice, till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power

Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly Now the time is flush, 8
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, 'No more' now breathless wrong

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pury insolence shall break his wind 12

With fear and horrid flight

First Sen Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,

Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm, 16

To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity

Sec Sen So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love

By humble message and by promis'd means 20
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war

First Sen These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom

You have receiv'd your grief, nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies, and schools 25

should fall

For private faults in them.

Sec Sen Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out,
Shame that they wanted cunning in excess 28
Hath broke their hearts March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners sread
By decimation, and a tithed death,—
If thy revenges hunger for that food 32
Which nature loathes,—take thou the destin'd
tenth,

And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted

First Sen All have not offended,
For those that were, it is not square to take 36
On those that are, revenges crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin 40
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended like a shepherd,
Approach the fold and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together

Sec Sen What thou wilt 44
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to't with thy sword

First Sen Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope,
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before, 48
To say thou'lt enter friendly

Sec Sen Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers 52
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire

Alcib Then there's my glove,
Descend, and open your uncharged ports
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own 56
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,

Fall, and no more, and, to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream 60
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer

Both 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib Descend, and keep your words 64
[*The Senators descend, and open the gates*]

Enter a Soldier

Sold My noble general, Timon is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance 69

Alcib Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched
soul bereft

*Seek not my name a plague consume you wicked
crafts left!*

Here lie I, Timon, who, alive, all living men did
hate 72

Pass by, and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not
here thy gait

These well express in thee thy latter spirits
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our drop-
lets which 76

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven Dead
Is noble Timon, of whose memory 80
Hereafter more Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,

Make war breed peace, make peace stint war,
make each

Prescribe to other as each other's leech 84
Let our drums strike [Exeunt]

JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR		FLAVIUS and MARULLUS Tribunes
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR		ARTEMIDORUS a Sophist of Cnidos
MARCUS ANTONIUS,	} Triumvirs after the Death of Julius Cæsar	A Soothsayer
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,		CINNA, a Poet.
CICERO,	} Senators.	Another Poet
PUBLIUS,		LUCILIUS TITINIUS MESSALA Young CATO and VOLU-
POPILIUS LENA		NIUS Friends to Brutus and Cassius
MARCUS BRUTUS,	} Conspirators against Julius Cæsar	VARRO CLITUS, CLAUDIUS STRATO LUCIUS, DARDA-
CASSIUS,		NIUS Servants to Brutus
CASCA		PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius
TREBONIUS,		CALPHURNIA Wife to Cæsar
LIGARIUS,		PORTIA, Wife to Brutus
DECIVS BRUTUS		
METELLUS CIMBER,		
CINNA,		

Senators, Citizens Guards Attendants &c.

SCENE — During a great part of the Play, at Rome, afterwards, Sardis and near Philippi

ACT I

SCENE I — Rome A Street

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certum
Commoners

Flav Hence! home, you idle creatures, get
you home

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign

O your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Com Why, sir, a carpenter

Mar Where is thy leather apron, and thy
rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on? 8
You, sir, what trade are you?

Second Com Truly, sir, in respect of a fine
workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler

Mar But what trade art thou? Answer me
directly 12

Sec Com A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may
use with a safe conscience, which is, indeed, sir,
a mender of bad soles

Mar What trade, thou knave? thou naughty
knave, what trade? 16

Sec Com Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out
with me yet, if you be out sir, I can mend you

Mar What meanest thou by that? Mend
me, thou saucy fellow! 20

Sec Com Why, sir, cobble you

Flav Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec Com Truly, sir, all that I live by is with
the awl I meddle with no tradesman's matters,
nor women's matters, but with awl I am, in-
deed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes, when they are
in great danger, I recover them As proper men
as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon
my handiwork 29

Flav But wherefore art not in thy shop to-
day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec Com Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes,
to get myself into more work But, indeed, sir,
we make holiday to see Cæsar and to rejoice in
his triumph

Mar Wherefore rejoice? What conquest
brings he home? 36

What tributaries follow him to Rome
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than sense-
less things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, 40
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation, 45

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout, 48

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire? 52
And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone! 56

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude

Flav Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this
fault, 60

Assemble all the poor men of your sort,
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your
tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. 64

[Exeunt all the Commoners.]

See whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd,
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness

Go you down that way towards the Capitol,

This way will I Disrobe the images
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies
Mar May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal
Flav It is no matter, let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies I'll about
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets
 So do you too where you perceive them thick
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's
 wing
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
 Who else would soar above the view of men
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — *The Same A Public Place*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR, ANTONY, for the course CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIVS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer

Cæs Calphurnia!

Casca Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks
 [*Music ceases*]
Calphurnia!

Cæs

Cal Here, my lord

Cæs Stand you directly in Antonius' way
 When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Ant Cæsar, my lord

Cæs Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calphurnia, for our elders say,
 The barren, touch'd in this holy chase,
 Shake off their sterile curse

Ant I shall remember

When Cæsar says 'Do this,' it is perform'd

Cæs Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music*]

Sooth Cæsar!

Cæs Ha! Who calls

Casca Bid every noise be still peace yet
 again! [*Music ceases*]

Cæs Who is it in the press that calls on me?
 I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music, 16

Cry 'Cæsar' Speak, Cæsar is turn'd to hear

Sooth. Beware the ides of March

Cæs What man is that?

Bru A soothsayer bids you beware the ides
 of March

Cæs Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cas Fellow, come from the throng, look
 upon Cæsar 21

Cæs What sayst thou to me now? Speak
 once again

Sooth Beware the ides of March.

Cæs He is a dreamer, let us leave him pass
 [*Sennet Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS*]

Cas Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru Not I

Cas I pray you, do

Bru I am not gamesome I do lack some
 part 28

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires,
 I'll leave you.

Cas Brutus, I do observe you now of late 31

I have not from your eyes that gentleness
 And show of love as I was wont to have
 You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
 Over your friend that loves you

Bru Cassius, 36

Be not deceiv'd if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself Vexed I am

Of late with passions of some difference, 40

Conceptions only proper to myself,

Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours,

But let not therefore my good friends be

griev'd,—

Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—44

Nor construe any further my neglect,

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war

Forgets the shows of love to other men

Cas Then, Brutus, I have much mistook

your passion, 48

By means whereof this breast of mine hath

buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself,

But by reflection, by some other things 53

Cas 'Tis just

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

That you have no such mirrors as will turn 56

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,

That you might see your shadow I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,—

Except immortal Cæsar,—speaking of Brutus

And groaning underneath this age's yoke, 61

Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes

Bru Into what dangers would you lead me,

Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself 64

For that which is not in me?

Cas Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to

hear,

And, since you know you cannot see yourself

So well as by reflection, I, your glass, 68

Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of

And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus

Were I a common laughor, or did use 72

To stale with ordinary oaths my love

To every new protester, if you know

That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,

And after scandal them, or if you know 76

That I profess myself in banqueting

To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout*]

Bru What means this shouting? I do fear

the people

Choose Cæsar for their king

Cas Ay, do you fear it? 80

Then must I think you would not have it so

Bru I would not, Cassius, yet I love him

well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me? 84

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently;

For let the gods so speed me as I love 88

The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour

Well, honour is the subject of my story

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life, but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself

I was born free as Cæsar, so were you

We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in

And bade him follow, so, indeed he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts of controversy,

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,

Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of

Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar And this man

Is now become a god, and Cassius is

A wretched creature and must bend his body

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him

He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake 'tis true this god did shake

His coward lips did from their colour fly,

And that same eye whose bend doth awe the

world

Did lose his lustre, I did hear him groan

Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans

Mark him and write his speeches in their books,

Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

As a man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,

And bear the palm alone

Flourish. Shout

Bru Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are

For some new honours that are heaped on

Cæsar

Cas Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow

world

Like a Colossus and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves

Men at some time are masters of their fates

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings

Brutus and Cæsar what should be in that

'Cæsar'?

Why should that name be sounded more than

yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as

well,

Weigh them, it is as heavy, conjure with 'em,

'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar'

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

When went there by an age, since the great flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one man?

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of

Rome,

That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,

When there is in it but one only man

O! you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a Brutus once that would have

brook'd

Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome

As easily as a king

Bru That you do love me, I am nothing

jealous,

What you would work me to, I have some aim

How I have thought of this and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter, for this present,

I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Be any further mov'd What you have said

I will consider, what you have to say

I will with patience hear, and find a time

Both meet to hear and answer such high things

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this

Brutus had rather be a villager

Than to repute himself a son of Rome

Under these hard conditions as this time

Is like to lay upon us

Cas I am glad

That my weak words have struck but thus much

show

Of fire from Brutus

Bru The games are done and Cæsar is re-

turning

Cas As they pass by, pluck Casca by the

sleeve,

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you

What hath proceeded worthy note to-day

180

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train

Bru I will do so But, look you, Cassius,

The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,

And all the rest look like a chidden train

Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero

Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes

As we have seen him in the Capitol,

Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas Casca will tell us what the matter is

Cas Antonius!

Ant Cæsar

Cas Let me have men about me that are fat,

Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look,

He thinks too much such men are dangerous

Ant Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not danger-

ous,

He is a noble Roman, and well given

Cas Would he were fatter! but I fear him

not

Yet if my name were hable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much,

He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men, he loves no plays,

As thou dost, Antony, he hears no music,
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort 204
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous 209
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf, 212
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him

[Sennet. Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train
CÆSAR stays behind

Casca You pull'd me by the cloak, would you speak with me?

Bru Ay, Casca, tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,

That Cæsar looks so sad 216

Casca Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd

Casca Why there was a crown offer'd him, and, being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus, and then the people fell a-shouting

Bru What was the second noise for?

Casca Why, for that too 224

Cas They shouted thrice what was the last cry for?

Casca Why, for that too

Bru Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted

Cas Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca Why, Antony 232

Bru Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca

Casca I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown, yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets, and, as I told you, he put it by once, but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again, then he put it by again, but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time, he put it the third time by, and still as he refus'd it the rabblement shouted and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar, for he swoonded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air

Cas But soft, I pray you what! did Cæsar swoond? 252

Casca He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless

Bru 'Tis very like he hath the falling-sickness

Cas No, Cæsar hath it not, but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man. 263

Bru What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offer'd them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worship to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood cried, 'Alas! good soul,' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them, if Cæsar had stab'd their mothers, they would have done no less. 279

Bru And after that he came, thus sad, away?

Casca Ay

Cas Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca Ay, he spoke Greek

Cas To what effect? 284

Casca Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again, but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads, but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too, Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 292

Cas Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca No, I am promis'd forth

Cas Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating. 297

Cas Good, I will expect you

Casca Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit

Bru What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school

Cas So is he now in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form. 304

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite

Bru And so it is. For this time I will leave you. 308

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you, or, if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you

Cas I will do so till then, think of the world

[Exit BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble, yet, I see, 313

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd: therefore 'tis meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes; 316

For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?

Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus

If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius

He should not humour me I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw, 321
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name, wherein ob-
 scurely 324
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at
 And after this let Cæsar seat him sure,
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure
 [Exit

SCENE III.—*The Same A Street*

Thunder and lightning Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO

Cicero Good even, Casca brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
 Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway
 of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero! 4
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
 To be exalted with the threaten'ing clouds 8
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, 12
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonder-
 ful?

Casca A common slave—you know him well
 by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
 Like twenty torches join'd and yet his hand, 17
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides,—I have not since put up my sword,—
 Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20
 Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
 Without annoying me, and there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear, who swore they
 saw 24

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets
 And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
 Hooting and shrieking When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say 29
 'These are their reasons, they are natural,'
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon. 32

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things them-
 selves.

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow? 36

Casca He doth, for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you he would be there to-morrow

Cic. Good-night then, Casca this disturbed
 sky

Is not to walk in.

Casca Farewell, Cicero [Exit CICERO

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca A Roman.

Cas Casca, by your voice
 Casca Your ear is good Cassius, what might
 is this!

Cas A very pleasing night to honest men
 Casca Who ever knew the heavens menace
 so? 44

Cas Those that have known the earth so full
 of faults

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perilous night,
 And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see, 48
 Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone,
 And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to
 open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself
 Even in the arm and very flash of it 52

Casca But wherefore did you so much tempt
 the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble
 When the most mighty gods by tokens send
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us 56

Cas You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of
 life

That should be in a Roman you do want,
 Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
 And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder, 60
 To see the strange impatience of the heavens,
 But if you would consider the true cause
 Why all these fires, why all these ghiding ghosts,
 Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,
 Why old men, fools, and children calculate, 65
 Why all these things change from their ordi-
 nance,

Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
 To monstrous quality, why, you shall find 68
 That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits
 To make them instruments of fear and warning
 Unto some monstrous state
 Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man 72
 Most like this dreadful night,
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and
 roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol,
 A man no mightier than thyself or me 76
 In personal action, yet prodigious grown
 And fearful as these strange eruptions are

Casca 'Tis Cæsar that you mean, is it not,
 Cassius?

Cas Let it be who it is for Romans now so
 Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,
 But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits,
 Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish. 84

Casca Indeed, they say the senators to-mor-
 row

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king,
 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
 In every place, save here in Italy 88

Cas I know where I will wear this dagger
 then,

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius
 Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most
 strong,

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat 92
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,

Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit,
But life, being weary of those worldly bars, 96
Never lacks power to dismiss itself
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure [Thunder still

Casca So can I 100
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity

Cas And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf 104
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep,
He were no lion were not Romans hinds
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws, what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves 109
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak thus
Before a willing bondman, then I know 113
My answer must be made but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent

Casca You speak to Casca, and to such a man 116
That is no fleering tell-tale Hold, my hand
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes furthest

Cas There's a bargain made 120
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence, 124
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element 128
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible

Casca Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste
Cas 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait
He is a friend

Enter CINNA

Cin Cinna, where haste you so? 133
Cin To find out you. Who's that? Metellus
Cimber?

Cas No, it is Casca, one incorporate
To our attempts Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin I am glad on't What a fearful night is this! 137
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights

Cas Am I not stay'd for? Tell me
Cin Yes, you are
O Cassius! if you could 140
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas Be you content Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this
In at his window, set this up with wax 145
Upon old Brutus' statue all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there? 148
Cin All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
To seek you at your house Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me
Cas That done, repair to Pompey's theatre

[Exit CINNA
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day 153
See Brutus at his house three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire

Upon the next encounter yields him ours 156
Casca O! he sits high in all the people's
hearts
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness 160

Cas Hum and his worth and our great need
of him
You have right well concerted Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him 164

[Exit
ACT II

SCENE I—*Rome* BRUTUS' Orchard
Enter BRUTUS

Bru What, Lucius! ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day Lucius I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly 4
When, Lucius, when! Awake, I say! what,
Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS
Luc Call'd you, my lord?
Bru Get me a taper in my study, Lucius
When it is lighted, come and call me here 8
Luc I will, my lord [Exit
Bru It must be by his death and, for my
part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general He would be crown'd 12
How that might change his nature, there's the
question
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking Crown him?—
that!

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him, 16
That at his will he may do danger with
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power, and, to speak truth of
Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd 20
More than his reason But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the clumber-upward turns his face,
But when he once attains the upmost round, 24
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend So Cæsar may
Then, lest he may, prevent And, since the
quarrel 28
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus, that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg 32
D d

Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc The taper burneth in your closet, sir
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed

Bru Get you to bed again, it is not day
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc I know not, sir
Bru Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc I will, sir
Bru The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter]

*Brutus, thou sleep'st awake and see thyself
Shall Rome, &c Speak, strike, redress!*

Brutus, thou sleep'st awake!
Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up
'Shall Rome, &c' Thus must I piece it out
Shall Rome stand under one man sawe? What,
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king
'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee
promise,

If th' redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS

Luc Sir, March is wasted fourteen days
[Knocking within]

Bru 'Tis good. Go to the gate somebody
knocks *[Exit LUCIUS]*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS

Luc Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the
door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru Is he alone?
Luc No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru Do you know them?
Luc No, sir, their hats are pluck'd about
their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour

Bru Let 'em enter
[Exit LUCIUS]

They are the faction O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by
night,

When evils are most free? O! then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,
conspiracy,
Hide it in smiles and affability
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention

*Enter the Conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,
CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS*

Cas I think we are too bold upon your rest
Good morrow, Brutus, do we trouble you?

Bru I have been up this hour, awake all
night

Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas Yes, every man of them, and no man
here

But honours you, and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself

Which every noble Roman bears of you
This is Trebonius

Bru He is welcome hither
Cas Thus, Decius Brutus

Bru He is welcome too
Cas Thus, Casca thus, Cinna,

And thus, Metellus Cimber

Bru They are all welcome
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas Shall I entreat a word?
[BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper]

Dec Here lies the east doth not the day
break here?

Casca No
Cin O! pardon, sir, it doth, and yon grey
lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day

Casca You shall confess that you are both
deceiv'd

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year
Some two months hence up higher toward the
north

He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here

Bru Give me your hands all over, one by
one

Cas And let us swear our resolution
Bru No, not an oath if not the face of men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak break off betimes,

And every man hence to his idle bed,
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,

Till each man drop by lottery But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough

To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, country-
men,

What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond

Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word
And will not palter? and what other oath

Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs, unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt, but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,

133

Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle

Of any promise that hath pass'd from him 140
Cas But what of Cicero? Shall we sound
him?

I think he will stand very strong with us

Casca Let us not leave him out

Cin No, by no means

Met O! let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion 145

And buy men's voices to commend our deeds
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands,
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity 149

Bru O! name him not let us not break with
him,

For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin

Cas Then leave him out 152

Casca Indeed he is not fit

Dec Shall no man else be touch'd but only
Cæsar?

Cas Decius, well urg'd I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar, 156
Should outlive Cæsar we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver, and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all, which to prevent, 160
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together

Bru Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards, 164
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers Caius
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood 168

O! then that we could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar But, alas!

Cæsar must bleed for it And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully, 172

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage, 176

And after seem to chide 'em This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious,

Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers 180

And, for Mark Antony, think not of him,
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm

When Cæsar's head is off

Cas Yet I fear him,
For in the engrafted love he bears to Cæsar— 184

Bru Alas! good Cassius, do not think of
him

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company 189
Treb There is no fear in him, let him not
die

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter

[Clock strikes

Bru Peace! count the clock

Cas The clock hath stricken three 192

Treb 'Tis time to part

Cas

But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no,
For he is superstitious grown of late,

Quite from the main opinion he held once 196
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies

It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers, 200
May hold him from the Capitol to-day

Dec Never fear that if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him, for he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees 204
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers,
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,

He says he does, being then most flattered 208
Let me work

For I can give him humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol

Cas Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch
him 212

Bru By the eighth hour is that the utter-
most?

Cin Be that the uttermost, and fail not then

Met Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey

I wonder none of you have thought of him 217
Bru Now, good Metellus, go along by him

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons,
Send him but hither and I'll fashion him 220

Cas The morning comes upon's we'll leave
you, Brutus

And, friends, disperse yourselves, but all re-
member

What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans

Bru Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily,
Let not our looks put on our purposes, 225

But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy

And so good morrow to you every one 228

[*Exeunt all except BRUTUS*
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter,

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies

Which busy care draws in the brains of men,
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound. 233

Enter PORTIA

Por Brutus, my lord!

Bru Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise
you now?

It is not for your health thus to committ
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning

Por Nor for yours neither You've un-
gently, Brutus, 237

Stole from my bed and yesternight at supper
 You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
 Musing and sighing, with your arms across, 240
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks
 I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your
 head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot, 244
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you So I did,
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience 248
 Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep 252
 And could it work so much upon your shape
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief

Bru I am not well in health, and that is all 257
Por Brutus is wise and were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru Why, so I do Good Portia, go to
 bed 260

Por Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
 To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed 264
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus
 You have some sick offence within your mind
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place, 269
 I ought to know of, and, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow 272
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
 Why are you heavy, and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you, for here have been 276
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness

Bru Kneel not, gentle Portia
Por I should not need, if you were gentle
 Brutus

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets 281
 That appertain to you? Am I myself
 But, as it were, in sort of limitation,
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
 suburbs 285

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife

Bru You are my true and honourable
 wife, 288

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart

Por If this were true then should I know
 this secret

I grant I am a woman, but, withal, 292
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife

I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
 A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter

Think you I am no stronger than my sex, 296

Being so father'd and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound 300
 Here, in the thigh can I bear that with patience
 And not my husband's secrets?

Bru O ye gods!
 Render me worthy of this noble wife

[Knocking within]
 Hark! hark! one knocks Portia, go in awhile,
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake 305

The secrets of my heart
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery of my sad brows 308

Leave me with haste [Exit PORTIA]
 Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS

Luc Here is a sick man that would speak
 with you

Bru Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spoke of
 Boy, stand aside Caius Ligarius! how? 312

Lig Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
 tongue

Bru O! what a time have you chose out,
 brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief Would you were not sick
Lig I am not sick if Brutus have in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of honour 317
Bru Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
 Had you a healthful ear to hear of it

Lig By all the gods that Romans bow before
 I here discard my sickness Soul of Rome! 321

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
 Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit Now bid me run, 324
 And I will strive with things impossible,
 Yea, get the better of them What's to do?

Bru A piece of work that will make sick men
 whole

Lig But are not some whole that we must
 make sick? 328

Bru That must we also What it is, my Caius,
 I shall unfold to thee as we are going

To whom it must be done
Lig Set on your foot,

And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you, 332
 To do I know not what, but it sufficeth
 That Brutus leads me on.

Bru Follow me then
 [Exeunt]

SCENE II—The Same CÆSAR'S House

Thunder and lightning Enter CÆSAR
 in his night-gown

Cæs Nor heaven nor earth have been at
 peace to-night

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
 'Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!' Who's with-
 in?

Enter a Servant.

Serv My lord!

Cæs Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
 And bring me their opinions of success

Serv I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter CALPHURNIA

Cal What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth? 8

You shall not stir out of your house to-day
Cæs Cæsar shall forth the things that threaten d me

Ne'er look d but on my back, when they shall see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished 12

Cal Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets 17
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead,

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol 21
The noise of battle hurried in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets 24

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them

Cæs What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar 29

Cal When beggars die there are no comets seen,
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of

princes
Cæs Cowards die many times before their

deaths, 32
The valiant never taste of death but once

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should

fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end, 36
Will come when it will come

Re-enter Servant

What say the augurers?
Serv They would not have you to stir forth to-day

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast 40

Cæs The gods do this in shame of cowardice
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart

If he should stay at home to-day for fear
No, Cæsar shall not, danger knows full well 44

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he
We are two lions litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal Alas! my lord, 48
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence

Do not go forth to-day call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house, 52
And he shall say you are not well to-day,
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this

Cæs Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home 56

Enter DECIVS

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so

Dec Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar

I come to fetch you to the senate-house
Cæs And you are come in very happy time

To bear my greeting to the senators, 61
And tell them that I will not come to-day
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser,

I will not come to-day tell them so, Decius 64
Cal Say he is sick

Cæs Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far

To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come 68

Dec Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so

Cæs The cause is in my will I will not come,
That is enough to satisfy the senate 72

But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know

Calphurnia here my wife, stays me at home
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua, 76

Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it
And these does she apply for warnings and portents, 80

And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day

Dec This dream is all amiss interpreted,
It was a vision fair and fortunate 84

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance 89
Thus by Calphurnia's dream is signified

Cæs And this way have you well expounded it

Dec I have, when you have heard what I can say 92

And know it now the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar

If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change Besides, it were a

mock 96
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,

When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams'

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper 100
'Lo! Cæsar is afraid?'

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,

And reason to my love is liable 104
Cæs How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calphurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA

And look where Publius is come to fetch me 108

Pub Good morrow, Cæsar
Cæs Welcome, Publius
 What! Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
 Good morrow, Casca Caius Ligarius,
 Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy 112
 As that same ague which hath made you lean.
 What is t' o'clock?
Bru Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.
Cæs I thank you for your pains and courtesy

Enter ANTONY

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights 116
 Is notwithstanding up Good morrow, Antony
Ant So to most noble Cæsar
Cæs Bid them prepare within
 I am to blame to be thus waited for
 Now, Cinna now, Metellus, what, Trebonius!
 I have an hour's talk in store for you, 121
 Remember that you call on me to-day
 Be near me, that I may remember you
Treb Cæsar, I will — [*Aside*] and so near
 will I be, 124
 That your best friends shall wish I had been
 further
Cæs Good friends, go in, and taste some
 wine with me,
 And we, like friends, will straightway go to-
 gether
Bru [*Aside*] That every like is not the same,
 O Cæsar! 128
 The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon
 [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — *The Same A Street near
 the Capitol*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper

Art Cæsar, beware of Brutus take heed of
 Cassius come not near Casca have an eye to
 Cinna trust not Trebonius mark well Metel-
 lus Cimber Decius Brutus loves thee not, thou
 hast wronged Caius Ligarius There is but one
 mind in all these men, and it is bent against
 Cæsar If thou be'st not immortal, look about
 you security gives way to conspiracy The
 mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, 9

ARTEMIDORUS

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
 And as a suitor will I give him this 12
 My heart laments that virtue cannot live
 Out of the teeth of emulation
 If thou read this, O Cæsar! thou mayst live,
 If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive [*Exit*]

SCENE IV — *The Same Another Part of the
 same Street, before the House of BRUTUS*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS

Por I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house,
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone
 Why dost thou stay?

Luc To know my errand, madam.
Por I would have had thee there, and here
 again, 4

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
 O constancy! be strong upon my side,

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and
 tongue,
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might 8
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
 Art thou here yet?
Luc Madam, what shall I do?
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
 And so return to you, and nothing else? 12
Por Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord
 look well,
 For he went sickly forth, and take good note
 What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him
 Hark, boy! what noise is that? 16
Luc I hear none, madam
Por Prithee listen well
 I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
 And the wind brings it from the Capitol
Luc Sooth, madam, I hear nothing 20

Enter the Soothsayer

Por Come hither, fellow which way hast
 thou been?
Sooth At mine own house, good lady
Por What is't o'clock?
Sooth About the ninth hour lady
Por Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol? 24
Sooth Madam, not yet I go to take my
 stand,
 To see him pass on to the Capitol
Por Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast
 thou not?
Sooth That I have, lady if it will please
 Cæsar 28
 To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
 I shall beseech him to befriend himself
Por Why, know'st thou any harm 's in-
 tended towards him?
Sooth None that I know will be, much that
 I fear may chance 32
 Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow
 The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
 Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
 Will crowd a feeble man almost to death 36
 I'll get me to a place more void, and there
 Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along [*Exit*]
Por I must go in Ay me! how weak a thing
 The heart of woman is O Brutus! 40
 The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise
 Sure, the boy heard me Brutus hath a suit
 That Cæsar will not grant O! I grow faint
 Run Lucius, and commend me to my lord, 44
 Say I am merry come to me again,
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee
 [*Exeunt, severally*]

ACT III

SCENE I — *Rome Before the Capitol, the
 Senate sitting above*

*A crowd of People among them ARTEMIDORUS
 and the Soothsayer Flourish Enter CÆSAR,
 BRUTUS CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS,
 TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POP-
 LIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others*

Cæs [*To the Soothsayer.*] The ides of March
 are come

Sooth Ay, Cæsar, but not gone
Art Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule
Dec Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read, 4
 At your best leisure, this his humble suit
Art O Cæsar! read mine first, for mine's a
 suit
 That touches Cæsar nearer Read it, great
 Cæsar
Cas What touches us ourself shall be last
 serv'd 8
Art Delay not, Cæsar, read it instantly
Cas What! is the fellow mad?
Pub Surrah, give place
Cas What! urge you your petitions in the
 street?
 Come to the Capitol 12

*CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest
 following All the Senators rise*

Pop I wish your enterprise to-day may
 thrive
Cas What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop Fare you well

[Advances to CÆSAR]

Bru What said Popilius Lena?
Cas He wish'd to-day our enterprise might
 thrive 16
 I fear our purpose is discovered
Bru Look, how he makes to Cæsar mark
 him
Cas Casca, be sudden, for we fear preven-
 tion
 Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, 20
 Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
 For I will slay myself

Bru Cassius, be constant
 Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes,
 For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not
 change 24

Cas Trebonius knows his time, for, look
 you, Brutus,
 He draws Mark Antony out of the way

*[Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS CÆSAR
 and the Senators take their seats]*

Dec Where is Metellus Cumber? Let him go,
 And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar 28

Bru He is address'd press near and second
 him

Cin Casca, you are the first that rears your
 hand

Casca Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
 That Cæsar and his senate must redress? 32

Met Most high, most mighty, and most
 puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cumber throws before thy seat
 A humble heart,— *[Kneeling]*

Cas I must prevent thee Cumber
 These couchings and these lowly courtesies, 36

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
 And turn pre-ordination and first decree

Into the law of children Be not fond,
 To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40

That will be thaw'd from the true quality
 With that which melteth fools, I mean sweet
 words,

Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning

Thy brother by decree is banished 44
 If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied 48

Met Is there no voice more worthy than my
 own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
 For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery,
 Cæsar, 52

Desiring thee, that Publius Cumber may
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal

Cas What, Brutus!
Cas Pardon, Cæsar, Cæsar, pardon

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, 56
 To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cumber

Cas I could be well mov'd if I were as you,
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move
 me,

But I am constant as the northern star, 60
 Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire and every one doth shine, 64
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place

So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive,

Yet in the number I do know but one 68
 That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion and that I am he,
 Let me a little show it, even in this,

That I was constant Cumber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so 73

Cin O Cæsar,—
Cas Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus!

Dec Great Cæsar,—
Cas Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca Speak, hands, for me! 76
[They stab Cæsar]

Cas Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar! *[Dies]*
Cin Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets
Cas Some to the common pulpits, and cry
 out, 80

'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'
Bru People and senators be not affrighted,

Fly not, stand still, ambition's debt is paid
Casca Go to the pulpit, Brutus

Dec And Cassius too 84
Bru Where's Publius?

Cin Here, quite confounded with this mu-
 tiny

Met Stand fast together, lest some friend of
 Cæsar's

Should chance— 88
Bru Talk not of standing Publius, good
 cheer,

There is no harm intended to your person,
 Nor to no Roman else, so tell them, Publius.

Cas And leave us, Publius, lest that the
 people, 92

Rushing on us, should do your age some mis-
 chief

Bru Do so, and let no man abide this
 But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS

Cas Where's Antony?*Tre* Fled to his house amaz'd 96
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday*Bru* Fates, we will know your pleasures
That we shall die, we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon 100*Casca* Why, he that cuts off twenty years
of life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death

Bru Grant that, and then is death a benefit
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd 104
His time of fearing death Stoop, Romans,
stoop,And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads, 109
Let's all cry, Peace, freedom, and liberty!*Cas* Stoop, then, and wash How many ages
henceShall this our lofty scene be acted o'er, 112
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!*Bru* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in
sport,That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!*Cas* So oft as that shall be, 116
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty*Dec* What! shall we forth?*Cas* Ay, every man away
Brutus shall lead and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of
Rome 121

Enter a Servant

Bru Soft! who comes here? A friend of
Antony's*Serv* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me
kneel,Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down, 124
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest,
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving
Say I love Brutus and I honour him, 128
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd
himIf Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death, 132
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state 136
With all true faith So says my master Antony*Bru* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman,
I never thought him worse
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied, and, by my honour, 141
Depart untouched*Serv* I'll fetch him presently [Exit]
Bru I know that we shall have him well to
friend*Cas* I wish we may but yet have I a mindThat fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose 146

Re-enter ANTONY

Bru But here comes Antony Welcome,
Mark Antony*Ant* O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, 151
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made
richWith the most noble blood of all this world 156
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die 160
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age*Bru* O Antony! beg not your death of us
Though now we must appear bloody and
cruel, 165
As, by our hands and thus our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And thus the bleeding business they have done
Our hearts you see not, they are painful, 169
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony, 173Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reve-
rence 176
Cas Your voice shall be as strong as any
man'sIn the disposing of new dignities
Bru Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 180
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded*Ant* I doubt not of your wisdom
Let each man render me his bloody hand 184
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you,
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand,
Now, Decius Brutus, yours, now yours, Metel-
lus,
Yours, Cinna, and, my valiant Casca, yours, 188
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
boniusGentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer 193
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O! 'tis true
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace, 197
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes.

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies
 Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd,
 brave hart, 204
 Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy leth.
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart,
 And thus, indeed O world! the heart of thee 208
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie!

Cas Mark Antony,—

Ant Pardon me, Caius Cassius
 The enemies of Cæsar shall say thus, 212
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty

Cas I blame you not for praising Cæsar so,
 But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends, 216
 Or shall we on and not depend on you?

Ant Therefore I took your hands, but was
 indeed
 Sway'd from the point by looking down on
 Cæsar

Friends am I with you all, and love you all, 220
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
 Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous

Bru Or else were this a savage spectacle
 Our reasons are so full of good regard 224
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
 You should be satisfied

Ant That's all I seek
 And am moreover suitor that I may
 Produce his body to the market place 228
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
 Speak in the order of his funeral

Bru You shall, Mark Antony
Cas Brutus, a word with you
 [Aside to BRUTUS] You know not what you do,
 do not consent 232

That Antony speak in his funeral
 Know you how much the people may be mov'd
 By that which he will utter?

Bru By your pardon, 236
 I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And show the reason of our Cæsar's death
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave and by permission,
 And that we are contented Cæsar shall 240
 Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies
 It shall advantage more than do us wrong

Cas I know not what may fall, I like it not
Bru Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's
 body 244

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
 And say you do't by our permission,
 Else shall you not have any hand at all 248
 About his funeral, and you shall speak
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
 After my speech is ended.

Ant Be it so, 252
 I do desire no more

Bru Prepare the body then, and follow us

[Exeunt all but ANTONY]

Ant O! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of
 earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers,
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man 256
 That ever lived in the tide of times
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
 Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby
 lips, 260

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men,
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy, 264
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds 269
 And Cæsar's spirit, i'angering for revenge,
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war, 273
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carnion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not? 276

Serv I do, Mark Antony

Ant Cæsar did write for him to come to
 Rome

Serv He did receive his letters, and is coming,
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth— 280

[Seeing the body]

O Cæsar!—

Ant Thy heart is big, get thee apart and
 weep

Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine, 284
 Began to water Is thy master coming?

Serv He lies to-night within seven leagues of
 Rome

Ant Post back with speed, and tell him what
 hath chanc'd

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet, 289
 Hie hence and tell him so Yet, stay awhile,
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
 Into the market-place, there shall I try, 292
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men,
 According to the which thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things 296
 Lend me your hand

[Exeunt, with CÆSAR's body]

SCENE II.—The Same The Forum

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of
 Citizens*

Citizens We will be satisfied let us be satis-
 fied

Bru Then follow me, and give me audience,
 friends

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers

Those that will hear me speak, let'em stay here, 4

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him,
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death

First Cit I will hear Brutus speak 8
Sec Cit I will hear Cassius, and compare
their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens,*
BRUTUS goes into the pulpit

Thrd Cit The noble Brutus is ascended
silence!

Bru Be patient till the last 12
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for
my cause, and be silent, that you may hear
believe me for mine honour, and have respect to
mine honour, that you may believe censure me
in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that
you may the better judge If there be any in this
assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I
say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than
his If then that friend demand why Brutus
rose against Cæsar, this is my answer Not that
I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more
Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all
slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free
men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him, as
he was fortunate I rejoice at it as he was
valiant, I honour him, but, as he was ambitious,
I slew him There is tears for his love, joy for
his fortune, honour for his valour, and death
for his ambition Who is here so base that
would be a bondman? If any, speak for him
have I offended Who is here so rude that
would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him
have I offended Who is here so vile that will
not love his country? If any, speak, for him
have I offended I pause for a reply 37

Citizens None, Brutus, none

Bru Then none have I offended I have
done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to
Brutus The question of his death is enrolled
in the Capitol, his glory not extenuated, where-
in he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for
which he suffered death 44

Enter ANTONY and Others, with CÆSAR's body
Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony
who, though he had no hand in his death shall
receive the benefit of his dying a place in the
commonwealth, as which of you shall not?
With this I depart that, as I slew my best lover
for the good of Rome I have the same dagger
for myself when it shall please my country to
need my death 52

Citizens Live, Brutus! live! live!

First Cit Bring him with triumph home
unto his house

Sec Cit Give him a statue with his ancestors

Thrd Cit Let him be Cæsar

Fourth Cit Cæsar's better parts
shall be crown'd in Brutus 57

First Cit We'll bring him to his house with
shouts and clamours

Bru My countrymen,—

Sec Cit Peace! silence! Brutus speaks

First Cit Peace, ho! 60

Bru Good countrymen let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make 65

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke [*Exit*

First Cit Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark
Antony 68

Thrd Cit Let him go up into the public
chair,

We'll hear him Noble Antony, go up
Ant For Brutus sake, I am beholding to
you [*Goes up*

Fourth Cit What does he say of Brutus?

Thrd Cit He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all 73

Fourth Cit 'Twere best he speak no harm of
Brutus here

First Cit This Cæsar was a tyrant
Thrd Cit Nay that's certain

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him 76

Sec Cit Peace! let us hear what Antony can
say

Ant You gentle Romans,—
Citizens Peace, ho! let us hear him

Ant Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears,

I come to bury Cæsar not to praise him 80
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones
So let it be with Cæsar The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious, 84
It it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it

Here under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man, 88

So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral

He was my friend faithful and just to me 92
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious? 96
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath
wept,

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,

And Brutus is an honourable man 100
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, 104
And sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know

You all did love him once, not without cause
What cause withholds you then to mourn for
him? 109

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason Bear with me,

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, 112
And I must pause till it come back to me

First Cit Methinks there is much reason in
his sayings

Sec Cit If thou consider rightly of the matter
Cæsar has had great wrong
Thurd Cit Has he, masters? 116
 I fear there will a worse come in his place
Fourth Cit Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown,
 Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious
First Cit If it be found so, some will dear abide it 120
Sec Cit Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping
Thurd Cit There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony
Fourth Cit Now mark him, he begins again to speak
Ant But yesterday the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world, now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, 128 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong, Who, you all know, are honourable men I will not do them wrong, I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you, Than I will wrong such honourable men 133 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar, I found it in his closet, 'tis his will Let out the commons hear this testament— 136 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read— And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds, And dip their napkins in his sacred blood, Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, 140 And, dying, mention it within their wills, Bequeathing it as a rich legacy Unto their issue
Fourth Cit We'll hear the will read it, Mark Antony 144
Citizens The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will
Ant Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it
 It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you You are not wood, you are not stones, but men, And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar, 149 It will inflame you, it will make you mad 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs, For if you should, O! what would come of it.
Fourth Cit Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony, 153
 You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will
Ant Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
 I have o'er-shot myself to tell you of it. 156 I fear I wrong the honourable men
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar, I do fear it.
Fourth Cit They were traitors honourable men!
Citizens The will! the testament! 160
Sec Cit They were villains, murderers The will! read the will.
Ant You will compel me then to read the will?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar, And let me show you him that made the will. 164

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
Citizens Come down.
Sec Cit Descend [ANTONY comes down
Thurd Cit You shall have leave 168
Fourth Cit A ring, stand round
First Cit Stand from the hearse, stand from the body
Sec Cit Room for Antony, most noble Antony
Ant Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off 172
Citizens Stand back! room! bear back!
Ant If you have tears, prepare to shed them now
 You all do know this mantle I remember The first time ever Cæsar put it on, 176 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent, That day he overcame the Nervii Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through See what a rent the envious Casca made 180 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd, And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it, As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd 184 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no, For Brutus as you know, was Cæsar's angel Judge, O you gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him
 This was the most unkindest cut of all, 188 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab, Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, Quite vanquish'd him then burst his mighty heart,
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face, 192 Even at the base of Pompey's statue, Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell O! what a fall was there, my countrymen, Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, 196 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us O! now you weep, and I perceive you feel The dint of pity, these are gracious drops Kind souls, what! weep you when you but be- hold 200
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here, Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors
First Cit O piteous spectacle!
Sec Cit O noble Cæsar! 204
Thurd Cit O woeful day!
Fourth Cit O traitors! villains!
First Cit O most bloody sight!
Sec Cit We will be revenged 208
Citizens Revenge!—About!—Seek!—Burn! Fire!—Kill!—Slay! Let not a traitor live
Ant Stay, countrymen!
First Citizen Peace there! Hear the noble Antony 212
Sec Cit We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Ant Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up To such a sudden flood of mutiny They that have done this deed are honourable What private griefs they have, alas! I know not, 217 That made them do it, they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend, and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on,
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor
dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens We'll mutiny.

First Cit We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak.

Citizens Peace, ho!—Hear Antony,—most noble Antony.

Ant Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas! you know not I must tell you then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens Most true: The will! let's stay and hear the will.

Ant Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal
To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Sec Cit Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.

Third Cit O royal Cæsar!

Ant Hear me with patience.

Citizens Peace, ho!

Ant Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber, he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit Never never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Sec Cit Go fetch fire.

Third Cit Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body*]
Ant Now let it work mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant Where is he?

Serv He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit What is your name?

Sec Cit Whither are you going?

Third Cit Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

Sec Cit Answer every man directly.

First Cit Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec Cit That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry, you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed, directly.

Cin Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit As a friend or an enemy?

Cin As a friend.

Sec Cit That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit For your dwelling, briefly.

Cin Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit Your name, sir, truly.

Cin Truly, my name is Cinna.

Sec Cit Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Sec Cit It is no matter, his name's Cinna, pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's, some to Ligarius'. Away! go!

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Room in ANTONY'S House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct Your brother too must die, consent you, Lepidus?

Lep I do consent

Oct Prick him down, Antony

Lep Upon condition Publius shall not live, 4
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony

Ant He shall not live, look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house,
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine 8
How to cut off some charge in legacies

Lep What! shall I find you here?

Oct Or here or at the Capitol

[Exit LEPIDUS]

Ant This is a slight unmeritable man, 12
Meet to be sent on errands is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription 17

Ant Octavius, I have seen more days than you

And though we lay these honours on this man
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way, 23
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons

Oct You may do your will,
But he's a tried and valiant soldier 28

Ant So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on, 32
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so,
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth,
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds 36
On abject orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion do not talk of him
But as a property And now, Octavius, 40
Listen great things Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers, we must straight make
head,

Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means
stretch'd out, 44
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered

Oct Let us do so for we are at the stake, 48
And bay'd about with many enemies,
And some that smile have in their hearts I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt

SCENE II — Camp near Sardis Before
BRUTUS' Tent.

Drum Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and
Soldiers TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them

Bru Stand, ho!

Lucil Give the word ho! and stand

Bru What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil He is at hand, and Pindarus is come 4
To do you salutation from his master

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS]
Bru He greets me well Your master, Pin-
darus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish 8
Things done, undone, but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied

Pin I do not doubt

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour 12

Bru He is not doubted A word, Lucilius,
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd

Lucil With courtesy and with respect
enough,

But not with such familiar instances, 16
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old

Bru Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20
It useth an enforced ceremony

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith,
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their
mettle, 24

But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial Comes his army on?

Lucil They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd, 28

The greater part the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius

Bru Hark! he is arriv'd
[Low march within.]
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Ca Stand, ho! 32

Bru Stand, ho! Speak the word along

First Sold Stand!

Sec Sold Stand!

Thrd Sold Stand! 36

Cas Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong

Bru Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine
enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas Brutus, thus sober form of yours hides
wrongs, 40

And when you do them—

Bru Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly I do know you well

Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from
us, 44

Let us not wrangle bid them move away,
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience

Cas Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off 48
A little from this ground

Bru Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man

Come to our tent till we have done our conference

Let Lucius and Tullius guard our door 52
[Exeunt]

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of BRUTUS.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS

Cas That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians,
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off

Bru You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case

Cas In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment

Bru Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas I an itching palm! 12
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or by the gods, this speech were else your last

Bru The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chasteisement doth therefore hide his head

Cas Chasteisement! 17
Bru Remember March, the ides of March remember

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 20

And not for justice? What! shall one of us
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes, 24
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman

Cas Brutus, bay not me, 28
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru Go to, you are not, Cassius 32
Cas I am

Bru I say you are not
Cas Urge me no more, I shall forget myself,
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no

further 36
Bru Away, slight man!
Cas Is't possible?

Bru Hear me, for I will speak
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares? 40

Cas O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru All this! ay, more: fret till your proud
heart break

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble: Must I
budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you, for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish

Cas Is it come to this?
Bru You say you are a better soldier
Let it appear so, make your vaunting true, 52
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men

Cas You wrong me every way, you wrong
me, Brutus,
I said an elder soldier, not a better 56
Did I say, 'better'?

Bru If you did, I care not
Cas When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus
have mov'd me

Bru Peace, peace! you durst not so have
tempted him

Cas I durst not! 60
Bru No
Cas What! durst not tempt him!

Bru For your life you durst not,
Cas Do not presume too much upon my
love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for 64
Bru You have done that you should be
sorry for

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind, 68
Which I respect not: I did send to you
For certain sums of gold: which you denied me,
For I can raise no money by vile means
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection: I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions, 76
Which you denied me: was that done like
Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas I denied you not
Bru You did
Cas I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back: Brutus hath
riv'd my heart 84
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,—
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are

Bru I do not, till you practise them on me
Cas You love me not.
Bru I do not like your faults 88
Cas A friendly eye could never see such
faults.

Bru A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear
As huge as high Olympus
Cas Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
come, 92
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is weary of the world,
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,

Check'd like a bondman all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast, within, a heart too
Dearer than Plutus mine, richer than gold
If that thou be'st a Roman take it forth,
I, that demed thee gold, will give my heart
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar, for, I know, 104
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'd'st
him better

Then ever thou lov'd'st Cassius
Bru Sheathe your dagger
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope,
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour
O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb 109
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again

Cas Hath Cassius liv'd 112
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd
too

Cas Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand 116

Bru And my heart too
Cas O Brutus!

Bru What's the matter?
Cas Have not you love enough to bear with
me,

When that rash humour which my mother gave
me

Makes me forgetful?
Bru Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, 121
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you
so

Poet [Within] Let me go in to see the
generals,
There is some grudge between 'em, 'us not meet
They be alone 125

Lucil [Within] You shall not come to them
Poet [Within] Nothing but death shall stay
me

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS,
and LUCIUS*

Cas How now! What's the matter? 128
Poet For shame, you generals! What do
you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be,
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye

Cas Ha, ha! how vilely doth this civic rime!
Bru Get you hence, sirrah, saucy fellow,
hence! 133

Cas Bear with him, Brutus, 'tis his fashion
Bru I'll know his humour, when he knows
his time

What should the wars do with these juggling
fools? 136

Companion, hence!
Cas Away away! be gone

[Exit Poet]
Bru Lucilius and Titinius, bid the com-
manders

Prepare to lodge their companies to night

Cas And come yourselves, and bring Mes-
sala with you 140

Immediately to us

[Exit LUCILIUS and TITINIUS]

Bru Lucius a bowl of wine! [Exit LUCIUS]
Cas I did not think you could have been so
angry

Bru O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs
Cas Of your philosophy you make no use 144

If you give place to accidental evils
Bru No man bears sorrow better. Portia is
dead

Cas Ha! Portia!
Bru She is dead 148

Cas How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd
you so?

O unsupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark
Antony 152

Have made themselves so strong,—for with
her death

That tidings came—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire

Cas And died so?
Bru Even so

Cas O ye immortal gods! 156

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers

Bru Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl
of wine

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks]
Cas My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup, 160
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love

[Drinks]
Bru Come in, Titinius [Exit LUCIUS]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA

Welcome, good Messala
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities 164

Cas Portia, art thou gone?
Bru No more, I pray you

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power, 168

Bending their expedition towards Philippi
Mes Myself have letters of the self same
tenour

Bru With what addition?
Mes That by proscription and bills of out-
lawry, 172

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru 'Tiserein our letters do not well agree,
Mine speak of seventy senators that died 176

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas Cicero one!

Mes Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru No Messala 181

Mes Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru Nothing, Messala
Mes That, methinks, is strange
Bru Why ask you? Hear you aught of her
 in yours? 184
Mes No, my lord
Bru Now as you are a Roman, tell me true
Mes Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell
 For certain she is dead, and by strange manner
Bru Why, farewell, Portia. We must die,
 Messala 189
 With meditating that she must die once,
 I have the patience to endure it now
Mes Even so great men great losses should
 endure 192
Cas I have as much of this in art as you,
 But yet my nature could not bear it so
Bru Well, to our work alive What do you
 think
 Of marching to Philippi presently? 196
Cas I do not think it good
Bru Your reason?
Cas This is it
 'Tis better that the enemy seek us
 So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
 Doing himself offence, whilst we, lying still, 200
 Are full of rest, defence, and numbness
Bru Good reasons must, of force, give place
 to better,
 The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
 Do stand but in a forc'd affection, 204
 For they have grudg'd us contribution
 The enemy, marching along by them,
 By them shall make a fuller number up,
 Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd,
 From which advantage shall we cut him off, 209
 If at Philippi we do face him there,
 These people at our back
Cas Hear me, good brother
Bru Under your pardon. You must note
 beside, 212
 That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
 Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe
 The enemy increaseth every day,
 We, at the height, are ready to decline 216
 There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life 220
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries
 On such a full sea are we now afloat,
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures
Cas Then, with your will, go on,
 We'll along ourselves, and meet them at
 Philippi 224
Bru The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And nature must obey necessity,
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.
 There is no more to say?
Cas No more Good-night 228
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru Lucius!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

My gown [Exit LUCIUS]
 Farewell, good Messala

Good-night, Titinius Noble, noble Cassius,
 Good-night, and good repose
Cas O my dear brother! 232
 This was an ill beginning of the night
 Never come such division 'tween our souls!
 Let it not, Brutus
Bru Everything is well.
Cas Good-night, my lord
Bru Good-night, good brother 236
Tit } Good-night, Lord Brutus
Mes }
Bru Farewell, every one
 [Exit CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown

Give me the gown Where is thy instrument?
Luc Here in the tent
Bru What! thou speak'st drowsily?
 Poor knave, I blame thee not, thou art o'er-
 watch'd 240
 Call Claudius and some other of my men,
 I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc Varro! and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var Calls my lord? 244
Bru I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep
 It may be I shall raise you by and by
 On business to my brother Cassius
Var So please you, we will stand and watch
 your pleasure 248
Bru I will not have it so, lie down, good sirs,
 It may be I shall otherwise bethink me
 Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so,
 I put it in the pocket of my gown 252
 [VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down]
Luc I was sure your lordship did not give it
 me
Bru Bear with me, good boy, I am much
 forgetful
 Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
 And touch thy instrument a strain or two? 256
Luc Ay, my lord, an't please you
Bru It does, my boy
 I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing
Luc It is my duty, sir
Bru I should not urge thy duty past thy
 might, 260
 I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc I have slept, my lord, already
Bru It was well done, and thou shalt sleep
 again,
 I will not hold thee long if I do live, 264
 I will be good to thee [Music, and a Song
 This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber!
 Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
 That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good-
 night, 268
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,
 I'll take it from thee, and, good boy, good-night
 Let me see, let me see, is not the leaf turn'd
 down 272
 Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition. 276
It comes upon me Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to

stare?
Speak to me what thou art 280

Ghost Thy evil spirit, Brutus

Bru Why com'st thou?

Ghost To tell thee thou shalt see me at

Philippi

Bru Well, then I shall see thee again?

Ghost Ay, at Philippi.

Bru Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

[*Ghost vanishes*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest 285
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius! 288

Luc The strings, my lord, are false

Bru He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

Luc My lord! 292

Bru Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
criedst out?

Luc My lord, I do not know that I did cry

Bru Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see
any thing?

Luc Nothing, my lord 296

Bru Sleep again, Lucius Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!

Var My lord!

Clau My lord! 300

Bru Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your
sleep?

Var } Did we, my lord?

Clau } Ay saw you any thing?

Bru No, my lord, I saw nothing

Clau } Nor I, my lord

Bru Go, and commend me to my brother

Cassius 304

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow

Var } It shall be done, my lord.

Clau }

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I—*The Plains of Philippi*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army

Oct Now, Antony, our hopes are answered
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions,
It proves not so, their battles are at hand, 4
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it they could be content, 8
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face

To fasten in our thoughts that they have cour-
age,
But 'tis not so

Enter a Messenger

Mess Prepare you, generals 12

The enemy comes on in gallant show,

Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,

And something to be done immediately

Ant Octavius, lead your battle softly on, 16

Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct Upon the right hand I, keep thou the

left

Ant Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct I do not cross you, but I will do so 20

[*March*]

Drum *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army,*
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others

Bru They stand, and would have parley

Cas Stand fast, Titinius we must out and

talk

Oct Mark Antony, shall we give sign of

battle?

Ant No, Cæsar, we will answer on their

charge 24

Make forth, the generals would have some

words

Oct Stir not until the signal.

Bru Words before blows is it so, country-

men?

Oct Not that we love words better, as you do

Bru Good words are better than bad strokes,

Octavius 29

Ant In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give

good words

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying, 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'

Cas Antony, 32

The posture of your blows are yet unknown,

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless

Ant Not stingless too

Bru O! yes, and soundless too, 36

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,

And very wisely threat before you sting

Ant Villains! you did not so when your vile

daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar 40

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd

like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet,

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers! 44

Cas Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank your-

self

This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have rul'd

Oct Come, come, the cause if arguing make

us sweat, 48

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look,

I draw a sword against conspirators,

When think you that the sword goes up again?

Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds 53

Be well aveng'd, or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors
Bru Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands, 56

Unless thou bring'st them with thee
Oct So I hope, I was not born to die on Brutus' sword

Bru O' if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
 Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable 60

Cas A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
 Join'd with a masquer and a reveller

Ant Old Cassius still!
Oct Come, Antony away!

Defiance, traitors hurl we in your teeth 64
 If you dare fight to-day, come to the field,
 If not, when you have stomachs

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army*
Cas Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard 68
Bru Ho!

Lucilius hark, a word with you
Lucil My lord?

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS talk apart*
Cas Messala!

Mes What says my general?
Cas Messala,

This is my birth-day as this very day 72
 Was Cassius born Give me thy hand, Messala
 Be thou my witness that against my will,
 As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
 Upon one battle all our liberties 76

You know that I held Epicurus strong,
 And his opinion now I change my mind,
 And partly credit things that do presage

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign 80
 Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
 Who to Philippi here consorted us

This morning are they fled away and gone 84
 And in their stead do ravens, crows, and kites
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which 88
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes Believe not so
Cas I but believe it partly,
 For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
 To meet all perils very constantly 92

Bru Even so, Lucilius.
Cas Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
 But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall 97

If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together
 What are you then, determined to do? 100

Bru Even by the rule of that philosophy
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself, I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile, 104

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life arming myself with patience,
 To stay the providence of some high powers

That govern us below

Cas Then, if we lose this battle, 108
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru No, Cassius, no think not, thou noble Roman,
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome, 112

He bears too great a mind but this same day
 Must end that work the ides of March begun,
 And whether we shall meet again I know not
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take 116

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
 If we do meet again why, we shall smile,
 If not, why then, thus parting was well made

Cas For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed, 121
 If not, 'tis true this parting was well made

Bru Why, then, lead on O' that a man
 might know
 The end of this day's business, ere it come, 124
 But it sufficeth that the day will end,
 And then the end is known Come, ho! away!
 [Exeunt

SCENE II — The Same The Field of Battle

Alarum Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA

Bru Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
 Unto the legions on the other side

[*Loud alarum*
 Let them set on at once, for I perceive
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing, 4
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow
 Ride, ride, Messala let them all come down
 [Exeunt

SCENE III — Another Part of the Field

Alarum Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS

Cas O' look, Titinius, look, the villains fly
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy,
 This ensign here of mine was turning back,
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him 4

Tit O Cassius! Brutus gave the word too early
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
 Took it too eagerly his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed 8

Enter PINDARUS

Pin Fly further off, my lord, fly further off,
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off

Cas This hull is far enough Look, look, Titinius, 12
 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit They are, my lord.
Cas Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
 Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
 And here again, that I may rest assur'd 17
 Whether yond troops are friend or enemy

Tit I will be here again, even with a thought.
 [Exit

Cas Go, Pindarus get higher on that hill,
My sight was ever thick, regard Titinius, 21
And tell me what thou hast about the field

[PINDARUS ascends the hill]

This day I breathed first, time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end, 24
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Pin [Above] O my lord!

Cas What news?

Pin Titinius is enclosed round about 28
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur,
Yet he spurs on now they are almost on him
Now, Titinius! now some light, O! he lights
too,

He's ta'en, [Shout] and, hark! they shout for
joy 32

Cas Come down, behold no more
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS descends

Come hither, sirrah 36
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep
thine oath, 40

Now be a freeman, and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this
bosom

Stand not to answer, here, take thou the hilts,
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now, 44
Guidethou the sword! Cæsar thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee [Dies]

Pin So, I am free, yet would not so have
been

Durst I have done my will O Cassius, 48
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him
[Exit]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA

Mes It is but change, Titinius, for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power, 52
As Cassius' legions are by Antony

Tit These tidings will well comfort Cassius

Mes Where did you leave him?

Tit All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill. 56
Mes Is not that he that lies upon the
ground?

Tit He lies not like the living O my heart!

Mes Is not that he?

Tit No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more O setting sun! 60
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,
The sun of Rome is set Our day is gone,
Clouds, dews, and dangers come, our deeds are
done. 64

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed

Mes Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of
men 68

The things that are not? O error! soon con-
ceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee
Tit What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pin-
darus? 72

Mes Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears, I may say, thrusting it,
For piercing steel and darts envenom'd 76
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight

Tit Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while

[Exit MESSALA]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they 81
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear
their shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstru'd every thing 84
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow,
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius 88
By your leave, gods this is a Roman's part
Come, Cassius sword, and find Titinius' heart
[Kills himself]

Alarum Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, Young
CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS

Bru Where, where, Messala, doth his body
lie? 92

Mes Lo, yonder and Titinius mourning it
Bru Titinius' face is upward

Cato He is slain.

Bru O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails [Low alarums]

Cato Brave Titinius! 96
Look where he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru Are yet two Romans living such as
these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome 100
Should breed thy fellow Friends, I owe more
tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay —
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time —
Come therefore, and to Thassos send his
body 104

His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us Lucius, come,
And come, young Cato, — let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on — 108
'Tis three o'clock, and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt]

SCENE IV — Another Part of the Field

Alarum Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies,
then BRUTUS, Young CATO, LUCILIUS, and
Others

Bru Yet, countrymen, O! yet hold up your
heads!

Cato What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend,
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Bru And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,
Brutus, my country's friend, know me for
Brutus!

[*Exit, charging the enemy*
Cato is overpowered, and falls

Lucil O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd being Cato's son.

First Sold Yield, or thou diest

Lucil Only I yield to die
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

[*Offering money*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sold We must not A noble prisoner!

Sec Sold Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus
is ta'en

First Sold I'll tell the news here comes the
general.

Enter ANTONY

Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant Where is he?

Lucil Safe, Antony, Brutus is safe enough
I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself

Ant This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure
you,

A prize no less in worth Keep this man safe,

Gave him all kindness I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead,

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,

How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V—Another Part of the Field

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO,
and VOLUMNIUS*

Bru Come, poor remains of friends, rest on
this rock.

Ch. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my
lord,

He came not back he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru Sit thee down, Clitus, slaying is the
word,

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus

[*Whispers*
Ch What, I, my lord? No, not for all the
world.

Bru Peace, then! no words

Ch I'll rather kill myself

Bru Hark thee, Dardanius [*Whispers*

Dar Shall I do such a deed? 8

Ch O, Dardanius!

Dar O, Clitus!

Ch What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Ch Now is that noble vessel full of grief, 13
That it runs over even at his eyes

Bru Come hither, good Volumnius list a
word.

Vol What says my lord?

Bru Why this, Volumnius 16

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night, at Sardis once,

And this last night here in Philippi fields

I know my hour is come

Vol Not so, my lord. 20

Bru Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes,

Our enemies have beat us to the pit

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves, 24

Than tarry till they push us Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school to-
gether

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,

Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it 28

Vol That's not an office for a friend, my lord

[*Alarum still*

Ch Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying
here

Bru Farewell to you, and you, and you,
Volumnius

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep, 32

Farewell to thee too, Strato Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,

I found no man but he was true to me

I shall have glory by this losing day, 36

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto

So fare you well at once, for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history 40

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would
rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour

[*Alarum Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*

Ch Fly, my lord, fly

Bru Hence! I will follow

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and*
VOLUMNIUS

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord 44

Thou art a fellow of a good respect,

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato? 48

Str Give me your hand first fare you well,
my lord

Bru Farewell, good Strato—[*He runs on*
his sword] Cæsar, now be still,

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies*

Alarum. Retreat Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and Army

Oct What man is that? 52

Mes My master's man. Strato, where is thy
master?

Str Free from the bondage you are in,
Messala,

The conquerors can but make a fire of him,

For Brutus only overcame himself, 56

And no man else hath honour by his death

Lucil So Brutus should be found. I thank
thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true

Oct All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain
them. 60

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct Do so, good Messala

Mes How died my master, Strato? 64

Stra I held the sword, and he did run on it

Mes Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master

Ant This was the noblest Roman of them all, 68

All the conspirators save only he

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar,

He only, in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them. 72

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, 'This was a man'!

Oct According to his virtue let us use him,

With all respect and rites of burial 77

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably

So, call the field to rest, and let's away, 80

To part the glories of this happy day [*Exeunt*]

MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN	King of Scotland.	Boy	Son to Macduff
MALCOLM	} his Sons.	An English Doctor	
DONALBAIN		A Scotch Doctor	
MACBETH,	} Generals of the King's Army	A Sergeant.	
BANQUO		A Porter	
MACDUFF,	} Noblemen of Scotland	An Old Man.	
LENNOX,		LADY MACBETH.	
ROSS,		LADY MACDUFF	
MENTETH,		Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth	
ANGUS,			
CAITHNESS,			
FLEANCE,	Son to Banquo	HECATE and Three Witches	
SIWARD	Earl of Northumberland	Lords	Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers. The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions
	English Forces		
YOUNG SIWARD	his Son.		
SEYTON,	an Officer attending Macbeth		

SCENE —Scotland England

ACT I

SCENE I —A desert Heath

Thunder and lightning Enter three Witches
First Witch When shall we three meet again
 In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Sec Witch When the hurlyburly's done,
 When the battle's lost and won.
Thurd Witch That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch Where the place?
Sec Witch Upon the heath
Thurd Witch There to meet with Macbeth
First Witch I come, Graymalkin!
Sec Witch Paddock calls
Thurd Witch Anon.
All Fair is foul, and foul is fair
 Hover through the fog and filthy air [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—A Camp near Forres

Alarum within. Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.
Dun What bloody man is that? He can report,
 As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
 The newest state
Mal This is the sergeant
 Who, like a good and hardy soldier fought
 'Gainst my captivity Hail, brave friend!
 Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
 As thou didst leave it
Serg Doubtful it stood,
 As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
 And choke their art. The merciless Macdon-
 wald—
 Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
 The multiplying villanies of nature
 Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
 Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied,

And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
 Show'd like a rebel's whore but all's too weak,
 For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that
 name,—
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smok'd with blood, execution,
 Like valour's minion carv'd out his passage
 Till he fac'd the slave,
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to
 him,
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements
Dun O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Serg As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
 Shipwracking storms and direful thunders
 break,
 So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to
 come
 Discomfort swells Mark, King of Scotland,
 mark
 No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
 Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their
 heels,
 But the Norweyan lord surveying vantage,
 With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
 Began a fresh assault.
Dun Dismay'd not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Serg Yes,
 As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
 So they
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha,
 I cannot tell—
 But I am faint, my gashes cry for help
Dun So well thy words become thee as thy
 wounds,

They smack of honour both Go, get him sur-
geons [Exit Sergeant, attended

Enter ROSS

Who comes here?

Mal The worth' Thane of Ross

Len What a haste looks through his eyes!

So should he look

That seems to speak things strange

Ross God save the king! 48

Dun Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Ross From Fife, great king,

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky

And fan our people cold Norway himself,

With terrible numbers, 52

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,

The Thane of Cawdor began a dismal conflict,

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,

Confronted him with self-comparisons, 56

Point against point, rebellious arm against arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit and, to conclude,

The victory fell on us —

Dun Great happiness! 60

Ross That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition,

Nor would we deign him burial of his men

Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's Inch,

Ten thousand dollars to our general use 64

Dun No more that Thane of Cawdor shall

deceive

Our bosom interest Go pronounce his present

death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth

Ross I'll see it done 68

Dun What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath

won [Exeunt

SCENE III — A Heath

Thunder Enter the three Witches

First Witch Where hast thou been, sister?

Sec Witch Killing swine

Thurd Witch Sister, where thou?

First Witch A sailor's wife had chestnuts in

her lap, 4

And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd

'Gave me,' quoth I

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the

Tiger

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do

Sec Witch I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch Thou'rt kind 12

Thurd Witch And I another

First Witch I myself have all the other,

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card

I'll dram him dry as hay

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid,

He shall live a man forbid 20

Weary se'nights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine

Though his bark cannot be lost, 24

Yet it shall be tempest-tost

Look what I have

Sec Witch Show me, show me

First Witch Here I have a pilot's thumb, 28

Wrack'd as homeward he did come

[Drum within

Thurd Witch A drum! a drum!

Macbeth doth come

All The weird sisters, hand in hand, 32

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about

Thrice to thine and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine 36

Peace! the charm's wound up

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO

Macb So foul and fair a day I have not seen

Ban How far is t call'd to Forres? What

are these,

So wither'd and so wild in their attire, 40

That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught

That man may question? You seem to under-

stand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying 44

Upon her skinny lips you should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

That you are so

Macb Speak if you can what are you?

First Witch All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,

Thane of Glamis! 48

Sec Witch All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,

Thane of Cawdor!

Thurd Witch All hail, Macbeth! that shalt

be king hereafter

Ban Good sir, why do you start, and seem

to fear

Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of

truth, 52

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace and great pre-

diction

Of noble having and of royal hope, 56

That he seems rapt withal to me you speak

not

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and which will

not,

8 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60

Your favours nor your hate

First Witch Hail!

Sec Witch Hail!

Thurd Witch Hail! 64

First Witch Lesser than Macbeth, and

greater

Sec Witch Not so happy, yet much happier

Thurd Witch Thou shalt get kings, though

thou be none

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo! 68

First Witch Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me

more.

By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis,

But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,

- A prosperous gentleman, and to be king
 Stands not within the prospect of belief
 No more than to be Cawdor Say, from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge
 you [Witches vanish]
Ban The earth hath bubbles, as the water
 has,
 And these are of them. Whither are they
 vanish'd?
Macb Into the air, and what seem'd corporal
 melted
 As breath into the wind Would they had stay'd!
Ban Were such things here as we do speak
 about?
 Or have we eaten on the insane root
 That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb Your children shall be kings.
Ban You shall be king
Macb And Thane of Cawdor too, went it
 not so?
Ban To the self-same tune and words.
 Who's here?
 Enter ROSS and ANGUS
Ross The king hath happily receiv'd, Mac-
 beth,
 The news of thy success, and when he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend
 Which should be thine or his Silence with
 that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
 Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death As thick as hail
 Came post with post, and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
 And pour'd them down before him
Ang We are sent
 To give thee from our royal master thanks,
 Only to herald thee into his sight,
 Not pay thee
Ross And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
 He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Caw-
 dor
 In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
 For it is thine
Ban What! can the devil speak true?
Macb The Thane of Cawdor lives why do
 you dress me
 In borrow'd robes?
Ang Who was the thane lives yet,
 But under heavy judgment bears that life
 Which he deserves to lose Whether he was
 combin'd
 With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
 With hidden help or vantage, or that with both
 He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not,
 But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
 Have overthrow'n him.
Macb [Aside] Glamis, and Thane of Caw-
 dor
 The greatest is behind [To ROSS and ANGUS.]
 Thanks for your pains.
 [To BANQUO] Do you not hope your children
 shall be kings,
 When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to
 me
 Promis'd no less to them?
Ban That, trusted home,
 Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
 Besides the Thane of Cawdor But 'tis strange
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
 In deepest consequence
 Cousins, a word, I pray you
Macb [Aside] Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme I thank you, gentlemen.
 [Aside] This supernatural soliciting
 Cannot be ill, cannot be good, if ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Caw-
 dor
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings,
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man that function
 Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
 But what is not
Ban Look, how our partner's rapt
Macb [Aside] If chance will have me king,
 why, chance may crown me,
 Without my stir
Ban New honours come upon him,
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
 mould
 But with the aid of use
Macb [Aside] Come what come may,
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest
 day
Ban Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
 leisure
Macb Give me your favour my dull brain
 was wrought
 With things forgotten Kind gentlemen, your
 pains
 Are register'd where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them Let us toward the king
 Think upon what hath chanc'd, and, at more
 time,
 The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other
Ban Very gladly
Macb Till then, enough Come, friends
 [Exeunt]
 SCENE IV — Forres A Room in the Palace
 Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-
 BARN, LENNOX, and Attendants
Dun Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
 Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal My liege,
 They are not yet come back; but I have spoke
 With one that saw him die, who did report

That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
 Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
 A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it, he died
 As one that had been studied in his death
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun There's no art
 To find the mind's construction in the face 12
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS and ANGUS

O worthiest cousin!
 The sin of my ingratitude even now
 Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before 16
 That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
 To overtake thee, would thou hadst less de-

served,
 That the proportion both of thanks and pay-

ment
 Might have been mine! only I have left to say, 20
 More is thy due than more than all can pay

Macb The service and the loyalty I owe
 In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
 Is to receive our duties and our duties 24
 Are to your throne and state, children and

servants,
 Which do but what they should, by doing every-

thing
 Safe toward your love and honour

Dun Welcome hither
 I have begun to plant thee, and will labour 28
 To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
 That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
 No less to have done so, let me infold thee
 And hold thee to my heart.

Ban There if I grow, 32
 The harvest is your own.

Dun My plenteous joys
 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
 And you whose places are the nearest, know 36
 We will establish our estate upon
 Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
 The Prince of Cumberland, which honour must
 Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
 On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
 And bind us further to you.

Macb The rest is labour, which is not us'd
 for you 44
 I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
 The hearing of my wife with your approach,
 So, humbly take my leave.

Dun My worthy Cawdor!
Macb [Aside] The Prince of Cumberland! 48
 that is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
 For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
 Let not light see my black and deep desires,
 The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be 52
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[Exit.

Dun True, worthy Banquo, he is full so
 valiant,

And in his commendations I am fed,
 It is a banquet to me. Let's after him, 56
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.
 It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE V —Inverness MACBETH's Castle

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter

They met me in the day of success and I
 have learned by the perfectest report, they
 have more in them than mortal knowledge
 When I burned in desire to question them fur-
 ther, they made themselves air, into which they
 vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of
 it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed
 me, 'Thane of Cawdor', by which title, before,
 these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me
 to the coming on of time, with, 'Hail, king that
 shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver
 thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou
 mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being
 ignorant of what greatness is promised thee.
 Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be 16
 What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy

nature,
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
 To catch the nearest way, thou wouldst be

great,
 Art not without ambition, but without 20
 The illness should attend it, what thou wouldst

highly,
 That thou wouldst holily, wouldst not play

false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win, thou'dst have,
 great Glamis,

That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou
 have it' 24

And that which rather thou dost fear to do
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee
 hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue 28
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger

What is your tidings?

Mess The king comes here to-night.

Lady M Thou'rt mad to say it. 32

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,

Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess So please you, it is true: our thane is

coming,

One of my fellows had the speed of him, 36

Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

Than would make up his message.

Lady M Give him tending,

He brings great news — [Exit Messenger.] The

raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 40

Under my battlements. Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts! unsex me here,

And fill me from the crown to the toe top full
 Of direst cruelty, make thick my blood, 44

Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering minis-
ters,

Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell, 52
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter! 56
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant

Macb My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night
Lady M And when goes hence? 60
Macb To-morrow, as he purposes
Lady M O! never

Shall sun that morrow see
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters To beguile the time,
Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under't He that's coming
Must be provided for and you shall put 68
This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom

Macb We will speak further
Lady M Only look up clear, 72
To alter favour ever is to fear
Leave all the rest to me [Exeunt

SCENE VI — *The Same Before the Castle*

*Hautboys and torches Enter DUNCAN, MAL-
COLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MAC-
DUFF, ROSS, ANGUS and Attendants*

Dun This castle hath a pleasant seat the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses

Ban This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve 4
By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here no jutting, frieze
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant
cradle 8
Where they most breed and haunt, I have ob-
serv'd
The air is delicate

Enter LADY MACBETH

Dun See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love Herein I teach
you 12

How you shall bid God 'eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble

Lady M All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and singlebusiness, to contend 16
Against those honours deep and broad where-
with

Your majesty loads our house for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits

Dun Where's the Thane of Cawdor? 20
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor, but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp
him

To his home before us Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night

Lady M Your servants ever 25
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own

Dun Give me your hand 28
Conduct me to mine host we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess [Exeunt

SCENE VII — *The Same A Room in the
Castle*

*Hautboys and torches Enter, and pass over
the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with
dishes and service Then, enter MACBETH*

Macb If it were done when 'tis done, then
'twere well

It were done quickly if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success that but this blow 4
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come But in these cases
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, re-
turn 9

To plague the inventor, this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd
chalice

To our own lips He's here in double trust 12
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed, then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been 17
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking-off, 20
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, 24
That tears shall drown the wind I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition which o'er leaps itself
And falls on the other —

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now! what news? 28

Lady M He has almost supp'd why have you left the chamber?

Macb Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M Know you not he has?

Macb We will proceed no further in this business

He hath honour'd me of late, and I have bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since,

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time

Such I account thy love Art thou afraid

To be the same in thine own act and valour

As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

And live a coward in thine own esteem,

Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'

Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb Pnthee, peace

I dare do all that may become a man,

Who dares do more is none

Lady M What beast was't, then,

That made you break this enterprise to me?

When you durst do it then you were a man,

And, to be more than what you were, you would

Be so much more the man Nor time nor place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make

both

They have made themselves, and that their fit-

ness now

Does unmake you I have given suck, and know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me

I would, while it was smiling in my face,

Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as

you

Have done to this

Macb If we should fail,—

Lady M We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,

And we'll not fail When Duncan is asleep,

Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey

Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains

Will I with wine and wassail so convince

That memory, the warder of the brain,

Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason

A limbeck only, when in swinish sleep

Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,

What cannot you and I perform upon

The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon

His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell?

Macb Bring forth men-children only

For thy undaunted mettle should compose

Nothing but males Will it not be receiv'd,

When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy

two

Of his own chamber and us'd their very daggers,

That they have done?

Lady M Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar

Upon his death?

Macb I am settled, and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat

Away, and mock the time with fairest show

False face must hide what the false heart doth

know

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II

SCENE I—Inverness Court within the Castle

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a Servant bearing a torch before him

Ban How goes the night, boy?

Fle The moon is down, I have not heard the

clock

Ban And she goes down at twelve

Fle I tell e't, 'tis later, sir

Ban Hold, take my sword There's hus-

bandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out Take thee that too

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch

Give me my sword—

Who's there?

Macb A friend

Ban What, sir? not yet at rest? The king's

a-bed

He hath been in unusual pleasure and

Sent forth great largess to your offices

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up

In measureless content

Macb Being unprepar'd,

Our will became the servant to defect,

Which else should free have wrought

Ban All's well

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters

To you they have show'd some truth

Macb I think not of them

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that

business,

If you would grant the time

Ban At your kind'st leisure

Macb If you shall cleave to my consent,

when 'tis,

It shall make honour for you

Ban So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,

I shall be counsell'd

Macb Good repose the while!

Ban Thanks, sir the like to you

[*Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE*]

Macb Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is

ready

She strike upon the bell Get thee to bed

[*Exit Servant*]

Is't is a dagger which I see before me

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me

clutch thee

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
 And such an instrument I was to use
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
 senses,
 Or else worth all the rest I see thee still,
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such
 thing
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes Now o'er the one half-
 world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep, witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
 pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his
 design
 Moves like a ghost Thou sure and firm-set
 earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat he
 lives
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath
 gives
 I go, and it is done, the bell invites me
 Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[Exit

SCENE II —The Same

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M That which hath made them drunk
 hath made me bold,
 What hath quenched them hath given me fire
 Hark!
 Peace!
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is
 about it
 The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores I have
 drugg'd their possets,
 That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die
 Macb [Within] Who's there? what, ho!
 Lady M Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
 And 'tis not done, the attempt and not the deed
 Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers
 ready,
 He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept I had done't. My husband!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb I have done the deed. Didst thou not
 hear a noise?

Lady M I heard the owl scream and the
 crickets cry
 Did not you speak?
 Macb When?
 Lady M Now
 Macb As I descended?
 Lady M Ay
 Macb Hark!
 Who lies i' the second chamber?
 Lady M Donalbain.
 Macb [Looking on his hands] This is a sorry
 sight
 Lady M A foolish thought to say a sorry
 sight.
 Macb There's one did laugh in's sleep, and
 one cried 'Murder!'
 That they did wake each other I stood and
 heard them,
 But they did say their prayers, and address'd
 them
 Again to sleep
 Lady M There are two lodg'd together
 Macb One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen'
 the other
 As they had seen me with these hangman's
 hands
 Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen',
 When they did say 'God bless us!'
 Lady M Consider it not so deeply
 Macb But wherefore could not I pronounce
 'Amen'?
 I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
 Stuck in my throat
 Lady M These deeds must not be thought
 After these ways, so, it will make us mad
 Macb Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep
 no more!
 Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep,
 Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
 course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast,—
 Lady M What do you mean?
 Macb Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all
 the house
 'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore
 Cawdor
 Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no
 more!
 Lady M Who was it that thus cried? Why,
 worthy thane,
 You do unbend your noble strength to think
 So brainsickly of things Go get some water,
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand
 Why did you bring these daggers from the
 place?
 They must be there go carry them, and smear
 The sleepy grooms with blood
 Macb I'll go no more
 I am afraid to think what I have done,
 Look on't again I dare not.
 Lady M Infirm of purpose!
 Give me the daggers The sleeping and the dead
 Are but as pictures, 'tis the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, so

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit Knocking within]
Macb Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine
eyes 60

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, thus my hand will
rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine
Making the green one red. 64

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M My hands are of your colour, but I
shame

To wear a heart so white — *[Knocking within]*
I hear a knocking

At the south entry, retire we to our chamber,
A little water clears us of this deed, 68

How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended *[Knocking within]*
Hark! more knocking

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers Be not lost 72
So poorly in your thoughts

Macb To know my deed 'twere best not
know myself *[Knocking within]*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
couldst! *[Exeunt]*

SCENE III — The Same

Knocking within. Enter a Porter

Porter Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man
were porter of hell-gate he should have old
turning the key *[Knocking within]* Knock,
knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of
Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged him-
self on the expectation of plenty come in time,
have napkins enough about you, here you'll
sweat for 't. *[Knocking within]* Knock, knock!
Who's there i' the other devil's name! Faith,
here's an equivocator, that could swear in both
the scales against either scale, who committed
treason enough for God's sake, yet could not
equivocate to heaven O! come in, equivocator
[Knocking within] Knock, knock, knock! Who's
there? Faith, here's an English tailor come
hither for stealing out of a French hose come
in, tailor, here you may roast your goose
[Knocking within] Knock, knock, never at
quiet! What are you? But this place is too
cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further
I had thought to have let in some of all pro-
fessions, that go the primrose way to the ever-
lasting bonfire. *[Knocking within]* Anon, anon!
I pray you, remember the porter 24

[Opens the gate]

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

Macd Was it so late, friend, ere you went
to bed,

That you do lie so late?

Port Faith, sir, we were carousing till the
second cock, and drink, sir, is a great provoker
of three things. 29

Macd What three things does drink espe-
cially provoke?

Port Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and
urine Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unpro-
vokes, it provokes the desire, but it takes away
the performance Therefore much drink may
be said to be an equivocator with lechery, it
makes him, and it mars him, it sets him on,
and it takes him off, it persuades him, and dis-
heartens him, makes him stand to, and not
stand to, in conclusion, equivocates him in a
sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him 41

Macd I believe drink gave thee the lie last
night

Port That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me
but I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being
too strong for him, though he took up my legs
sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd Is thy master stirring? 48

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awak'd him, here he comes

Len Good morrow, noble sir

Macb Good morrow, both.

Macd Is the king stirring, worthythane?

Macb Not yet.

Macd He did command me to call timely
on him 52

I have almost slipp'd the hour

Macb I'll bring you to him

Macd I know this is a joyful trouble to you,
But yet 'tis one

Macb The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door

Macd I'll make so bold to call, 57

For 'tis my limited service *[Exit]*

Len Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb He does he did appoint so

Len The night has been unruly where we
lay, 60

Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they
say,

Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of
death,

And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confus'd events 64

New hatch'd to the woeful time The obscure
bird

Clamour'd the hvelong night, some say the
earth

Was feverous and did shake.

Macb 'Twas a rough night.

Len My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it. 69

Re-enter MACDUFF

Macd O horror! horror! horror! Tongue
nor heart

Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb

Len

What's the matter?

Macd Confusion now hath made his master-
piece! 72

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

The life o' the building!

- Macb* What is't you say? the life? 76
Len Mean you his majesty?
Macd Approach the chamber, and destroy
 your sight
 With a new Gorgon do not bid me speak,
 See, and then speak yourselves
 [Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX
 Awake! awake! 80
 Ring the alarm-bell Murder and treason!
 Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfart,
 And look on death itself! up, up, and see 84
 The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like
 sprites,
 To countenance this horror! Ring the bell
 [Bell rings
 Enter LADY MACBETH.
Lady M What's the business, 88
 That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
 The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macd O gentle lady!
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak,
 The repetition in a woman's ear 92
 Would murder as it fell.
 Enter BANQUO
 O Banquo! Banquo!
 Our royal master's murder'd!
Lady M Woe, alas!
 What! in our house?
Ban Too cruel any where
 Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself, 96
 And say it is not so
 Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX
Macb Had I but died an hour before this
 chance
 I had liv'd a blessed time, for, from this instant,
 There's nothing serious in mortality, 100
 All is but toys, renown and grace is dead,
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of
 Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN
Don What is amiss?
Macb You are, and do not know't
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
 Is stopp'd, the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd Your royal father's murder'd
Mal O! by whom?
Len Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
 done't 108
 Their hands and faces were all badg'd with
 blood,
 So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
 Upon their pillows they star'd, and were dis-
 tracted, no man's life
 Was to be trusted with them 112
Macb O! yet I do repent me of my fury,
 That I did kill them.
Macd Wherefore did you so?
Macb Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate
 and furious,
 Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man 116
 The expedition of my violent love
 Outran the pauser, reason Here lay Duncan,
 His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,
 And his gash'd stabs lock'd like a breach in
 nature 120
 For ruin's wasteful entrance there, the mur-
 derers,
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their dag-
 gers
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore who could
 refrain,
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart 124
 Courage to make's love known?
Lady M Help me hence, ho!
Macd Look to the lady
Mal [Aside to DONALBAIN] Why do we hold
 our tongues,
 That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don [Aside to MALCOLM] What should be
 spoken 128
 Here where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
 May rush and seize us? Let's away our tears
 Are not yet brew'd
Mal [Aside to DONALBAIN] Nor our strong
 sorrow
 Upon the foot of motion.
Ban Look to the lady 132
 [LADY MACBETH is carried out
 And when we have our naked frailties hid,
 That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
 And question this most bloody piece of work,
 To know it further Fears and scruples shake us
 In the great hand of God I stand, and thence 137
 Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
 Of treasonous malice
Macd And so do I
All So all
Macb Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
 And meet it the hall together
All Well contented 140
 [Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN
Mal What will you do? Let's not consort
 with them
 To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
 Which the false man does easy I'll to England.
Don To Ireland, I, our separated fortune
 Shall keep us both the safer where we are,
 There's daggers in men's smiles the near in
 blood,
 The nearer bloody
Mal This murderous shaft that's shot
 Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way 149
 Is to avoid the aim therefore, to horse,
 And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
 But shift away there's warrant in that theft
 Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.
 [Exeunt
 SCENE IV — The Same Without the Castle
 Enter ROSS and an Old Man.
 Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remem-
 ber well,
 Within the volume of which time I have seen
 Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore
 night

Hath trifled former knowings

Ross Ah! good father, 4
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's
act,
Threaten his bloody stage by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb, 9
When living light should kiss it?

Old Man 'Tis unnatural,
Evenlike the deed that's done On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place 12
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd

Ross And Duncan's horses,—a thing most
strange and certain,—

Beauteous and swift the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung
out, 16

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind

Old Man 'Tis said they eat each other
Ross They did so, to the amazement of mine
eyes,

That look'd upon't Here comes the good
Macduff 20

Enter MACDUFF

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd Why, see you not?
Ross Is't known who did this more than
bloody deed?

Macd Those that Macbeth hath slain
Ross Alas, the day! 21

What good could they pretend?
Macd They were suborn'd 24

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed

Ross 'Gainst nature still!
Thrifless ambition, that wilt rav'n up 28
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth

Macd He is already nam'd, and gone to
Scone
To be invested.

Ross Where is Duncan's body? 32
Macd Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones

Ross Will you to Scone?
Macd No, cousin, I'll to Fife
Ross Well, I will thither 36

Macd Well, may you see things well done
there adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross Farewell, father
Old Man God's benison go with you; and
with those 40

That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes! [Exeunt

[Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor,
Glamis, all,

As the weird women promis'd, and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully for't, yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity, 4
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings If there come truth from
them,—

As upon thee, Macbeth their speeches shine,—
Why, by the vertues on thee made good, 8
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more

*Sennet sounded Enter MACBETH, as king LADY
MACBETH, as queen LENNOX, ROSS, Lords,
Ladies, and Attendants*

Macb Here's our chief guest
Lady M If he had been forgotten 12

It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-th'ing unbecoming

Macb To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence

Ban Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties 16
Are with a most indissoluble tie

For ever knit
Macb Ride you this afternoon?

Ban Ay, my good lord 20
Macb We should have else desir'd your
good advice—

Which still hath been both grave and pros-
perous—

In this day's council, but we'll take to-morrow
Is't far you ride? 24

Ban As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper, go not my horse the
better,

I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain

Macb Fail not our feast 28
Ban My lord, I will not

Macb We hear our bloody cousins are be-
stow'd

In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers 32
With strange invention, but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly Hie you to horse, adieu
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban Ay, my good lord our time does call
upon's 37

Macb I wish your horses swift and sure of
foot,

And so I do commend you to their backs
Farewell. [Exit BANQUO

Let every man be master of his time 41
Till seven at night, to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone, while then, God be with
you! [Exeunt all but MACBETH
and an Attendant.

Sirrah, a word with you Attend those men 45
Our pleasure?

Atten They are, my lord, without the palace
gate.

Macb Bring them before us. [Exit Attend-
ant.] To be thus is nothing, 48

But to be safely thus Our fears in Banquo
 Stuck deep, and in his royalty of nature
 Reigns that which would be fear'd 'tis much
 he dares,
 And, to that dauntless temper of his mind 52
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety There is none but he
 Whose being I do fear, and under him
 My genius is rebuk'd, as it is said 56
 Mark Antony's was by Caesar He chid the
 sisters

When first they put the name of king upon me,
 And badeth speak to him, then, prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings. 60
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding If't be so, 64
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind,
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd,
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them, and mine eternal jewel 68
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
 Rather than so, come fate into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance! Who's
 there? 72

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers
 Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mur It was, so please your highness

Macb Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know 76

That it was he in the times past which held you

So under fortune, which you thought had been

Our innocent self This I made good to you

In our last conference, pass'd in probation with

you, 80

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the

instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else

that might

To half a soul and to a notion craz'd

Say, 'Thus did Banquo'

First Mur You made it known to us 84

Macb I did so, and went further, which is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature

That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd

To pray for this good man and for his issue, 89

Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave

And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Mur We are men, my liege

Macb Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men, 92

As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,

curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept

All by the name of dogs the val'd file

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, 96

The housekeeper, the hunter, every one

According to the gift which bounteous nature

Hath in him clos'd, whereby he does receive

Particular addition from the bill 100

That writes them all alike, and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
 And I will put that business in your bosoms, 104
 Whose execution takes your enemy off,
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

Sec Mur I am one, my liege, 108
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
 I do to spite the world.

First Mur And I another,
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune, 112
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it or be rid on't.

Macb Both of you
 Know Banquo was your enemy

Sec Mur True, my lord.

Macb So is he mine, and in such bloody
 distance 116

That every minute of his being thrusts

Against my near'st of life and though I could

With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight

And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, 120

For certain friends that are both his and mine,

Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall

Whom I myself struck down, and thence it is

That I to your assistance do make love, 124

Masking the business from the common eye

For sundry weighty reasons

Sec Mur We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us

First Mur Though our lives—

Macb Your spirits shine through you With—

in this hour at most 128

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,

Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,

The moment on t, for't must be done to-night,

And something from the palace always thought

That I require a clearness and with him— 133

To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—

Fleance his son, that keeps him company,

Whose absence is no less material to me 136

Than is his father's, must embrace the fate

Of that dark hour Resolve yourselves apart,

I'll come to you anon

Sec Mur We are resolv'd, my lord

Macb I'll call upon you straight abide with—

in. [Exit Murderers]

It is concluded Banquo, thy soul's flight, 141

If it find heaven, must find it out to-night [Exit]

SCENE II.—The Same Another Room in the Palace

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv Ay, madam, but returns again to-night

Lady M Say to the king, I would attend his

leisure

For a few words.

Serv Madam, I will. [Exit]

Lady M Nought's had, all's spent, 4

Where our desire is got without content.

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy

Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone, 8
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have
died

With them they think on? Things without all
remedy

Should be without regard what's done is done
Macb We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd

it 13
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor
malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer, 16

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams

That shake us nightly Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie 21
In restless ecstasy Duncan is in his grave,
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,

Treason has done his worst nor steel, nor
poison 24

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further

Lady M Come on,
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks,

Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night
Macb So shall I, love, and so, I pray, be you

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,
Present him eminence, both with eye and

tongue
Unsafe the while, that we 32

Must lave our honours in these flattering
streams,

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are

Lady M You must leave this
Macb O! full of scorpions is my mind, dear

wife, 36
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance

lives
Lady M But in them nature's copy's not

eternae
Macb There's comfort yet, they are assail-

able,
Then be thou jocund Ere the bat hath flown 40

His cloister'd flight, ere, to black Hecate's sum-
mons

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be

done
A deed of dreadful note

Lady M What's to be done? 44
Macb Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest

chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed Come, seeling night,

Scarf up to the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand 48

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the

crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood,
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,

Whiles night's black agents to their preys do
rouse 53

Thou marvell'st at my words but hold thee
still,

Things bad begun make strong themselves by
ill

So, prithee, go with me [Exeunt

SCENE III — *The Same A Park, with a Road
leading to the Palace*

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur But who did bid thee join with us?
Thurd Mur Macbeth

Sec Mur He needs not our mistrust, since
he delivers

Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just

First Mur Then stand with us 4
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day
Now spurs the lated traveller apace

To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Thurd Mur Hark! I hear horses 8
Ban [Within] Give us a light there, ho!

Sec Mur Then 'tis he the rest
That are within the note of expectation

Already are i the court
First Mur His horses go about

Thurd Mur Almost a mile, but he does
usually, 12

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Sec Mur A light, a light!
Thurd Mur 'Tis he.

First Mur Stand to't.
Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a torch

Ban It will be rain to-night.
First Mur Let it come down 16

[*They set upon BANQUO*
Ban O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly,

fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge O slave!

[*Dies FLEANCE escapes*
Thurd Mur Who did strike out the light?

First Mur Was't not the way?
Thurd Mur There's but one down, the son

is fled.
Sec Mur We have lost 20

Best half of our affair
First Mur Well, let's away, and say how

much is done. [Exeunt

SCENE IV — *The Same A Room of State in
the Palace*

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MAC-

BETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants

Macb You know your own degrees, sit
down at first and last,

The hearty welcome.
Lords Thanks to your majesty.

Macb Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host. 4

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome,

Lady M Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome 8

Enter First Murderer, to the door

Macb See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks,
Both sides are even here I'll sit i' the midst
Be large in mirth, anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door*]
There's blood upon thy face 12

Mur 'Tis Banquo's, then.
Macb 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd? 16

Mur My lord, his throat is cut, that I did for him
Macb Thou art the best o' the cut-throats, yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur Most royal sir, 20

Fleance is 'scap'd.
Macb Then comes my fit again I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in 24

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
Mur Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature
Macb Thanks for that 28

There the grown serpent lies the worm that's fied
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer*]
Lady M My royal lord, 32

You do not give the cheer the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome to feed were best at home,
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony, 36
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len May it please your highness sit?
[*The Ghost of BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH'S place*]
Macb Here had we now our country's
honour roof'd, 40

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present,
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
Ross His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness 44

To grace us with your royal company
Macb The table's full
Len Here is a place reserv'd, sir
Macb Where?
Len Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness? 48

Macb Which of you have done this?

Lords What, my good lord?
Macb Thou canst not say I did it never shake

Thy gory locks at me
Ross Gentlemen, rise, his highness is not well.
Lady M Sit, worthy friends my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth pray you, keep seat,
The fit is momentary, upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him 56
You shall offend him and extend his passion
Feed and regard him not Are you a man?

Macb Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil
Lady M O proper stuff! 60

This is the very painting of your fear,
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said
Led you to Duncan. O! these flaws and starts—
Impostors to true fear—would well become 64
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You look but on a stool. 68

Macb Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments 72
Shall be the maws of kites [*Ghost disappears*]
Lady M What! quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb If I stand here, I saw him
Lady M Fie, for shame!
Macb Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal, 76
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end, but now they rise again, 80
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools this is more strange
Than such a murder is
Lady M My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb I do forget 84

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me Come, love and health
to all,
Then, I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full
I drink to the general joy of the whole table, 89
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss,
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords Our duties, and the pledge. 92

Re-enter Ghost
Macb Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold,

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom 'tis no other, 97
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time

Macb What man dare, I dare
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger, 101
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword, 104
If trembling I inhabit then, torment me
The baby of a girl! Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes*]

Why, so, being gone,
I am a man again Pray you, sit still 108
Lady M You have displac'd the mirth,
broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder

Macb Can such things be
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me
strange 112
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear

Ross What sights, my lord? 116
Lady M I pray you, speak not, he grows
worse and worse,

Question enrages him At once, good-night
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once

Len Good-night, and better health 120
Attend his majesty!

Lady M A kind good-night to all!
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants*]

Macb It will have blood, they say, blood
will have blood

Stones have been known to move and trees to
speak,

Augurs and understood relations have 124
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought
forth

The secret'st man of blood What is the night?
Lady M Almost at odds with morning,
which is which

Macb How sayst thou, that Macduff denies
his person 128

At our great bidding?

Lady M Did you send to him, sir?
Macb I hear it by the way, but I will send.

There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd I will to-morrow— 132

And betimes I will—to the weird sisters
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to
know

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own
good

All causes shall give way I am in blood 136
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd

Lady M You lack the season of all natures,
sleep. 141

Macb Come, we'll to sleep My strange and
self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use
We are yet but young in deed [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V—A Heath

Thunder Enter the three Witches, meeting
HECATE

First Witch Why, how now, Hecate! you
look angrily

Hec Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth 4

In riddles and affairs of death,
And I, the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part, 8

Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done

Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do, 12

Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me: the morning thither he 16

Will come to know his destiny
Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms and every thing beside
I am for the air, this night I'll spend 20

Unto a dismal and a fatal end
Great business must be wrought ere noon

Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound, 24

I'll catch it ere it come to ground
And that distill'd by magic sleights

Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion 28

Shall draw him on to his confusion
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear,
And you all know security 32

Is mortals' chiefest enemy
[*Song within, 'Come away, come away,' &c.*]

Hark! I am call'd, my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me [*Exit.*]

First Witch Come, let's make haste, she'll
soon be back again. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI.—Forres A Room in the Palace

Enter LENNOX and another Lord

Len My former speeches have but hit your
thoughts,

Which can interpret further only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious

Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth marry, he was dead 4

And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late,
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance

kill'd,
For Fleance fled men must not walk too late

Who cannot want the thought how monstrous 's
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain

To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight

In pious rage the two delinquents tear, 12
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too,
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive 16
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well, and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,—
As, an't please heaven, he shall not,—they
should find

What 'twere to kill a father, so should Fleance
But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause
he fail'd 21

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord The son of Duncan, 24
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing 28
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and war-like Siward
That, by the help of these—with him above 32
To ratify the work—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody
knives,

Do faithful homage and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report 37
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt at war

Len Sent he to Macduff?
Lord He did, and with an absolute, 'Sir,
not I' 40

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, 'You'll rue the
time

That clogs me with this answer'

Len And that well might
Advise him to a caution to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel 45
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country 48
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord I'll send my prayers with him!
[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV

SCENE I—*A Cavern. In the middle, a boiling
Cauldron.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath
mew'd

Sec Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig
whin'd

Thrd Witch. Harper cries 'Tis time, 'tis
time

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go, 4
In the poison'd entrails throw

Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got, 8

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot
All Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble
Sec Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake, 12
In the cauldron boil and bake,
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting, 16
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble
All Double, double toil and trouble, 20
Fire burn and cauldron bubble
Thrd Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark, 24
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse, 28
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab 32
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron
All Double, double toil and trouble, 36
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Sec Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE

Hec. O! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains 40
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song, 'Black Spirits,' &c*
Sec Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs, 44
Something wicked this way comes

Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
night hags! 48

What is't you do?

All A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you
profess,—

Howe'er you come to know it,—answer me
Though you untie the winds and let them fight 52
Against the churches, though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up,
Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees blown
down,

Though castles topple on their warders' heads,
Though palaces and pyramids do slope 57
Their heads to their foundations, though the
treasure

Of Nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me 60
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec Witch. Demand.

Thrd Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch Say if thou'dst rather hear it
from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb Call 'em let me see 'em.

First Witch Pour in sow's blood, that hath
eaten 64

Her nine farrow, grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame

All Come, high or low,
Thyself and office deftly show 68

Thunder *First Apparition of an armed Head*

Macb Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch He knows thy thought
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First App Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
beware Macduff,

Beware the Thane of Fife Dismiss me Enough
[*Descends*

Macb Whate'er thou art, for thy good cau-
tion thanks, 73

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright But one word
more,—

First Witch He will not be commanded
here's another,
More potent than the first. 76

Thunder *Second Apparition, a bloody
Child*

Sec App Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb Had I three ears, I'd hear thee

Sec App Be bloody, bold, and resolute,
laugh to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born 80
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends*

Macb Then live, Macduff what need I fear
of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate thou shalt not live, 84
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder

Thunder *Third Apparition, a Child crowned,
with a tree in his hand*

What is this,

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round 88
And top of sovereignty?

All Listen, but speak not to't

Third App Be lion-metled, proud, and take
no care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until 92

Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends*

Macb That will never be

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! 96
good!

Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth

Shall hve the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart 100

Throbs to know one thing tell me—if your art
Can tell so much,—shall Banquo's issue ever

Reign in this kingdom?

All

Macb I will be satisfied deny me this, 104
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is
this? [*Hautboys*

First Witch. Show!

Sec Witch. Show! 108

Thurd Witch. Show!

All Show his eyes, and grieve his heart,
Come like shadows, so depart.

*A show of Eight Kings the last with a glass in
his hand. BANQUO'S Ghost following*

Macb Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo,
down! 112

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first

A third is like the former Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start,

eyes! 116

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom?

Another yet? A seventh! I'll see no more
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass

Which shows me many more, and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry 122

Hornble sight! Now, I see, 'tis true,
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his [*Apparitions vanish*

What! is this so? 124

First Witch Ay, sir, all this is so but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights 128

I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antick round,

That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay 132

[*Music The Witches dance, and then
vanish with HECATE.*

Macb Where are they? Gone? Let this
pernicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord. 136

Macb Came they not by you?

Len No indeed, my lord.

Macb Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did
hear

The galloping of horse who was't came by? 140

Len 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring
you word

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord

Macb Tume, thou anticpat'st my dread ex-
ploits, 144

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it, from this moment

The very firstings of my heart shall be

The firstings of my hand And even now, 148
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done
The castle of Macduff I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge of the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls: 152
That trace him in his line No boasting like a
fool,
Thus deed I'll do, before this purpose cool
But no more sights! Where are these gentle-
men?
Come, bring me where they are [Exeunt]

SCENE II—Fife MACDUFF'S Castle

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSS

L. Macd What had he done to make him
fly the land?
Ross You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd He had none
His flight was madness when our actions do
not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross You know not 4
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear
L. Macd Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us
not, 8
He wants the natural touch, for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight—
Her young ones in her nest—against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love, 12
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason

Ross My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself but, for your hus-
band,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows 16
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much
further
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold
rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea 21
Each way and move I take my leave of you
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb up-
ward 24
To what they were before My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd Father'd he is, and yet he's father-
less
Ross I am so much a fool, should I stay
longer, 28

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort
I take my leave at once [Exit]

L. Macd Surrah, your father's dead
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son As birds do, mother

L. Macd What! with worms and flies? 32

Son With what I get, I mean, and so do they
L. Macd Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the
net nor lime,

The pit-fall nor the gin

Son Why should I, mother? Poor birds
they are not set for 36

My father is not dead, for all your saying
L. Macd Yes, he is dead how wilt thou do
for a father? 36

Son Nay, how will you do for a husband?
L. Macd Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market 40

Son Then you'll buy 'em to sell again
L. Macd Thou speak'st with all thy wit,
and yet, I' faith,

With wit enough for thee

Son Was my father a traitor, mother? 44

L. Macd Ay, that he was

Son What is a traitor?

L. Macd Why, one that swears and lies

Son And be all traitors that do so? 48

L. Macd Every one that does so is a traitor,
and must be hanged

Son And must they all be hanged that swear
and lie?

L. Macd Every one

Son Who must hang them? 52

L. Macd Why, the honest men

Son Then the liars and swearers are fools,
for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the
honest men, and hang up them 56

L. Macd Now God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father? 56

Son If he were dead, you'd weep for him if
you would not, it were a good sign that I should
quickly have a new father 61

L. Macd Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger

Mess Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you
known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect 64
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly

If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here hence, with your little ones

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage,
To do worse to you were fell cruelty, 69

Which is too nigh your person Heaven pre-
serve you!

I dare abide no longer

L. Macd Whither should I fly? [Exit]
I have done no harm But I remember now 72

I am in this earthly world, where, to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly, why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence, 76

To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers

What are these faces?
Mur Where is your husband?

L. Macd I hope in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him

Mur He's a traitor 80
Son Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain.

Mur What! you egg.
Young fry of treachery! [Stabbing him.]

Son He has killed me, mother.

Run away, I pray you!

[Dies

[Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying 'Murder',
and pursued by the Murderers

SCENE III —England Before the KING's
Palace

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF

Mal Let us seek out some desolate shade,
and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty

Macd Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom, each new
morn

New widows howl, new orphans cry, new so-
rows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour

Mal What I believe I'll wail, 8
What know believe, and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance
Thistyrant, whosesolename blistersour tongues,
Was once thought honest you have lov'd him
well, 13

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but
something

You may deserve of him through me, and wis-
dom

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb 16
To appease an angry god

Macd I am not treacherous

Mal But Macbeth is
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge But I shall crave your
pardon, 20

That which you are my thoughts cannot trans-
pose,

Angels are bright still though the brightest fell,
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,

Yet grace must still look so

Macd I have lost my hopes 24
Mal Perchance even there where I did find
my doubts

Why in that rawness left you wife and child—
Those precious motives, those strong knots of
love—

Without leave-taking? I pray you, 28
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think

Macd Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, 32
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou
thy wrongs,

The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal Be not offended 37
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash 40

Is added to her wounds I think withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right,
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands but, for all this, 44
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever, 48
By him that shall succeed

Macd What should he be?

Mal It is myself I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state 53
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms

Macd Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd 56
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name, but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness your wives, your daugh-
ters, 61

Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust and my desire

All continent impediments would o'erbear 64
That did oppose my will, better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign

Macd Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny, it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne, 68
And fall of many kings But fear not yet

To take upon you what is yours, you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-
wink. 72

We have willing dames enough, there cannot
be

That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd

Mal With this there grows 76
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house, 80
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth

Macd This avarice 84
Stacks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings yet do not fear,
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will, 88
Of your mere own, all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd

Mal But I have none the king-becoming
graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness, 92
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime, 96

Acting it many ways Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd O Scotland, Scotland! 100
Mal If such a one be fit to govern, speak
I am as I have spoken

Macd Fit to govern!
No, not to live O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd, 104
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blasphemy his breed? Thy royal
father 108
Was a most sainted king, the queen that bore
thee,

Off'n'd upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself 112
Have banish'd me from Scotland O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal *Macduff*, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the blackscruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour Devilish *Mac-*
beth 117

By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste, but God above 120
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspoke mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself, 124
For strangers to my nature I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray 128
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life, my first false speaking
Was thus upon myself What I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command, 132
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand war-like men,
Already at a point, was setting forth
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you
silent? 137

Macd Such welcome and unwelcome things
at once

'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor

Mal Well, more anon. Comes the king
forth, I pray you? 140

Doct Ay, sir, there are a crew of wretched
souls

That stay his cure, their malady convinces
The great assay of art, but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand, 144
They presently amend.

Mal I thank you, doctor
[Exit Doctor.]

Macd What's the disease he means?

Mal 'Tis call'd the evil-
A most miraculous work in this good king,

Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do How he solicits heaven, 149
Himself best knows, but strangely-visited
people,

All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures, 152
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers, and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction With this strange
virtue, 156

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace

Macd See, who comes here?
Mal My countryman, but yet I know him
not. 160

Enter ROSS

Macd My ever-gentle cousin, welcome
hither

Mal I know him now Good God, betimes
remove

The means that make us strangers!

Ross Sir, amen.

Macd Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross Alas! poor country, 164

Almost afraid to know itself It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave, where

nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile,

Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent

the air 168

Are made, not mark'd, where violent sorrow

seems

A modern ecstasy, the dead man's knell

Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps, 172

Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd O! relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal What's the newest grief?

Ross That of an hour's age doth hiss the

speaker,

Each minute teems a new one

Macd How does my wife? 176

Ross Why, well.

Macd And all my children?

Ross Well too

Macd The tyrant has not batter'd at their

peace? 180

Ross No, they were well at peace when I did

leave 'em.

Macd Be not a miggard of your speech how

goes 't? 180

Ross When I came hither to transport the

tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out,

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather 184

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.

Now is the time of help, your eye in Scotland

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,

To doff their dire distresses.

Mal Be't their comfort, 188

We are coming thither Gracious England hath

Lent us good Sward and ten thousand men,
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out

Ross Would I could answer 192
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief 196
Due to some single breast?

Ross No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone

Macd If it be mine
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it 200

Ross Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest
sound

That ever yet they heard

Macd Hum! I guess at it

Ross Your castle is surpris'd, your wife and
babes 204

Savagely slaughter'd, to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal Merciful heaven!

What! man, ne'er pull your hat upon your
brows, 208

Give sorrow words, the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it
break

Macd My children too?

Ross Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found

Macd And I must be from thence! 212
My wife kill'd too?

Ross I have said

Mal Be comforted
Let's make us medicine of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief

Macd He has no children All my pretty
ones? 216

Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What! all my pretty chickens and their dam

At one fell swoop?

Mal Dispute it like a man

Macd I shall do so,
But I must also feel it as a man 220

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me Did heaven

look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!

They were all struck for thee Naught that I
am, 224

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls Heaven rest them
now!

Mal Be thus the whetstone of your sword
let grief

Convert to anger, blunt not the heart, enrage
it. 228

Macd O! I could play the woman with mine
eyes,

And braggart with my tongue But, gentle
heavens,

Cut short all intermission, front to front 231
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself,
Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal This tune goes manly
Come, go we to the king, our power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave Macbeth 236

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments Receive what cheer

you may,
The night is long that never finds the day

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I — *Dunsinane A Room in the Castle*
Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentle-
woman

Doct I have two nights watched with you,
but can perceive no truth in your report When
was it she last walked? 3

Gen Since his majesty went into the field,
I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her

night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take
forth paper fold it, write upon't, read it, after-

wards seal it, and again return to bed, yet all
this while in a most fast sleep 9

Doct A great perturbation in nature, to
receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the

effects of watching! In this slumbry agitation,
besides her walking and other actual perform-

ances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gen That, sir, which I will not report after
her 16

Doct You may to me, and 'tis most meet you
should

Gen Neither to you nor any one, having no
witness to confirm my speech 20

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper

Lo you! here she comes This is her very guise,
and, upon my life, fast asleep Observe her,
stand close

Doct How came she by that light? 24

Gen Why, it stood by her she has light by
her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct You see, her eyes are open.

Gen Ay, but their sense is shut. 28

Doct What is it she does now? Look, how
she rubs her hands

Gen It is an accustomed action with her, to
seem thus washing her hands I have known

her to continue in this a quarter of an hour 33

Lady M Yet here's a spot

Doct Hark! she speaks I will set down
what comes from her, to satisfy my remem-

brance the more strongly 37

Lady M Out, damned spot! out, I say! One,
two why, then, 'tis time to do't Hell is murky!

Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What
need we fear who knows it, when none can call

our power to account? Yet who would have
thought the old man to have had so much
blood in him? 44

Doct Do you mark that?

Lady M The Thane of Fife had a wife

where is she now? What! will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that you mar all with this starting 49
Doct Go to, go to, you have known what you should not

Gen She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that Heaven knows what she has known. 54

Lady M Here's the smell of the blood still all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand Oh! oh! oh! 57

Doct What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged

Gen I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body 61

Doct Well, well, well

Gen Pray God it be, sir

Doct This disease is beyond my practice yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds 66

Lady M Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried, he cannot come out on's grave

Doct Even so? 71

Lady M To bed, to bed there's knocking at the gate Come, come, come, give me your hand What's done cannot be undone To bed, to bed, to bed [Exit] 76

Doct Will she go now to bed?

Gen Directly

Doct Foul whisperings are abroad Un-natural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles, infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets, More needs she the divine than the physician. 81
 God, God forgive us all! Look after her, Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her So, good-night My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight. I think, but dare not speak

Gen. Good-night, good doctor [Exeunt]

SCENE II.—The Country near Dunsinane

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers

Ment The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff
 Revenges burn in them, for their dear causes
 Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm 4
 Excite the mortified man.

Ang Near Birnam wood
 Shall we well meet them, that way are they coming

Caith Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len For certain, sir, he is not I have a file Of all the gentry there is Siward's son, 9
 And many unrough youths that even now Protest their first of manhood

Ment

Caith What does the tyrant? Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies
 Some say he's mad, others that lesser hate him
 Do call it valiant fury, but, for certain,

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
 Within the belt of rule

Ang Now does he feel 16
 His secret murders sticking on his hands,
 Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach,
 Those he commands move only in command,
 Nothing in love, now does he feel his title 20
 Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
 Upon a dwarfish thief

Ment Who then shall blame
 His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
 When all that is within him does condemn 24
 Itself for being there?

Caith Well, march we on,
 To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd,
 Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
 And with him pour we in our country's purge 28
 Each drop of us

Len Or so much as it needs
 To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds

Make we our march towards Birnam

[Exeunt, marching]

SCENE III.—Dunsinane A Room in the Castle

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants

Macb Bring me no more reports, let them fly all

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
 I cannot taint with fear What's the boy Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know 4
 All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus

'Fear not, Macbeth, no man that's born of woman
 Shall e'er have power upon thee' Then fly, false thanes,

And mangle with the English epicures 8
 The mind I sway by and the heart I bear

Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear

Enter a Servant

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!

Where gott'st thou that goose look? 12

Serv There is ten thousand—

Macb Geese, villain?

Serv Soldiers, sir

Macb Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy What soldiers, patch?

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine

Are counsellors to fear What soldiers, whey-face? 17

Serv The English force, so please you

Macb Take thy face hence [Exit Servant.]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push 20

Will cheer me ever or disseat me now

I have liv'd long enough my way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,

And that which should accompany old age, 24

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have, but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour,
breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and
dare not. 28
Seyton!

Enter SEYTON

Sey What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb What news more?

Sey All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported

Macb I'll fight till from my bones my flesh
be hack'd 32

Gave me my armour

Sey 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb I'll put it on

Send out more horses, skirr the country round,
Hang those that talk of fear Give me mine
armour 36

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest

Macb Cure her of that
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd, 40
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct Therein the patient 45
Must minister to himself

Macb Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none
of it

Come, put mine armour on, give me my staff
Seyton, send out — Doctor, the thanes fly from
me — 49

Come, sir, dispatch — If thou couldst, doctor,
cast

The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health, 52
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again — Pull't off, I say —

What rhubarb senna, or what purgative drug
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou
of them? 56

Doct Ay, my good lord, your royal prepara-
tion

Makes us hear something

Macb Bring it after me
I will not be afraid of death and bane

Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane 60

Doct [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away
and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV — Country near Birnam Wood

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old
SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH,
CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers
marching*

Mal Cousins, I hope the days are near at
hand

That chambers will be safe

Men

Siw What wood is this before us?

Men The wood of Birnam 4

Mal Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear't before him thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us

Sold.

Siw It shall be done 8
We learn no other but the confident
tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't

Mal

'Tis his main hope,
For where there is advantage to be given, 12
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too

Macd

Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on 16
Industrious soldiership

Siw

The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate, 21
Towards which advance the war

[*Exeunt, marching*]

SCENE V — Dunsinane Within the Castle

*Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON,
and Soldiers*

Macb Hang out our banners on the out-
ward walls,

The cry is still, 'They come', our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn, here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up, 4
Were they not forc'd with those that should be
ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to
beard,

And beat them backward home

[*A cry of women within*]

What is that noise?

Sey It is the cry of women, my good lord 8

[*Exit*]

Macb I have almost forgot the taste of fears
The time has been my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir 12
As life were in't I have supp'd full with horrors,
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me

Re-enter SEYTON

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey The queen, my lord, is dead 16

Macb She should have died hereafter,
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, 20
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player 24

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more, it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing

But bear-like I must fight the course What's
he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
28 Am I to fear, or none 4

Enter a Messenger

Thou com'st to use thy tongue, thy story quickly
Mess Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb Well, say, sir 32
Mess As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd towards Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move

Macb Liar and slave!
Mess Let me endure your wrath if 't be not
so

Within this three mile may you see it coming,
I say, a moving grove

Macb If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cunn thee, if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much. 41
I pull in resolution and begin

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth, 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane', and now a wood 45
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here 48
I go to be aweary of the sun,

And wish the estate o' the world were now un-
done

Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come,
wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back. 52
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI—*The Same A Plain before the
Castle*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old
SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c, and their Army, with
boughs*

Mal Now near enough, your leavy screens
throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy
uncle,

Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle, worthy Macduff and we 4
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order

Siw Fare you well
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. 8

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak, give
them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Same Another Part
of the Plain.**Alarums Enter MACBETH*

Macb They have tied me to a stake, I can-
not fly,

Enter Young SIWARD

Young Siw What is thy name?

Macb Thou'lt be afraid to hear it
Young Siw No, though thou call st thyself
a hotter name

Than any is in hell.

Macb My name's Macbeth.

Young Siw The devil himself could not pro-
nounce a title 8

More hateful to mine ear

Macb No, nor more fearful
Young Siw Thou hest, abhorred tyrant,
with my sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st

[*They fight and Young SIWARD is slain*
Macb Thou wast born of woman
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born 13
[*Exit*]

Alarums Enter MACDUFF

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show
thy face

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me
still 16

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hur'd to bear their staves either thou,
Macbeth,

Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst
be, 20

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruted Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit Alarums*]

Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD

Siw This way, my lord, the castle's gently
render'd 24

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight,
The noble thanes do bravely in the war,
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do

Mal We have met with foes 28
That strike beside us.

Siw Enter, sir, the castle
[*Exeunt Alarums*]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb Why should I play the Roman fool,
and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn! 32

Macb Of all men else I have avoided thee
But get thee back, my soul is too much chang'd
With blood of thine already

Macd I have no words;
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain 36

Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight*
Macb Thou lovest labour
 As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
 With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests, 40
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
 To one of woman born.

Macb Despair thy charm,
 And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
 Untimely ripp'd 45

Macb Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me
 so,

For it hath cow'd my better part of man
 And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd, 48
 That palter with us in a double sense,
 That keep the word of promise to our ear,
 And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee

Macb Then yield thee, coward, 52
 And live to be the show and gaze o' the time
 We'll have thee as our rarer monsters are,
 Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
 'Here may you see the tyrant'

Macb I will not yield 56
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse
 Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
 And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born, 60
 Yet I will try the last before my body
 I throw my war-like shield. Lay on, Macduff,
 And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold,
 enough!'

[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Retreat Flourish Re-enter, with drum and
 colours, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSS, Thanes,
 and Soldiers*

Mal I would the friends we miss were safe
 arriv'd. 64

Siw Some must go off, and yet, by these I
 see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought

Mal Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
 debt 68

He only liv'd but till he was a man,
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he died.

Siw Then he is dead? 72
Ross Ay, and brought off the field. Your
 cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
 It hath no end

Siw Had he his hurts before?

Ross Ay on the front.

Siw Why then, God's soldier be he! 76
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death
 And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal He's worth more sorrow,
 And that I'll spend for him

Siw He's worth no more, 80
 They say, he parted well, and paid his score
 And so, God be with him! Here comes newer
 comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head

Macb Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold,
 where stands

The usurper's curs'd head the time is free 84
 I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
 That speak my salutation in their minds,
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,
 Hail, King of Scotland! 88

All Hail, King of Scotland! 88
 [*Flourish*]

Mal We shall not spend a large expense of
 time

Before we reckon with your several loves,
 And make us even with you. My thanes and
 kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honour nam'd. What's more to
 do, 93

Which would be planted newly with the time,
 As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny, 96
 Producing forth the cruel ministers

Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
 Took off her life, this, and what needful else 100
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace

We will perform in measure, time, and place
 So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone 104

[*Flourish. Exeunt*]

HAMLET

PRINCE OF DENMARK

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark
 HAMLET, Son to the late and Nephew to the present King.
 FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway
 HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet.
 POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.
 LAERTES, his Son.
 VOLTIMAND,
 CORNELIUS,
 ROSENCRANTZ,
 GUILDENSTERN, } Courtiers.
 OSRIC,
 A Gentleman,
 A Priest.

MARCELLUS } Officers.
 BERNARDO, }
 FRANCISCO a Soldier
 REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius
 A Captain.
 English Ambassadors
 Players. Two Clowns, Grave-diggers.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark and Mother to Hamlet
 OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers,
 and Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father

SCENE — *Elsnore*.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Elsnore A Platform before the Castle*

FRANCISCO at his post Enter to him
 BERNARDO

Ber Who's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me stand, and unfold yourself

Ber Long live the king!

Fran Bernardo?

Ber He

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour

Ber 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed,
 Francisco

Fran For this relief much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber Have you had quiet guard?

Fran Not a mouse stirring

Ber Well, good-night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, 12

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste

Fran I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS

Hor Friends to this ground

Mar And liegemen to the Dane

Fran Give you good-night

Mar O' farewell, honest soldier 16

Who hath relief'd you?

Fran Bernardo has my place

Give you good-night *[Exit*

Mar Holla! Bernardo!

Ber Say,

What! is Horatio there?

Hor A piece of him
Ber Welcome, Horatio, welcome, good Mar-
 cellus 20

Mar What! has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber I have seen nothing

Mar Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy, 24
 And will not let belief take hold of him

Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night, 28

That if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes and speak to it

Hor Tush, tush! 'twill not appear

Ber Sit down awhile,

And let us once again assail your ears, 32

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen

Hor Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this

Ber Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from

the pole 36

Had made his course to illumine that part of

heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,

The bell then beating one,—

Mar Peace! break thee off, look, where it

comes again! 40

Enter Ghost.

Ber In the same figure, like the king that's dead

Mar Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio

Ber Looks it not like the king? mark it,

Horatio

Hor Most like it harrows me with fear and wonder 44
Ber It would be spoke to
Mar Question it, Horatio
Hor What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
 Together with that fair and war-like form
 In which the majesty of burn'd Denmark 48
 Did sometimes march ' by heaven I charge thee,
 speak!
Mar It is offended
Ber See! it stalks away
Hor Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak! [Exit Ghost
Mar 'Tis gone, and will not answer 52
Ber How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale
 Is not this something more than fantasy?
 What think you on't?
Hor Before my God, I might not thus believe
 Without the sensible and true avouch
 Of mine own eyes
Mar Is it not like the king?
Hor As thou art to thyself
 Such was the very armour he had on 60
 When he the ambitious Norway combated,
 So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
 He smote the sledged Polacks on the ice
 'Tis strange 64
Mar Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
 With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch
Hor In what particular thought to work I know not,
 But in the gross and scope of my opinion, 68
 This bodes some strange eruption to our state
Mar Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
 Why this same strict and most observant watch
 So nightly toils the subject of the land, 72
 And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
 And foreign mart for implements of war,
 Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
 Does not divide the Sunday from the week, 76
 What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
 Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day
 Who is't that can inform me?
Hor That can I,
 At least, the whisper goes so Our last king, 80
 Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
 Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
 Thereto prick'd on by a most enlurate pride,
 Dar'd to the combat, in which our valiant
 Hamlet— 84
 For so this side of our known world esteem'd
 him—
 Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a seal'd com-
 mand, act,
 Well ratified by law and heraldry
 Did forfeit with his life all those his lands 88
 Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror
 Against the which, a moiety competent
 Was gaged by our king, which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras, 92
 Had he been vanquisher, as, by the same
 covenant,
 And carriage of the article design'd,
 His fell to Hamlet Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
 Of unimproved mettle hot and full, 96
 Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
 Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,
 For food and diet, to some enterprise
 That hath a stomach in't, which is no other—
 As it doth well appear unto our state— 101
 But to recover of us, by strong hand
 And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost And thus, I take it, 104
 Is the main motive of our preparations,
 The source of this our watch and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.
Ber I think it be no other but even so, 108
 Well may it sort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch, so like the
 king
 That was and is the question of these wars
Hor A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye 112
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted
 dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets, 116
 As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
 Disasters in the sun, and the moist star
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse, 120
 And even the like precursor of fierce events,
 As harbingers preceding still the fates
 And prologue to the omen coming on,
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen 125
 But, soft! behold! lo! where it comes again.

Re-enter Ghost

I'll cross it, though it blast me Stay illusion!
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice, 128
 Speak to me
 If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
 Speak to me 132
 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
 O! speak,
 Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life 136
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in
 death, [Cock crows
 Speak of it stay, and speak! Stop it, Mar-
 cellus 139
Mar Shall I strike at it with my partisan?
Hor Do, if it will not stand
Ber 'Tis here!
Hor 'Tis here! [Exit Ghost
Mar 'Tis gone!
 We do it wrong, being so majestic,
 To offer it the show of violence, 144
 For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
 And our vain blows malicious mockery
Ber It was about to speak when the cock
 crew

Hor And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard, 149
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day, and at his warning, 152
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth herein
This present object made probation 156

Mar It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long, 160
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets
strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time 164

Hor So have I heard and do in part believe it
But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill,
Break we our watch up and by my advice 168
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet, for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty? 173

Mar Let's do't, I pray, and I this morning
know
Where we shall find him most conveniently
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — *A Room of State in the Castle*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS,
LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and
Attendants.*

King Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's
death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole king-
dom

To be contracted in one brow of woe, 4
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this war-like state, 9
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in mar-
riage, 12

In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along for all, our thanks 16
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 20
Collegued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law, 24
To our most valiant brother So much for him
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting.

Thus much the business is we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras, 23
Who, impotent and bed-ridden, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gait herein, in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made 32
Out of his subject, and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power 36
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these delated articles allow
Farewell and let your haste commend your duty
Cor } In that and all things will we show our
Vol } duty 40
King We doubt it nothing heartily fare-
well.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS*
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit, what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane, 44
And lose your voice, what wouldst thou beg,
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth, 48
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Den-
mark, 52

To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward
France

And bow them to your gracious leave and
pardon 56
King Have you your father's leave? What
says Polonius?

Pol He hath, my lord, wrung from me my
slow leave

By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent 60
I do beseech you, give him leave to go

King Take thy fair hour, Laertes, time be
thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will.
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son, — 64

Ham [*Aside*] A little more than kin, and
less than kind

King How is it that the clouds still hang on
you?

Ham Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the
sun.

Queen Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour
off, 68

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark,
Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust

Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must
die, 72

Passing through nature to eternity
Ham Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham Seems, madam! Nay, it is, I know not
'seems' 76
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, 80
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play 84
But I have that within which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe
King 'Tis sweet and commendable in your
nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father 88
But, you must know, your father lost a father
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow, but to persevere 92
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness, 'tis unmanly grief
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient, 96
An understanding simple and unschool'd
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition 100
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried, 104
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so' We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe and think of us
As of a father, for let the world take note, 108
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you For your intent 112
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire,
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye, 116
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
Queen Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg
Ham I shall in all my best obey you, madam.
King Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply
Be as ourself in Denmark Madam, come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof, 124
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit
again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder Come away 128
[*Exeunt all except HAMLET*]
Ham O! that this too too solid flesh would
melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
God! 132
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world.

Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed, things rank and gross in
nature 136
Possess it merely That it should come to this!
But two months dead nay, not so much, not
two
So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr so loving to my mother 140
That he might not bemoan the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown 144
By what it fed on, and yet, within a month,
Let me not think on't Foully, thy name is
woman!
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears, why she, even she,— 149
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with
mine uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules within a month, 153
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married O! most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets 157
It is not nor it cannot come to good,
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO

Hor Hail to your lordship!
Ham I am glad to see you well 160
Horatio, or I do forget myself
Hor The same, my lord, and your poor serv-
ant ever
Ham Sir, my good friend, I'll change that
name with you
And what make you from Wittenberg, *Horatio*?
Marcellus? 165

Mar My good lord,—
Ham I am very glad to see you. [To *BER-
NARDO*] Good even, sir
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor A truant disposition, good my lord, 169
Ham I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it trustor of your own report 172
Against yourself, I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor My lord, I came to see your father's
funeral. 176
Ham I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-
student,

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*! the funeral
bak'd meats 180
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere I had ever seen that day, *Horatio*!
My father, methinks I see my father 184
Hor O! where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio*
Hor I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again 188
Hor My lord, I think I saw him yesternight
Ham Saw who?
Hor My lord, the king your father
Ham The king, my father!
Hor Season your admiration for a while 192
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you
Ham For God's love, let me hear
Hor Two mights together had these gentlemen, 196
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd a figure like your father,
Armed at points exactly, cap-a-pe, 200
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon a length, whilst they, dis-
till'd 204
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time, 209
Form of the thing, each word made true and good
The apparition comes I knew your father,
These hands are not more like
Ham But where was this?
Mar My lord, upon the platform where we
watch'd 213
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor My lord I did,
But answer made it none, yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address 216
Itself to motion, like as it would speak,
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanish'd from our sight.
Ham 'Tis very strange 220
Hor As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true,
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it
Ham Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles
me 224
Hold you the watch to-night?
Mar } We do, my lord.
Ber }
Ham Arm'd, say you?
Mar } Arm'd, my lord
Ber }
Ham From top to toe?
Mar } My lord, from head to foot.
Ber }
Ham Then saw you not his face? 228
Hor O yes! my lord, he wore his beaver up
Ham What! look'd he frowningly?
Hor A countenance more in sorrow than in
anger
Ham Pale or red? 232
Hor Nay, very pale
Ham And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor Most constantly
Ham. I would I had been there

Hor It would have much amaz'd you
Ham Very like, very like Stay'd it long? 236
Hor While one with moderate haste might
tell a hundred
Mar } Longer, longer
Ber }
Hor Not when I saw it
Ham His beard was grizzled, no?
Hor It was, as I have seen it in his life, 240
A sable silver'd
Ham I will watch to-night,
Perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor I warrant it will
Ham If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape 244
And bid me hold my peace I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night, 248
Give it an understanding, but no tongue
I will requite your loves So, fare you well
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you
All Our duty to your honour 252
Ham Your loves, as mine to you Farewell
[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and
BERNARDO
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well,
I doubt some foul play would the night were
come!
Till then sit still, my soul foul deeds will rise, 256
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's
eyes [Exit

SCENE III — A Room in POLONIUS' House

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA

Laer My necessities are embark'd, farewell
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you
Oph Do you doubt that? 4
Laer For Hamlet, and the trifling of his
favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting, 8
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
No more
Oph No more but so?
Laer Think it no more
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes, 12
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmear
The virtue of his will, but you must fear, 16
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth,
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends 20
The safety and the health of the whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves
you, 24

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
 As he in his particular act and place
 May give his saying deed, which is no further
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal 28
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs,
 Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity 32
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough 36
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon,
 Virtue herself 'scapes not calumnious strokes,
 The canker galls the infants of the spring
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd, 40
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then: best safety lies in fear
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near 44
Oph I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,
 As watchman to my heart. But, good my
 brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
 Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine, 49
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And recks not his own rede

Laer O! fear me not
 I stay too long, but here my father comes 52

Enter POLONIUS

A double blessing is a double grace,
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave

Pol Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
 shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail, 56
 And you are stay'd for: There, my blessing with
 thee!

And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou character: Give thy thoughts no
 tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. 60
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar,
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment 64
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade: Be-
 ware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
 Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice, 68
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judg-
 ment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy, rich, not gaudy,

For the apparel oft proclaims the man, 72
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 Are most select and generous, chief in that.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be,
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend, 76
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry
 This above all to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man. 80
 Farewell, my blessing season this in thee!

Laer Most humbly do I take my leave, my
 lord

Pol The time invites you, go, your servants
 tend.

Laer Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
 What I have said to you.

Oph 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it 86

Laer Farewell [Exit]

Pol What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph So please you, something touching the
 Lord Hamlet

Pol Marry, well bethought
 'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you, and you yourself 92
 Have of your audience been most free and
 bounteous

If it be so,—as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution,—I must tell you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly 96
 As it behoves my daughter and your honour
 What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph He hath, my lord, of late made many
 tenders

Of his affection to me 100
Pol Affection! pooh! you speak like a green
 girl,

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance
 Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph I do not know, my lord, what I should
 think. 104

Pol Marry, I'll teach you. think yourself a
 baby,

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
 Which are not sterling: Tender yourself more
 dearly,

Or,—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
 Running it thus,—you'll tender me a fool 109

Oph My lord, he hath importun'd me with
 love

In honourable fashion.

Pol Ay, fashion you may call it: go to, go to
Oph And hath given countenance to his
 speech, my lord, 113

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do
 know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul 116
 Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter
 Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
 Even in their promise, as it is a-making,

You must not take for fire: From this time 120
 Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence,
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate
 Than a command to parley: For Lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is young, 124
 And with a larger tether may he walk
 Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,

Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,
 Not of that dye which their investments show,
 But mere implorators of unholy suits, 129
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
 The better to beguile: This is for all
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure, 133
 As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Look to't, I charge you, come your ways
Oph I shall obey, my lord. [Exeunt]

SCENE IV—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS

Ham The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold.

Hor It is a nipping and an eager air

Ham What hour now?

Hor I think it lacks of twelve

Mar No, it is struck.

Hor Indeed? I heard it not then it draws
 near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance
 shot off, within*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham The king doth wake to-night and takes
 his rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring
 reels,

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
 The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge.

Hor Is it a custom?

Ham Ay, marry, is't

But to my mind,—though I am native here
 And to the manner born,—it is a custom
 More honour'd in the breach than the obser-

ance
 Thus heavy-headed revel east and west
 Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations,
 They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish
 phrase

Soil our addition, and indeed it takes
 From our achievements, though perform'd at
 height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute
 So, oft it chances in particular men,
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them,

As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
 By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
 Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens

The form of plausible manners, that these men,
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,

Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo,
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault the dram of eale

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,
 To his own scandal.

Enter GHOST

Hor Look, my lord, it comes.
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend
 us!

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from
 hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape

That I will speak to thee I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane, O! answer me

Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements, why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
 So horribly to shake our disposition

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our
 souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*The Ghost beckons HAMLET*]

Hor It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone

Mar Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground
 But do not go with it

Hor No, by no means

Ham It will not speak, then, will I follow it.

Hor Do not, my lord

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee,
 And for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again, I'll follow it

Hor What if it tempt you toward the flood,
 my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
 And there assume some other horrible form,

Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
 And draw you into madness? think of it,
 The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain

That looks so many fathoms to the sea
 And hears it roar beneath

Ham It waves me still. Go on, I'll follow
 thee

Mar You shall not go, my lord.

Ham Hold off your hands!

Hor Be rul'd, you shall not go

Ham My fate cries out,
 And makes each petty artery in this body
 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve

[*Ghost beckons*]
 Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen,

[*Breaking from them*]
 By heaven! I'll make a ghost of him that lets
 me

I say, away! Go on, I'll follow thee

[*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET*]

Hor He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar Let's follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey
 him.

Hor Have after To what issue will this
 come?

Mar Something is rotten in the state of
 Denmark.

Hor Heaven will direct it.

Mar Nay, let's follow him.
 [Exeunt]

SCENE V—*Another Part of the Platform.**Enter Ghost and HAMLET**Ham* Whither wilt thou lead me? speak,*I* I go no further*Ghost* Mark me*Ham* I will*Ghost*

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must render up myself

Ham Alas! poor ghost 4*Ghost* Pity me not, but lend thy serious

hearing

To what I shall unfold

Ham Speak, I am bound to hear*Ghost* So art thou to revenge, when thou

shalt hear

Ham What? 8*Ghost* I am thy father's spirit

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,

And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

Are burnt and purg'd away But that I am

forbid 13

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young

blood, 16

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their

spheres

Thy knotted and combined locks to part

And each particular hair to stand an end,

Like quills upon the fretful porpentine 20

But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood List, list, O list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham O God! 24*Ghost* Revenge his foul and most unnatural

murder

Ham Murder!*Ghost* Murder most foul, as in the best it is,

But this most foul, strange, and unnatural 28

Ham Haste me to know't, that I, with

wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love,

May sweep to my revenge

Ghost

I find thee apt,

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed

That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf, 33

Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,

hear

'Tis given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,

A serpent stung me, so the whole ear of Den-

mark 36

Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abus'd, but know, thou noble youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life

Now wears his crown.

Ham

O my prophetic soul! 40

My uncle!

Ghost Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate

beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—

O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power 44

So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.

O Hamlet! what a falling-off was there,
 From me, whose love was of that dignity 48
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 I made to her in marriage, and to decline
 Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine! 52

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed, 56

And prey on garbage
 But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air,
 Brief let me be Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always in the afternoon, 60

Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed hebona in a vial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment, whose effect 64

Holds such an enmity with blood of man
 That swift as quicksilver it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body,
 And with a sudden vigour it doth posset 68

And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood so did it mine,
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust, 73

All my smooth body
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd,
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin, 76

Unhous'd d, disappointed, unanel'd,
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head
 O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible! 80

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not,
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act, 84

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught, leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her Fare thee well at once! 89

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire,
 Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me [Exit,
Ham O all you host of heaven! O earth! 92

What else?
 And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold,
 my heart! 96

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee!
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee! 97

Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there, 101

And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter yes, by heaven! 104

O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain, 109

At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark 109

[Writing]

So, uncle, there you are Now to my word,
 It is, 'Adieu, adieu' remember me'
 I have sworn t.
Hor [Within] My lord! my lord!
Mar [Within] Lord Hamlet!
Hor [Within] Heaven secure him!
Mar [Within] So be it!
Hor [Within] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar How is't, my noble lord?
Hor What news, my lord? 117
Ham O! wonderful.
Hor Good my lord, tell it.
Ham No, you will reveal it.
Hor Not I, my lord, by heaven!
Mar Nor I, my lord 120
Ham How say you, then, would heart of
 man once think it?
 But you'll be secret?

Mar } Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Hor }
Ham There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all
 Denmark,

But he's an arrant knave 124
Hor There needs no ghost, my lord, come
 from the grave,
 To tell us this

Ham. Why, right, you are i' the right,
 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit that we shake hands and part, 128
 You, as your business and desire shall point
 you,—

For every man hath business and desire,
 Such as it is,—and, for mine own poor part,
 Look you, I'll go pray 132

Hor These are but wild and whirling words,
 my lord
Ham I am sorry they offend you, heartily,
 Yes, faith, heartily

Hor There's no offence, my lord
Ham Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is,
 Horatio, 136

And much offence, too Touching this vision
 here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you,
 For your desire to know what is between us,
 O ermaster't as you may And now, good
 friends, 140

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
 Give me one poor request.

Hor What is't, my lord? we will.
Ham Never make known what you have
 seen to-night 144

Hor } My lord, we will not.
Mar }

Ham } Nay, but swear't
Hor } In faith,

My lord, not I.
Mar } Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham Upon my sword
Mar We have sworn, my lord, already

Ham Indeed, upon my sword, indeed 148
Ghos [Beneath] Swear

Ham Ah, ha, boy! sayst thou so? art thou
 there, true-penny?

112 Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellar-
 age,—

Consent to swear
Hor Propose the oath, my lord 152

Ham Never to speak of this that you have
 seen,

Swear by my sword
Ghost [Beneath] Swear

Ham *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our
 ground 156

Come hither, gentlemen,
 And lay your hands again upon my sword

Never to speak of this that you have heard,
 Swear by my sword 160

Ghost [Beneath] Swear
Ham Well said, old mole! canst work i' the
 earth so fast?

A worthy pioner! once more remove, good
 friends

Hor O day and night, but this is wondrous
 strange! 164

Ham And therefore as a stranger give it
 welcome

There are more things in heaven and earth,
 Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy
 But come, 168

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
 How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
 To put an antic disposition on, 172

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
 With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 As, 'Well, well, we know', or, 'We could, an if
 we would', 176

Or, 'If we list to speak', or, 'There be an if they
 might',

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
 That you know aught of me this not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
 Swear 180

Ghost [Beneath] Swear [They swear]
Ham Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentle-
 men,

With all my love I do commend me to you
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is 184

May do, to express his love and friending to you,
 God willing, shall not lack Let us go in to-
 gether,

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray
 The time is out of joint, O cursed spite, 188

That ever I was born to set it right!
 Nay, come, let's go together [Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I—A Room in POLONIUS' House

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO

Pol Give him this money and these notes,
 Reynaldo.

Rey I will, my lord.

Pol You shall do marvellous wisely, good
 Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour

Rey My lord, I did intend it

Pol Marry, well said, very well said Look
you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they
keep,

What company, at what expense, and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more
nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it
Take you, as twere, some distant knowledge of
him,

As thus, 'I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him', do you mark thus, Reynaldo?

Rey Ay, very well, my lord

Pol 'And, in part, him, but', you may say,
'not well

But if it be he I mean, he's very wild,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty

Rey As gaming, my lord?

Pol Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quar-
relling,

Drabbing, you may go so far

Rey My lord, that would dishonour him

Pol Faith, no, as you may season it in the
charge

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency
That's not my meaning, but breathe his faults
so quantly

That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unclaimed blood,
Of general assault

Rey But, my good lord,—

Pol Wherefore should you do this?

Rey Ay, my lord,

I would know that

Pol Marry, sir, here's my drift,

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant

You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence,

'Good sir', or so, or 'friend', or 'gentleman',
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country

Rey Very good, my lord

Pol And then, sir, does he thus,—he does,—
what was I about to say? By the mass I was
about to say something where did I leave?

Rey At 'closes in the consequence.'

At 'friend or so', and 'gentleman'

Pol At 'closes in the consequence', ay, marry,
He closes with you thus. 'I know the gentleman,

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then, with such, or such, and, as
you say,

There was a 'gaming, there o'ertook in's rouse,
There falling out at tennis', or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house of sale',
Videhæet, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now,
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth,
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey My lord, I have

Pol God be wi' you, fare you well.

Rey Good my lord!

Pol Observe his inclination in yourself

Rey I shall, my lord

Pol And let him ply his music

Rey Well, my lord

Pol Farewell! [Exit REYNALDO]

Enter OPHELIA

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph Alas! my lord, I have been so affrighted.

Pol With what, in the name of God?

Oph My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell

To speak of horrors, he comes before me

Pol Mad for thy love?

Oph My lord, I do not know,

But truly I do fear it

Pol What said he?

Oph He took me by the wrist and held me
hard,

Then goes he to the length of all his arm,

And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face

As he would draw it Long stay'd he so,

At last, a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and down,

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound

That it did seem to shatter all his bulk

And end his being That done, he lets me go,

And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,

For out o' doors he went without their help,

And to the last bended their light on me

Pol Come, go with me, I will go seek the
king

This is the very ecstasy of love,

Whose violent property fordoes itself

And leads the will to desperate undertakings

As oft as any passion under heaven

That does afflict our natures I am sorry

What! have you given him any hard words of
late?

Oph No, my good lord but, as you did com-
mand,

I did repeat his letters and denied

His access to me

Pol That hath made him mad
I am sorry that with better head and judgment
I had not quoted him, I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee, but, beshrew my
jealousy!¹¹³

By heaven it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions¹¹⁶
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king
This must be known, which, being kept close,
might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love
Come¹¹⁷ [Exeunt]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDEN-
STERN, and Attendants

King Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guil-
denstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation, so I call it,⁵
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put
him⁸

So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and
humour,¹²

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,¹⁶
Wher' aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy

Queen Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd
of you,

And sure I am two men there are not living²⁰
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,²⁴
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance

Ros Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty

Gul But we both obey,²⁹
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded³²

King Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guil-
denstern.

Queen Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle
Rosencrantz,

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go some of you,³⁶
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is

Gul Heavens make our presence, and our
practices

Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen Ay, amen!
[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and
some Attendants]

Enter POLONIUS

Pol The ambassadors from Norway, my
good lord,⁴⁰
Are joyfully return'd

King Thou still hast been the father of good
news

Pol Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good
liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,⁴⁴
Both to my God and to my gracious king
And I do think—or else thus brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do—that I have found⁴⁸
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy

King O! speak of that, that do I long to hear
Pol Give first admittance to the ambassa-
dors,

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast⁵²
King Thyself do grace to them, and bring
them in [Exit POLONIUS]

He tells me my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper

Queen I doubt it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage
King Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and
CORNELIUS

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Nor-
way?

Volt Most fair return of greetings, and de-
sires⁶⁰

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,⁶⁴
But, better look'd into, he truly found

It was against your highness wherewith griev'd,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence

Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests⁶⁸
On Fortinbras, which he, in brief obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,

Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,⁷²
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,

So levied as before, against the Polack,
With an entreaty, herein further shown,⁷⁶

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As thereon are set down. [Giving a paper]

King It likes us well,⁸⁰
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business

Meantime we thank you for your well-took
labour

Go to your rest, at night we'll feast together

Most welcome home

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS*]

Pol This business is well ended 85
My bege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time
Therefore, since brevity is the sou of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward
flourishes,

I will be brief Your noble son is mad 92
Mad call I it, for to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go

Queen More matter, with less art
Pol Madam, I swear I use no art at all 96
That he is mad, 'tis true, 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity tis tis true a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art
Mad let us grant him, then, and now remain
That we find out the cause of this effect, 101
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause,
Thus it remains and the remainder thus
Perpend 105

I have a daughter have while she is mine,
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this now, gather and surmise
*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most
beautified Ophelia* — 109

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase beautified'
is a vile phrase but you shall hear Thus
In her excellent white bosom, these, &c — 112

Queen Came this from Hamlet to her?
Pol Good madam, stay awhile, I will be
faithful

Doubt thou the stars are fire
Doubt that the sun doth move, 116
Doubt truth to be a liar
But never doubt I love

*O dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers I
have not art to reckon my groans but that I love
thee best O most best! believe it Adieu*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him,*

HAMLET

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me,
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear

King But how hath she 128
Receiv'd his love?

Pol What do you think of me?

King As of a man faithful and honourable

Pol I would fain prove so But what might
you think, 131

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book, 136
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight,
What might you think? No, I went round to
work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak 140

'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star,
This mus' not be and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens 144
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,
And he, repulsed,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness, 148
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wait for

King Do you think 'tis thus?

Queen It may be, very likely 152

Pol Hath there been such a time,—I d fain
know that,—

That I have positively said, "'Tis so',
When it prov'd otherwise?

King Not that I know

Pol Take this from this, if this be otherwise

[*Pointing to his head and shoulder*]

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre

King How may we try it further?

Pol You know sometimes he walks four
hours together 160

Here in the lobby

Queen So he does indeed

Pol At such a time I'll loose my daughter
to him,

Be you and I behind an arras then,
Mark the encounter, if he love her not, 164

And be not from his reason fallen thereon,

Let me be no assistant for a state,

But keep a farm, and carters

King We will try it

Queen But look, where sadly the poor wretch
comes reading 168

Pol Away! I do beseech you, both away

I'll board him presently

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and Attendants*]

Enter HAMLET, reading

O! give me leave

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham Well, God a-mercy 177

Pol Do you know me, my lord?

Ham Excellent well, you are a fishmonger

Pol Not I, my lord

Ham Then I would you were so honest a
man. 177

Pol Honest, my lord!

Ham Ay, sir, to be honest, as this world
goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thou-
sand 181

Pol That's very true, my lord.

Ham For if the sun breed maggots in a dead
dog, being a good kissing carrion,—Have you a
daughter? 185

Pol I have, my lord.

Ham Let her not walk i' the sun, conception
is a blessing, but not as your daughter may con-
ceive. Friend, look to't. 189

Pol [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still
harping on my daughter. yet he knew me not
at first, he said I was a fishmonger he is far

gone, far gone and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love, very near this I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my lord?

Ham Words, words, words 196

Pol What is the matter, my lord?

Ham Between who?

Pol I mean the matter that you read, my lord 200

Ham Slanders, sir, for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward 210

Pol [*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham Into my grave? 214

Pol Indeed that is out o' the air [*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you 222

Ham You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life, except my life, except my life

Pol Fare you well, my lord [*Going*]

Ham These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN

Pol You go to seek the Lord Hamlet: there he is 228

Ros [*To POLONIUS*] God save you, sir! [*Exit POLONIUS*]

Gul Mine honoured lord!

Ros My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both? 234

Ros As the indifferent children of the earth

Gul Happy in that we are not over happy, On Fortune's cap we are not the very button

Ham Nor the soles of her shoe? 238

Ros Neither, my lord

Ham Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours? 241

Gul Faith, her privates we

Ham In the secret parts of Fortune? O! most true, she is a strumpet. What news? 244

Ros None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest

Ham Then is doomsday near, but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Gul Prison, my lord! 252

Ham Denmark's a prison.

Ros Then is the world one.

Ham A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst 257

Ros We think not so, my lord

Ham Why, then, 'tis none to you, for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so to me it is a prison 261

Ros Why, then your ambition makes it one, 'tis too narrow for your mind

Ham O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams

Gul Which dreams, indeed, are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream 269

Ham A dream itself is but a shadow

Ros Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow 273

Ham Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason. 277

Ros We'll wait upon you

Gul No such matter, I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros To visit you, my lord, no other occasion 285

Ham Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks but I thank you and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come, deal justly with me, come, come, nay, speak

Gul What should we say, my lord? 292

Ham Why anything, but to the purpose. You were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good king and queen have sent for you 297

Ros To what end, my lord?

Ham That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no! 305

Ros [*Aside to GUILDENSTERN*] What say you?

Ham. [*Aside*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you. If you love me, hold not off 309

Gul My lord, we were sent for

Ham I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen mould no feather. I have of late,—but wherefore I know not,—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises, and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave overarching firmament

ment, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so 331

Ros My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts

Ham Why did you laugh then, when I said, 'man delights not me'? 335

Ros To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you we coted them on the way, and hither are they coming, to offer you service 340

Ham He that plays the king shall be welcome, his majesty shall have tribute of me, the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target, the lover shall not sigh gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace, the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere, and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for t What players are they? 349

Ros Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city

Ham How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways 354

Ros I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation

Ham Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed? 359

Ros No, indeed they are not

Ham How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace but there is, sir, an aery of children little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages,—so they call them,—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither 368

Ham What! are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession? 376

Ros Faith, there has been much to-do on both sides and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question. 381

Ham Is it possible?

Gul O! there has been much throwing about of brains 384

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros Ay, that they do, my lord, Hercules and his load too 387

Ham It is not very strange, for my uncle is King of Denmark and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out [Flourish of trumpets within]

Gul There are the players 395

Ham Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore Your hands comethen, the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players—which, I tell you, must show fairly outward—should more appear like entertainment than yours You are welcome but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived 404

Gul In what, my dear lord?

Ham I am but mad north-north-west when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw

Enter POLONIUS

Pol Well be with you, gentlemen! 408

Ham Hark you, Guildenstern and you too, at each ear a hearer that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts 411

Ros Happily he's the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child

Ham I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players, mark it You say right, sir, o Monday morning, 'twas so indeed 416

Pol My lord, I have news to tell you

Ham My lord, I have news to tell you When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol The actors are come hither, my lord

Ham Buzz, buzz! 421

Pol Upon my honour,—

Ham Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men

Ham O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou! 432

Pol What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham Why

One fair daughter and no more,

The which he loved passing well 436

Pol [Aside] Still on my daughter

Ham Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well 440

Ham Nay, that follows not

Pol What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

As by lot, God wot 444

And then, you know,

It came to pass, as most like it was —

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more, for look where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players

You are welcome, masters, welcome, all I am glad to see thee well welcome, good friends O, my old friend! Thy face is valanced since I saw thee last comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What! my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring Masters, you are all welcome We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see we'll have a speech straight Come, give us a taste of your quality, come, a passionate speech

First Play What speech, my good lord?

Ham I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted, or, if it was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million, twas caviare to the general but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine One speech in it I chiefly loved, 'twas Æneas tale to Dido, and thereof of it especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter If it live in your memory, begin at this line let me see, let me see —

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—
'tis not so, it begins with Pyrrhus —
The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arm,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse, 485
Hath now this dread and black complexion
smear'd

With heraldry more dismal head to foot
Now is he total gules, horribly trick'd 488
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their vile murders roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks

So proceed you

Pol 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Play Anon, he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls, 500
Repugnant to command Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear for lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head 508
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,

And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing 512
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder 516
Doth rend the region so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne, 520
With less remorse than Pyrrhus bleeding sword
Now fall's on Priam
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power 524
Break all the spokes and felloes from her wheel,
And bow! the round nave down the hull of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol This is too long

Ham It shall to the barber's, with your beard Prithee, say on he's for a jug or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps Say on, come to Hecuba

First Play But who, O! who had seen the mobled queen—

Ham The mobled queen?—

Pol That's good, mobled queen' is good

First Play Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames

With bisson rheum a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up 540
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced

But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs, 545
The instant burst of clamour that she made—
Unless things mortal move them not at all—
Would have made milch the burning eyes of
heaven, 548
And passion in the gods

Pol Look! wh'er he has not turned his colour and has tears in's eyes Prithee, no more

Ham 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live

Pol My lord, I will use them according to their desert

Ham God's bodikins, man, much better, use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty Take them in.

Pol Come, sirs.

Ham Follow him, friends we'll hear a play to-morrow [Exit POLONIUS, with all the Players but the First] Dost thou hear me, old friend, can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Play Ay, my lord

Ham We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could,

for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

First Play Ay, my lord. 576

Ham Very well. Follow that lord, and look you mock him not [*Exit First Player*] [*To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*] My good friends, I'll leave you till night, you are welcome to Elsinore 581

Ros Good my lord!

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*]

Ham Ay, so, God be wi' ye! Now I am alone
O' what a rogue and peasant slave am I 584
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit 587
That from her working all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in a' aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forns to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba! 592

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with
tears, 596

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears 600

Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing, no, not for a king, 604
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face? 608
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the
throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!

Swords, I should take it, for it cannot be 612
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless
villain! 617

O! vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd, 620
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,

A scullion! 624
Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain! I have
heard,

That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently 628
They have proclaim'd their malefactions,
For murder, though it have no tongue, will
speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father 632
Before mine uncle I'll observe his looks,
I'll tent him to the quick if he but blench
I know my course The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil and the devil hath power 636
To assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy—
As he is very potent with such spirits—
Abuses me to damn me I'll have grounds 640
More relative than this the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king
[*Exit*]

ACT III

SCENE I—A Room in the Castle

*Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA,
ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN*

King And can you, by no drift of circumstance,

Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy? 4

Ros He does confess he feels himself distracted,

But from what cause he will by no means speak
Gul Nor do we find him forward to be
sounded,

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof, 8
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state

Queen Did he receive you well?

Ros Most like a gentleman

Gul But with much forcing of his disposition 12

Ros Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply

Queen Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros Madam, it so fell out that certain
players 16

We over-raught on the way, of these we told
him,

And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order'd 20
This night to play before him.

Pol 'Tis most true,
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter

King With all my heart, and it doth much
content me 24

To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights

Ros We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

King Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither, 29
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.

Her father and myself, lawful espials, 32
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,

We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for

Queen I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness, so shall I hope your
virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours

Oph Madam, I wish it may
[*Exit QUEEN*]

Pol Ophelia, walk you here Gracious, so
please you,

We will bestow ourselves [*To OPHELIA.*] Read
on this book,

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness We are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er

The devil himself
King [*Aside*] O! 'tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth give my
conscience!

The harlot's cheek beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word
O heavy burden!

Pol I hear him coming, let's withdraw, my
lord
[*Exeunt KING and POLONIUS*]

Enter HAMLET

Ham To be, or not to be that is the ques-
tion

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die to sleep,
No more and, by a sleep to say we end
The heart ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd To die, to sleep,
To sleep perchance to dream ay, there's the
rub,

For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life,
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,

The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay, 72
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear, 76
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will, 80
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution 84
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action Soft you now! 88
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd

Oph Good my lord
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham I humbly thank you, well, well, well
Oph My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver,
I pray you, now receive them

Ham No, not I,
I never gave you aught

Oph My honour'd lord, you know right well
you did,

And, with them, words of so sweet breath
 compos'd

As made the things more rich their perfume
lost,

Take these again, for to the noble mind 100
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind
There, my lord

Ham Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph My lord! 104

Ham Are you fair?

Oph What means your lordship?

Ham That if you be honest and fair, your
honesty should admit no discourse to your
beauty 109

Oph Could beauty, my lord, have better com-
merce than with honesty?

Ham Ay, truly, for the power of beauty will
sooner transform honesty from what it is to a
bawd than the force of honesty can translate
beauty into his likeness this was sometime a
paradox, but now the time gives it proof I did
love thee once 117

Oph Indeed, my lord, you made me believe
so

Ham You should not have believed me, for
virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we
shall relish of it I loved you not

Oph I was the more deceived 123

Ham Get thee to a nunnery why wouldst
thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself
indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of
such things that it were better my mother had
not borne me I am very proud, revengeful,
ambitious, with more offences at my beck than
I have thoughts to put them in, imagination
to give them shape, or time to act them in
What should such fellows as I do crawling
between heaven and earth? We are arrant
knaves, all, believe none of us Go thy ways to
a nunnery Where's your father? 135

Oph At home, my lord

Ham Let the doors be shut upon him, that
he may play the fool nowhere but in his own
house Farewell.

Oph O! help him, you sweet heavens! 140

Ham If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this
plague for thy dowry be thou as chaste as ice,
as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny

Get thee to a nunnery go, farewell Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them To a nunnery, go, and quickly too Farewell 148

Oph O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham I have heard of your paintings too well enough, God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another you jig, you amble and you lisp, and mumble God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance Go to I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad I say, we will have no more marriages, those that are married already, all but one, shall live, the rest shall keep as they are To a nunnery, go [Exit]

Oph O! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword, 160

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched, 164
That suck'd the honey of his music's vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,
That unmatch'd form and feature of brown youth 168

Blasted with ecstasy O! woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS

King Love! his affections do not that way tend,

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little, 172

Was not like madness There's something in his soul

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose

Will be some danger, which for to prevent, 176
I have in quick determination

Thus set it down he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute

Haply the seas and countries different 180
With variable objects shall expel

This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself What think you on't?

Pol It shall do well but yet do I believe 185
The origin and commencement of his grief

Sprung from neglected love How now, Ophelia!

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all My lord, do as you please, 189

But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him

To show his griefs let her be round with him, 192
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear

Of all his conference If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where

Your wisdom best shall think.

King It shall be so 196
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go

[Exit.]

SCENE II — A Hall in the Castle

Enter HAMLET and certain Players

Ham Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently for in the very torrent, tempest, and—as I may say—whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness O! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a pass on to tatters, to very rags to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing Termagant, it out-herods Herod pray you, avoid it 17

First Play I warrant your honour

Ham Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature, for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure Now, thus overdone, or come tardy off thought make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve, the censure of which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others O! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably 40

First Play I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us

Ham O! reform it altogether And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered, that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it Go, make you ready [Exit] Players.

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work? 52

Pol And the queen too, and that presently

Ham Bid the players make haste

[Exit] POLONIUS.

Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros } We will, my lord. 56

Gul }
[Exit] ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ham What, ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO

Hor Here, sweet lord, at your service

Ham Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal 60

Hor O' my dear lord —

Ham Nay do not think I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor
be flatter'd? 64

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning Dost thou
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election 69
Hath seal'd thee for herself, for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards 72
Hast ta'en with equal thanks, and bless'd are
those

Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
mungled

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please Give me that
man 76

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay in my heart of heart,
As I do thee Something too much of this

There is a play to-night before the king, 80
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death

I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul 84
Observe mine uncle, if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul 88

As Vulcan's stithy Give him heedful note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming

Hor Well, my lord 92
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft

Ham They are coming to the play, I must
be idle

Get you a place 96

*Danish march A Flourish Enter KING, QUEEN,
POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDEN-
STERN, and Others*

King How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham Excellent, I' faith, of the chameleon's
dish I eat the air, promise-crammed, you can-
not feed capons so 100

King I have nothing with this answer, Ham-
let, these words are not mine

Ham No, nor mine now [To POLONIUS]
My lord, you played once i' the university, you
say? 105

Pol That did I, my lord, and was accounted
a good actor

Ham And what did you enact? 108

Pol I did enact Julius Cæsar I was killed
i' the Capitol, Brutus killed me

Ham It was a brute part of him to kill so
capital a calf there Be the players ready? 112

Ros Ay, my lord, they stay upon your
patience

Queen Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by
me 116

Ham No, good mother, here's metal more
attractive

Pol [To the KING] O ho! do you mark that?

Ham Lady, shall I lie in your lap? 120
[Lying down at OPHELIA's feet]

Oph No, my lord

Ham I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph Ay, my lord

Ham Dost thou think I meant country matters?

Oph I think nothing, my lord 125

Ham That's a fair thought to lie between
maids' legs

Oph What is my lord? 128

Ham Nothing

Oph You are merry, my lord

Ham Who, I?

Oph Ay, my lord 132

Ham O God, your only jig-maker What
should a man do but be merry? for, look you,
how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father
died within's two hours 136

Oph Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord

Ham So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear
black for I'll have a suit of sables O heavens!
die two months ago, and not forgotten yet?

Then there's a hope a great man's memory may
outlive his life half a year, but, by r lady, he
must build churches then, or else shall he suffer
not thinking on, with the hobby horse, whose
epitaph is, 'For, O' for, O' the hobby-horse is
forgot' 146

Hautboys play The dumb-show enters

*Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly the
Queen embracing him, and he her She kneels,
and makes show of protestation unto him
He takes her up, and declines his head upon
her neck lays him down upon a bank of
flowers she, seeing him asleep, leaves him
Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown,
kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears,
and exit The Queen returns, finds the King
dead, and makes passionate action The
Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes
in again, seeming to lament with her The
dead body is carried away The Poisoner
wooies the Queen with gifts, she seems loath
and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts
his love [Exeunt]*

Oph What means this, my lord? 149

Ham Marry, this is murther mallecho, it
means mischief

Oph Belike this show imports the argument
of the play

Enter Prologue

Ham We shall know by this fellow: the
players cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all 153

Oph Will he tell us what this show meant?
Ham Ay, or any show that you'll show
 him, be not you ashamed to show, he'll not
 shame to tell you what it means 157

Oph You are naught, you are naught I'll
 mark the play

Pro For us and for our tragedy, 160
 Here stooping to your clemency,
 We beg your hearing patiently

Ham Is this a prologue, or the posy of a
 ring? 164

Oph 'Tis brief, my lord.
Ham As woman's love

Enter two Players, King and Queen.

P King Full thirty times hath Phæbus' cart
 gone round 167

Neptune's salt wash and *Tellus'* orb'd ground,
 And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
 About the world have times twelve thirties been,
 Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
 Unite commutual in most sacred bands 172

P Queen So many journeys may the sun and
 moon

Make us again count o'er ere love be done!

But, woe is me! you are so sick of late, 175

So far from cheer and from your former state,

That I distrust you Yet, though I distrust,

Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must,

For women's fear and love holds quantity, 180

In neither ought, or in extremity

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know,

And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear

Where little fears grow great, great love grows

there 184

P King Faith, I must leave thee, love, and

shortly too

My operant powers their functions leave to do

And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,

Honour'd, lov'd, and haply one as kind 188

For husband shalt thou—

P Queen O! confound the rest

Such love must needs be treason in my breast

In second husband let me be accurst

None wed the second but who kill'd the first 192

Ham [Aside] Wormwood, wormwood

P Queen The instances that second marriage

move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love

A second time I kill my husband dead, 196

When second husband kisses me in bed

P King I do believe you think what now you

speak

But what we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory, 200

Of violent birth, but poor validity

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,

But fall unshaken when they mellow be

Most necessary 'tis that we forget 204

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt,

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose

The violence of either grief or joy 208

Their own enactures with themselves destroy,

Where joy most revels grief doth most lament,
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident
 This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange,
 That even our love should with our fortunes

change, 213

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove

Wher love lead fortune or else fortune love

The great man down, you mark his favourite

flies 216

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,

For who not needs shall never lack a friend

And who in want a hollow friend doth try 220

Directly seasons him his enemy

But, orderly to end where I begun,

Our wills and fates do so contravert run

That our devices still are overthrown, 224

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own

So think thou wilt no second husband wed,

But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead

P Queen Nor earth to me give food, nor

heaven light! 228

Sport and repose lock from me day and night!

To desperation turn my trust and hope!

An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!

Each opposite that blanks the face of joy 232

Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!

Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham If she should break it now! 236

P King 'Tis deeply sworn Sweet, leave me

here awhile

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

The tedious day with sleep [Sleeps]

P Queen Sleep rock thy brain

And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit]

Ham Madam, how like you this play? 241

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, me-

thinks.

Ham O! but she'll keep her word 244

King Have you heard the argument? Is

there no offence in't?

Ham No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest,

no offence i' the world 248

King What do you call the play?

Ham The Mouse-trap Marry, how? Tropi-

cally This play is the image of a murder

done in Vienna Gonzago is the duke's name,

his wife, Baptista You shall see anon, 'tis a

knavish piece of work but what of that? your

majesty and we that have free souls, it touches

us not let the galled jade wince, our withers are

unwring 257

Enter Player as Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph You are a good choros, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and

your love, if I could see the puppets dallying 261

Oph You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham It would cost you a groaning to take

off my edge 264

Oph Still better, and worse

Ham So you must take your husbands

Begin, murderer, pox, leave thy damnable

faces, and begin. Come, the croaking raven
doth bellow for revenge 269
*Luc Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit,
and time agreeing*
Confederate season, else no creature seeing
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property, 274
On wholesome life usurp immediately

[Pours the poison into the Sleeper's ears]
Ham He poisons him i' the garden for s
estate His name s Gonzago, the story is extant,
and writ in very choice Italian You shall see
anon how the murderer gets the love of Gon-
zago's wife 280

Oph The king rises
Ham What! frighted with false fire?
Queen How fares my lord?
Pol Give o'er the play 284
King Give me some light away!
All Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all except HAMLET and HORATIO]
Ham Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play, 288
For some must watch, while some must
sleep

So runs the world away
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, if
the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with
two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me
a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor Half a share
Ham A whole one, I 296
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself, and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock. 300

Hor You might have rimed
Ham O good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's
word for a thousand pound Didst perceive?

Hor Very well, my lord 304
Ham Upon the talk of the poisoning?
Hor I did very well note him.

Ham Ah, ha! Come, some music! come,
the recorders! 308

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, behke he likes it not, perdy
Come, some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN
Gul Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word
with you 313

Ham Sir, a whole history
Gul The king, sir,—

Ham Ay, sir, what of him? 316
Gul Is in his retirement marvellous dis-

tempered
Ham With drink, sir?

Gul No, my lord, rather with choler 320
Ham Your wisdom should show itself more

richer to signify this to his doctor, for, for me
to put him to his purgation would perhaps
plunge him into far more choler 324

Gul Good my lord, put your discourse into
some frame, and start not so wildly from my
affair

Ham I am tame, sir, pronounce 328
Gul The queen, your mother, in most great
affection of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham You are welcome 331
Gul Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is
not of the right breed If it shall please you
to make me a wholesome answer, I will do
your mother's commandment, if not, your
pardon and my return shall be the end of my
business 337

Ham Sir, I cannot
Gul What, my lord?

Ham Make you a wholesome answer, my
wn't's diseased, but, sir, such answer as I can
make, you shall command, or, rather, as you
say, my mother therefore no more, but to the
matter my mother, you say,— 344

Ros Then, thus she says your behaviour hath
struck her into amazement and admiration

Ham O wonderful son, that can so astonish
a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels
of this mother's admiration? Impart 349

Ros She desires to speak with you in her
closet ere you go to bed

Ham We shall obey, were she ten times our
mother Have you any further trade with us?

Ros My lord, you once did love me
Ham So I do still, by these pickers and
stealers 356

Ros Good my lord, what is your cause of
distemper? you do surely bar the door upon
your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your
friend 360

Ham Sir, I lack advancement
Ros How can that be when you have the
voice of the king himself for your succession in
Denmark? 364

Ham Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows',—
the proverb is something musty

Enter Players, with recorders

O! the recorders let me see one To withdraw
with you why do you go about to recover the
wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Gul O! my lord, if my duty be too bold, my
love is too unmannerly

Ham I do not well understand that. Will
you play upon this pipe? 373

Gul My lord, I cannot.
Ham I pray you

Gul Believe me, I cannot. 376
Ham I do beseech you.

Gul I know no touch of it, my lord

Ham 'Tis as easy as lying, govern these
ventages with your finger and thumb, give it
breath with your mouth, and it will discourse
most eloquent music Look you, these are the
stops

Gul But these cannot I command to any
utterance of harmony, I have not the skill 385

Ham Why, look you now, how unworthy a
thing you make of me You would play upon
me, you would seem to know my stops, you
would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you
would sound me from my lowest note to the top
of my compass, and there is much music, ex-

cellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me

396

Enter POLONIUS

God bless you, sir!

Pol My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently

Ham Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol It is backed like a weasel.

404

Ham Or like a whale?

Pol Very like a whale

Ham Then I will come to my mother by and by. [*Aside*] They fool me to the top of my bent. [*Aloud*] I will come by and by

409

Pol I will say so

[*Exit*]

Ham By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night, When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother

416

O heart! lose not thy nature, let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom, Let me be cruel, not unnatural,

420

I will speak daggers to her, but use none,

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites,

How in my words soever she be shent, To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit*]

SCENE III—A Room in the Castle

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN

King I like him not, nor stands it safe with us To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you, I your commission will forthwith dispatch, And he to England shall along with you. The terms of our estate may not endure Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow Out of his lunacies

Gul We will ourselves provide Most holy and religious fear it is

8

To keep those many many bodies safe

That live and feed upon your majesty

Ros The single and peculiar life is bound With all the strength and armour of the mind

To keep itself from noyance, but much more

13

That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest

The lives of many. The cease of majesty

Does not alone, but, like a gulf doth draw

16

What's near it with it, it is a massy wheel,

Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things

Are mortis'd and adjoin'd, which, when it

falls,

20

Each small annexment, petty consequence,

Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage,

24

For we will fetters put upon this fear,

Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros }

Gul }

We will haste us

Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN

Enter POLONIUS

Pol My lord, he's going to his mother's closet

Behind the arras I'll convey myself

28

To hear the process, I'll warrant she'll tax him

home,

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,

'Tis meet that some more audience than a

mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-

hear

32

This speech, of vantage Fare you well, my liege

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed

And tell you what I know

King

Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven,

36

It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,

A brother's murder! Pray can I not,

Though inclination be as sharp as will

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,

40

And, like a man to double business bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect. What if this cursed hand

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,

44

Is there not ram enough in the sweet heavens

To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves

mercy

But to confront the visage of offence?

And what's in prayer but this two-fold force, 48

To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,

Or pardon'd, being down? Then, I'll look up;

My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer

Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder'?

52

That cannot be, since I am still possess'd

Of those effects for which I did the murder,

My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.

May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?

56

In the corrupted currents of this world

Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,

And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself

Buys out the law, but 'tis not so above,

60

There is no shuffling, there the action lies

In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults

To give in evidence. What then? what rests?

Try what repentance can. What can it not?

65

Yet what can it, when one can repent?

O wretched state! O bosom black as death!

O limed soul, that struggling to be free

68

Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay,

Bow, stubborn knees, and heart with strings of

steel

Be soft as snaws of the new-born babe.

All may be well. [*Retires and kneels*]

Enter HAMLET

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't and so he goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd
A villain kills my father, and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knows save
heaven?

But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid
hent,

When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays
Thus physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit]

The KING rises and advances

King My words fly up, my thoughts remain
below
Words without thoughts never to heaven go [Exit]

SCENE IV —The QUEEN's Apartment

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay
home to him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear
with.
And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood
between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here. 4
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [Within.] Mother, mother, mother!
Queen. I'll warrant you,
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming
POLONIUS hides behind the arras
Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter? 8
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much
offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much
offended

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle
tongue

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked
tongue 12

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so

You are the queen, your husband's brother's
wife,

And,—would it were not so!—you are my
mother 16

Queen. Nay then, I'll set those to you that
can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down, you
shall not budge,

You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you 20

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not
murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [Behind.] What, ho! help! help! help!

Ham. [Draws.] How now! a rat? Dead, for
a ducat, dead!

[Makes a pass through the arras
Pol. [Behind.] O! I am slain. 24

Queen. O me! what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not 'tis it the king?

Queen. O! what a rash and bloody deed is
this!

Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good
mother, 28

As kill a king, and marry with his brother

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word
[Lifts up the arras and discovers POLONIUS
[To POLONIUS.] Thou wretched, rash, intruding
fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better take thy fortune, 32
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger

Leave wringing of your hands peace! sit you
down,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
if it be made of penetrable stuff, 36

If damned custom have not brass'd it so

That it is proof and bulwark against sense

Queen. What have I done that thou dar'st
wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act 40
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths, O! such a deed 45

As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words, heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass, 49

With trustful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act

Queen. Ay me! what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
this; 53

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers
See, what a grace was seated on this brow,
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself, 56

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,
A combination and a form indeed, 60

Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man
This was your husband look you now, what
follows.

Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear, 64
Blasting his wholesome brother Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age 68
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment, and what judgment

Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion, but sure, that sense 72

Is apoplex'd, for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice, 75
To serve in such a difference What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense 80
Could not so mope

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebelious hell.
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax, 84
And melt in her own fire proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will

Queen O Hamlet! speak no more,
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul, 89
And there I see much black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct

Ham Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed, 92
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—

Queen. O! speak to me no more,
These words like daggers enter in mine ears,
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham A murderer, and a villain,
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe 97
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings,
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole, 100
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings.
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure? 104

Queen. Alas! he's mad!

Ham Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O! say

Ghost Do not forget this visitation 109
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits,
O! step between her and her fighting soul, 112
Concert in weakest bodies strongest works
Speak to her, Hamlet

Ham How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy 116
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrescences, 120
Starts up and stands an end O gentle son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience Whereon do you look?

Ham On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares! 124

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

Would make them capable Do not look upon me,

Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects then what I have to do 128
Will want true colour, tears perchance for blood

Queen To whom do you speak this?

Ham Do you see nothing there?

Queen Nothing at all, yet all that is I see

Ham Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen No, nothing but ourselves

Ham Why, look you there! look, how it steals away, 133

My father, in his habit as he liv'd,
Look! where he goes, even now, out at the portal

Queen This is the very coinage of your brain 136

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

Ham Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness 141

That I have utter'd bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul, 145
That not your trespass but my madness speaks,
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within, 148
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue, 152

For in the fatness of these pursy times

Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,

Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain. 156

Ham. O! throw away the worse part of it,
And live the purer with the other half
Good night, but go not to mine uncle's bed,
Assume a virtue, if you have it not. 160

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery, 164

That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence, the next more easy,
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,

And master ev'n the devil or throw him out 169
With wondrous potency Once more, good-
night

And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord, 172

[Pointing to POLONIUS]

I do repent but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and thus with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister
I will bestow him, and will answer well 176
The death I gave him So, again, good-night.
I must be cruel only to be kind
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady

Queen What shall I do? 180

Ham Not this, by no means, that I bid you do
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse,
And let him for a pair of reechy kisses, 184
Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him
know, 188

For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy, 192

Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down 196

Queen Be thou assur'd, if words be made of
breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me

Ham I must to England, you know that? 198

Queen Alack!

I had forgot 'tis so concluded on 201
Ham There's letters seal'd, and my two
schoolfellows,

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate, they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery Let it work, 205
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar and it shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines 208
And blow them at the moon O 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.

This man shall set me packing,
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room 212
Mother, good-night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you. 216
Good-night, mother

[Exeunt severally, HAMLET dragging in
the body of POLONIUS.]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and
GUILDENSTERN

King There's matter in these sighs, these
profound heaves

You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen [To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDEN-
STERN] Bestow this place on us a little
while 4

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN]

Ah! my good lord, what have I seen to-night.

King What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen Mad as the sea and wind, when both
contend

Which is the mightier In his lawless fit, 8
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat! a rat!'
And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King O heavy deed! 12

It had been so with us had we been there
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence 17
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of
haunt,

This mad young man but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit, 20
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life Where is he gone?

Queen To draw apart the body he hath
kull'd, 24

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure he weeps for what is done

King O Gertrude! come away 28

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
But we will ship him hence and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse Ho! Guilden-
stern! 32

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN

Friends both, go join you with some further aid
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd
him

Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
into the chapel I pray you, haste in this 37

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN]
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done so, haply, slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, 41
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our
name,

And hit the woundless air O! come away, 44
My soul is full of discord and dismay [Exeunt]

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same

Enter HAMLET

Ham Safely stowed.

Ros } [Within] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Gul }
Ham What noise? who calls on Hamlet?
O! here they come 4

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN

Ros What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham Do not believe it.

Ros Believe what?

Ham That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end he keeps them like an ape, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again

Ros I understand you not, my lord.

Ham I am glad of it a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear

Ros My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king

Ham The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Gul A thing, my lord!

Ham Of nothing bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after

Ham. At supper

King At supper! Where?

Ham Not where he eats, but where he is eaten a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table that's the end

King Alas, alas!

Ham A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King What dost thou mean by this?

Ham Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar

King Where is Polonius?

Ham In heaven, send thither to see if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby

King [To some Attendants] Go seek him there

Ham He will stay till you come

[Exeunt Attendants]

King Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,

Which we do tender, as we deeply grieve For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence

With fiery quickness therefore prepare thyself, The bark is ready, and the wind at help The associates tend, and every thing is bent For England.

Ham For England!

King Ay, Hamlet

Ham Good

King So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes

Ham I see a cherub that sees them But, come, for England! Farewell, dear mother

King Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham My mother father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother Come, for England!

King Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.

Away! for every thing is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair pray you, make haste

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN]

And England if my love thou hold'st at aught,—

As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Danish sword, and thy free awe

Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set

Our sovereign process, which imports at full,

By letters conjuring to that effect,

The present death of Hamlet Do it, England,

For like the hectic in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me Till I know 'tis done,

Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

[Exit.]

SCENE III —Another Room in the Same

Enter KING, attended

King I have sent to seek him, and to find the body

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him

He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes,

And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,

But never the offence To bear all smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem

Deliberate pause diseases desperate grown

By desperate apphance are reliev'd,

Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ

How now! what hath befall'n?

Ros Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,

We cannot get from him.

King But where is he?

Ros Without, my lord, guarded, to know your pleasure

King Bring him before us.

Ros Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN

King Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

SCENE IV — *A Plain in Denmark*

Enter FORTINBRAS, a Captain, and Soldiers, marching

For Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king,
Tell him that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so

Cap I will do't, my lord.

For Go softly on.

[*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Soldiers*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c

Ham Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap They are of Norway, sir

Ham How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

Cap Against some part of Poland.

Ham Who commands them, sir?

Cap The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras

Ham Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,

Or for some frontier?

Cap Truly to speak, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground

That hath in it no profit but the name

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it

Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee

Ham Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without

Why the man dies I humbly thank you, sir

Cap God be wi' you, sir

Ros Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham I'll be with you straight Go a little before

[*Exeunt all except HAMLET*]

How all occasions do inform against me,

And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,

If his chief good and market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.

Sure he that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and god-like reason

To fust in us unus'd Now, where't it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on the event,

A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part

wisdom,

And ever three parts coward, I do not know

Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do',

44 Sith I have cause and will and strength and

means

To do't Examples gross as earth exhort me

Witness this army of such mass and charge

Led by a delicate and tender prince,

Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd

Makes mouths at the invisible event,

Exposing what is mortal and unsure

To all that fortune, death and danger dare,

52 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great

Is not to stir without great argument,

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw

When honour's at the stake How stand I then,

That have a father kill'd, a mother stam'd,

57 Excitements of my reason and my blood,

And let all sleep, while, to my shame, I see

The imminent death of twenty thousand men,

8 That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,

61 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot

Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,

Which is not tomb enough and continent

64 To hide the slain? O! from this time forth,

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[*Exit*]

SCENE V — *Elsinore A Room in the Castle*

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, and a Gentleman.

Queen I will not speak with her

Gent She is importunate, indeed distract

Her mood will needs be pitied

Queen What would she have?

Gent She speaks much of her father, says

she hears

There's tricks i' the world, and hems, and beats

her heart,

Spurns unavailingly at straws, speaks things in

doubt,

That carry but half sense her speech is nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

8 The hearers to collection, they aim at it,

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,

Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures

yield them,

Indeed would make one think there might be

thought,

12 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily

Hor 'Twere good she were spoken with, for

she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds

Queen Let her come in [*Exit Gentleman.*]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,

17 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,

It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Gentleman, with OPHELIA

Oph Where is the beauteous majesty of

Denmark?

Queen How now, Ophelia!

Oph How should I your true love know

From another one?

24 By his cockle hat and staff,

And his sandal shoon.

Queen Alas! sweet lady, what imports this

song?

Oph Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

28 He is dead and gone, lady

He is dead and gone

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

32

O, ho!

Queen Nay, but Ophelia,—*Oph* Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,— 36

*Enter KING**Queen* Alas! look here, my lord.*Oph* Larded with sweet flowers
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true love showers 40*King* How do you, pretty lady?*Oph* Well, God ild you! They say the owl
was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what
we are, but know not what we may be. God be
at your table! 45*King* Conceit upon her father*Oph* Pray you, let's have no words of this, but
when they ask you what it means, say you thisTo-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
All in the morning betime
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine
Then up he rose and down'd his clothes,
And down'd the chamber door
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more. 56*King* Pretty Ophelia!*Oph* Indeed, la! without an oath, I'll make
an end on'tBy Gis and by Saint Charity
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't if they come to't
By Cock they are to blame
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed
So would I ha' done by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed. 64*King* How long hath she been thus? 67*Oph* I hope all will be well. We must be
patient but I cannot choose but weep, to think
they should lay him in the cold ground. My
brother shall know of it and so I thank you
for your good counsel. Come my coach! Good-
night, ladies, good-night, sweet ladies, good-
night, good-night. [Exit] 76*King* Follow her close, give her good watch,
I pray you. [Exit HORATIO]O! this is the poison of deep grief, it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Ger-
trude!When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain,
Next, your son gone, but he most violent
author 80Of his own just remove the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and
whispers,For good Polonius' death, and we have done
but greenly,In hugger-mugger to inter him poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment, 85
Without the which we are pictures, or mere
beastsLast, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France, 88
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death,
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd, 92
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude! this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [A noise within.]*Queen*

Alack! what noise is this?

*Enter a Gentleman.**King* Where are my Switzers? Let them
guard the door 97
What is the matter?*Gen*Save yourself, my lord,
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, 101
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him
lord,And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known, 104
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, 'Choose we, Laertes shall be king!'
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the
clouds,

Laertes shall be king, Laertes king! 108

Queen How cheerfully on the false trail they
cry!

O! this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

King The doors are broke [Noise within.]*Enter LAERTES, armed Danes following**Laer* Where is the king? Sirs, stand you all
without 112*Danes* No, let's come in.*Laer* I pray you, give me leave.*Danes* We will, we will

[They retire without the door]

Laer I thank you keep the door. O thou
vile king!

Give me my father

Queen Calmly, good Laertes 116*Laer* That drop of blood that's calm pro-
claims me bastard,Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother*King*

What is the cause, Laertes,

That thy rebellion looks so giant-like? 121

Let him go, Gertrude, do not fear our person

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes, 125

Why thou art thus incens'd. Let him go, Ger-
trude.

Speak, man.

Laer Where is my father?*King* Dead.*Queen* But not by him*King* Let him demand his fill. 128*Laer* How came he dead? I'll not be juggled
withTo hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand, 132
That both the worlds I give to negligence,

Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father

King Who shall stay you?
Laer My will, not all the world 136
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your
revenge, 140
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and
foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer None but his enemies.
King Will you know them then?
Laer To his good friends thus wide I'll open
my arms, 144

And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repeat them with my blood.

King Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman
That I am guiltless of your father's death, 148
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye

Danes [Within] Let her come in.
Laer How now! what noise is that? 152

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia! 157
O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine 160
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves

Oph. They bore him barefaced on the bier
Hey non nonny nonny hey nonny 164
And in his grave rain'd many a tear —

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer Hadst thou thy wits, and didst per-
suade revenge,
It could not move thus 168

Oph You must sing, a-down a-down,
And you call him a-down-a.

O how the wheel becomes it! It is the false
steward that stole his master's daughter 172

Laer This nothing's more than matter

Oph There's rosemary, that's for remem-
brance, pray, love, remember and there is
pansies, that's for thoughts 176

Laer A document in madness, thoughts and
remembrance fitted

Oph There's fennel for you, and columbines,
there's rue for you, and here's some for me,
we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. O! you
must wear your rue with a difference. There's a
daisy, I would give you some violets, but they
withered all when my father died. They say he
made a good end, — 185

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy

Laer Thought and affliction, passion, hell
itself,

She turns to favour and to prettiness 188

Oph And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No no he is dead 192
Go to thy death bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow
All flaxen was his poll,
He is gone he is gone 196
And we cast away moan
God ha mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God God be
w' ye! [Exit] 201

Laer Do you see this, O God?
King Laertes, I must common with your
grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you
will, 204
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and
me

If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours, 208
To you in satisfaction, but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content

Laer Let this be so 212
His means of death, his obscure burial,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King So you shall, 217
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you go with me [Exeunt]

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Same

Enter HORATIO and a Servant

Hor What are they that would speak with
me?

Serv Sailors, sir they say, they have letters
for you

Hor Let them come in [Exit Servant].
I do not know from what part of the world 4
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet

Enter Sailors

First Sail God bless you, sir

Hor Let him bless thee too

Sec Sail He shall, sir, an't please him
There's a letter for you, sir,—it comes from
the ambassador that was bound for England,—
if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know
it is 12

Hor Horatio, when thou shalt have over-
looked this, give these fellows some means to the
king they have letters for him. Ere we were
two days old at sea, a pirate of very war-like
appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves
too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour,
in the grapple I boarded them on the instant
they got clear of our ship, so I alone became

their prisoner They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did I am to do a good turn for them Let the king have the letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter These good fellows will bring thee where I am Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England of them I have much to tell thee Farewell

He that thou knowest thine 32

HAMLET

Come, I will give you way for these your letters, And do't the speedier, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the Same

Enter KING and LAERTES

King Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend, Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear, That he which hath your noble father slain 4 Pursu'd my life

Laer It well appears but tell me Why you proceeded not against these feats, So crimeful and so capital in nature, As by your safety, wisdom, all things else, 8 You mainly were stirr'd up

King O! for two special reasons, Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsnew'd, But yet to me they are strong The queen his mother

Lives almost by his looks, and for myself,— 12 My virtue or my plague, be it either which,— She's so conjunctive to my life and soul, That as the star moves not but in his sphere, I could not but by her The other motive, 16 Why to a public count I might not go, Is the great love the general gender bear him, Who, dipping all his faults in their affection, Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone, 20

Convert his gyves to graces, so that my arrows, Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind, Would have reverted to my bow again, And not where I had aim'd them. 24

Laer And so have I a noble father lost, A sister driven into desperate terms, Whose worth, if praises may go back again, Stood challenger on mount of all the age 28 For her perfections But my revenge will come

King Break not your sleeps for that, you must not think

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull That we can let our beard be shook with danger And think it pastime You shortly shall hear more, 33

I lov'd your father, and we love ourself, And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

Enter a Messenger

How now! what news?

Mess Letters, my lord, from Hamlet This to your majesty, this to the queen 37 King From Hamlet who brought them?

Mess Sailors, my lord, they say, I saw them not

They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them 40

Of him that brought them.

King Laertes, you shall hear them Leave us [Exit Messenger]

High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return HAMLET

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back? 49

Or is it some abuse and no such thing?

Laer Know you the hand?

King 'Tis Hamlet's character 'Naked', And in a postscript here, he says, 'alone 52 Can you advise me?

Laer I'm lost in it, my lord But let him come

It warms the very sickness in my heart, That I shall live and tell him to his teeth, 56 'Thus diddest thou'

King If it be so, Laertes,

As how should it be so? how otherwise?

Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer Ay, my lord,

So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace 60

King To thine own peace If he be now return'd,

As checking at his voyage and that he means No more to undertake it, I will work him To an exploit, now ripe in my device, 64 Under the which he shall not choose but fall, And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe, But even his mother shall uncharge the practice And call it accident

Laer My lord, I will be rul'd, 68

The rather, if you could devise it so

That I might be the organ.

King It falls right.

You have been talk'd of since your travel much, And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality 72 Wherein, they say, you shine, your sum of parts Did not together pluck such envy from him As did that one, and that, in my regard, Of the unworthiest siege

Laer What part is that, my lord? 76

King A very riband in the cap of youth, Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes The light and careless livery that it wears Than settled age his sables and his weeds, 80 Importing health and graveness. Two months since

Here was a gentleman of Normandy—

I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French, And they can well on horseback, but this gallant 84

Had witchcraft in't, he grew into his seat, And to such wondrous doing brought his horse, As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd

With the brave beast, so far he topp'd my
thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer A Norman was't?

King A Norman.

Laer Upon my life, Lamord.

King The very same

Laer I know him well, he is the brooch
indeed

And gem of all the nation

King He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report

For art and exercise in your defence,

And for your rapier most especially,

That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed

If one could match you, the scimmers of their

nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,

If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his

Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy

That he could nothing do but wish and beg

Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.

Now, out of this,—

Laer What out of this, my lord?

King Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,

A face without a heart?

Laer Why ask you this?

King Not that I think you did not love your

father,

But that I know love is begun by time,

And that I see, in passages of proof,

Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.

There lives within the very flame of love

A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,

And nothing is at a like goodness still,

For goodness, growing to a plumsy,

Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,

We should do when we would, for this 'would'

changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many

As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,

And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,

That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the

ulcer,

Hamlet comes back what would you undertake

To show yourself your father's son in deed

More than in words?

Laer To cut his throat i' the church

King No place, indeed, should murder sanc-

tuarize,

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good

Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your chamber

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home,

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,

And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you, bring you, in fine,

together,

And wager on your heads he, being remiss,

Most generous and free from all contriving,

Will not peruse the foils, so that, with ease

Or with a little shuffling, you may choose

A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice

Requite him for your father

Laer

I will do't,

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.

I bought an unction of a mountebank,

So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,

Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,

Collected from all simples that have virtue

Under the moon, can save the thing from death

That is but scratch'd withal, I'll touch my point

With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,

It may be death.

King

Let's further think of this,

Weigh what convenience both of time and

means

May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,

And that our drift look through our bad per-

formance

'Twere better not assay'd, therefore this project

Should have a back or second, that might hold,

If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me see,

We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning

I ha't

When in your motion you are hot and dry,—

As make your bouts more violent to that end,—

And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd

him

A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,

If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,

Our purpose may hold there. But stay! what

noise?

Enter QUEEN

How now, sweet queen!

Queen One woe doth tread upon another's

heel,

So fast they follow your sister's drown'd,

Laertes

Laer Drown'd! O, where?

Queen There is a willow grows aslant a

brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream,

There with fantastic garlands did she come,

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long

purples,

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,

But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call

them

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds

Clambering to hang, an envious siver broke,

When down her weedy trophies and herself

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread

wide,

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up,

Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,

As one incapable of her own distress,

Or like a creature native and indu'd

Unto that element, but long it could not be

Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,

Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay

To muddy death

Laer.

Alas! then, she is drown'd?

Queen

Drown'd,

Laer

Too much of water hast thou, poor

Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears, but yet

It is our trick, nature her custom holds,

Let shame say what it will, when these are gone

The woman will be out. Adieu my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that thus folly douts it. [Exit King]
Let's follow, Gertrude
How much I had to do to calm his rage! 193
Now fear I thus will give it start again.
Therefore let's follow. [Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I — A Churchyard

Enter two Clowns, with spades and mattock

First Clo Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Sec Clo I tell thee she is, and therefore make her grave straight the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial 5

First Clo How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Sec Clo Why, 'tis found so

First Clo It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else. For here lies the point if I drown myself wittingly it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is, to act, to do, and to perform. argal, she drowned herself wittingly

Sec Clo Nay, but hear you, Goodman delver—

First Clo Give me leave. Here lies the water, good here stands the man, good if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, mark you that? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself. argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life 21

Sec Clo But is this law?

First Clo Ay, marry, is't, crowner's quest law 24

Sec Clo Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman she should have been buried out o' Christian burial 27

First Clo Why, there thou sayest, and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers, they hold up Adam's profession. 34

Sec Clo Was he a gentleman?

First Clo A' was the first that ever bore arms

Sec Clo Why, he had none 37

First Clo What! art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged, could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec Clo Go to 43

First Clo What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Sec Clo The gallows-maker, for that frame outlives a thousand tenants 48

First Clo I like thy wit well, in good faith, the gallows does well, but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill, now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church. argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

Sec Clo Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter? 56

First Clo Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec Clo Marry, now I can tell.

First Clo To t

Sec Clo Mass, I cannot tell. 60

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO at a distance

First Clo Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating, and, when you are asked this question next, say, 'a grave-maker' the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, fetch me a stoup of liquor

[Exit Second Clown]

First Clown digs, and sings

In youth, when I did love did love

Methought it was very sweet,

To contract, O! the time for a my behave, 68

O! methought there was nothing meet

Ham Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making? 72

Hor Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness

Ham 'Tis e'en so, the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense 76

First Clo

But age, with his stealing steps,

Hath claw'd me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me unti the land,

As if I had never been such. 80

[Throws up a skull]

Ham That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-offices, one that would circumvent God, might it not? 86

Hor It might, my lord.

Ham Or of a courtier, which could say, 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that praised my Lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not? 92

Hor Ay, my lord.

Ham Why, e'en so, and now my Lady Worm's, chapless, and knocked about the mazard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

First Clo

A pick-axe, and a spade a spade, 100

For and a shrouding sheet

O! a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another skull]

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his re-

cognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyance of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha? 120

Hor Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham Is not parchment made of sheep-skims?

Hor Ay, my lord, and of calf-skims too 123

Ham They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sir?

First Clo Mine, sir,

O! a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet. 128

Ham I think it be thine, indeed, for thou hast in't.

First Clo You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours, for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine 134

Ham Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest

First Clo 'Tis a quick lie, sir, 'twill away again, from me to you

Ham What man dost thou dig it for? 140

First Clo For no man, sir

Ham What woman, then?

First Clo For none, neither

Ham Who is to be buried in't? 144

First Clo One that was a woman, sir, but, rest her soul, she's dead

Ham How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker? 153

First Clo Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras. 156

Ham How long is that since?

First Clo Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that, it was the very day that young Hamlet was born, he that is mad, and sent into England 161

Ham Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

First Clo Why, because he was mad, he shall recover his wits there, or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there. 166

Ham Why?

First Clo 'Twill not be seen in him there, there the men are as mad as he. 169

Ham How came he mad?

First Clo Very strangely, they say

Ham How strangely?

First Clo Faith, e'en with losing his wits. 172

Ham Upon what ground?

First Clo Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years. 176

Ham How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clo Faith, if he be not rotten before he die,—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,—he will last you some eight year or nine year, a tanner will last you nine year

Ham Why he more than another? 184

First Clo Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now, this skull hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years 190

Ham Whose was it?

First Clo A whoreson mad fellow's it was whose do you think it was?

Ham Nay, I know not 194

First Clo A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester

Ham This!

First Clo E'en that 200

Ham Let me see —[*Takes the skull*]—Alas! poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his back a thousand times, and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chapfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come, make her laugh at that. Prithce, Horatio, tell me one thing

Hor What's that my lord? 216

Ham Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor E'en so

Ham And smelt so? pah! 220

----- [*Puts down the skull*]

Hor E'en so, my lord

Ham To what base uses we may return Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole? 225

Hor 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so

Ham No, faith, not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it, as thus. Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Impetuous Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away 236

O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw. But soft! but soft! aside here comes the king

Enter Priests, &c, in procession the Corpse of
OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following,
KING, QUEEN, their Traus, &c

The queen, the courtiers who is that they follow?
240

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life, 'twas of some estate
Couch we awhile, and mark 244

[Retiring with HORATIO

Laer What ceremony else?

Ham That is Laertes,

A very noble youth mark

Laer What ceremony else?

First Priest Her obsequies have been as far
enlarg'd 248

As we have warrantise her death was doubtful,
And, but that great command o'ersways the

order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet, for charitable prayers, 252

Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on
her,

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home

Of bell and burial 256

Laer Must there no more be done?

First Priest No more be done
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her

As to peace-parted souls

Laer Lay her i' the earth, 260
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churchly priest,

A murthering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling

Ham What! the fair Ophelia? 264

Queen Sweets to the sweet farewell!
[Scattering flowers

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's
wife,

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet
maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave

Laer O! treble woe 268
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense

Depriv'd thee of Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms

[Leaps into the grave
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made, 274

To o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham [Advancing] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sor-

row 277
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them
stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane [Leaps into the grave

Laer The devil take thy soul! 280
[Grapples with ham.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat,
For though I am not splenetic and rash
Yet have I in me something dangerous, 284
Which let thy wisdom fear Away thy hand!

King Pluck them asunder

Queen Hamlet! Hamlet!

All Gentlemen,—

Hor Good my lord, be quiet
[The Attendants part them, and they
come out of the grave

Ham Why, I will fight with him upon this
theme 288

Until my eyelids will no longer wag

Queen O my son! what theme?

Ham I lov'd Ophelia forty thousand bro-
thers

Could not, with all their quantity of love, 292
Make up my sum What wilt thou do for her?

King O! he is mad, Laertes

Queen For love of God, forbear him

Ham 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't

tear thyself? 297
Woo't drink up esel? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave? 300

Be buried quick with her, and so will I
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone, 304

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou

Queen This is mere madness
And thus a while the fit will work on him,
Anon, as patient as the female dove, 308

When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping

Ham Hear you, sir,
What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever but it is no matter, 312
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day

King I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon
him. [Exit HORATIO

[To LAERTES] Strengthen your patience in our
last night's speech, 316

We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.

This grave shall have a living monument
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see 320

Till then, in patience our proceeding be
[Exeunt

SCENE II — A Hall in the Castle

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO

Ham So much for this, sir now shall you
see the other,

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor Remember it, my lord?

Ham Sir, in my heart there was a kind of
fighting 4

That would not let me sleep, methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bulboes Rashly,—
And prais'd be rashness for it, let us know,

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall, and that should
teach us

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will

Hor That is most certain

Ham Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them, had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again, making so bold—
My fears forgetting manners—to unseal
Their grand commission, where I found,

Horatio,

O royal knavery! an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons
Importing Denmark's health, and England's
too,

With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grudging of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor Is't possible?

Ham Here's the commission read it at more
leisure

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hor I beseech you.

Ham Being thus be-netted round with vil-
lanes,—

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains
They had begun the play,—I sat me down,
Devil'd a new commission, wrote it fair,
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor Ay, good my lord

Ham An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm should
flourish,

As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'twixt their amities,
And many such-like 'As'es of great charge,
That, on the view and knowing of these con-
tents,

Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd

Hor How was this seal'd?

Ham Why, even in that was heaven ordi-
nant

I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal,
Folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gave't th' impression, plac'd it
safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next
day

Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already

Hor So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go
to't.

Ham Why, man, they did make love to this
employment

They are not near my conscience, their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell-incensed points
Of mighty opposites

Hor Why, what a king is this!

Ham Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me
now upon—

He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my
mother,

Popp'd i' between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect con-
science

To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be
damn'd

To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor It must be shortly known to him from
England

What is the issue of the business there
Ham It will be short the interim is mine,

And a man's life's no more than to say 'One,'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,

That to Laertes I forgot myself,

For, by the image of my cause, I see

The portraiture of his I'll count his favours

But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
into a towering passion.

Hor Peace! who comes here?

Enter OSRIC

Os Your lordship is right welcome back to
Denmark

Ham I humbly thank you, sir [*Aside to*
HORATIO] Dost know this water-fly?

Hor [*Aside to HAMLET*] No, my good lord

Ham [*Aside to HORATIO*] Thy state is the
more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him He
hath much land, and fertile let a beast be lord
of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's
mess 'tis a chough, but, as I say, spacious in
the possession of dirt

Os Sweet lord, if your lordship were at
leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his
majesty

Ham I will receive it, sir, with all diligence
of spirit Your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for
the head

Os I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot

Ham No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the
wind is northerly

Os It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed

Ham But yet methinks it is very sultry and
hot for my complexion

Os Exceedingly, my lord, it is very sultry,
as 'twere, I cannot tell how But, my lord, his
majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid
a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the
matter,—

Ham I beseech you, remember—

[*HAMLET moves him to put on his hat*]

Os Nay, good my lord, for mine ease, in
good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court
Laertes, believe me an absolute gentleman, full
of most excellent differences, of very soft society

and great showing, indeed to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see 117

Ham Sir his definement suffers no perdition in you, though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror and who else would trace him his umbrage, nothing more 128

Os Your lordship speaks most infailibly of him 128
Ham The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Os Sir?
Hor Is it not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really 133

Ham What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Os Of Laertes? 136

Hor His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent

Ham Of him, sir
Os I know you are not ignorant— 140

Ham I would you did, sir, in faith, if you did it would not much approve me. Well, sir

Os You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is— 144

Ham I dare not confess that lest I should compare with him in excellence but, to know a man well, were to know himself 147

Os I mean, sir, for his weapon, but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he is unfellowed

Ham What's his weapon?

Os Rapier and dagger 152

Ham That's two of his weapons but, well

Os The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses against the which he has imputed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit 160

Ham What call you the carriages?

Hor I knew you must be edified by the marginal, ere you had done

Os The carriages, sir, are the hangers 164

Ham The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then. But, on six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imputed,' as you call it?

Os The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer 176

Ham How if I answer no?

Os I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham Sir, I will walk here in the hall, if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing and the king hold his purpose I will win for him an I can if not I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits 185

Os Shall I re deliver you so?

Ham To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will 188

Os I commend my duty to your lordship

Ham Yours, yours [Exit OSRIC] He does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn 192

Hor This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head

Ham He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy, that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions, and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out 202

Enter a Lord.

Lord My lord his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time 207

Ham I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure if his fitness speaks mine is ready now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now

Lord The king, and queen, and all are coming down 213

Ham In happy time

Lord The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play 217

Ham She well instructs me [Exit Lord.]

Hor You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham I do not think so, since he went into France, I have been in continual practice, I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter 224

Hor Nay, good my lord,—

Ham It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman 228

Hor If your mind dislike any thing, obey it, I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit 231

Ham Not a whit, we defy augury, there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be. 238

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c

King Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The KING puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET]

Ham Give me your pardon, sir, I've done you wrong,

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd

With sore distraction What I have done, 244

That might your nature, honour and exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Ham-

let

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, 248

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it

Who does it then? His madness If 't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd, 252

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house, 257

And hurt my brother

Laer I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge, but in my terms of honour 260

I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters, of known honour,

I have a voice and precedent of peace,

To keep my name ungor'd But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love, 265

And will not wrong it

Ham I embrace it freely,

And will this brother's wager frankly play

Give us the foils Come on

Laer Come, one for me 268

Ham I'll be your foil, Laertes, in mine

ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,

Stick fiery off indeed

Laer You mock me, sir

Ham No, by this hand 272

King Give them the foils, young Osric

Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham Very well, my lord,

Your Grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker

side

King I do not fear it, I have seen you both,

But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds

Laer This is too heavy let me see another

Ham This likes me well. These foils have

all a length?

Osr Ay, my good lord 280

[They prepare to play]

King Set me the stoups of wine upon that

table

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire 284

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,

And in the cup a union shall he throw,

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn Give me the

cups, 288

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,

The trumpet to the cannoneer without,

The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to

earth,

'Now the king drinks to Hamlet!' Come, begin,

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye 293

Ham Come on, sir

Laer Come, my lord [They play

One

No

Judgment.

Osr A hit, a very palpable hit

Laer Well, again

King Stay give me drink Hamlet, this

pearl is thine, 296

Here s'to thy health Give him the cup

[Trumpets sound and cannon shot off within]

Ham I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile

Come—[They play] Another hit, what say

you?

Laer A touch, a touch, I do confess 300

King Our son shall win

Queen He's fat, and scant of breath

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows,

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet

Ham Good madam!

King Gertrude, do not drink 304

Queen I will, my lord, I pray you, pardon

me

King [Aside] It is the poison'd cup! it is

too late

Ham I dare not drink yet, madam, by and

by

Queen Come, let me wipe thy face 308

Laer My lord, I'll hit him now

King I do not think't

Laer [Aside] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my

conscience

Ham Come, for the third, Laertes You but

dally,

I pray you pass with your best violence 312

I am afraid you make a wanton of me

Laer Say you so? come on [They play

Osr Nothing, neither way

Laer Have at you now

[LAERTES wounds HAMLET, then, in

scuffling, they change rapiers, and

HAMLET wounds LAERTES

King Part them! they are incens'd

Ham Nay, come, again [The QUEEN falls

Osr Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor They bleed on both sides. How is it,

my lord?

Osr How is it, Laertes?

Laer Why, as a woodcock to mine own

springe, Osric, 320

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery

Ham How does the queen?

King She swoonds to see them bleed.

Queen No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my

dear Hamlet! 323

The drink, the drink I am poison'd [Dies

Ham O villain! Ho! let the door be lock'd

Treachery! seek it out. [LAERTES falls

Laer It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art

slain,

No medicine in the world can do thee good, 328
In thee there is not half an hour of life,
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me, lo! here I lie, 332
Never to rise again Thy mother's poison'd
I can no more The king, the king's to blame
Ham The point envenom'd too!—

Then, venom, to thy work [Stabs the KING
All Treason! treason! 337
King O! yet defend me, friends, I am but
hurt.

Ham Here, thou incestuous, murderous,
damned Dane,
Drink off this potion,—is thy union here? 340
Follow my mother [KING dies

Laer He is justly serv'd
It is a poison temper'd by himself
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [Dies

Ham Heaven make thee free of it! I follow
thee 346

I am dead, Horatio Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act, 349
Had I but time,—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,—O! I could tell you—
But let it be Horatio, I am dead, 352
Thou liv'st, report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied

Hor Never believe it,
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham As thou'rt a man, 356
Give me the cup let go, by heaven, I'll have't.
O God! Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live be-
hind me

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart, 360
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story

[March afar off, and shot within
What war-like noise is this?

Osr Young Fortinbras, with conquest come
from Poland, 364

To the ambassadors of England gives
This war-like volley

Ham O! I die, Horatio,
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit
I cannot live to hear the news from England, 368
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras he has my dying voice,
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited—The rest is silence [Dies

Hor, Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night,
sweet prince, 373

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither?

[March within.

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors,
and Others

Fort Where is this sight?

Hor What is it ye would see? 376

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search
Fort This quarry cries on havoc O proud
death!

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot 380
So bloodily hast struck?

First Amb The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from England come too late
The ears are senseless that should give us hear-
ing,

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd, 384
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you 387
He never gave commandment for their death
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from
England,

Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view, 392
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about so shall you
hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters, 396
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads, all this can I
Truly deliver

Fort Let us haste to hear it, 400
And call the noblest to the audience
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune,
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite
me 404

Hor Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
more

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mis-
chance 408

On plots and errors happen.

Fort Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally and, for his pas-
sage, 412

The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him
Take up the bodies such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss
Go, bid the soldiers shoot 417

[A dead march Exeunt, bearing off the
bodies, after which a peal of ordnance
is shot off

KING LEAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEAR, King of Britain.
 KING OF FRANCE
 DUKE OF BURGUNDY
 DUKE OF CORNWALL.
 DUKE OF ALBANY
 EARL OF KENT
 EARL OF GLOUCESTER.
 EDGAR Son to Gloucester
 EDMUND Bastard Son to Gloucester
 CURAN a Courtier
 OSWALD Steward to Goneril.
 Old Man, Tenant to Gloucester
 Doctor

Fool
 An Officer employed by Edmund
 A Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
 A Herald.
 Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, } Daughters to Lear
 REGAN }
 CORDELLA, }

Knights of Lear's Train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers,
 and Attendants.

SCENE—*Britain.*

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Room of State in KING LEAR'S Palace*

Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND

Kent I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall

Glo It did always seem so to us, but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most, for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety

Kent Is not this your son, my lord? 8

Glo His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent I cannot conceive you. 12

Glo Sir, this young fellow's mother could, whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed Do you smell a fault? 16

Kent I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper

Glo But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund? 26

Edm No, my lord

Glo My Lord of Kent remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm My services to your lordship

Kent I must love you, and sue to know you better 32

Edm Sir, I shall study deserving

Glo He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELLA, and Attendants.

Lear Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester 36

Glo I shall, my liege

[*Exeunt GLOUCESTER and EDMUND*]

Lear Meantime we shall express our darker purpose

Give me the map there Know that we have divided

In three our kingdom, and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age, 41
 Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, 44
 We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, 48
 Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,—

Since now we will divest us both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state,— 52

Which of you shall we say doth love us most? That we our largest bounty may extend

Where nature doth with merit challenge Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first. 56

Gon Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter,

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty, Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare, No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour, 60

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found, A love that makes breath poor and speech unable,

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor [Aside] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent. 64

Lear Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady to thine and Albany's issue

Be this perpetual What says our second
daughter, 69
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak
Reg I am made of that self metal as my
sister,
And prize me at her worth In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love, 73
Only she comes too short that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense pos-
sesses 76
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love
Cor [Aside] Then, poor Cordelia!
And yet not so, since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue 80
Lear To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril Now, our
joy, 84
Although our last not least, to whose young
love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interest'd, what can you say to
draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak
Cor Nothing, my lord 89
Lear Nothing?
Cor Nothing
Lear Nothing will come of nothing speak
again 92
Cor Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth I love your majesty
According to my bond, nor more nor less
Lear How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech
a little, 96
Lest you may mar your fortunes
Cor Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you 100
Why have my sisters husbands if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall
carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters, 105
To love my father all
Lear But goes thy heart with this?
Cor Ay, good my lord
Lear So young, and so untender? 108
Cor So young, my lord, and true
Lear Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate and the night, 112
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood, 116
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever The barbarous
Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom 120
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,

As thou my sometime daughter
Kent Good my liege,—
Lear Peace, Kent!
Comenot between the dragon and his wrath 124
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery Hence, and avoid my
sight!
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! Call France Who
stirs? 128
Carl Burgundy Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third,
Let pride which she calls plainness, marry her
I do invest you jointly with my power, 132
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty Ourselves by monthly
course,
With reservation of a hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode 136
Make with you by due turn Only we shall retain
The name and all th' addition to a king,
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours which to confirm, 140
This coronet part between you
Kent Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow d,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
Lear The bow is bent and drawn, make
from the shaft 145
Kent Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad What wouldst thou do, old
man? 148
Thinkst thou that duty shall have dread to
speak
When power to flattery bows? To plainness
honour's bound
When majesty falls to folly Reserve thy state,
And, in thy best consideration, check 152
This hideous rashness answer my life my
judgment
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least,
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness
Lear Kent, on thy life, no more
Kent My life I never held but as a pawn 157
To wage against thine enemies, nor fear to
lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.
Lear Out of my sight!
Kent See better, Lear, and let me still re-
main 160
The true blank of thine eye
Lear Now, by Apollo,—
Kent Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain
Lear O vassal! miscreant!
[Laying his hand on his sword
Alb } Dear sir, forbear 164
Corn }
Kent Do,
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease Revoke thy gift,
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear Hear me, recreant! 169
On thine allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our
vow,—
Which we durst never yet,—and, with stram'd
pride 172

To come betwixt our sentence and our power,—
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,—
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision 176
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom if, on the tenth day follow-
ing

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd 182

Kent Fare thee well, king, sith thus thou
wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here
[To CORDELIA] The gods to their dear shelter
take thee, maid, 185

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!
[To REGAN and GONERIL] And your large
speeches may your deeds approve,

That good effects may spring from words of
love. 188

Thus Kent, O princes! bids you all adieu,
He'll shape his old course in a country new
[Exit]

*'Flourish. Re-enter GLOUCESTER, with FRANCE,
BURGUNDY, and Attendants*

Glo Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
lord.

Lear My Lord of Burgundy, 92
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath nvall'd for our daughter What, in the
least,

Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur Most royal majesty, 196
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less

Lear Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us we did hold her so
But now her price is fall'n Sir, there she
stands 200

If aught within that little-seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours

Bur I know no answer 204

Lear Will you, with those infirmities she
owes,

Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with
our oath,

Take her, or leave her?

Bur Pardon me, royal sir, 208
Election makes not up on such conditions

Lear Then leave her, sir, for, by the power
that made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—[To FRANCE.] For
you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray

To match you where I hate, therefore, beseech
you 213

To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers

France This is most strange, 216

That she, who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle 220
So many folds of favour Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree

That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint which to believe of her, 224
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me

Cor I yet beseech your majesty—
If for I want that glib and oily art
To speak and purpose not, since what I well
intend, 228

I'll do 't before I speak—that you make known
It is no vicious blot nor other foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour,
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking

Lear Better thou 236
Hadst not been born than not to have pleas'd
me better

France Is it but this? a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? My Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love 241
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry

Bur Royal Lear 244
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy

Lear Nothing I have sworn, I am firm 248
Bur I am sorry, then, you have so lost a
father

That you must lose a husband
Cor Peace be with Burgundy!

Since that respects of fortune are his love, 252
I shall not be his wife
France Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
being poor,

Most choice, forsaken, and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon

Be it lawful I take up what's cast away 256
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France 260
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind
Thou lovest here, a better where to find. 264

Lear Thou hast her, France, let her be thine,
for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again, therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison 268
Come, noble Burgundy

[*Flourish* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORN-
WALL, ALBANY, GLOUCESTER, and
Attendants

France Bid farewell to your sisters

Cor The jewels of our father, with wash'd
eyes

Cordelia leaves you I know you what you
are, 272

And like a sister am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd Use well our
father

To your professed bosoms I commit him

But yet, alas! stood I within his grace, 276

I would prefer him to a better place

So farewell to you both

Reg Prescribe not us our duties

Gon Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms, you have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have
wanted. 282

Cor Time shall unfold what plighted cun-
ning hides,

Who covers faults, at last shame them derides
Well may you prosper!

France Come, my fair Cordelia

[*Exit* FRANCE and CORDELIA

Gon Sister, it is not little I have to say of
what most nearly appertains to us both I think
our father will hence to-night 288

Reg That's most certain, and with you,
next month with us

Gon You see how full of changes his age is,
the observation we have made of it hath not
been little he always loved our sister most, and
with what poor judgment he hath now cast her
off appears too grossly

Reg 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he
hath ever but slenderly known himself 297

Gon The best and soundest of his time hath
been but rash, then, must we look to receive
from his age, not alone the imperfections of
long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal the
unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric
years bring with them 303

Reg Such unconstant starts are we like to
have from him as this of Kent's banishment

Gon There is further compliment of leave-
taking between France and him Pray you, let
us hit together if our father carry authority
with such dispositions as he bears, this last
surrender of his will but offend us. 310

Reg We shall further think on't.

Gon We must do something, and I the heat
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II — A Hall in the EARL OF GLOUCESTER'S Castle

Enter EDMUND, with a letter

Edm Thou, Nature, art my goddess, to thy
law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me, 4
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
shines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore
base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true, 8
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base,
base?

Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality, 12

Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,

Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,

Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then,

Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land 16

Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund

As to the legitimate Fine word, 'legitimate!'

Well, my legitimate if this letter speed,

And my invention thrive, Edmund the base 20

Shall top the legitimate — I grow, I prosper,

Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOUCESTER

Glo Kent banished thus! And France in
choler parted!

And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his
power! 24

Confin'd to exhibition! All this done

Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what news?

Edm So please your lordship, none

[*Putting up the letter*

Glo Why so earnestly seek you to put up
that letter? 29

Edm I know no news, my lord

Glo What paper were you reading?

Edm Nothing, my lord 32

Glo No? What needed then that terrible
dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of
nothing hath not such need to hide itself Let's
see, come, if it be nothing, I shall not need
spectacles 37

Edm I beseech you, sir, pardon me, it is a
letter from my brother that I have not all o'er-
read, and for so much as I have perused, I find
it not fit for your o'er-looking 41

Glo Give me the letter, sir

Edm I shall offend, either to detain or give
it. The contents, as in part I understand them,
are to blame 45

Glo Let's see, let's see

Edm I hope, for my brother's justification,
he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my
virtue 49

Glo This policy and reverence of age makes
the world bitter to the best of our times, keeps
our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot
relish them I begin to find an idle and fond
bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny who
sways, not as it ha'h power but as it is suffered
Come to me, that of this I may speak more If
our father would sleep till I waked him, you
should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live
the beloved of your brother, EDGAR — Hum!

Conspiracy! 'Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue —My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? When came this to you? Who brought it?' 64

Edm It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it, I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet 65

Glo You know the character to be your brother's? 69

Edm If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his, but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not. 72

Glo It is his

Edm It is his hand, my lord, but I hope his heart is not in the contents

Glo Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business? 77

Edm Never, my lord, but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue 82

Glo O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him, I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he? 87

Edm I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger 98

Glo Think you so?

Edm If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay than this very evening 104

Glo He cannot be such a monster—

Edm Nor is not, sure

Glo —to his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out, wind me into him, I pray you, frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution 114

Edm I will seek him, sir, presently, convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal 114

Glo These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us, though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide in cities, mutinies, in countries, discord, in palaces, treason, and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction there's son against father, the king falls from bias of nature, there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time

machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all rumous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange! [Exit] 129

Edm This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars, as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major* so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. 'Sfoot! I should have been that I am had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar— 149

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy, my cue is villainous melancholy with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! *Fa, sol, la, mi*

Edg How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in? 156

Edm I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses

Edg Do you busy yourself with that? 160

Edm I promise you the effects he writes of succeed unhappily, as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent, death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles, needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what 168

Edg How long have you been a sectary astronomical? 172

Edm Come, come, when saw you my father last? 172

Edg The night gone by

Edm Spake you with him?

Edg Ay, two hours together

Edm Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance? 179

Edg None at all

Edm Beshink yourself wherein you may have offended him, and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay 185

Edg Some villain hath done me wrong

Edm That's my fear. I pray you have a contentment forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower, and, as I say, retire with me to my

lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go, there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed. 192

Edg Armed, brother!

Edm Brother, I advise you to the best, go armed, I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you, I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it, pray you, away.

Edg Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm I do serve you in this business 200

[*Exit* EDGAR]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty

My practices ride easy! I see the business 204
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. [*Exit*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the DUKE OF ALBANY'S Palace*

Enter GONERIL and OSWALD her Steward

Gon Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw Ay, madam

Gon By day and night he wrongs me every hour 4

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us

On every trifle. When he returns from hunting
I will not speak with him: say I am sick. 9

If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well, the fault of it I'll answer.

Osw He's coming, madam, I hear him. 12

[*Horns within*]

Gon Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows, I'd have it come to question

If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one, 16
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again, and must be used 20
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abusing.

Remember what I have said

Osw Well, madam

Gon And let his knights have colder looks among you,

What grows of it, no matter, advise your fellows so. 24

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak. I'll write straight to my sister
To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the Same*

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent

May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd

Kent, 4

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,

So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants

Lear Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant*] How now! what art thou? 10

Kent A man, sir

Lear What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent I do profess to be no less than I seem, to serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise, and says little, to fear judgment, to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

Lear What art thou? 19

Kent A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king

Lear If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou? 24

Kent Service

Lear Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent You

Lear Dost thou know me, fellow? 28

Kent No, sir, but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master

Lear What's that?

Kent Authority. 32

Lear What services canst thou do?

Kent I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly, that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence. 38

Lear How old art thou?

Kent Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing, I have years on my back forty-eight. 42

Lear Follow me, thou shalt serve me. If I like thee no worse after dinner I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho! dinner! Where's my knave? my fool? Go you and call my fool hither. [*Exit an Attendant*]

Enter OSWALD

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter? 48

Osw So please you,—

Lear What says the fellow there? Call the clotpole back. [*Exit a Knight*] Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's asleep. How now! where's that mongrel? 53

Re-enter Knight.

Knight He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear Why came not the slave back to me when I called him? 57

Knight Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear He would not!
Knight My lord, I know not what the matter is, but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont, there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter

Lear Ha! sayest thou so?
Knight I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness I will look further into't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined him away

Lear No more of that, I have noted it well. Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her
[Exit an Attendant]
 Go you, call hither my fool. *[Exit an Attendant]*

Re-enter OSWALD

O! you sir, you, come you hither, sir Who am I, sir?

Osw My lady's father

Lear 'My lady's father!' my lord's knave you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw I am none of these, my lord, I beseech your pardon

Lear Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?
[Striking him]

Osw I'll not be struck, my lord

Kent Nor tripped neither, you base football player
[Tripping up his heels]

Lear I thank thee, fellow, thou servest me, and I'll love thee

Kent Come, sir, anise, away! I'll teach you differences away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry, but away! Go to, have you wisdom? so

[Pushes OSWALD out]
Lear Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee there's earnest of thy service

[Gives KENT money]

Enter Fool

Fool Let me hire him too here's my coxcomb
[Offers KENT his cap]

Lear How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool Surrah, you were best take my coxcomb

Kent Why, fool?

Fool Why? for taking one's part that's out of favour Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly there, take my coxcomb

Why, this fellow has banished two on s daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will if thou follow him thou must needs wear my coxcomb

How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear Why, my boy?

Fool If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself There s mine, beg another of thy daughters

Lear Take heed, surrah, the whip

Fool Truth s a dog must to kennel, he must be whipped out when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear A pestilent gall to me!

Fool [To KENT] Surrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear Do

Fool Mark it, nuncle —

Have more than thou showest,

Speak less than thou knowest,

Lend less than thou owest,

Ride more than thou goest,

Learn more than thou trowest,

Set less than thou throwest,

Leave thy drink and thy whore,

And keep in-a-door,

And thou shalt have more

Than two tens to a score

Kent This is nothing, fool

Fool Then 'tis like the breath of an unfe'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for't Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear Why, no, boy, nothing can be made out of nothing

Fool [To KENT] Prithce, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to he will not believe a fool

Lear A bitter fool!

Fool Dost thou know the difference my boy,

between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear No, lad, teach me

Fool That lord that counsell'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come place him here by me,

Do thou for him stand

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear,

The one in motley here,

The other found out there

Lear Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool All thy other titles thou hast given away, that thou wast born with

Kent This is not altogether fool, my lord

Fool No, faith, lords and great men will not let me, if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't, and ladies too they will not let me have all fool to myself, they'll be snatching

Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns

Lear What two crowns shall they be?

Fool Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg

When you clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away

If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so

[Fools had ne'er less grace in a year, For wise men are grown foolish, And know not how their wits to wear, Their manners are so apish,]

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Lear When were you wont to be so full of songs, surrah? 187

Fool I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers, for when thou gavest them the rod and puttest down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep 192

And I for sorrow sung
That such a king should play bo peep,

And go the fools among 195

Prithce, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie I would fain learn to lie

Lear An you lie, surrah, we'll have you whipped 199

Fool I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle, thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle here comes one o' the parings 208

Enter GONERIL

Lear How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown 211

Fool Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning now thou art an O without a figure I am better than thou art now, I am a fool, thou art nothing [To GONERIL] Yes forsooth, I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you say nothing

Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crumb, 220

Weary of all, shall want some

That's a shealed peascod [Pointing to LEAR

Gon Not only, sir, this your all licens'd fool 224

But other of your | solent retinue

Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth 228

In rank and not-to-be-endured riots Sir,

I had thought, by making thus well known unto 232

you,

To have found a safe redress, but now grow 235

fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it on

By your allowance, which if you should, the 238

fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses 242

sleep,

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were shame, that then necessity 245

Will call discreet proceeding

Fool For you throw, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

That it had it head bit off by it young

So out went the candle, and we were left dark- 248

ling

Lear Are you our daughter?

Gon I would you would make use of your 252

good wisdom,

Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions which of late transform you 245

From what you rightly are

Fool May not an ass know when the cart 248

draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee

Lear Does any here know me? This is not 252

Lear

Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are 255

his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings

Are lethargied Ha! waking? 'tis not so 258

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool Lear's shadow

Lear I would learn that, for, by the marks 262

of sovereignty, knowledge and reason, I should

be false persuaded I had daughters 265

Fool Which they will make an obedient 268

father

Lear Your name fair gentlewoman?

Gon This admiration, sir, is much o' the 272

favour

Of other your new pranks I do beseech you 275

To understand my purposes aright

As you are old and reverend, should be wise 278

Here do you keep a hundred knights and 282

squires,

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,

That this our court, infected with their man- 285

ners,

Shows like a riotous inn epicurism and lust 288

Make it more like a tavern or a brothel

Than a grac'd palace The shame itself doth 292

speak

For instant remedy be then desir'd

By her that else will take the thing she begs,

A little to disquantity your train, 295

And the remainder, that shall still depend,

To be such men as may besort your age,

Which know themselves and you

Lear Darkness and devils! 298

Saddle my horses, call my train together 302

Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee

Yet have I left a daughter

Gon You strike my people, and your dis- 305

order d rabble

Make servants of their betters 308

Enter ALBANY

Lear Woe, that too late repents,

[To ALBANY] O! sir, are you come?

Is it your will? Speak, sir Prepare my horses

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,

More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a 312

child,

Than the sea-monster

Alb Pray, sir, be patient

Lear [To GONERIL] Detested kite! thou 315

liest

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,

That all particulars of duty know, 318

And in the most exact regard support

The worships of their name O most small fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!

Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of 322

nature

From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,

And added to the gall O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, 295

And thy dear judgment out Go, go, my people
Alb My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you

Lear It may be so, my lord
Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend 300
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring 304
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth, 308
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is 312
To have a thankless child! Away, away! [*Exit*
Alb Now gods that we adore, whereof
comes this?

Gon Never afflict yourself to know the cause,
But let his disposition have that scope 316
That dotage gives it.

Re enter LEAR

Lear What! fifty of my followers at a clap,
Within a fortnight?

Alb What's the matter sir?
Lear I'll tell thee [*To GONERIL*] Life and
death! I am ashamed 320
That thou hast power to shake my manhood
thus,
That these hot tears, which break from me per-
force
Should make thee worth them Blasts and fogs
upon thee!

Th' untented woundings of a father's curse 324
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweept this cause agun, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay Yea is it come to this? 328
Let it be so I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost
think 333

I have cast off for ever, thou shalt, I warrant
thee [*Exit LEAR, KENT, and Attendants*
Gon Do you mark that?

Alb I cannot be so partial, Goneril, 336
To the great love I bear you —

Gon Pray you, content What, Oswald, ho!
[*To the Fool*] You sir, more knave than fool,
after your master

Fool Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! tarry, and
take the fool with thee 341

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter, 344
If my cap would buy a halter,
So the fool follows after

[*Exit*

Gon This man hath had good counsel. A
hundred knights!

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep 348
At point a hundred knights, yes, that on every
dream,

Each buzz, each fancy each complaint, dishke,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy Oswald, I say! 352

Alb Well, you may fear too far

Gon Safer than trust too far
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister, 356
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have shew'd the unfitness, —

Re-enter OSWALD

How now, Oswald!
What! have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw Ay, madam 360

Gon Take you some company, and away to
horse

Inform her full of my particular fear,
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more Get you gone 364
And hasten your return [*Exit OSWALD*] No,
no, my lord,

This ruly gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attack'd for want of wis-
dom 368

Than prais'd for harmful mildness

Alb How far your eyes may pierce I cannot
tell

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well

Gon Nay, then — 372
Alb Well, well, the event [*Exeunt*

SCENE V — Court before the Same

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool

Lear Go you before to Gloucester with these
letters Acquaint my daughter no further with
any thing you know than comes from her
demand out of the letter If your diligence be
not speedy I shall be there before you 5

Kent I will not sleep, my lord, till I have
delivered your letter [*Exit*

Fool If a man's brains were in's heels, were't
not in danger of kibes? 9

Lear Ay, boy
Fool Then I prithee, be merry, thy wit shall
not go slipshod 12

Lear Ha ha, ha!

Fool Shalt see thy other daughter will use
thee kindly, for though she's as like this as a
crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can
tell 17

Lear What canst tell, boy?

Fool She will taste as like this as a crab does
to a crab Thou canst tell why one's nose
stands i' the middle on's face? 21

Lear No

Fool Why to keep one's eyes of either side's
nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he
may spy into 25

Lear I did her wrong,—
Fool Canst tell how an oyster makes his
 shell? 28
Lear No
Fool Nor I neither, but I can tell why a
 snail has a house
Lear Why? 32
Fool Why, to put his head in, not to give
 it away to his daughters, and leave his horns
 without a case
Lear I will forget my nature So kind a
 father! Be my horses ready? 37
Fool Thy asses are gone about 'em. The
 reason why the seven stars are no more than
 seven is a pretty reason 40
Lear Because they are not eight?
Fool Yes, indeed thou wouldst make a good
 fool.
Lear To take it again perforce! Monster in
 gratitude! 45
Fool If thou wert my fool nuncle, I'd have
 thee beaten for being old before thy time
Lear How's that? 48
Fool Thou shouldst not have been old before
 thou hadst been wise
Lear O! let me not be mad, not mad, sweet
 heaven,
 Keep me in temper, I would not be mad! 52

Enter Gentleman

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent Ready, my lord

Lear Come, boy

Fool She that's a maid now, and laughs at
 my departure, 56
 Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut
 shorter [Exit]

ACT II

SCENE I—*A Court within the Castle of the*
EARL OF GLOUCESTER

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting

Edm Save thee, Curan

Cur And you, sir I have been with your
 father, and given him notice that the Duke of
 Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here
 with him to-night 5

Edm How comes that?

Cur Nay, I know not You have heard of
 the news abroad? I mean the whispered ones,
 for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments? 9

Edm Not I pray you, what are they?

Cur Have you heard of no likely war toward,
 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany? 12

Edm Not a word

Cur You may do then, in time Fare you
 well, sir [Exit] 16

Edm The duke be here to-night! The better!
 best! 16

This weaves itself perforce into my business
 My father hath set guard to take my brother,
 And I have one thing, of a queasy question
 Which I must act. Briefness and fortune work!
 Brother, a word, descend brother, I say! 21

Enter EDGAR

My father watches O sir! fly this place,
 Intelligence is given where you are hid,
 You have now the good advantage of the
 night 24

Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Corn-
 wall? He's coming hither, now, 't the night, 't the
 haste,

And Regan with him, have you nothing said
 Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? 28
 Advise yourself

Edg I am sure on't, not a word

Edm I hear my father coming, pardon me,
 In cunning I must draw my sword upon you,
 Draw, seem to defend yourself, now 'quit you
 well 32

Yield,—come before my father Light, ho!
 here!

Fly, brother Torchés! torches! So, farewell.

[Exit EDGAR] Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

Of my more fierce endeavour I have seen
 drunkards [Wounds his arm] 36

Do more than thus in sport Father! father!
 Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOUCESTER, and Servants with torches

Glo Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm Here stood he in the dark, his sharp
 sword out, 40

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the
 moon

To stand auspicious mistress But where is he?

Glo Look, sir, I bleed

Edm Look, sir, I bleed

Glo Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm Fled this way, sir When by no means
 he could— 44

Glo Pursue him, ho! Go after [Exit

some Servants] 'By no means' what?

Edm Persuade me to the murder of your
 lordship,

But that I told him, the revenging gods

'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend,

Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond 49

The child was bound to the father, sir, in fine,

Seeing how loathly opposite I stood

To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion, 52

With his prepared sword he charges home

My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm

But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits

Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the en-
 counter, 56

Or whether gasted by the noise I made,

Full suddenly he fled.

Glo Let him fly far

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught,

And found—dispatch. The noble duke my
 master, 60

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night

By his authority I will proclaim it,

That he which finds him shall deserve our
 thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake, 64
He that conceals him, death

Edm When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him nigh to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied, 68
'Thou unpossessing bastard' dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should
deny,— 72

As thus I would, ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,—I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice
And thou must make a dullard of the world, 76
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it?

Glo Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter? I never got him 80

[Tucket within]
Hark! the duke's trumpets: I know not why he
comes

All ports I'll bar, the villain shall not 'scape,
The duke must grant me that: besides, his pic-
ture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom 84
May have due note of him, and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants

Corn How now, my noble friend! since I
came hither,— 88
Which I can call but now,—I have heard strange
news

Reg If it be true, all vengeance comes too
short

Which can pursue the offender: How dost, my
lord?

Glo O! madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's
crack'd 92

Reg What! did my father's godson seek your
life?

He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo O! lady, lady, shame would have it hid.
Reg Was he not companion with the riotous
knights 96

That tend upon my father?

Glo I know not, madam, 'tis too bad, too
bad

Edm Yes, madam he was of that consort
Reg No marvel then though he were ill
affected, 100

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well-inform'd of them, and with such
cautions 104

That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there

Corn Nor I, assure thee, Regan
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your
father

A child-like office

Edm 'Twas my duty, sir 108
Glo He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn Is he pursu'd?

Glo Ay, my good lord

Corn If he be taken he shall never more 112
Be fear'd of doing harm, make your own pur-
pose,

How in my strength you please: For you,
Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth thus instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours 116
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need,
You we first seize on.

Edm I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else

Glo For him I thank your Grace

Corn You know not why we came to visit
you,— 120

Reg Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd
night

Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister, 124
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home, the several mes-
sengers

From hence attend dispatch: Our good old
friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow 128
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which craves the instant use

Glo I serve you, madam

Your Graces are right welcome *[Exeunt]*

SCENE II.—Before GLOUCESTER'S Castle

Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally

Osw Good dawning to thee, friend: art of
this house?

Kent Ay

Osw Where may we set our horses? 4

Kent I' the mire

Osw Prithce, if thou lovest me, tell me

Kent I love thee not

Osw Why, then I care not for thee 8

Kent If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I
would make thee care for me

Osw Why dost thou use me thus? I know
thee not 12

Kent Fellow: I know thee

Osw What dost thou know me for?

Kent A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken
meats, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-
suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking
knave, a lily-liver'd action-taking knave, a
whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, fimsal
rogue, one-trunk-inheriting slave, one that
wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service,
and art nothing but the composition of a
knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son
and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will
beat into clamorous whining if thou demiest
the least syllable of thy addition 26

Osw Why, what a monstrous fellow art
thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known
of thee nor knows thee! 29

Kent What a brazen-faced varlet art thou,

to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue, for, though it be night, yet the moon shines. I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you. [*Drawing his sword*] Draw, you whoreson, cullionly, barber-monger, draw

Osw Away! I have nothing to do with thee

Kent Draw, you rascal, you come with letters against the king, and ake vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks draw, you rascal, come your ways

Osw Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent Strike, you slave, stand, rogue, stand, you neat slave, strike

Osw Help, oh! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND with his rapier drawn

Edm How now! What's the matter?

[*Parting them*]

Kent With you, Goodman boy, if you please come, I'll flesh ye, come on, young master

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and Servants

Glo Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn Keep peace, upon your lives

He dies that strikes again What is the matter?

Reg The messengers from our sister and the king

Corn What is your difference? speak.

Osw I am scarce in breath, my lord

Kent No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour

You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee a tailor made thee

Corn Thou art a strange fellow, a tailor make a man?

Kent Ay, a tailor, sir a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the trade

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his grey beard,—

Kent Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn Peace, surrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn Why art thou angry?

Kent That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain Which are too intrinse t' unloose, smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel, Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods, Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters,

Knowing nought, like dogs, but following

A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot

Corn What! art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo How fell you out? say that

Kent No contraries hold more antipathy

Than I and such a knave

Corn Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

Kent His countenance likes me not

Corn No more, perchance, does mine, nor

his, nor hers

Kent Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain

I have seen better faces in my time

Than stands on any shoulder that I see

Before me at this instant

Corn This is some fellow,

Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth

affect

A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb

Quite from his nature he cannot flatter, he,

An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth

An they will take it, so, if not, he's plain

These kind of knaves I know, which in this

plainness

Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends

Than twenty sully-ducking observants,

That stretch their duties nicely

Kent Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,

Under the allowance of your grand aspect,

Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire

On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn What mean'st by this?

Kent To go out of my dialect, which you

discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no

flatterer he that beguiled you in a plain accent

was a plain knave, which for my part I will not

be, though I should win your displeasure to en-

treat me to't

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Osw I never gave him any

It pleas'd the king his master very late

To strike at me, upon his misconstruction,

When he, conjunct, and flattering his dis-

pleasure,

Tripp'd me behind, being down, insulted, rail'd,

And put upon him such a deal of man,

That worthied him, got praises of the king

For him attempting who was self-subdu'd,

And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,

Drew on me here again.

Kent None of these rogues and cowards

But Ajax is their fool

Corn Fetch forth the stocks!

Yousubborn ancient knave, you reverend brag-

gart,

We'll teach you.

Kent Sir, I am too old to learn,

Call not your stocks for me, I serve the king,

On whose employment I was sent to you,

You shall do small respect, show too bold malice

Against the grace and person of my master,

Stocking his messenger

Corn Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and honour, 140

There shall he sit till noon

Reg Till noon! Till night, my lord, and all night too

Kent Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,

You should not use me so

Reg Sir being his knave I will 144

Corn This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo Let me beseech your Grace not to do so
His fault is much, and the good king his master 148

Will check him for't your purpos'd low correction

Is such as basest and contemn'd'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with the king must take it ill, 152

That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd

Corn I'll answer that

Reg My sister may receive it much more worse

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted, 156
For following her affairs Put in his legs

[*KENT is put in the stocks.*]
Come, my good lord, away

[*Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER and KENT*]
Glo I am sorry for thee, friend, as the duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition all the world well knows 160
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd I'll entreat for thee

Kent Pray, do not, sir I have watch'd and travell'd hard,

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels 164
Give you good morrow!

Glo The duke is to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken [Exit]

Kent Good king, that must approve the common saw,

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st 168
To the warm sun

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter Nothing almost sees miracles

But misery I know 'tis from Cordelia, 172
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd

Of my obscured course, and shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to give 176
Losses their remedies All weary and o'er-

watch'd
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging

Fortune, good night, smile once more, turn thy wheel!

[*He sleeps*]

SCENE III — A Part of the Heath

Enter EDGAR

Edg I heard myself proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place,

That guard, and most unusual vigilance, 4
Does not attend my taking While I may 'scape

I will preserve myself, and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape

That ever penury, in contempt of man, 8
Brought near to beast, my face I'll grime with

filth,
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,

And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky 12

The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices,

Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary,

And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,

Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with
prayers,

Enforce their charity Poor Turlygood! poor
Tom! 20

That's something yet Edgar I nothing am. [Exit]

SCENE IV — Before GLOUCESTER's Castle

KENT in the stocks

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear 'Tis strange that they should so depart
from home,

And not send back my messenger

Gent As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove

Kent Hail to thee, noble master! 4

Lear Ha! Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent No, my lord

Fool Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters Horses
are tied by the head, dogs and bears by the neck,

monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs
when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears
wooden nether-stocks

Lear What's he that hath so much thy place
mistook 12

To set thee here?

Kent It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter

Lear No

Kent Yes 16

Lear No, I say

Kent I say, yea

Lear No, no, they would not

Kent Yes, they have 20

Lear By Jupiter, I swear, no

Kent By Juno, I swear, ay

Lear They durst not do't,
They could not, would not do't, 'tis worse than

murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage 24

Resolve me, with all modest haste which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this
usage,

Coming from us.

Kent My lord, when at their home

I did commend your highness' letters to them,

Ere I was risen from the place that show'd 29
My duty kneeling, there came a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting
forth

From Goneril his mistress salutations, 32
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read on whose contents
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took
horse,

Commanded me to follow, and attend 36
The leisure of their answer, gave me cold looks
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd
mine,—

Being the very fellow which of late 40
Display'd so saucily against your highness,—
Having more man than wit about me,—drew
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries
Your son and daughter found thus trespass
worth 44

The shame which here it suffers
Fool Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese
fly that way

Fathers that wear rags 48
Do make their children blind,

But fathers that bear bags

Shall see their children kind

Fortune, that arrant whore, 52

Ne'er turns the key to the poor

But for all this thou shalt have as many dolours

for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year

Lear O! how this mother swells up toward 56

my heart, *Hystericapassio!* down thou climb'st sorrow!

Thy element's below Where is this daughter?

Kent With the earl, sir here within

Lear Follow me not, stay here [Exit

Gent Made you no more offence than what

you speak of?

Kent None

How chance the king comes with so small a

number? 64

Fool An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for

that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent Why, fool? 67

Fool We'll set thee to school to an ant, to

teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter All

that follow their noses are led by their eyes but

blind men, and there's not a nose among twenty

but can smell him that's stunk Let go thy

hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it

break thy neck with following it, but the great

one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after

When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give

me mine again I would have none but knaves

follow it, since a fool gives it

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form, 80

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry, the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly 84

The knave turns fool that runs away,

The fool no knave, perdy

Kent Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOUCESTER.

Lear Deny to speak with me! They are sick!
they are weary,

They have travell'd hard to-night! Mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.

Fetch me a better answer

Glo My dear lord, 92

You know the fiery quality of the duke,

How unremovable and fix'd he is

In his own course

Lear Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!

Fiery! what quality? Why, Gloucester, Glou-

cester, 97

I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his

wife

Glo Well, my good lord, I have inform'd

them so

Lear Inform'd them! Dost thou understand

me, man? 100

Glo Ay, my good lord

Lear The king would speak with Cornwall,

the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her

service 103

Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!

Fiery! the fiery duke! Tell the hot duke that—

No, but not yet, may be he is not well

Infirmity doth still neglect all office

Whereto our health is bound, we are not our-

selves 108

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the

mund

To suffer with the body I'll forbear,

And am fall'n out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit 112

For the sound man Death on my state! [Look-

ing on KENT] Wherefore

Should he sit here? This act persuades me

That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only Give me my servant forth. 116

Go, tell the duke and's wife I'd speak with them

Now, presently bid them come forth and hear

me,

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum

Till it cry sleep to death 120

Glo I would have all well betwixt you

[Exit

Lear O, me! my heart, my rising heart! but,

down!

Fool Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to

the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive, she

knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and

cried, 'Down, wantons, down!' 'Twas her

brother that, in pure kindness to his horse,

battered his hay 128

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER,

and Servants

Lear Good morrow to you both

Corn Hail to your Grace!

[KENT is set at liberty]

Reg I am glad to see your highness.

Lear Regan, I think you are, I know what

reason

88 I have to think so if thou shouldst not be glad,

Gg

I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, 133
 Sepulchring an adultress — [To KENT] O! are
 you free?
 Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
 Thy sister's naught. O Regan! she hath tied 136
 Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here
 [Points to his heart]
 I can scarce speak to thee, thou'lt not believe
 With how depriv'd a quality — O Regan!
 Reg I pray you, sir, take patience. I have
 hope 140
 You less know how to value her desert
 Than she to scant her duty
 Lear Say, how is that?
 Reg I cannot think my sister in the least
 Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance 144
 She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
 As clears her from all blame
 Lear My curses on her!
 Reg O, sir! you are old, 148
 Nature in you stands on the very verge
 Of her confine. You should be rul'd and led
 By some discretion that discerns your state
 Better than you yourself. Therefore I pray you
 That to our sister you do make return, 153
 Say, you have wrong'd her, sir
 Lear Ask her forgiveness?
 Do you but mark how this becomes the house
 'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old, 156
 Age is unnecessary on my knees I beg
 [Kneeling]
 That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and
 food
 Reg Good sir, no more, these are unsightly
 tricks
 Return you to my sister
 Lear [Rising] Never Regan 160
 She hath abated me of half my train
 Look'd black upon me, struck me with her
 tongue,
 Most serpent-like, upon the very heart
 All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall 164
 On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
 You taking airs, with lameness!
 Corn Fie, sir, fie!
 Lear You nimble lightnings, dart your blind-
 ing flames
 Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty, 168
 You fen-suck'd fogs drawn by the powerful sun,
 To fall and blast her pride!
 Reg O the blest gods! So will you wish
 on me,
 When the rash mood is on 172
 Lear No, Regan, thou shalt never have my
 curse
 Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
 Thee o'er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce, but
 thine
 Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee 176
 To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
 To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
 And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
 Against my coming in, thou better know'st 180
 The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
 Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude,

Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
 Wherein I thee endow'd
 Reg Good sir, to the purpose 184
 Lear Who put my man i' the stocks?
 [Tucket within]
 Corn What trumpet's that?
 Reg I know't, my sister's, this approves her
 letter,
 That she would soon be here. Is your lady come?
 Enter OSWALD
 Lear This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd
 pride 188
 Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows
 Out, varlet, from my sight!
 Corn What means your Grace?
 Lear Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I
 have good hope
 Thou dost not know on't. Who comes here?
 O heavens, 192
 Enter GONERIL
 If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
 Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
 Make it your cause, send down and take my
 part!
 [To GONERIL] Art not ashamed to look upon
 this beard? 196
 O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
 Gon Why not by the hand, sir? How have
 I offended?
 All's not offence that indiscretion finds
 And dotage terms so
 Lear O sides! you are too tough,
 Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the
 stocks? 201
 Corn I set him there, sir, but his own dis-
 orders
 Deserv'd much less advancement.
 Lear You! did you?
 Reg I pray you, father, being weak, seem so
 If, till the expiration of your month, 205
 You will return and sojourn with my sister,
 Dismissing half your train, come then to me
 I am now from home, and out of that provision
 Which shall be needful for your entertainment
 Lear Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd!
 No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
 To wage against the enemy o' the air, 212
 To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
 Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her!
 Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless
 took
 Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
 To kneel his throne, and squire-like, pension beg
 To keep base life afoot. Return with her!
 Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
 To this detested groom. [Pointing at OSWALD]
 Gon At your choice, sir 220
 Lear I prithee, daughter, do not make me
 mad
 I will not trouble thee, my child, farewell
 We'll no more meet, no more see one another,
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my
 laughter 224
 Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,

Which I must needs call mine thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood But I'll not chide
thee, 228

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy
leisure 232

I can be patient, I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights

Reg Not altogether so
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome Give ear, sir, to my
sister, 236

For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does

Lear Is this well spoken?
Reg I dare avouch it, sir what! fifty fol-
lowers? 240

Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and
danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one
house,

Should many people, under two commands, 244
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible

Gon Why might not you, my lord, receive
attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from
mine?

Reg Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd
to slack you 248

We could control them If you will come to
me,—

For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty, to no more
Will I give place or notice 252

Lear I gave you all—

Reg And in good time you gave it
Lear Made you my guardians, my deposi-
taries,

But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number What! must I come to
you 256

With five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so?

Reg And speak't again, my lord, no more
with me

Lear Those wicked creatures yet do look
well-favour'd,

When others are more wicked, not being the
worst 260

Stands in some rank of praise. [To GONERIL]
I'll go with thee

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon Hear me, my lord
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five, 264

To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg What need one?

Lear O! reason not the need, our basest
beggars

Are in the poorest things superfluous 268
Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beast's Thou art a lady,
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous
wear'st, 272

Which scarcely keeps thee warm But, for true
need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I
need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both! 276

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops, 280

Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural
hags,

I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are yet I know not,—but they shall
be 284

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep,
No, I'll not weep

I have full cause of weeping, but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws 288

Or ere I'll weep O fool! I shall go mad
[*Exeunt LEAR, GLOUCESTER, KENT, and Fool*

Corn Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm
[*Storm heard at a distance*

Reg This house is little the old man and
his people

Cannot be well bestow'd 292

Gon 'Tis his own blame, hath put himself
from rest,

And must needs taste his folly
Reg For his particular, I'll receive him
gladly,

But not one follower
Gon So am I purpos'd. 296

Where is my Lord of Gloucester?

Corn Follow'd the old man forth. He is
return'd.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo The king is in high rage
Corn Whither is he going?

Glo He calls to horse, but will I know not
whither 300

Corn 'Tis best to give him way, he leads
himself

Gon My lord, entreat him by no means to
stay

Glo Alack! the night comes on, and the
bleak winds

Do sorely ruffle, for many miles about 304
There's scarce a bush.

Reg O! sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure

Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your
doors,

He is attended with a desperate train, 308
And what they may incense him to, being apt

To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear
Corn Shut up your doors, my lord, 'tis a
wild night

My Regan counsels well come out o' the storm.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—A Heath

A storm, with thunder and lightning Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting

Kent Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent One minded like the weather, most unquietly

Kent I know you Where's the king?

Gent Contending with the fretful elements
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea, 5
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease, tears his white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage, 8
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of,
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch, 12

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbattered he runs,
And bids what will take all

Kent But who is with him?

Gent None but the fool, who labours to out-jest 16

His heart-struck injuries

Kent Sir, I do know you,
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you There is division,

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd 20
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall,

Who have—as who have not, that their great stars

Thron'd and set high—servants, who seem no less,

Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state, what hath been seen, 25

Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne

Against the old kind king, or something deeper
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings, 29

But true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom, who already,

Wise in our negligence, have secret feet 32

In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner Now to you

If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find 36

Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow

The king hath cause to plain
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding, 40

And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you

Gent I will talk further with you

Kent No, do not
For confirmation that I am much more 44

Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains If you shall see Cordeha,—

As doubt not but you shall,—show her this ring,

And she will tell you who your fellow is 48
That yet you do not know Fie on this storm!

I will go seek the king

Gent Give me your hand Have you no more to say?

Kent Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet, 52

That, when we have found the king,—in which your pain

That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other [Exeunt severally

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Heath

Storm still

Enter LEAR and Fool

Lear Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires 4
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking

thunder

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once

That make ingrateful man! 9

Fool O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door

Goodnuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing,
here's a night pities neither wise man nor fool

Lear Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain! 14

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,

I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription then, let fall

Your horrible pleasure, here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man 20

But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd

Your high-engender'd battles gainst a head
So old and white as this O! O! 'tis foul 24

Fool He that has a house to put his head in has a good head-piece

The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any 28

The head and he shall house
So beggars marry many

The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make 32

Shall of a corn cry woe
And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass 36

Enter KENT

Lear No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing

Kent Who's there?

Fool Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece, that's a wise man and a fool 41

Kent Alas! sir, are you here? things that love night

Love not such nights as these, the wrathful skies

Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, 44

And make them keep their caves. Since I was
man
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard, man's nature cannot
carry 48

The affliction nor the fear
Lear Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now Tremble, thou
wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes, 52
Unwhipp'd of justice, hide thee, thou bloody
hand,

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous, carst, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming 56
Hast practis'd on man's life, close pent-up
guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning

Kent Alack! bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel, 61
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the
tempest,

Repose you there while I to this hard house,—
More harder than the stone whereof 'tis rais'd,—
Which even but now, demanding after you, 65
Denied me to come in, return and force
Their scant courtesy

Lear My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy How dost, my boy? Art
cold? 68

I am cold myself Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious Come, your
hovel

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my
heart 72
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool

He that has a little tiny wit,
With hey ho the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit, 76
Though the rain it raineth every day

Lear True, my good boy Come, bring us to
this hovel [*Exeunt LEAR and KENT*]

Fool This is a brave night to cool a courtesan
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go 80

When priests are more in word than matter,
When brewers mar their malt with water,

When nobles are their tailors' tutors,
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors, 84

When every case in law is right,
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight,

When slanders do not live in tongues,
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs, 88

When usurers tell their gold in the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build,

Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion 92

Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I live
before his time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III — *A Room in GLOUCESTER'S
Castle*

Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND

Glo Alack, alack! Edmund, I like not this
unnatural dealing When I desired their leave
that I might pity him, they took from me the
use of mine own house, charged me, on pain of
their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of
him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him

Edm Most savage, and unnatural! 7

Glo Go to, say you nothing There is
division between the dukes, and a worse matter
than that. I have received a letter this night,
'tis dangerous to be spoken, I have locked the
letter in my closet These injuries the king now
bears will be revenged home, there's part of
a power already footed, we must incline to the
king I will seek him and privily relieve him,
go you and maintain talk with the duke, that
my charity be not of him perceived If he ask
for me, I am ill and gone to bed If I die for it,
as no less is threatened me, the king, my old
master, must be relieved. There is some strange
thing toward, Edmund, pray you, be careful. 21

[*Exit*]

Edm This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the
duke

Instantly know, and of that letter too
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses, no less than all 25
The younger rises when the old doth fall. [*Exit*]

SCENE IV — *The Heath Before a Hovel*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool

Kent Here is the place, my lord, good my
lord, enter

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure [*Storm still.*]

Lear Let me alone.

Kent Good my lord enter here

Lear Wilt break my heart? 4

Kent I'd rather break mine own. Good my
lord, enter

Lear Thou think'st 'tis much that this con-
tentious storm

Invades us to the skin so 'tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fix'd, 8

The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear,
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,

Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When
the mind's free

The body's delicate, the tempest in my mind 12
Doth from my senses take all feeling else

Save what beats there Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand

For lifting food to 't? But I will punish home 16
No, I will weep no more In such a night

To shut me out! Pour on, I will endure.
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave
all,— 20

O! that way madness lies, let me shun that,
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here,

Lear Prithce, go in thyself, seek thine own ease

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder 24
On things would hurt me more But I'll go in
[To the Fool] In, boy, go first You houseless poverty,—

Nay, get thee in I'll pray, and then I'll sleep
[Fool goes in]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are, 28
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these? O! I have ta'en 32
Too little care of this Take physic, pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just 36

Edg [Within] Fathom and half, fathom
and half! Poor Tom!

[The Fool runs out from the hovel]

Fool Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit

Help me! help me!

Kent Give me thy hand Who's there? 40

Fool A spirit, a spirit he says his name a poor Tom

Kent What art thou that dost grumble there
in the straw?

Come forth

Enter EDGAR disguised as a madman

Edg Away! the foul fiend follows me! 44
Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds
Hum! go to thy cold bed and warm thee

Lear Didst thou give all to thy two daughters?

And art thou come to this? 48

Edg Who gives anything to poor Tom?
whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and
through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er
bod and quagmire, that hath laid knives under
his pillow, and halters in his pew, set ratsbane
by his porridge, made him proud of heart, to
ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inched
bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor
Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold O! do de,
do de, do de Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-
blasting and taking! O poor Tom's some charity,
whom the foul fiend vexes There could I have
him now, and there, and there again, and there

Lear What! have his daughters brought
him to this pass? [Storm still]

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give
them all?

Fool Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had
been all shamed 65

Lear Now all the plagues that in the pendu-
lous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy
daughters!

Kent He hath no daughters, sir 68

Lear Death, traitor! nothing could have
subdu'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.

Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? 72
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters

Edg Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo! 76

Fool This cold night will turn us all to fools
and madmen

Edg Take heed o' the foul fiend Obey thy
parents, keep thy word justly, swear not, com-
mit not with man's sworn spouse set not thy
sweet heart on proud array Tom's a-cold. 82

Lear What hast thou been?

Edg A servingman proud in heart and
mind, that curled my hair, wore gloves in my
cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and
did the act of darkness with her, swore as many
oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the
sweet face of heaven one that slept in the con-
triving of lust, and waked to do it Wine loved
I deeply, dice dearly, and in woman out-param-
oured the Turk false of heart light of ear,
bloody of hand, hog in sloth, fox in stealth,
wolf in greediness dog in madness lion in prey
Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of
silks betray thy poor heart to woman keep thy
foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets,
thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul
fiend Still through the hawthorn blows the
cold wind, says suum, mun ha no nonny
Dolphin my boy my boy, sessa! let him
trot by [Storm still]

Lear Why, thou wert better in thy grave
than to answer with thy uncovered body this
extremity of the skies Is man no more than
this? Consider him well Thou owest the worm
no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the
cat no perfume Ha! here's three on's are
sophisticated, thou art the thing itself, unac-
commodated man is no more but such a poor,
bare forked animal as thou art Off, off, you
lendings! Come, unbutton here 112

[Tearing off his clothes]
Fool Prithce, nuncle, be contented, 'tis a
naughty night to swim in Now a little fire in
a wide field were like an old lecher's heart, a
small spark, all the rest on's body cold Look!
here comes a walking fire 117

Enter GLOUCESTER with a torch

Edg This is the foul fiend Hlibbertgibbet
he begins at curfew and walks till the first cock,
he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye,
and makes the harelip, muldews the white
wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth. 122

Switthold footed thrice the old
He met the night mare and her nine-fold,
Bid her alight

And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch about thee!

Kent How fares your Grace? 128

Lear What's he?

Kent Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo What are you there? Your names?

Edg Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog,
the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the

water, that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets, swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool, who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock-punished, and imprisoned, who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,

141

But mice and rats and such small deer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year

Beware my follower Peace, Smulkin! peace,
thou fiend

145

Glo What! hath your Grace no better company?

Edg The prince of darkness is a gentleman,
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu

Glo Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown
so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

150

Edg Poor Tom's a-cold

Glo Go in with me My duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands

Though their injunction be to bar my doors, 154
And let this tyrannous might take hold upon
you,

Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out 156
And bring you where both fire and food is ready

Lear First let me talk with this philosopher
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent Good my lord, take his offer, go into
the house

160

Lear I'll talk a word with this same learned
Theban

What is your study?

Edg How to prevent the fiend, and to kill
vermin.

Lear Let me ask you one word in private

Kent Importune him once more to go, my
lord,

165

His wits begin to unsettle

Glo Canst thou blame him? [Storm still
His daughters seek his death. Ah! that good
Kent,

He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!
Thou sayst the king grows mad, I'll tell thee,

169

I am almost mad myself I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood, he sought my life,
But lately, very late, I lov'd him, friend, 172
No father his son dearer, true to tell thee,

[Storm continues
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's
this!

I do beseech your Grace,—
Lear O! cry you mercy, sir,
Noble philosopher, your company

176

Edg Tom's a-cold

Glo In, fellow, there, into the hovel keep
thee warm.

Lear Come, let's in all

Kent This way, my lord.

Lear With him,

I will keep still with my philosopher 180

Kent Good my lord, soothe him, let him
take the fellow

Glo Take him you on.

Kent Sirrah, come on go along with us

Lear Come, good Athenian

Glo No words, no words hush.

Edg Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man, 187
[Exeunt

SCENE V — A Room in GLOUCESTER'S Castle

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND

Corn I will have my revenge ere I depart
his house

Edm How, my lord, I may be censured, that
nature thus gives way to loyalty, something
fears me to think of

Corn I now perceive it was not altogether
your brother's evil disposition made him seek
his death, but a provoking merit, set a-work by
a reprovable badness in himself

Edm How malicious is my fortune, that I
must repent to be just! This is the letter he
spoke of, which approves him an intelligent
party to the advantages of France O heavens!
that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn Go with me to the duchess

Edm If the matter of this paper be certain,
you have mighty business in hand

Corn True, or false, it hath made thee Earl
of Gloucester Seek out where thy father is,
that he may be ready for our apprehension

Edm [Aside] If I find him comforting the
king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully I
will persevere in my course of loyalty, though
the conflict be sore between that and my blood

Corn I will lay trust upon thee, and thou
shalt find a dearer father in my love [Exeunt

SCENE VI — A Chamber in a Farmhouse adjoining
the Castle

Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and
EDGAR.

Glo Here is better than the open air, take
it thankfully I will piece out the comfort with
what addition I can I will not be long from
you

Kent All the power of his wits has given way
to his impatience The gods reward your kind-
ness! [Exit GLOUCESTER.

Edg Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero
is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray,
innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a
madman be a gentleman or a yeoman! 12

Lear A king, a king!

Fool No, he's a yeoman that has a gentle-
man to his son, for he's a mad yeoman that
sees his son a gentleman before him. 16

Lear To have a thousand with red burning
spits

Come hizzing in upon 'em,—
Edg The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool, He's mad that trusts in the tameness

of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear It shall be done, I will arraign them straight

[*To EDGAR*] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer, 24

[*To the Fool*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here Now, you she foxes! 25

Edg Look, where he stands and glares! wantest thou eyes at trial, madam? 26

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,— 28

Fool Her boat hath a leak, And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee

Edg The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring Croak not, black angel, I have no food for thee

Kent How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd 36

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions? 37

Lear I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence

[*To EDGAR*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place, 40

[*To the Fool*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, 41

Bench by his side [*To KENT*] You are o' the commission, 42

Sit you too

Edg Let us deal justly

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd? 44

Thy sheep be in the corn, And for one blast of thy minikin mouth. Thy sheep shall take no harm. 45

Purr! the cat is grey

Lear Arraign her first, 'tis Goneril I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father 48

Fool Come hither, mistress Is your name Goneril? 53

Lear She cannot deny it

Fool Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool

Lear And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim 56

What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape? 60

Edg Bless thy five wits!

Kent O pity! Sir, where is the patience now That you so oft have boasted to retain? 61

Edg [*Aside*] My tears begun to take his part so much, 62

They'll mar my counterfeiting

Lear The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me 64

Edg Tom will throw his head at them

Avaunt, you curs! 68

Be thy mouth or black or white, Tooth that poisons if it bite, Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim, Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,

Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail, Tom will make them weep and wail For, with throwing thus my head, Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled. 76

Do de, de, de Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns Poor Tom, thy horn is dry 79

Lear Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? [*To EDGAR*] You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred, only I do not like the fashion of your garments you will say, they are Persian attire, but let them be changed 88

Kent Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile 89

Lear Make no noise, make no noise, draw the curtains so, so, so We'll go to supper i' the morning so, so, so 92

Fool And I'll go to bed at noon. 92

Re-enter GLOUCESTER

Glo Come hither, friend where is the king my master? 93

Kent Here, sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone 96

Glo Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms, 97

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him. There is a litter ready lay him in't, 100

And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet 101

Both welcome and protection Take up thy master 102

If thou shouldst daily half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss Take up, take up, 104

And follow me, that will to some provision Grive thee quick conduct 105

Kent Oppress'd nature sleeps This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews, 108

Which, if convenience will not allow, 109

Stand in hard cure — [*To the Fool*] Come, help to bear thy master, 110

Thou must not stay behind

Glo Come, come, away

[*Exeunt KENT, GLOUCESTER, and the Fool, bearing away LEAR*]

Edg When we our betters see bearing our woes, 112

We scarcely think our miseries our foes 113

Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind, Leaving free things and happy shows behind, 114

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip, 115

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellow-ships 116

How light and portable my pain seems now, When that which makes me bend makes the king bow, 117

He chideth as I father'd. Tom, away! Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray 120

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee, 121

In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee. 122

What will hap more to-night, safe'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk [Exit

SCENE VII — *A Room in GLOUCESTER's Castle*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,
and Servants

Corn Post speedily to my lord your husband
show him this letter the army of France is
landed Seek out the traitor Gloucester

[Exeunt some of the Servants

Reg Hang him instantly 4

Gon Pluck out his eyes

Corn Leave him to my displeasure Edmund,
keep you our sister company the revenges we
are bound to take upon your traitorous father
are not fit for your beholding Advise the duke,
where you are going, to a most festinate prepara-
tion we are bound to the like Our posts shall
be swift and intelligent betwixt us Farewell,
dear sister farewell, my Lord of Gloucester 13

Enter OSWALD

How now? Where's the king?

Osw My Lord of Gloucester hath convey'd
him hence

Some five or six and thirty of his knights, 16
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate,
Who with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover, where they
boast

To have well-armed friends

Corn Get horses for your mistress 20

Gon Farewell, sweet lord, and sister

Corn Edmund, farewell.

[Exeunt GONERIL, EDMUND, and

OSWALD

Go seek the traitor Gloucester,
Punish him like a thief, bring him before us.

[Exeunt other Servants

Though well we may not pass upon his life 24
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame but not control Who's there?
The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOUCESTER.

Reg Ingrateful fox! 'tis he 28

Corn Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo What mean your Graces? Good my
friends, consider

You are my guests do me no foul play, friends

Corn Bind him, I say [Servants bind him

Reg Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

Glo Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none. 33

Corn To this chair bind him. Villain, thou
shalt find— [REGAN plucks his beard

Glo By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard 36

Reg So white, and such a traitor!

Glo Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my
chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee I am your host

With robbers' hands my hospitable favours 40

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late
from France?

Reg Be simple-answer'd, for we know the
truth

Corn And what confederacy have you with
the traitors 44

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg To whose hands have you sent the
lunatic king?

Speak

Glo I have a letter guessingly set down, 48
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd

Corn

Cunning.

Reg And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo To Dover

Reg Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not
charg'd at peril— 52

Corn Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer
that

Glo I am tied to the stake, and I must stand
the course

Reg Wherefore to Dover? 55

Glo Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd
up, 60

And quench'd the stelled fires,
Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that durn time,
Thou shouldst have said, 'Good porter, turn
the key,' 64

All cruels else subscrib'd but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn See't shalt thou never Fellows, hold
the chair

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot. 68

Glo He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help! O cruel! O ye gods!

[GLOUCESTER's eye put out

Reg One side will mock another, the other
too

Corn. If you see vengeance—

First Serv Hold your hand, my lord

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child, 73
But better service have I never done you

Than now to bid you hold

Reg How now, you dog!

First Serv If you did wear a beard upon
your chin, 76

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [Draws

First Serv Nay then, come on, and take the
chance of anger [Draws They fight

CORNWALL is wounded

Reg Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up
thus! [Takes a sword and runs

at him behind

First Serv O! I am slain. My lord, you have
one eye left 81

To see some mischief on him. O! [Dies

Corn Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile
jelly!

Where is thy lustre now? 84
Glo All dark and comfortless Where's my son Edmund?
 Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
 To quit this horrid act

Reg Out, treacherous villain!
 Thou call'st on him that hates thee, it was he
 That made the overture of thy treasons to us, 89
 Who is too good to pity thee

Glo O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd.
 Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him! 92

Reg Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Dover [*Exit one with GLOUCESTER.*]
 How is t, my lord? How look you?

Corn I have receiv'd a hurt. Follow me, lady

Turn out that eyeless villain throw this slave
 Upon the dunghill Regan, I bleed apace 97
 Untimely comes this hurt Give me your arm

[*Exit CORNWALL led by REGAN*]
Sec Serv I'll never care what wickedness I do
 If this man come to good

Thrd Serv If she live long, 100
 And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
 Women will all turn monsters

Sec Serv Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam

To lead him where he would his roguish madness 104

Allows itself to any thing
Thrd Serv Go thou, I'll fetch some flax,

and whites of eggs,
 To apply to his bleeding face Now, heaven help him! [*Exeunt severally*]

ACT IV

SCENE I—The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg Yet better thus, and known to be contemptu'd,
 Than still contemn'd and flatter'd To be worst,
 The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
 Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear 4
 The lamentable change is from the best,
 The worst returns to laughter Welcome, then,
 Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace
 The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
 Owes nothing to thy blasts But who comes here? 9

Enter GLOUCESTER, led by an old Man.
 My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
 But that thystrangemutations make us hate thee,
 Life would not yield to age

Old Man O my good lord! 12
 I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant,
 These fourscore years

Glo Away, get thee away, good friend, be gone,
 Thy comforts can do me no good at all, 16
 Thee they may hurt

Old Man You cannot see your way,

Glo I have no way, and therefore want no eyes,

I stumbled when I saw Full oft 'tis seen,
 Our means secure us, and our mere defects 20
 Prove our commodities Ah! dear son Edgar,
 The food of thy abused father's wrath,
 Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
 I'd say I had eyes again

Old Man How now! Who's there? 24
Edg [*Aside*] O gods! Who is t can say, 'I am at the worst?'

I am worse than e'er I was
Old Man 'Tis poor mad Tom
Edg [*Aside*] And worse I may be yet, the worst is not,

So long as we can say, 'This is the worst' 28
Old Man Fellow, where goest?

Glo Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man Madman and beggar too

Glo He has some reason, else he could not beg

I the last night's storm I such a fellow saw, 32
 Which made me think a man a worm my son
 Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
 Was then scarce friends with him I have heard more since

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods, 36
 They kill us for their sport

Edg [*Aside*] How should this be?
 Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
 Angering itself and others — [*To GLOUCESTER,*]

Bless thee, master!
Glo Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man Ay, my lord

Glo Then, prithee, get thee gone If, for my sake, 42

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
 I'll the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love,
 And bring some covering for this naked soul 44
 Who I'll entreat to lead me

Old Man Alack, sir! he is mad

Glo 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure,
 Above the rest be gone 48

Old Man I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,

Come on't what will [*Exit*]

Glo Surrah naked fellow,—
Edg Poor Tom's a cold. [*Aside*] I cannot daub it further 52

Glo Come hither, fellow
Edg [*Aside*] And yet I must. Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed

Glo Know'st thou the way to Dover? 55
Edg Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path

Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once of lust, as Obidicut, Hobbididance, prince of dumbness Mahu, of stealing Modo, of murder, and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women So, bless thee, master! 64

Glo Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens plague

Have humbled to all strokes that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man, 68
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power

quickly,
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. Dost thou know
Dover? 72

Edg Ay, master

Glo There is a cliff, whose high and bending
head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep,
Bring me but to the very brim of it, 76
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me, from that place
I shall no loading need.

Edg Give me thy arm
Poor Tom shall lead thee [Exeunt

SCENE II.—Before the DUKE OF ALBANY'S
Palace

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND

Gon Welcome, my lord, I marvel our mild
husband

Not met us on the way [Enter OSWALD] Now,
where's your master?

Osw Madam, within, but never man so
chang'd

I told him of the army that was landed, 4
He smil'd at it I told him you were coming
His answer was, 'The worse' of Gloucester's
treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot, 8
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to
him

What like offensive

Gon [To EDMUND] Then, shall you go no
further

It is the cowish terror of his spirit 12
That dares not undertake, he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer Our wishes on the
way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my
brother,

Hasten his musters and conduct his powers 16
I must change arms at home, and give the dis-
taff

Into my husband's hands This trusty servant
Shall pass between us, ere long you are like to
hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf, 20
A mistress's command Wear this, spare
speech, [Giving a favour

Decline your head this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air
Conceive, and fare thee well. 24

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.
Gon. My most dear Gloucester!

[Exit EDMUND

O! the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due
My fool usurps my bed.

Osw Madam, here comes my lord [Exit

Enter ALBANY

Gon I have been worth the whistle

Alb O Goneril! 29
You are not worth the dust which the rude
wind

Blows in your face I fear your disposition
That nature, which contemns its origin, 32
Cannot be border'd certain in itself,
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her maternal sap, perforce must wither

And come to deadly use 36

Gon No more the text is foolish

Alb Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem
vile,

Filth's savour but themselves What have you
done?

Tigers, not daughters what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man, 41
Whose reverence the head lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you
madded

Could my good brother suffer you to do it? 44
A man a prince, by him so benefited!

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come, 48

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,

Like monsters of the deep

Gon Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for
wrongs,

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning 52
Thine honour from thy suffering, that not
know'st

Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief Where's thy
drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless
land, 56

With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats,
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest
'Alack! why does he so?'

Alb See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend 60
So horrid as in woman

Gon O vain fool!

Alb Thou chang'd and self-cover'd thing,
for shame,

Be-monster not thy feature Were't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood, 64

They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones, howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee

Gon Marry, your manhood—Mew! 68

Enter a Messenger

Alb What news?

Mess O! my good lord, the Duke of Corn-
wall's dead,

Slam by his servant, going to put out

The other eye of Gloucester

Alb Gloucester's eyes! 72

Mess A servant that he bred, thril'd with
remorse

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master, who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell d him
dead, 76
But not without that harmful stroke, which
since

Hath pluck'd him after

Alb This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess Both, both, my lord 81
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer,
'Tis from your sister

Gon [Aside] One way I like this well,
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck 83
Upon my hateful life another way,

This news is not so tart [To Messenger] I'll
read and answer [Exit]

Alb Where was his son when they did take
his eyes? 88

Mess Come with my lady hither

Alb He is not here

Mess No, my good lord, I met him back
again.

Alb Knows he the wickedness?

Mess Ay, my good lord, 'twas he inform'd
against him, 92

And quit the house on purpose that their punish-
ment

Might have the freer course

Alb Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'st the
king,

And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend
Tell me what more thou knowest [Exeunt]

SCENE III.—The French Camp, near Dover

Enter KENT and a Gentleman

Kent Why the King of France is so suddenly
gone back know you the reason?

Gent Something he left imperfect in the
state, which since his coming forth is thought
of, which imports to the kingdom so much fear
and danger, that his personal return was most
required and necessary 7

Kent Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent The Marshal of France, Monsieur la
Far

Kent Did your letters pierce the queen to
any demonstration of grief? 12

Gent Ay, sir, she took them, read them in
my presence,

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek, it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like, 16
Sought to be king o'er her

Kent O! then it mov'd her
strove

Gent Not to a rage, patience and sorrow
Who should express her goodliest. You have
seen

Sunshine and rain at once, her smiles and tears
Were like a better way, those happy smiles 21

That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes, which parted
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief, 24
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it

Kent Made she no verbal question?
Gent Faith, once or twice she heav'd the
name of 'father'

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart, 28
Cried 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, is the storm?' is the
night?

Let pity not be believed! There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes, 32
And clamour-moisten'd, then away she started
To deal with grief alone

Kent It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions,
Else one self mate and make could not beget 36
Such different issues You spoke not with her
since?

Gent No

Kent Was this before the king return'd?

Gent No, since

Kent Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear's
is the town, 40

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about and by no means

Will yield to see his daughter

Gent Why, good sir?

Kent A sovereign shame so elbows him his
own unkindness, 44

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd
her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things
stung

His mind so venomously that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia

Gent Alack! poor gentleman 49

Kent Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers
you heard not?

Gent 'Tis so, they are afoot

Kent Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
Lear, 52

And leave you to attend him Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile,
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance I pray you, go
Along with me [Exeunt]

SCENE IV.—The Same A Tent

Enter with drum and colours, CORDELIA, Doctor,
and Soldiers,

Cor Alack! 'tis he why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea, singing aloud,
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-
flowers, 4

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn A century send forth,
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [Exit an Officer.]

What can man's wisdom 4

In the restoring his bereaved sense⁹
 He that helps him take all my outward worth
Doc There is means, madam,
 Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
 The which he lacks, that to provoke in him,
 Are many simples operative, whose power
 Will close the eye of anguish

Cor All bless'd secrets,
 All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
 Spring with my tears¹ be aidant and remediate
 In the good man's distress¹ Seek, seek for him,
 Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
 That wants the means to lead it

Enter a Messenger

Mess News, madam, 20
 The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor 'Tis known before, our preparation
 stands

In expectation of them O dear father!
 It is thy business that I go about, 24
 Therefore great France
 My mourning and important tears hath pitied,
 No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
 But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right,
 Soon may I hear and see him! [Exeunt

SCENE V — *A Room in GLOUCESTER's Castle*

Enter REGAN and OSWALD

Reg But are my brother's powers set forth?
Osw Ay, madam

Reg Himself in person there?
Osw Madam, with much ado

Your sister is the better soldier
Reg Lord Edmund spake not with your lord
 at home? 4

Osw No, madam
Reg What might import my sister's letter
 to him?

Osw I know not, lady
Reg Faith, he is posted hence on serious
 matter 8

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being
 out,

To let him live, where he arrives he moves
 All hearts against us Edmund, I think, is gone
 In pity of his misery, to dispatch 12

His nighted life, moreover, to descry
 The strength o' the enemy

Osw I must needs after him, madam, with
 my letter

Reg Our troops set forth to-morrow, stay
 with us, 16

The ways are dangerous
Osw I may not, madam,

My lady charg'd my duty in this business
Reg Why should she write to Edmund?

Might not you
 Transport her purposes by word? Belike, 20

Something—I know not what I'll love thee
 much,

Let me unseal the letter
Osw Madam, I had rather—

Reg I know your lady does not love her
 husband,

I am sure of that and at her late being here 24
 She gave strange ceiliades and most speaking
 looks

To noble Edmund I know you are of her bosom.
Osw I, madam!

Reg I speak in understanding, you are, I
 know't 28

Therefore I do advise you, take this note
 My lord is dead, Edmund and I have talk'd,

And more convenient is he for my hand
 Than for your lady's You may gather more 32

If you do find him, pray you, give him this,
 And when your mistress hears thus much from
 you,

I pray desire her call her wisdom to her
 So, fare you well 36

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
 Preferment falls on him that cuts him off

Osw Would I could meet him, madam I
 would show

What party I do follow
Reg Fare thee well [Exeunt

SCENE VI — *The Country near Dover*

*Enter GLOUCESTER, and EDGAR dressed like a
 peasant*

Glo When shall I come to the top of that
 same hill?

Edg You do climb up it now, look how we
 labour

Glo Methinks the ground is even
Edg Horrible steep

Hark! do you hear the sea?
Glo No, truly 4

Edg Why, then your other senses grow im-
 perfect

By your eyes anguish.
Glo So may it be, indeed

Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
 In better phrase and matter than thou didst 8

Edg Y^e are much deceiv'd, in nothing am I
 chang'd

But in my garments
Glo Methinks you're better spoken

Edg Come on, sir, here's the place stand
 still

How fearful 12
 And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
 Show scarce so gross as beetles, half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful
 trade! 16

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head
 The fishermen that walk upon the beach

Appear like mice, and yond tall anchoring bark
 Diminish'd to her cock, her cock a buoy 20

Almost too small for sight. The murmuring
 surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight 24
 Topple down headlong

Glo Set me where you stand
Edg Give me your hand, you are now within
 a foot

Of the extreme verge for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo Let go my hand 28
Here, friend, 's another purse, in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking faires and
gods

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going 32

Edg Now fare you well, good sir
Glo With all my heart.
Edg Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.

Glo O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights, 36
Shake patiently my great affliction off,
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should 40
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!
Now fellow, fare thee well. [*He falls forward*]

Edg Gone, sir farewell
[*Aside*] And yet I know not how conceit may
rob

The treasury of life when life itself 44
Yields to the theft, had he been where he thought
By this had thought been past Alive or dead?
[*To Gloucester*] Ho, you sir! friend! Hear
you, sir? speak!

Thus might he pass indeed, yet he revives. 48
What are you, sir?

Glo Away and let me die
Edg Hast thou been aught but gossamer,
feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou dost shiver'd like an egg, but thou dost
breathe, 52
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art
sound

Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell
Thy life's a miracle Speak yet again. 56

Glo But have I fallen or no?
Edg From the dread summit of this chalky
bourn.

Look up a-height, the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard do but look up 60

Glo Alack! I have no eyes
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage, 64
And frustrate his proud will

Edg Give me your arm
Up so How is't? Feel you your legs? You
stand

Glo Too well, too well.
Edg This is above all strangeness
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you? 72

Glo A poor unfortunate beggar 69
Edg As I stood here below methought his
eyes

Were two full moons he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and way'd like the enridged sea
It was some fiend, therefore thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them
honours 74

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee
Glo I do remember now, henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself 77
'Enough, enough,' and die That thing you
speak of

I took it for a man, often 'twould say
'The fiend, the fiend' he led me to that place
Edg Bear free and patient thoughts But
who comes here? 81

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with
flowers*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus

Lear No, they cannot touch me for coming,
I am the king himself 85

Edg O thou side-piercing sight!
Lear Nature's above art in that respect
There's your press-money That fellow handles
his bow like a crow-keeper draw me a clothier's
yard Look, look! a mouse Peace, peace!
this piece of toasted cheese will do't There's
my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant Bring
up the brown bills O! well flown bird, I! the
clout, I the clout hewgh! Give the word
Edg Sweet marjoram. 96

Lear Pass
Glo I know that voice

Lear Ha! Gonevil, with a white beard!
They flatter'd me like a dog, and told me I had
white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were
there To say 'ay' and 'no' to everything
I said! 'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divi-
nity When the rain came to wet me once and
the wind to make me chatter when the thunder
would not peace at my bidding, there I found
'em, there I smelt 'em out Go to, they are not
men o' their words they told me I was every
thing, 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof 108

Glo The trick of that voice I do well re-
member

Is't not the king?

Lear Ay, every inch a king
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes
I pardon that man's life What was thy cause? 112
Adultery?

Thou shalt not die die for adultery! No
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight 116

Let copulation thrive, for Gloucester's bastard
son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'twixt the lawful sheets
To't luxury, pell-mell' for I lack soldiers 120
Behold yond sumptuous dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow,
That mimes virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name, 124
The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to't
With a more riotous appetite
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above 128
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiend's
There's hell, there's darkness, there is the sul-
phurous pit, 131

Burning, scalding, stench, consumption, fie, fie,
fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good
apothecary, to sweeten my imagination there's
money for thee

Glo O! let me kiss that hand! 136

Lear Let me wipe it first, it smells of mor-
tality

Glo O ruin'd piece of nature! This great
world

Shall so wear out to nought Dost thou know
me? 139

Lear I remember thine eyes well enough.
Dost thou squint at me? No, do thy worst,
blind Cupid, I'll not love Read thou this
challenge, mark but the penning of it

Glo Were all the letters suns, I could not see

Edg [Aside] I would not take this from re-
port, it is, 145

And my heart breaks at it.

Lear Read.

Glo What! with the case of eyes? 148

Lear O, ho! are you there with me? No
eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse?
Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a
light yet you see how this world goes 152

Glo I see it feelingly

Lear What! art mad? A man may see how
this world goes with no eyes Look with thine
ears see how yond justice rails upon yon simple
thief Hark, in thine ear change places, and,
handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the
thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a
beggar? 160

Glo Ay, sir

Lear And the creature run from the cur?
There thou mightst behold the great image of
authority, a dog's obey'd in office 164

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine
own back,

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her The usurer hangs
the cozener 168

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear,
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all Plate sin with
gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks,
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it
None does offend, none, I say none, I'll able
'em 173

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem 176

To see the things thou dost not. Now, now,
now now

Pull off my boots, harder, harder, so ~

Edg [Aside] O! matter and impertinency
mix'd,

Reason in madness! 180

Lear If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take
my eyes,

I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloucester

Thou must be patient, we came crying hither
Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air 184
We waul and cry I will preach to thee mark.

Glo Alack! alack the day!

Lear When we are born, we cry that we are
come

To this great stage of fools This' a good block!
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe 189
A troop of horse with felt, I'll put it in proof,
And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill! 192

Enter Gentleman, with Attendants

Gent O! here he is, lay hand upon him. Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear No rescue? What! a prisoner? I am
even

The natural fool of fortune Use me well, 196
You shall have ransom Let me have surgeons,
I am cut to the brains

Gent You shall have any thing

Lear No seconds? All myself?

Why this would make a man a man of salt, 200
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Gent Good sir,—

Lear I will die bravely as a bridegroom.
What!

I will be jovial come, come, I am a king, 204
My masters, know you that?

Gent You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear Then there's life in it. Nay, an you
get it, you shall get it by running Sa, sa, sa, sa

[Exit Attendants follow]

Gent A sight most pitiful in the meanest
wretch, 209

Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one
daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to 212

Edg Hail, gentle sir!

Gent Sir, speed you what's your will?

Edg Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle
toward?

Gent Most sure and vulgar, every one hears
that,

Which can distinguish sound

Edg But, by your favour, 216

How near's the other army?

Gent Near, and on speedy foot, the main
descry

Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg I thank you, sir that's all

Gent Though that the queen on special cause
is here, 220

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg I thank you, sir

[Exit Gentleman]

Glo You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me.

Let not my worse spirit tempt me again

To die before you please!

Edg Well pray you, father 224

Glo Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg A most poor man, made tame to for-
tune's blows,

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity Give me your hand
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo Hearty thanks 229
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD

Osw A proclaim d prize! Most happy!
That eyesless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes Thou old unhappy
traitor, 233

Briefly thyself remember the sword is out
That must destroy thee

Glo Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to't [*EDGAR interposes*]

Osw Wherefore, bold peasant, 236
Dar'st thou support a publish d traitor? Hence,
Lest that infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee Let go his arm

Edg Chill not let go, zur, without vurther
'casion 241

Osw Let go, slave, or thou diest
Edg Good gentleman, go your gait, and let
poor volk pass An chud ha' bin zwaggered
out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as
'tis by a vortnight Nay, come not near th' old
man, keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether
your costard or my ballow be the harder Chill
be plain with you 249

Osw Out, dunghill!
Edg Chill pick your teeth, zur Come, no
matter vor your foms 252

[*They fight and EDGAR knocks him down*]
Osw Slave, thou hast slain me Villain, take
my purse

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters which thou find at about me
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester, seek him out
Upon the English party O! untimely death 257

[*Dies*]
Edg I know thee well a serviceable villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire

Glo What! is he dead? 260
Edg Sit you down father, rest you
Let's see his pockets these letters that he speaks
of

May be my friends He's dead, I am only sorry
He had no other deaths-man Let us see 264
Leave, gentle wax, and, manners, blame us not
To know our enemies minds, we d rip their
hearts,

Their papers, is more lawful
Let our reciprocal vows be remembered You
have many opportunities to cut him off if
your will want not, time and place will be
fruitfully offered There is nothing done if he
return the conqueror then am I the prisoner,
and his bed my goal from the loathed warmth
whereof deliver me, and supply the place for
your labour

Your—wife, so I would say— 276
Affectionate servant,

GONFRIL
O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life, 280
And the exchange my brother! Here, in the
sands,

Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers, and in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sight 284
Of the death-practis'd duke For him tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell

Glo The king is mad how stiff is my vile
sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenius feeling 288
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my
griefs,

And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves [*Drums afar off*]

Edg Give me your hand 292
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum

Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII — A Tent in the French Camp

Enter CORDELIA, KENT, Doctor, and Gentleman

Cor O thou good Kent! how shall I live and
work

To match thy goodness? My life will be too
short,

And every measure fail me
Kent To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-
paid 4

All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so

Cor Be better suited
These weeds are memories of those worser
hours

I prithee, put them off
Kent Pardon me, dear madam, 8

Yet to be known shortens my made intent
My boon I make it that you know me not

Till time and I think meet
Cor Then be't so, my good lord — [*To the*
Doctor] How does the king? 12

Doc Madam, sleeps still.
Cor O you kind gods,

Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O! wind up 16
Of this child-changed father!

Doc So please your majesty
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long

Cor Be govern'd by your knowledge, and
proceed

I' the sway of your own will Is he array'd? 20

Enter LEAR in his chair, carried by
Servants

Gent Ay, madam, in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him

Doc Be by, good madam, when we do awake
him,

I doubt not of his temperance
Cor Very well [*Music*]

Doc Please you, draw near Louder the
music there 25

Cor O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips and let this kiss

Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent Kind and dear princess! 29

Cor Had you not been their father, these
white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds? 32
To stand against the deep dread-boited thunder?
In the most terrible and numble stroke
Of quick cross lightning? to watch—poor
perdu!—

With this thum helm? Mine enemy's dog, 36
Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night
Against my fire And wast thou fain, poor
father,

To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack! 40
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all He wakes, speak to
him.

Doc Madam, do you, 'tis fittest

Cor How does my royal lord? How fares
your majesty? 44

Lear You do me wrong to take me out o'
the grave,

Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead

Cor Sir, do you know me? 48

Lear You are a spirit, I know, when did
you die?

Cor Still, still, far wide

Doc He scarce awake, let him alone awhile

Lear Where have I been? Where am I? Fair
day-light? 52

I am mightily abus'd I should even die with
pity

To see another thus I know not what to say
I will not swear these are my hands let's see,
I feel this pin prick Would I were assur'd 56
Of my condition!

Cor O! look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me
No, sir, you must not kneel

Lear Pray, do not mock me
I am a very foolish fond old man, 60

Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or
less,

And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind

Methinks I should know you and know this
man, 64

Yet I am doubtful for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have

Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at
me, 68

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia

Cor And so I am, I am

Lear Be your tears wet? Yes, faith, I pray,
weep not

If you have poison for me, I will drink it. 72
I know you do not love me, for your sisters

Have as I do remember, done me wrong
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor No cause, no cause.

Lear Am I in France?

Kent In your own kingdom, sir

Lear Do not abuse me 77

Doc Be comforted, good madam, the great
rage,

You see, is kill'd in him, and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost 80

Desire him to go in, trouble him no more
Till further settling

Cor Will t please your highness walk?

Lear You must bear with me
Pray you now, forget and forgive I am old and
foolish. [Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, DOC-

tor, and Attendants

Gent Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of
Cornwall was so slain?

Kent Most certain, sir

Gent Who is conductor of his people? 88

Kent As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester

Gent They say Edgar, his banished son, is
with the Earl of Kent in Germany

Kent Report is changeable 'Tis time to
look about, the powers of the kingdom
approach apace 94

Gent The arbitrement is like to be bloody
Fare you well, sir [Exit

Kent My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought, 97

Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought
[Exit

ACT V

SCENE I—The British Camp near Dover

Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN,
Officers, Soldiers, and Others

Edm Know of the duke if his last purpose
hold,

Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course, he's full of alteration

And self-reproving, bring his constant pleasure
[To an Officer, who goes out

Reg Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you

Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth, 8
Do you not love my sister?

Edm In honour'd love

Reg But have you never found my brother's
way

To the forefended place?

Edm That thought abuses you.

Reg I am doubtful that you have been con-
junct 12

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers

Edm No, by mine honour, madam

Reg I never shall endure her dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her

Edm Fear me not. 16

She and the duke her husband!

Enter with drums and colours, ALBANY,
GONERIL, and Soldiers

Gon. [Aside] I had rather lose the battle
than that sister

Should loosen him and me

Alb Our very loving sister, well be-met 20
Sir, this I heard, the king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out Where I could not be honest
I never yet was valiant for this business, 24
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not holds the king, with others, whom, I fear
Most just and heavy causes make oppose

Edm Sir, you speak nobly

Reg Why is this reason'd? 28

Gon Combine together 'gainst the enemy,
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here

Alb Let's then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceeding 32

Edm I shall attend you presently at your tent

Reg Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon No

Reg 'Tis most convenient, pray you, go

with us 36

Gon [*Aside*] O, ho! I know the riddle

[*Aloud*] I will go

Enter EDGAR, disguised

Edg If e'er your Grace had speech with man
so poor,

Hear me one word

Alb I'll overtake you. Speak
[*Exeunt* EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants

Edg Before you fight the battle, ope this
letter 40

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it wretched though I
seem,

I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there If you miscarry, 44
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb Stay till I have read the letter

Edg I was forbid it

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry, 48
And I'll appear again.

Alb Why, fare thee well I will o'erlook thy
paper [Exit EDGAR.]

Re-enter EDMUND

Edm The enemy's in view, draw up your
powers

Here is the guess of their true strength and
forces 52

By diligent discovery, but your haste

Is now urg'd on you.

Alb We will greet the time [Exit

Edm To both these sisters have I sworn my
love,

Each jealous of the other, as the stung 56

Are of the adder Which of them shall I take?

Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd

If both remain alive to take the widow

Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril, 60

And hardly shall I carry out my side,

Her husband being alive Now then, we'll use

His countenance for the battle, which being done

Let her who would be rid of him devise 64

His speedy taking off As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon, for my state 68
Stands on me to defend, not to debate [Exit

SCENE II — *A Field between the two Camps*

Alarum within Enter, with drum and colours,
LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces, and exeunt
Enter EDGAR and GLOUCESTER.

Edg Here, father, take the shadow of this
tree

For your good host, pray that the night may thrive

If ever I return to you again,

I'll bring you comfort

Glo Grace go with you, sir! 4
[Exit EDGAR.]

Alarum, afterwards a retreat *Re-enter*
EDGAR

Edg Away, old man! give me thy hand
away!

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo No further, sir, a man may rot even
here 8

Edg What! in ill thoughts again? Men must
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither
Ripeness is all. Come on.

Glo And that's true too
[Exit

SCENE III — *The British Camp, near Dover*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours,
EDMUND, LEAR and CORDELIA, prisoners,
Officers, Soldiers, &c

Edm Some officers take them away good
guard,

Until their greater pleasures first be known

That are to censure them

Cor We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the
worst. 4

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down,
Myself could else out-frown false Fortune's
frown.

Shall we not see these daughters and these
sisters?

Lear No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to
prison, 8

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,

And ask of thee forgiveness so we'll live,

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and
laugh 12

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues

Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them

too,

Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out,

And take upon's the mystery of things, 16

As if we were God's spies; and we'll wear out,

In a wall'd prison, packs and sets of great ones

That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm Take them away
Lear Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, 20
 The gods themselves throw incense Have I
 caught thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
 And fire us hence like foxes Wipe thine eyes,
 The gowjeres shall devour them, flesh and fell, 24
 Ere they shall make us weep we'll see 'em starve
 first

Come [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded*

Edm Come hither, captain, hark,
 Take thou this note, [*Giving a paper*] go follow
 them to prison 28

One step I have advanc'd thee, if thou dost
 As thus instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes, know thou this, that men
 Are as the time is, to be tender-minded 32
 Does not become a sword, thy great employ-
 ment

Will not bear question, either say thou 't do't,
 Or thrive by other means

Offi I'll do't, my lord.
Edm About it, and write happy when thou
 hast done 36

Mark,—I say, instantly, and carry it so

As I have set it down

Offi I cannot draw a cart nor eat dried oats,
 If it be man's work I will do it. [*Exit*

*Flourish Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
 Officers, and Attendants*

Alb Sir, you have show'd to-day your valiant
 strain, 41

And fortune led you well, you have the captives
 Who were the opposites of this day's strife,
 We do require them of you, so to use them 44
 As we shall find their merits and our safety
 May equally determine

Edm Sir, I thought it fit
 To send the old and miserable king
 To some retention, and appointed guard, 48
 Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
 To pluck the common bosom on his side,
 And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
 Which do command them With him I sent the
 queen, 52

My reason all the same, and they are ready
 To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
 Where you shall hold your session At this time
 We sweat and bleed, the friend hath lost his
 friend, 56

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
 By those that feel their sharpness,
 The question of Cordelia and her father
 Requires a fitter place

Alb Sir, by your patience, 60
 I hold you but a subject of this war,
 Not as a brother

Reg That's as we list to grace him
 Methinks our pleasure might have been de-
 manded,

Ere you had spoke so far He led our powers, 64
 Bore the commission of my place and person,
 The which immediacy may well stand up,
 And call itself your brother

Gon. Not so hot,

In his own grace he doth exalt himself 68
 More than in your addition

Reg In my rights,

By me invested, he compeers the best
Gon That were the most, if he should hus-
 band you.

Reg Jesters do oft prove prophets

Gon Holla, holla! 72

That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg Lady, I am not well, else I should
 answer

From a full-flowing stomach General,

Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony, 76

Dispose of them, of me, the walls are thine,

Witness the world, that I create thee here

My lord and master

Gon Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb The let-alone lies not in your good
 will 80

Edm Nor in thine, lord.

Alb Half-blooded fellow, yes

Reg [*To EDMUND*] Let the drum strike, and
 prove my title thine

Alb Stay yet, hear reason. Edmund, I arrest
 thee

On capital treason, and, in thy arrest, 84

This gilded serpent [*Pointing to GONERIL*] For

your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife,

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your bans. 88

If you will marry, make your love to me,

My lady is bespoken

Gon An interlude!

Alb Thou art arm'd, Gloucester, let the
 trumpet sound

If none appear to prove upon thy person 92

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,

There is my pledge, [*Throws down a glove*] I'll

prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaim'd thee

Reg Sick! O sick! 96

Gon [*Aside*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine

Edm There's my exchange [*Throws down*

a glove] what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.

Call by thy trumpet he that dares approach,

On him, on you, who not? I will maintain nor

My truth and honour firmly

Alb A herald, ho!

Edm A herald, ho! a herald!

Alb Trust to thy single virtue, for thy sol-
 diers, 104

All levied in my name, have in my name

Took their discharge.

Reg My sickness grows upon me.

Alb She is not well, convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*

Come hither, herald,

Enter a Herald.

Let the trumpet sound,— 108

And read out this.

Offi. Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*

Her If any man of quality or degree within
the lists of the army will maintain upon
Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he
is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the
third sound of the trumpet He is bold in his
defence 116

Edm. Sound!

[First Trumpet

Her Again!

[Second Trumpet

Her Again!

[Third Trumpet

[Trumpet answers within

Enter EDGAR, armed with a Trumpet before
him

Alb Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet

Her What are you? 121
Your name? your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg Know, my name is lost,
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit 125
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope

Alb Which is that adversary?

Edg What's he that speaks for Edmund
Earl of Gloucester?

Edm. Himself what sayst thou to him?

Edg Draw thy sword, 128
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice, here is mine
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession I protest, 132
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and emi-
nence,

Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a traitor,
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspiring 'gainst this high illustrious prince,
And, from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor Say thou 'No,' 140
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are
bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest

Edm In wisdom I should ask thy name,
But since thy outside looks so fair and war-like,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding
breathes, 145

What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn,
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head, 148
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart,
Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely
bruise,

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever Trumpets,
speak! 152

[Alarums They fight EDMUND falls

Alb Save him, save him!

Gon This is practice, Gloucester
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to
answer

An unknown opposite, thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd

Alb Shut your mouth, dame, 156
Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir;

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil
No tearing, lady, I perceive you know it

[Gives the letter to EDMUND

Gon Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not
thine 160

Who can arraign me for't?

[Exit

Alb Most monstrous!

Know'st thou this paper?

Edm. Ask me not what I know

Alb Go after her she's desperate, govern
her [Exit an Officer

Edm What you have charg'd me with, that
have I done, 164

And more, much more, the time will bring it
out

'Tis past, and so am I But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee

Edg Let's exchange charity 168

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund,

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices 172

Make instruments to plague us

The dark and vicious place where thee he got

Cost him his eyes

Edm Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true,

The wheel is come full circle, I am here 176

Alb Methought thy very gait did prophesy

A royal nobleness I must embrace thee

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I

Did hate thee or thy father

Edg Worthy prince I know't. 180

Alb Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your

father?

Edg By nursing them, my lord. List a brief

tale,

And, when 'tis told, O! that my heart would

burst, 184

The bloody proclamation to escape

That follow'd me so near,—O! our lives' sweet-

ness,

That we the pam of death would hourly die

Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift 188

Into a madman's rags, to assume a semblance

That very dogs disdain'd and in this habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,

Their precious stones new lost, became his

gunde, 192

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from de-
spair,

Never,—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him,

Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,

Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,

I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last 197

Told him my pilgrimage but his flaw'd heart,—

Alack! too weak the conflict to support,

'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,

Burst smilingly

Edm This speech of yours hath mov'd me,

And shall perchance do good, but speak you

on, 202

You look as you had something more to say

Alb If there be more, more woeful, hold it

in; 204

For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this

Edg This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow, but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity 209
Whilst I was big in clamour came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society, but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven, threw him on my father,
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him 216
That ever ear receiv'd, which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb But who was this? 220
Edg Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent, who in
disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife

Gent Help, help! O help!
Edg What kind of help?
Alb Speak, man. 224
Edg What means that bloody knife?
Gent 'Tis hot, it smokes,
It came even from the heart of—O! she's dead.
Alb Who dead? speak, man
Gent Your lady, sir, your lady and her
sister 228
By her is poison'd she confesses it
Edm I was contracted to them both all
three

Now marry in an instant
Edg Here comes Kent.
Alb Produce the bodies, be they alive or
dead 232
Thus judgment of the heavens, that makes us
tremble,
Touches us not with pity [*Exit Gentleman*]

Enter KENT

O! is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges
Kent I am come 236
To bid my king and master aye good-night,
Is he not here?
Alb Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia?

Seest thou this object, Kent? 240
[*The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN
are brought in.*]

Kent Alack! why thus?
Edm Yet Edmund was belov'd
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself
Alb Even so Cover their faces 244
Edm I pant for life some good I mean to do
Despite of mine own nature Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to the castle, for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia. 248

Nay, send in time.

Alb Run, run! O run!
Edg To whom, my lord? Who has the office?
send
Thy token of reprieve
Edm Well thought on take my sword, 252
Give it the captain.

Alb Haste thee, for thy life.
[*Exit EDGAR*]
Edm He hath commission from thy wife and
me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair, 256
That she fordid herself
Alb The gods defend her! Bear him hence
awhile [EDMUND is borne off]

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms
EDGAR, Officer, and Others*

Lear Howl, howl, howl, howl! O! you are
men of stones
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vaults should crack She's gone
for ever 261

I know when one is dead, and when one lives,
She's dead as earth Lend me a looking-glass,
If that her breath will must or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives

Kent Is this the promis'd end? 265
Edg Or image of that horror?
Alb Fall and cease?

Lear This feather stirs, she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows 268
That ever I have felt

Kent [Kneeling] O, my good master!
Lear Prithce, away
Edg 'Tis noble Kent, your friend
Lear A plague upon you, murderers, traitors
all!

I might have sav'd her, now, she's gone forever!
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little Ha! 273
What is't thou sayst? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee 276
Off 'Tis true, my lord, he did.

Lear Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best I'll tell you
straight 281
Kent If fortune brag of two she lov'd and
hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?
Kent The same, 284
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant
Caius?

Lear He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'll strike, and quickly too He's dead and
rotten.

Kent No, my good lord, I am the very
man— 288
Lear I'll see that straight.

Kent That, from your first of difference and
decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps

Lear You are welcome hither

Kent Nor no man else, all 's cheerless, dark,
and deadly

Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear Ay, so I think.

Alb He knows not what he says, and vain
it is

That we present us to him.

Edg Very bootless. 296

Enter an Officer

Off Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb That's but a trifle here
You lords and noble friends, know our in-
tent,

What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied for us, we will resign, 300

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power —[*To EDGAR and*

KENT] You, to your rights,

With boot and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes 303

The cup of their deservings O! see, see!

Lear And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no,
no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, 308

And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no

more,

Never, never, never, never, never!

Pray you, undo this button thank you, sir

Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips, 312

Look there, look there! [*Dies*]

Edg He faints!—my lord, my lord!

Kent Break, heart, I prithee, break

Edg Look up, my lord.

Kent Vex not his ghost O! let him pass,
he hates him

That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer

Edg He is gone, indeed 317

Kent The wonder is he hath endur'd so long

He but usurp'd his life

Alb Bear them from hence Our present

business 320

Is general woe [*To KENT and EDGAR*] Friends

of my soul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain

Kent I have a journey, sir, shortly to go,

My master calls me, I must not say no 324

Alb The weight of this sad time we must

obey,

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say

The oldest hath borne most we that are young,

Shall never see so much, nor live so long 328

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]

OTHELLO

THE MOOR OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a Senator Other Senators.

GRATIANO Brother to Brabantio

LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio

OTHELLO a noble Moor, in the service of the Venetian State

CASSIO his Lieutenant.

IAGO his Ancient.

RODERIGO a Venetian Gentleman

MONTANO Othello's predecessor in the Government of Cyprus

Clown, Servant to Othello

DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello

EMILIA, Wife to Iago

BIANCA, Mistress to Cassio

Sailor, Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Heralds Attendants

SCENE —For the first Act, in Venice during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-Port in Cyprus

ACT I

SCENE I —*Venice A Street*

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO

Rod Tush! Never tell me, I take it much unkindly

That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this

Iago 'Sblood, but you will not hear me 4 If ever I did dream of such a matter, Abhor me

Rod Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate

Iago Despise me if I do not. Three great ones of the city, 8

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant, Off-capp'd to him, and, by the faith of man, I know my price, I am worth no worse a place, But he, as loving his own pride and purposes, 12 Evades them, with a bombast circumstance Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war, And, in conclusion, Nonsuits my mediators, for, 'Certes,' says he, 16 'I have already chose my officer' And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician, One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, 20 A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife, That never set a squadron in the field, Nor the division of a battle knows More than a spinster, unless the bookish theoric, Wherein the tog'd consuls can propose 25 As masterly as he mere prattle, without practice,

Is all his soldiership But he, sir, had the election,

And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof 28 At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds Christian and heathen—must be be-lee'd and calm'd

By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster, He, in good time, must his lieutenant be, 32 And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient

Rod By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman

Iago Why, there's no remedy 'tis the curse of the service,

Preferment goes by letter and affection, 36 Not by the old gradation, where each second Stood heir to the first Now, sir, be judge yourself,

Whe'r I in any just term am affin'd To love the Moor

Rod I would not follow him then. 40

Iago O' sir, content you, I follow him to serve my turn upon him, We cannot all be masters, nor all masters Cannot be truly follow'd You shall mark 44 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave, That, doting on his own obsequious bondage, Wears out his time, much like his master's ass, For nought but provender, and when he's old,

cashier'd, 48 Whip me such honest knaves Others there are Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty, Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves, And, throwing but shows of service on their lords, 52

Do well thrive by them, and when they have lin'd their coats

Do themselves homage these fellows have some soul,

And such a one do I profess myself For, sir, It is as sure as you are Roderigo, 56

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago In following him, I follow but myself,

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty, But seeming so, for my peculiar end 60 For when my outward action doth demonstrate The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve 64
For daws to peck at I am not what I am.

Rod What a full fortune does the thick-lips
owe,

If he can carry't thus!

Iago Call up her father, 67
Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kins-
men,

And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies, though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on t 72
As it may lose some colour

Rod Here is her father's house, I'll call aloud

Iago Do, with like timorous accent and dire
yell

As when, by night and negligence, the fire 76
Is spied in populous cities

Rod What, ho! Brabantio! Signior Bra-
bantio, ho!

Iago Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!
thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your
bags! 80

Thieves! thieves!

Enter BRABANTIO, above, at a window

Bra What is the reason of this terrible sum-
mons?

What is the matter there?

Rod Signior, is all your family within? 84

Iago Are your doors lock'd?

Bra Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago 'Zounds! sir, you're robb'd, for shame,
put on your gown,

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul,
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram 88

Is tupping your white ewe Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say

Bra What! have you lost your wits? 92

Rod Most reverend signior, do you know
my voice?

Bra Not I, what are you?

Rod My name is Roderigo

Bra The worser welcome
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my
doors 96

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee, and now, in mad-
ness,

Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious knavery dost thou come 100

To start my quiet.

Rod Sir, sir, sir!

Bra But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee

Rod Patience, good sir 104

Bra What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
Venice,

My house is not a grange.

Rod Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you. 107

Iago 'Zounds! sir, you are one of those that
will not serve God if the devil bid you Because
we come to do you service and you think we are
ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with
a Barbary horse, you'll have your nephews neigh
to you, you'll have coursers for cousins and
gennets for Germans 114

Bra What profane wretch art thou?

Iago I am one, sir, that comes to tell you,
your daughter and the Moor are now making
the beast with two backs

Bra Thou art a villain

Iago You are—a senator

Bra This thou shalt answer, I know thee,
Roderigo 120

Rod Sir, I will answer any thing But, I be-
seech you,

If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,—
As partly, I find, it is,—that your fair daughter,

At this odd-even and dull-watch o' the night, 124
Transported with no worse nor better guard

But with a knave of common lute, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,— 127

If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs,

But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke Do not believe,

That, from the sense of all civility, 132
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence

Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,

Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes 136
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger

Of here and every where Straight satisfy your-
self

If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state 140

For thus deluding you

Bra Strike on the tender, ho!
Give me a taper! call up all my people!

This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already 144

Light, I say! light! [Exit, from above

Iago Farewell, for I must leave you
It seems not meet nor wholesome to my place

To be produc'd, as, if I stay, I shall,
Against the Moor, for, I do know the state, 148

However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,—
Which even now stand in act,—that, for their
souls, 152

Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business, in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life, 156

I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely

find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,

And there will I be with him. So, farewell 160
[Exit

*Enter below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with
torches*

Bra. It is too true an evil gone she is,

And what's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness Now, Rodengo,
Where didst thou see her? O, unhappy girl!
With the Moor, sayst thou? Who would be a
father! 165
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she de-
ceives me
Past thought. What said she to you? Get more
tapers! 168
Raise all my kindred! Are they married, think
you? 168
Rod Truly, I think they are
Bra O heaven! How got she out? O, treason
of the blood
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters'
minds

By what you see them act Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Rodengo,
Of some such thing?

Rod Yes, sir, I have indeed
Bra Call up my brother O! that you had
had her 176

Some one way, some another! Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me 180

Bra Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll
call,

I may command at most Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night
On, good Rodengo, I'll deserve your pains 184
[Exeunt]

SCENE II — Another Street

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants, with
torches

Iago Though in the trade of war I have slain
men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder I lack inquiry
Sometimes to do me service Nine or ten times 4
I had thought to have yerkd him here under
the ribs

Oth 'Tis better as it is
Iago Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour 8

That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd, 12
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's, he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law—with all his might to enforce it on— 16
Will give him cable

Oth Let him do his spite
My services which I have done the signory
Shall out-tongue his complaints 'Tis yet to
know, 19

Which when I know that boasting is an honour
I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my dement
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune

As this that I have reach'd, for know, Iago, 24
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth But, look! what lights come
yond? 28

Iago Those are the raised father and his
friends
You were best go in.

Oth Not I, I must be found
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly Is it they? 32

Iago By Janus, I think no

Enter CASSIO and certain Officers, with
torches

Oth The servants of the duke, and my lieu-
tenant
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas The duke does greet you, general, 36
And he requires your haste-post-haste appear-
ance,

Even on the instant

Oth What is the matter, think you?
Cas Something from Cyprus, as I may
divine

It is a business of some heat, the galleys 40
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels,
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already You have been hotly
call'd for, 44

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out

Oth 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house, 48
And go with you [Exit]

Cas Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago Farth, he to-night hath boarded a land
carrack,

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever
Cas I do not understand
Iago He's married
Cas To who? 52

Re-enter OTHELLO

Iago Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth Have with you.
Cas Here comes another troop to seek for
you.

Iago It is Brabantio General, be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers,
with torches and weapons

Oth Holla! stand there! 56

Rod Signior, it is the Moor

Bra Down with him, thief!

[They draw on both sides]

Iago You, Rodengo! come sir, I am for you.

Oth Keep up your bright swords, for the
dew will rust them.
Good signior, you shall more command with
years 60

Than with your weapons

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her, For I'll refer me to all things of sense, 64

If she in chains of magic were not bound, Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd The wealthy curled darlings of our nation, 68

Would ever have, to incur a general mock, Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight. Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense 72

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms, Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That weaken motion: I'll have't disputed on, 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking 76

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant. Lay hold upon him if he do resist, 80

Subdue him at his peril

Oth. Hold your hands, Both you of my inclining, and the rest

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it Without a prompter: Where will you that I go

To answer this your charge? *Bra.* To prison, till fit time 85

Of law and course of direct session Call thee to answer

Oth. What if I do obey? How may the duke be therewith satisfied, 88

Whose messengers are here about my side, Upon some present business of the state

To bring me to him? *Off.* 'Tis true, most worthy signior,

The duke's in council, and your noble self, 92

I am sure, is sent for

Bra. How! the duke in council! In this time of the night! Bring him away

Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself, Or any of my brothers of the state, 96

Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own, For if such actions may have passage free,

Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be *[Exeunt]*

SCENE III.—A Council Chamber The DUKE and Senators sitting at a table Officers attending

Duke. There is no composition in these news That gives them credit.

First Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd, My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty

Sec Sen. And mine, two hundred 4 But though they jump not on a just account,—

As in these cases, where the aim reports, 'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus. 8 *Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgment

I do not so secure me in the error, But the main article I do approve In fearful sense

Sailor [Within.] What, ho' what, ho' what, ho! 12

Off. A messenger from the galleys

Enter a Sailor

Duke. Now, what's the business? *Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes,

So was I bid report here to the state By Signior Angelo 16

Duke. How say you by this change? *First Sen.* This cannot be,

By no assay of reason, 'tis a pageant To keep us in false gaze: When we consider

The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk, 20 And let ourselves again but understand,

That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes, So may he with more facile question bear it,

For that it stands not in such war-like brace, 24 But altogether lacks the abilities

That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful To leave that latest which concerns him first, 28

Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain, To wake and wage a danger profitless

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes

Off. Here is more news 32

Enter a Messenger

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious, Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,

Have there injoin'd them with an after fleet *First Sen.* Ay, so I thought: How many, as

you guess? 36 *Mess.* Of thirty sail, and now they do re-stem

Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,

Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40

With his free duty recommends you thus, And prays you to believe him

Duke. 'Tis certain then, for Cyprus Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town? 44

First Sen. He's now in Florence

Duke. Write from us to him, post-post-haste dispatch.

First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you 48

Against the general enemy Ottoman. *[To BRABANTIO.]* I did not see you, welcome,

gentle signior, We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me, 52

Neither my place nor ought I heard of business Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the

general care

Take hold of me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature 56
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself

Duke Why, what's the matter?

Bra My daughter! O! my daughter

Duke Dead?

Sen }

Bra Ay, to me,

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted 60
By spells and medicines bought of mounte-

banks,
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not 64

Duke Whoe'er he be that in this foul pro-
ceeding

Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law

You shall yourself read in the bitter letter 68
After your own sense, yea, though our proper

son
Stood in your action

Bra Humbly I thank your Grace
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it

seems,

Your special mandate for the state affairs, 72
Hath hither brought

Duke We are very sorry for it

Sen }

Duke [To OTHELLO] What, in your own
part, can you say to this?

Bra Nothing, but this is so

Oth Most potent, grave, and reverend sig-
nors, 76

My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true, true I have married her
The very head and front of my offending 80

Hath this extent, no more Rude am I in my
speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace,
For since these arms of mine had seven years'

path,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd

Their dearest action in the tented field, 85
And little of this great world can I speak,

More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause 88

In speaking for myself Yet, by your gracious
patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love, what drugs, what

charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic, 92

For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,
I won his daughter

Bra A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion

Blush'd at herself, and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing, 97

To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect

That will confess perfection so could err 100
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven

To find out practices of cunning hell,

Why this should be I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the 104
blood,

Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her

Duke To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt test

Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods 108
Of modern seeming do prefer against him

First Sen But, Othello speak
Did you by indirect and forced courses

Subdue and poison this young maid's affec-
tions, 112

Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,

And let her speak of me before her father 116
If you do find me foul in her report,

The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence

Even fall upon my life

Duke Fetch Desdemona hither
Oth Ancient, conduct them, you best know

the place 121
[Exeunt IAGO and Attendants]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,

So justly to your grave ears I'll present 124
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,

And she in mine

Duke Say it, Othello

Oth Her father lov'd me oft invited me,
Still question'd me the story of my life 129

From year to year the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have pass'd

I ran it through, even from my boyish days 132
To the very moment that he bade me tell it,

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,

Of hair-breadth 'scapes, the imminent deadly
breach, 136

Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence

And portance in my travel's history,
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, 140

Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads
touch heaven,

It was my hunt to speak, such was the process,
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads 144
Do grow beneath their shoulders This to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline,
But still the house-affairs would draw her

thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear 149
Devour up my discourse Which I observing,

Took once a phant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart 152

That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,

But not intently I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears, 156

When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs
 She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange,
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man, she
 thank'd me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story, 165
 And that would woo her Upon this hint I
 spake
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them. 168
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke I think this tale would win my daughter
 too
Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best, 172
 Men do their broken weapons rather use
 Than their bare hands.

Bra I pray you, hear her speak
 If she confess that she was half the wooer, 176
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mis-
 tress

Do you perceive in all this noble company
 Where most you owe obedience?

Des My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty 181
 To you I am bound for life and education,
 My life and education both do learn me
 How to respect you, you are the lord of duty,
 I am hitherto your daughter but here's my
 husband; 185

And so much duty as my mother show'd
 To you, preferring you before her father, 188
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor my lord

Bra God be with you! I have done
 Please it your Grace, on to the state affairs
 I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
 Come hither, Moor 192

I here do give thee that with all my heart
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee For your sake, jewel,
 I am glad at soul I have no other child, 196
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them I have done, my lord.

Duke Let me speak like yourself and lay a
 sentence,

Which as a grize or step, may help these lovers
 Into your favour 201
 When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes de-
 pended

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone 204
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on
 What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd that smiles steals something from
 the thief, 208

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief
Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;

We lose it not so long as we can smile
 He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
 But the free comfort which from thence he
 hears,
 But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience bor-
 row

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall, 216
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal
 But words are words, I never yet did hear
 That the bruise'd heart was pierced through the
 ear

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of
 state 220

Duke The Turk with a most mighty prepara-
 tion makes for Cyprus Othello, the fortitude of
 the place is best known to you, and though
 we have there a substitute of most allowed
 sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of
 effects, throws a more safer voice on you you
 must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of
 your new fortunes with this more stubborn and
 boisterous expedition 229

Oth The tyrant custom, most gravesenators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down I do agnize 232
 A natural and prompt alacrity
 I find in hardness, and do undertake

These present wars against the Ottomites
 Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife, 237
 Due reference of place and exhibition,
 With such accommodation and besort
 As levels with her breeding

Duke If you please, 240
 Be't at her father's

Bra I'll not have it so
Oth Nor I

Des Nor I, I would not there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts 244
 By being in his eye Most gracious duke,
 To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
 And let me find a charter in your voice
 To assist my simpleness 248

Duke What would you, Desdemona?
Des That I did love the Moor to live with
 him,

My downright violence and storm of fortunes
 May trumpet to the world, my heart's subdu'd
 Even to the very quality of my lord, 253
 I saw Othello's visage in his mind,

And to his honours and his valiant parts
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate 256

So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
 And I a heavy interim shall support 260
 By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her have your voices
 Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not

To please the palate of my appetite, 264
 Nor to comply with heat,—the young affects
 In me defunct,—and proper satisfaction,

But to be free and bounteous to her mind;
 And heaven defend your good souls that you
 think 268

I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid scél with wanton dullness
My speculative and offic'd instruments, 272
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Le. Housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation! 276

Duke Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going The affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it

First Sen You must away to-night

Oth With all my heart 280

Duke At nine 't the morning here we'll meet
again

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you,
With such things else of quality and respect 284
As doth import you

Oth So please your Grace my ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall
think 288

To be sent after me

Duke Let it be so

Good night to every one [To BRABANTIO]

And, noble signior,

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black 292

First Sen Adieu, brave Moor! use Desde-
mona well

Bra Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to
see

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee
[*Exeunt DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c*

Oth My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee 297

I prithee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage

Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour 300
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee we must obey the time

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA*

Rod Iago!

Iago What sayst thou, noble heart? 304

Rod What will I do, thinkst thou?

Iago Why, go to bed, and sleep

Rod I will incontinently drown myself

Iago Well, if thou dost, I shall never love
thee after Why 'thou silly gentleman! 309

Rod It is silliness to live when to live is
torment, and then have we a prescription to die

when death is our physician 312

Iago O! villainous, I have looked upon the
world for four times seven years, and since I
could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an
injury I never found man that knew how to
love himself Ere I would say, I would drown
myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would
change my humanity with a baboon. 319

Rod What should I do? I confess it is my
shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue
to amend it 322

Iago Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we
are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens,

to the which our wills are gardeners, so that if we
will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and
weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs
or distract it with many, either to have it sterile
with idleness or manured with industry, why,
the power and corrigible authority of this lies in
our wills If the balance of our lives had not
one scale of reason to poise another of sensuali-
ty, the blood and baseness of our natures would
conduct us to most preposterous conclusions,
but we have reason to cool our raging motions,
our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I
take this that you call love to be a sect or scion

Rod It cannot be 338

Iago It is merely a lust of the blood and a
permission of the will Come, be a man Drown
thyself! drown cats and blind puppies I have
professed me thy friend and I confess me knit
to thy deserving with cables of perdurable tough-
ness, I could never better stead thee than now
Put money in thy purse, follow these wars,
defeat thy favour with a usurped beard, I say,
put money in thy purse It cannot be that
Desdemona should long continue her love to the
Moor—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to
her It was a violent commencement in her
and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration
put but money in thy purse These Moors are
changeable in their wills,—fill thy purse with
money—the food that to him now is as luscious
as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as
coloquintida She must change for youth when
she is sated with his body, she will find the error
of her choice She must have change she must
therefore put money in thy purse If thou wilt
needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way
than drowning Make all the money thou canst
If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring
barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too
hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou
shalt enjoy her, therefore make money A pox
of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way
seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing
thy joy than to be drowned and go without her

Rod Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I
depend on the issue? 370

Iago Thou art sure of me go, make money
I have told thee often and I re-tell thee again
and again, I hate the Moor my cause is hearted

thine hath no less reason Let us be conjunctive
in our revenge against him, if thou canst
cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a
sport There are many events in the womb of
time which will be delivered Traverse, go

provide thy money We will have more of this
to-morrow Adieu 380

Rod Where shall we meet 't the morning?

Iago At my lodging

Rod I'll be with thee betimes

Iago Go to, farewell Do you hear, Rode-
rigo? 384

Rod What say you?

Iago No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod I am changed I'll sell all my land,

Iago Go to, farewell! put money enough in
your purse. [Exit RODRIGO]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse,
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office I know not if't be true,
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety He holds me well,

The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man, let me see now
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery, how, how? Let's see
After some time to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected, framed to make women false
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are

I have't, it is engender'd hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
light. [Exit

ACT II

SCENE I—A Sea-port Town in Cyprus
An open place near the Quay

Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.

Mon What from the cape can you discern at
sea?

First Gent Nothing at all it is a high-
wrought flood,

I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a sail

Mon Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at
land,

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements,
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of
this?

Sec Gent A segregation of the Turkish fleet,
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds,
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and mon-
strous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood

Mon If that the Turkish fleet
Be not ensheated and embay'd, they are
drown'd,
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman

Third Gent News, lads! our wars are done
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks
That their designment halts, a noble ship of
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of their fleet

Mon How! is this true?
Third Gent The ship is here put in,

A Veronesa, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the war-like Moor Othello,
Is come on shore the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus

Mon. I am glad on't, 'tis a worthy governor
Third Gent But this same Cassio, though he
speak of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly
And prays the Moor be safe, for they were
parted

With foul and violent tempest.

Mon Pray heaven he be,
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard

Third Gent Come, let's do so,
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance

Enter CASSIO

Cas Thanks, you the valiant of this war-like
isle,

That so approve the Moor O! let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon Is he well shipp'd?

Cas His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his
pilot

Of very expert and approv'd allowance,
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure

[Within, 'A sail!—a sail!—a sail!']

Enter a Messenger

Cas What noise?

Mess The town is empty, on the brow o' the
sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry, 'A sail!'
Cas My hopes do shape him for the go-
vernor [Guns heard

Sec Gent They do discharge their shot of
courtesy,

Our friends at least

Cas I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd

Sec Gent I shall [Exit

Mon But, good lieutenant, is your general
wiv'd?

Cas Most fortunately he hath achiev'd a
maid

That paragons description and wild fame,
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

Sec Gent 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the
general

Cas He has had most favourable and happy
speed
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling
winds,

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by 72
The divine Desdemona

Mon What is she?

Cas She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts 76
As 'night's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful
breath,

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits, 81
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Attendants

O! behold,

The riches of the ship is come on shore
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees 84
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des I thank you, valiant Cassio
What tidings can you tell me of my lord? 88

Cas He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here

Des O! but I fear—How lost you company?
Cas The great contention of the sea and
skies 92

Parted our fellowship. But hark! a sail
[*Cry within*, 'A sail!—a sail! *Guns heard*

Sec Gent They give their greeting to the
citadel

This likewise is a friend

Cas See for the news!

[*Exit Gentleman*]

Good ancient, you are welcome —[*To EMILIA*]
welcome, mistress 96

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners, 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy

[*Kissing her*

Iago Sir, would she give you so much of her
lips 100

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough

Des Alas! she has no speech.

Iago In faith, too much,
I find it still when I have list to sleep 104

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking

Emil You have little cause to say so 108

Iago Come on, come on, you are pictures
out of doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in
your beds. 112

Des O! fie upon thee, slanderer

Iago Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk
You rise to play and go to bed to work.

Emil You shall not write my praise

Iago No, let me not 116

Des What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me?

Iago O gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing if not critical

Des Come on, assay. There's one gone to
the harbour? 120

Iago Ay, madam

Des I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise
Come, how wouldst thou praise me? 124

Iago I am about it, but indeed my inven-
tion

Comes from my pate as birdlime does from
frize,

It plucks out brains and all but my muse
labours,

And thus she is deliver'd 128

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,

The one's for use, the other useth it

Des Well prais'd! How if she be black and
witty?

Iago If she be black, and thereto have a
wit, 132

She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit

Des Worse and worse

Emil How if fair and foolish?

Iago She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly help'd her to an heir 137

Des These are old fond paradoxes to make
fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable
praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago There's none so foul and foolish there-
unto 141

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do

Des O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise couldst thou be-
stow on a deserving woman indeed, one that
in the authority of her merit, did justly put on
the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud, 149

Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,'

She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly, 153

She that in wisdom never was so frail

To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,

See suitors following and not look behind, 157
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Des To do what?

Iago To suckle fools and chronicle small beer

Des O most lame and impotent conclusion!

Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy
husband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a
most profane and liberal counsellor? 164

Cas He speaks home, madam, you may
relish him more in the soldier than in the
scholar 167

Iago [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm, ay,
well said, whisper, with as little a web as this

will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile
upon her, do, I will give thee in thine own
courtship. You say true, 'tis so, indeed. If

such tracks as these strip you out of your
lieutenantry, it had been better you had not
kissed your three fingers so oft, which now
again you are most apt to play the sir in.
Very good, well kissed! an excellent courtesy!
'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your
lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your
sake! [A trumpet heard] The Moor! I know
his trumpet 181

Cas 'Tis truly so

Des Let's meet him and receive him.

Cas Lo! where he comes 184

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth O my fair warrior!

Des My dear Othello!

Oth It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms, 188
May the winds blow till they have waken'd
death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die, 192
'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate

Des The heavens forbid 196
But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here, it is too much of joy, 200
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,

[Kissing her]
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago [Aside] O! you are well tun'd now,
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am

Oth. Come, let us to the castle 204
News, friends, our wars are done, the Turks are
drown'd

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my
sweet, 208

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers.
Bring thou the master to the citadel, 212
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desde-
mona,

Once more well met at Cyprus

[Exeunt all except IAGO and RODERIGO]
Iago Do thou meet me presently at the
harbour Come hither If thou be'st valiant,
as they say base men being in love have then
a nobility in their natures more than is native to
them, list me The lieutenant to-night watches
on the court of guard first, I must tell thee this,
Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod With him! why, 'tis not possible 223
Iago Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul
be instructed. Mark me with what violence she

first loved the Moor but for bragging and telling
her fantastical lies, and will she love him still
for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it.
Her eye must be fed, and what delight shall
she have to look on the devil? When the blood
is made dull with the act of sport, there should
be, again to inflame it, and to give satiety a
fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy
in years, manners, and beauties, all which the
Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these
required conveniences, her delicate tenderness
will find itself abused begin to heave the gorge,
disrelish and abhor the Moor, very nature will
instruct her in it, and compel her to some
second choice Now, sir, this granted, as it is a
most pregnant and unforced position, who stands
so eminently in the degree of this fortune as
Cassio does? a knave very voluble, no further
conscionable than in putting on the mere form
of civil and humane seeming, for the better
compassing of his salt and most hidden loose
affection? why, none, why, none a slipper and
subtle knave, a finder-out of occasions, that has
an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages,
though true advantage never present itself, a
devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome,
young, and hath all those requisites in him that
folly and green minds look after, a pestilent
complete knave! and the woman hath found
him already 255

Rod I cannot believe that in her, she is full
of most blessed condition

Iago Blessed figs end! the wine she drinks
is made of grapes if she had been blessed she
would never have loved the Moor, blessed pud-
ding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the
palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod Yes, that I did, but that was but cour-
tesy 264

Iago Lechery, by this hand! an index and
obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul
thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that
their breaths embraced together Villanous
thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so
marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master
and man exercise, the incorporate conclusion
Fish! But, sir, be you ruled by me I have
brought you from Venice Watch you to-night,
for the command I'll lay't upon you Cassio
knows you not. I'll not be far from you do you
find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by
speaking too loud, or taming his discipline,
or from what other course you please, which
the time shall more favourably minister

Rod. Well

Iago Sir, he is rash and very sudden in
choler, and haply may strike at you provoke
him, that he may, for even out of that will I
cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose quali-
fication shall come into no true taste again but
by the displanting of Cassio So shall you have
a shorter journey to your desires by the means
I shall then have to prefer them, and the im-
pediment most profitably removed, without the
which there were no expectation of our pros-
perity 291

Rod I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity

Iago I warrant thee Meet me by and by at the citadel I must fetch his necessaries ashore Farewell 296

Rod Adieu.

[Exit

Iago That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it,

That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, 300

Is of a constant, loving, noble nature, And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona

A most dear husband Now, I do love her too, Not out of absolute lust,—though peradventure

I stand accountant for as great a sin,— 305 But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor

Hath leap'd into my seat, the thought whereof Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my in-

wards, 309 And nothing can or shall content my soul Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,

Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor 312 At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure Which thing to do,

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,

I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip, 317 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb, For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too,

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and re- ward me 320

For making him egregiously an ass And practising upon his peace and quiet

Even to madness 'Tis here, but yet confus'd Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd 324

[Exit

SCENE II — A Street

Enter a Herald with a proclamation, People following

Her It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph, some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him, for besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello! [Exit

SCENE III — A Hall in the Castle

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants

Oth Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to outsport discretion.

Cas Iago hath direction what to do, 4 But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye

Will I look to't

Oth

Iago is most honest Michael, good night, to-morrow with your earliest

Let me have speech with you. [To DESDEMONA] Come, my dear love, 8

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue, That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you

Good night

[Exit OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants

Enter IAGO

Cas Welcome, Iago, we must to the watch

Iago Not this hour, lieutenant, 'tis not yet ten o' the clock Our general cast us thus early

for the love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton

the night with her, and she is sport for Jove 17 Cas She's a most exquisite lady

Iago And I'll warrant her full of game Cas Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate

creature 21 Iago What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation

Cas An inviting eye, and yet methinks right modest 25

Iago And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas She is indeed perfection 28

Iago Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant I have a stoup of wine and here

without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black

Othello 33 Cas Not to-night, good Iago I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking I could

well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment 37

Iago O! they are our friends, but one cup I'll drink for you

Cas I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold,

what innovation it makes here I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my

weakness with any more 44 Iago What, man! 'tis a night of revels, the

gallants desire it. Cas Where are they?

Iago Here at the door, I pray you, call them in 49

Cas I'll do't, but it dislikes me [Exit Iago

If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence 53 As my young mistress' dog Now, my sick fool

Roderigo, Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd 56 To potations pottle deep, and he's to watch.

Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits, That hold their honours in a wary distance,

The very elements of this war-like isle, 60 Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,

And they watch too Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

H h

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle But here they come
If consequence do but approve my dream, 65
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentle-
men. Servant following with wine*

Cas 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse
already 68

Mon Good faith, a little one, not past a
pint, as I am a soldier

Iago Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink

A soldier's a man

A life's but a span

Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas 'Fore God, an excellent song

Iago I learned it in England, where indeed
they are most potent in potting, your Dane,
your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,
—drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas Is your Englishman so expert in his
drinking? 84

Iago Why, he drinks you with facility your
Dane dead drunk, he sweats not to overthrow
your Alman, he gives your Hollander a vomit
ere the next pottle can be filled 88

Cas To the health of our general!

Mon I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you
justice.

Iago O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer

His breeches cost him but a crown

He held them sumpence all too dear

With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree

'Tis pride that pulls the country down,

Then take thine auld cloak about thee. 100

Some wine, ho!

Cas Why, this is a more exquisite song than
the other

Iago Will you hear't again? 104

Cas No, for I hold him to be unworthy of
his place that does those things Well, God's
above all, and there be souls must be saved, and
there be souls must not be saved 108

Iago It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas For mine own part,—no offence to the
general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be
saved. 112

Iago And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas Ay, but, by your leave, not before me,
the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient
Let's have no more of this, let's to our affairs
God forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let's look
to our business Do not think, gentlemen, I am
drunk this is my ancient, this is my right
hand, and this is my left hand. I am not drunk
now, I can stand well enough, and speak well
enough. 122

All Except well.

Cas Why, well, then; you must not
think then that I am drunk. [Exit

Mon To the platform, masters, come, let's
set the watch

Iago You see this fellow that is gone before,
He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar 128
And give direction, and do but see his vice,

'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other, 'tis pity of him.

I fear the trust Othello puts him in, 132
On some odd time of his infirmity,

Will shake this island

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep
He'll watch the horologe a double set, 136
If drink rock not his cradle

Mon It were well

The general were put in mind of it
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, 140
And looks not on his evils Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO

Iago [Aside to him] How now, Roderigo!

I pray you, after the lieutenant, go

[Exit RODERIGO]

Mon And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second

With one of an ingraft infirmity,
It were an honest action to say

So to the Moor

Iago Not I, for this fair island 148

I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil But hark! what noise?

[Cry within, 'Help! Help!']

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO

Cas You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas A knave teach me my duty! 152

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle

Rod Beat me!

Cas Dost thou prate, rogue?

[Striking RODERIGO]

Mon. [Staying him] Nay, good lieutenant,
I pray you, sir, hold your hand

Cas Let me go, sir, 156

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard

Mon Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas Drunk! [They fight]

Iago [Aside to RODERIGO] Away, I say! go

out, and cry a mutiny [Exit RODERIGO]

Nay, good lieutenant! God's will, gentlemen!

Help, ho! Lieutenant! sir! Montano! sir!

Help, masters! Here's a goodly watch indeed!

[Bell rings]

Who's that that rings the bell? *Diablo*, ho!

The town will rise God's will! lieutenant, hold!

You will be sham'd for ever

Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants

Oth What is the matter here? 165

Mon 'Zounds! I bleed still, I am hurt to

the death.

Oth Hold, for your lives!

Iago Hold, ho, lieutenant! Sir! Montano!

gentlemen! 168

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold! the general speaks to you, hold for shame!

Oth Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites? 173
For Christian shame put by this barbarous
brawl,

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light, he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle 177
From her propriety What is the matter,
masters?

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge
thee 180

Iago I do not know, friends all but now,
even now,

In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed, and then, but now,—
As if some planet had unwitting men,— 184
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds,
And would in action glorious I had lost 188
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth How comes it, Michael, you are thus
forgot?

Cas I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth Worthy Montano, you were wont be
civil, 192

The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure what's the matter,
That you unlance your reputation thus 196
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger,
Your officer, Iago, can inform you, 200
While I spare speech, which something now
offends me,

Of all that I do know, nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice, 204
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assaults us

Oth Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way If I once stir, 209
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on, 212
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me—both at a
birth—

Shall lose me What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear, 216
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
Is monstrous. Iago, who began't?

Mon If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth, 221
Thou art no soldier

Iago Touch me not so near,
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio, 224

Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,

There comes a fellow crying out for help, 228
And Cassio following with determin'd sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause,
Myself the crying fellow did pursue, 232

Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,
The town might fall in fright, he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose, and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night 237
I ne'er might say before When I came back,—
For this was brief,—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, even as again they were 240
When you yourself did part them

More of this matter can I not report
But men are men, the best sometimes forget
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him, 244
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet, surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass

Oth I know, Iago, 248
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio Cassio, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine

Enter DESDEMONA, attended

Look! if my gentle love be not rais'd up, 252
[To CASSIO] I'll make thee an example

Des What's the matter?

Oth All's well now, sweeting, come away to
bed

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon
Lead him off [MONTANO is led off]
Iago, look with care about the town, 257
And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-
tracted

Come, Desdemona, 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO*]

Iago What! are you hurt, lieutenant? 261

Cas Ay; past all surgery

Iago Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas Reputation, reputation, reputation! O!
I have lost my reputation I have lost the im-
mortal part of myself, and what remains is
bestial My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago As I am an honest man, I thought you
had received some bodily wound, there is more
offence in that than in reputation Reputation
is an idle and most false imposition, oft got
without merit, and lost without deserving you
have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute
yourself such a loser What! man, there are
ways to recover the general again, you are but
now cast in his mood, a punishment more in
policy than in malice, even so as one would beat
his offenceless dog to affront an imperious hon.
Sue to him again, and he is yours 279

Cas I will rather sue to be despised than to
deceive so good a commander with so slight, so
drunken, and so indiscreet an officer, Drunk!
and speak parrot! and squabble, swagger, swear,

and discourse fustian with one's own shadow!
O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no
name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago What was he that you followed with
your sword? What had he done to you? 288

Cas I know not

Iago Is't possible?

Cas I remember a mass of things, but no-
thing distinctly, a quarrel, but nothing where-
fore O God! that men should put an enemy in
their mouths to steal away their brains, that
we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and ap-
plause, transform ourselves into beasts 296

Iago Why, but you are now well enough,
how came you thus recovered?

Cas It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to
give place to the devil wrath, one unperfectness
shows me another, to make me frankly despise
myself 302

Iago Come, you are too severe a moraliser
As the time, the place, and the condition of this
country stands, I could heartily wish this had
not befallen, but since it is as it is, mend it for
your own good 307

Cas I will ask him for my place again, he
shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many
mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop
them all To be now a-sensible man, by and by
a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every
inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is
a devil 314

Iago Come, come, good wine is a good
familiar creature if it be well used, exclaim no
more against it And, good lieutenant, I think
you think I love you 318

Cas I have well approved it, sir I drunk!

Iago You or any man living may be drunk
at some time, man I'll tell you what you shall
do Our general's wife is now the general I
may say so in this respect, for that he hath de-
voted and given up himself to the contemplation,
mark, and denotement of her parts and graces
confess yourself freely to her, importune her,
she'll help to put you in your place again. She
is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposi-
tion, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not
to do more than she is requested. This broken
joint between you and her husband entreat her
to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay
worth naming, this crack of your love shall
grow stronger than it was before 334

Cas You advise me well.

Iago I protest, in the sincerity of love and
honest kindness. 337

Cas I think it freely, and betimes in the
morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona
to undertake for me I am desperate of my
fortunes if they check me here 341

Iago You are in the right Good night,
lieutenant, I must to the watch.

Cas Good night, honest Iago! [Exit.]

Iago And what's he then that says I play
the villain? 345

When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy 348

The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit, she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements And then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his bap-
tism, 352

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfeet'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god 356
With his weak function How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on, 360
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now, for while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, 364
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear
That she repeats him for her body's lust,
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor 368
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all

Re-enter RODERIGO

How now, Roderigo!

Rod I do follow here in the chase, not like a
hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry
My money is almost spent I have been to-night
exceedingly well cudgelled, and I think the issue
will be, I shall have so much experience for my
pains, and so, with no money at all and a little
more wit return again to Venice

Iago How poor are they that have no pa-
tience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees? 380
Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witch-
craft,

And wit depends on dilatory time
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashiered
Cassio 384

Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe
Content thyself awhile By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee, go where thou art billeted 389
Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter
Nay, get thee gone [Exit RODERIGO] Two
things are to be done,

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress,
I'll set her on, 393

Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife ay, that's the way 396
Dull not device by coldness and delay [Exit]

ACT III

SCENE I.—Cyprus Before the Castle.

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians

Cas Masters, play here, I will content your
pains,
Something that's brief; and bid 'Good morrow,
general.' [Music.]

Enter Clown

Clo Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak 't' the nose thus?

First Mus How, sir, how? 5

Clo Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

First Mus Ay, marry, are they, sir

Clo O! thereby hangs a tale 8

First Mus Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know But, masters, here's money for you, and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it 14

First Mus Well, sir, we will not

Clo If you have any music that may not be heard, to us again, but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care 18

First Mus We have none such, sir

Clo Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away Go, vanish into air, away! 21

[*Exeunt Musicians*]

Cas Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo No, I hear not your honest friend, I hear you. 24

Cas Prthee, keep up thy quillets There's a poor piece of gold for thee If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech wilt thou do this? 29

Clo She is stirring, sir if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her

Cas Do, good my friend [*Exit Clown*]

Enter IAGO

In happy time, Iago 32

Iago You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas Why, no, the day had broke Before we parted I have made bold, Iago To send in to your wife, my suit to her 36 Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona Procure me some access

Iago I'll send her to you presently, And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free 41

Cas I humbly thank you for't [*Exit IAGO*] I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA

Emil Good morrow, good lieutenant I am sorry 44

For your displeasure, but all will soon be well. The general and his wife are talking of it, And she speaks for you stoutly the Moor replies That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus 48 And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom

He might not but refuse you, but he protests he loves you,

And needs no other suitor but his likings To take the safest occasion by the front 52 To bring you in again.

Cas Yet, I beseech you, If you think fit, or that it may be done,

Give me advantage of some brief discourse With Desdemona alone

Emil Pray you, come in 56

I will bestow you where you shall have time To speak your bosom freely

Cas I am much bound to you [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — *A Room in the Castle*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen

Oth These letters give, Iago, to the pilot, And by him do my duties to the senate, That done, I will be walking on the works, Repair there to me

Iago Well, my good lord, I'll do't 4

Oth This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent We'll wait upon your lordship [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — *Before the Castle*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA

Des Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do All my abilities in thy behalf

Emil Good madam, do I warrant it grieves my husband,

As if the case were his 4

Des O! that's an honest fellow Do not doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again As friendly as you were

Cas Bounteous madam, Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio, 8 He's never anything but your true servant

Des I know't, I thank you. You do love my lord,

You have known him long, and be you well assur'd

He shall in strangeness stand no further off 12 Than in a politic distance

Cas Ay, but, lady, That policy may either last so long,

Or feed upon such nice and watrish diet,

Or breed itself so out of circumstance, 16 That, I being absent and my place supplied,

My general will forget my love and service

Des Do not doubt that, before Emilia here I give thee warrant of thy place Assure thee, 20 If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it

To the last article, my lord shall never rest, I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience,

His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift, 24 I'll intermingle every thing he does

With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio, For thy solicitor shall rather die

Than give thy cause away 28

Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO at a distance

Emil Madam, here comes my lord

Cas Madam, I'll take my leave

Des Why, stay, and hear me speak

Cas Madam, not now, I am very ill at ease, Unfit for mine own purposes. 33

Des Well, do your discretion. [*Exit CASSIO*]

Iago Ha! I like not that.
Oth What dost thou say?
Iago Nothing, my lord or if—I know not what. 36
Oth Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
Iago Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming
Oth I do believe 'twas he. 40
Des How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure
Oth Who is't you mean? 44
Des Why, your lieutenant, Cassio Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take,
For if he be not one that truly loves you, 48
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face
I prithee call him back.
Oth Went he hence now?
Des Ay, sooth, so humbled, 52
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth Not now, sweet Desdemona, some other time
Des But shall't be shortly?
Oth The sooner, sweet, for you. 56
Des Shall't be to-night at supper?
Oth No, not to-night.
Des To-morrow dinner then?
Oth I shall not dine at home,
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des Why then, to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn, 60
On Tuesday noon, or night, on Wednesday morn
I prithee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days in faith, he's penitent,
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—
Save that they say, the wars must make examples 65
Out of their best,—is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello I wonder in my soul, 68
What you could ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you disparagingly, 72
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much—
Oth Prithee, no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing
Des Why, this is not a boon, 76
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person, nay, when I have a suit 80
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth I will deny thee nothing
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this, 84
To leave me but a little to myself
Des Shall I deny you? no farewell, my lord.
Oth Farewell, my Desdemona I'll come to thee straight
Des Emilia, come Be as your fancies teach you, 88
Whate'er you be, I am obedient
[Exit, with EMILIA.]
Oth Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again 92
Iago My noble lord,—
Oth What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth He did, from first to last why dost thou ask? 96
Iago But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No further harm
Oth Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago I did not think he had been acquainted with her
Oth O! yes, and went between us very oft
Iago Indeed! 100
Oth Indeed! ay, indeed, discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago Honest, my lord?
Oth Honest! ay, honest
Iago My lord, for aught I know 104
Oth What dost thou think?
Iago Think, my lord!
Oth Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown Thou dost mean something 108
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife, what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criest, 'Indeed!' 112
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought 116
Iago My lord, you know I love you
Oth I think thou dost,
And, for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more, 120
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just
They are close delations, working from the heart
That passion cannot rule
Iago For Michael Cassio, 124
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest
Oth I think so too
Iago Men should be what they seem,

Or those that be not, would they might seem none!
Oth Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man. 129
Oth Nay, yet there's more in this
 I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thoughts,
 As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts 132
 The worst of words
Iago Good my lord, pardon me,
 Though I am bound to every act of duty,
 I am not bound to that all slaves are free to
 Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false, 136
 As where's that palace whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure
 But some uncleanly apprehensions
 Keep leets and law days, and in session sit 140
 With meditations lawful?
Oth Thou dost conspire against thy friend,
Iago
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st
 his ear
 A stranger to thy thoughts
Iago I do beseech you, 144
 Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,—
 As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
 To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not,—that your wisdom
 yet, 148
 From one that so imperfectly conceits,
 Would take no notice, nor build yourself a
 trouble
 Out of his scattering and unsure observance
 It were not for your quiet nor your good, 152
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts
Oth What dost thou mean?
Iago Good name in man and woman, dear
 my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls 156
 Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis some-
 thing, nothing,
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
 sands,
 But he that filches from me my good name
 Robs me of that which not enriches him, 160
 And makes me poor indeed
Oth By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts
Iago You cannot, if my heart were in your
 hand,
 Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody 164
Oth Ha!
Iago O! beware, my lord, of jealousy,
 It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on, that cuckold lives in bliss
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger,
 But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er 169
 Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet soundly
 loves!
Oth O misery!
Iago Poor and content is rich, and rich
 enough, 172
 But riches fineless is as poor as winter

To him that ever fears he shall be poor
 Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy!
Oth Why, why is this? 176
 Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions? No, to be once in doubt
 Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat
 When I shall turn the business of my soul 181
 To such exsufficate and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference 'Tis not to make me
 jealous
 To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves com-
 pany 184
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well,
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt, 188
 For she had eyes, and chose me No, Iago,
 I'll see before I doubt, when I doubt, prove,
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
 Away at once with love or jealousy! 192
Iago I am glad of it, for now I shall have
 reason
 To show the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit, therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me, I speak not yet of proof 196
 Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio,
 Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure
 I would not have your free and noble nature
 Out of self-bounty be abus'd, look to't 200
 I know our country disposition well,
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands, their best
 conscience
 Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown
Oth Dost thou say so? 205
Iago She did deceive her father, marrying
 you,
 And when she seem'd to shake and fear your
 looks
 She lov'd them most
Oth And so she did
Iago Why, go to, then, 208
 She that so young could give out such a seeming,
 To seal her father's eyes up close as oak,
 He thought 'twas witchcraft, but I am much to
 blame,
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon 212
 For too much loving you.
Oth I am bound to thee for ever
Iago I see, this hath a little dash'd your
 spirits.
Oth Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago I faith, I fear it has.
 I hope you will consider what is spoke 216
 Comes from my love But, I do see you're
 mov'd,
 I am to pray you not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues nor to larger reach
 Than to suspicion. 220
Oth I will not.
Iago Should you do so, my lord,
 My speech should fall into such vile success
 As my thoughts are not at. Cassio's my worthy
 friend—

My lord, I see you're mov'd

Oth No, not much mov'd 224
I do not think but Desdemona's honest

Iago Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth And, yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago Ay, there's the point as, to be bold with you, 228

Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends,
Foh! one may smell in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion thoughts unnatural 233
But pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment, 236
May fail to match you with her country forms
And happily repent

Oth Farewell, farewell
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more,
Set on thy wife to observe Leave me, *Iago* 240

Iago My lord, I take my leave [*Going*]

Oth Why did I marry? This honest creature, doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds

Iago [*Returning*] My lord, I would I might entreat your honour 244

To scan this thing no further, leave it to time
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,
For, sure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile, 248
You shall by that perceive him and his means
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity,
Much will be seen in that In the mean time, 252
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,

And hold her free, I do beseech your honour
Oth Fear not my government 256

Iago I once more take my leave [*Exit*]

Oth This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings, if I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings, 261

I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or, for I am declin'd 265
Into the vale of years—yet that's not much—
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be to loathe her O curse of marriage! 268
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love 272
For others' uses Yet, 'tis the plague of great
ones,

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base,
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death
Even then this forked plague is fated to us 276
When we do quicken.

Look! where she comes.
If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself.

I'll not believe it

Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Des How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner and the generous islanders 280

By you invited, do attend your presence

Oth I am to blame

Des Why do you speak so faintly?

Are you not well?

Oth I have a pain upon my forehead here 284

Des Faith, that's with watching, 'twill away again

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour

It will be well

Oth Your napkin is too little

[*She drops her handkerchief*]

Let it alone Come, I'll go in with you 288

Des I am very sorry that you are not well

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA*]

Emil I am glad I have found this napkin,
This was her first remembrance from the Moor,
My wayward husband hath a hundred times 292
Wood'd me to steal it, but she so loves the token,
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't *Iago* 297
What he will do with it heaven knows, not I,
I nothing but to please his fantasy

Enter IAGO

Iago How now! what do you here alone? 300

Emil Do not you chide I have a thing for you

Iago A thing for me? It is a common thing—

Emil Ha!

Iago To have a foolish wife 304

Emil O! is that all? What will you give me now

For that same handkerchief?

Iago What handkerchief?

Emil What handkerchief!

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona

That which so often you did bid me steal 309

Iago Hast stol'n it from her?

Emil No faith, she let it drop by negligence,

And to the advantage, I, being there, took't up

Look, here it is

Iago A good wench, give it me 313

Emil What will you do with't, that you have been so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago Why, what's that to you? [*Snatches it*]

Emil If it be not for some purpose of import 317

Give't me again, poor lady! she'll run mad

When she shall lack it

Iago Be not acknown on't, I have use for it. 320

Go, leave me [*Exit EMILIA*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,

And let him find it, trifles light as air

Are to the jealous confirmations strong 324

As proofs of holy writ, this may do something

The Moor already changes with my poison

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,

Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood, 329
Burn like the mines of sulphur I did say so
Look! where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO

Nor poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, 332
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday

Oth Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago Why, how now, general! no more of that

Oth Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack, 336

I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd
Than but to know't a little

Iago How now, my lord!

Oth What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust? 339

I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well, was free and merry,
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips,
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't and he's not robb'd at all

Iago I am sorry to hear this 345

Oth I had been nappy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known O! now, for ever 348
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill 352

trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counter- 357

feit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago Is it possible, my lord?

Oth Villain, be sure thou prove my love a 360

vohore,
Be sure of it, give me the ocular proof,
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd wrath

Iago Is't come to this?

Oth Make me to see't, or, at the least, so 365

prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!

Iago My noble lord,— 368

Oth If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more, abandon all remorse,
On horror's head horrors accumulate,
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth 372

amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that

Iago O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?

God be wi' you, take mine office O wretched 376

fool!
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice,

O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O 380

world!

To be direct and honest is not safe
I thank you for this profit, and, from hence 380

I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence

Oth Nay, stay, thou shouldst be honest.
Iago I should be wise, for honesty's a fool, 384

And loses that it works for

Oth By the world, 384

I think my wife be honest and think she is not,
I think that thou art just and think thou art 388

not

I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as 388

fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black 388

As mine own face If there be cords or knives,
Poison or fire or suffocating streams, 392

I'll not endure it Would I were satisfied!
Iago I see, sir, you are eaten up with pas- 392

sion.
I do repent me that I put it to you
You would be satisfied?

Oth Would! nay, I will
Iago And may, but how? how satisfied, my 396

lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on, 396

Behold her tupp'd?
Oth Death and damnation! O! 399

Iago It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect, damn them 400

then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster 400

More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,

As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross 405

As ignorance made drunk, but yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,

Which lead directly to the door of truth, 408

Will give you satisfaction, you may have it
Oth Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago I do not like the office,
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far, 412

Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on I lay with Cassio lately,

And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep 416

There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs,
One of this kind is Cassio

In sleep I heard him say, 'Sweet Desdemona, 420

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!'

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my 424

hand,
Cry, 'O, sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots, 424

That grew upon my lips, then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd, and then

Cried, 'Cursed fate, that giveth thee to the Moor!'

Oth O monstrous! monstrous!
Iago Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth But this denoted a foregone conclusion
'Tis a shrewd doubt though it be but a dream

Iago And this may help to thicken other 428

proofs

That do demonstrate thinly

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces 432

Iago Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done,

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one, 'twas my first gift.

Iago I know not that, but such a handkerchief— 437

I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with

Oth. If it be that,— 440

Iago If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs

Oth. O! that the slave had forty thousand lives,

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge 444
Now do I see 'tis true Look here, Iago,

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven
'Tis gone 447

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O love! thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate. Swell, bosom, with thy
fraught,

For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago Yet be content

Oth. O! blood, blood, blood! 452

Iago Patience, I say, your mind, perhaps,
may change

Oth. Never, Iago Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on 456
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,

Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,

Till that a capable and wide revenge 460
Swallow them up

Now, by yond marble heaven,

In the due reverence of a sacred vow

I here engage my words

Iago Do not rise yet [Kneels]

Witness, you ever-burning lights above! 464

You elements that clip us round about!

Witness, that here Iago doth give up

The execution of his wit, hands, heart,

To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him com- 468

mand,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever

Oth. I greet thy love,

Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance

bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to't 472

Within these three days let me hear thee say

That Cassio's not alive

Iago My friend is dead, 'tis done at your

request

But let her live

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!

Come, go with me apart, I will withdraw 477

To furnish me with some swift means of death

For the fair devil Now art thou my lieutenant

Iago I am your own for ever [Exeunt]

SCENE IV — Before the Castle

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown

Des Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant
Cassio lies?

Clo I dare not say he lies any where.

Des Why, man? 4

Clo He is a soldier, and for one to say a

soldier lies, is stabbing

Des Go to, where lodges he?

Clo To tell you where he lodges is to tell you

where I lie 9

Des Can anything be made of this?

Clo I know not where he lodges, and for me

to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he

lies there, were to lie in mine own throat. 13

Des Can you inquire him out, and be edified

by report?

Clo I will catechize the world for him, that

is, make questions, and by them answer — 17

Des Seek him, bid him come hither, tell

him I have moved my lord in his behalf, and

hope all will be well 20

Clo To do this is within the compass of

man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the

doing it [Exit]

Des Where should I lose that handkerchief,

Emilia? 24

Emil I know not, madam

Des Believe me, I had rather have lost my

purse

Full of cruzadoes, and but my noble Moor

Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness 28

As jealous creatures are, it were enough

To put him to ill thinking

Emil Is he not jealous?

Des Who? he? I think the sun where he was

born

Drew all such humours from him

Emil Look! where he comes

Des I will not leave him now till Cassio 33

Be call'd to him

Enter OTHELLO

How is't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well my good lady [Aside] O' hard-
ness to dissemble

How do you, Desdemona?

Des Well, my good lord

Oth. Give me your hand This hand is moist,

my lady 37

Des It yet has felt no age nor known no

sorrow

Oth. This argues fruntfulness and liberal

heart,

Hot, hot, and moist, this hand of yours re- 40

quires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,

Much castigation, exercise devout,

For here's a young and sweating devil here,

That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand, 44

A frank one.

Des You may, indeed, say so,

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart

Oth. A liberal hand, the hearts of old gave

hands,

But our new heraldry is hands not hearts 48

Des I cannot speak of this Come now, your promise

Oth What promise, chuck?

Des I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me 52

Lend me thy handkerchief

Des Here, my lord

Oth That which I gave you

Des I have it not about me

Oth Not?

Des No, indeed, my lord

Oth That is a fault

That handkerchief 56

Did an Egyptian to my mother give,

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people, she told her, while she

kept it,

'Twould make her amiable and subdue my

father 60

Entirely to her love, but if she lost it

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should

hunt

After new fancies She dying gave it me, 64

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her I did so and take heed on't,

Make it a darling like your precious eye,

To lose't or give't away, were such perdition 68

As nothing else could match

Des Is't possible?

Oth 'Tis true, there's magic in the web of

it,

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world

The sun to course two hundred compasses, 72

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work,

The worms were hallow'd that did breed the

silk,

And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful

Conserv'd of maidens' hearts

Des Indeed! is't true? 76

Oth Most veritable, therefore look to't well

Des Then would to heaven that I had never

seen it!

Oth Ha! wherefore?

Des Why do you speak so startlingly and

rash? 80

Oth Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o'

the way?

Des Heaven bless us!

Oth Say you?

Des It is not lost but what an if it were? 84

Oth How!

Des I say, it is not lost.

Oth Fetch't, let me see't

Des Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now

This is a trick to put me from my suit

Pray you let Cassio be receiv'd again 88

Oth Fetch me the handkerchief, my mind

misgives

Des Come, come,

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth The handkerchief!

Des I pray, talk me of Cassio 92

Oth The handkerchief!

Des A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,

Shar'd dangers with you,—

Oth The handkerchief!

Des In sooth you are to blame 96

Oth Away! [Exit

Emil Is not this man jealous?

Des I ne'er saw this before

Sure, there's some wonder in this handker-

chief, 100

I am most unhappy in the loss of it

Emil 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man,

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food,

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full

They belch us Look you! Cassio and my hus-

band. 105

Enter IAGO and CASSIO

Iago There is no other way, 'tis she must

do t

And, lo! the happiness go and importune her

Des How now, good Cassio! what's the news

with you? 108

Cas Madam, my former suit I do beseech

you

That by your virtuous means I may again

Exist, and be a member of his love

Whom I with all the office of my heart 11

Entirely honour, I would not be delay'd

If my offence be of such mortal kind

That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor purpos'd merit in futurity, 116

Can ransom me into his love again,

But to know so must be my benefit,

So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,

And shut myself up in some other course 120

To fortune's aims

Des Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio!

My advocacy is not now in tune,

My lord is not my lord nor should I know him,

Were he in favour as in humour alter'd. 124

So help me every spirit sanctified,

As I have spoken for you all my best

And stood within the blank of his displeasure

For my free speech. You must awhile be

patient, 128

What I can do I will, and more I will

Than for myself I dare let that suffice you.

Iago Is my lord angry?

Emil He went hence but now,

And, certainly in strange unquietness 132

Iago Can he be angry? I have seen the

cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air,

And, like the devil, from his very arm 135

Puff'd his own brother, and can he be angry?

Something of moment then, I will go meet him,

There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry

Des I prithee, do so [Exit IAGO] Some-

thing, sure, of state,

Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice

Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him, 141

Hath puddled his clear spirit, and, in such

cases

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,

Though great ones are their object 'Tis even so,
 For let our finger ache, and t' induces ¹⁴⁵
 Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
 Of pain Nay, we must think men are not gods,
 Nor of them look for such observancy ¹⁴⁸
 As fits the bridal Beshrew me much, Emilia,
 I was—unhandsome warrior as I am—
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul,
 But now I find I had suborn'd the witness, ¹⁵²
 And he's indicted falsely

Emil Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you
 think,
 And no conception, nor no jealous toy
 Concerning you ¹⁵⁶
 Des Alas the day! I never gave him cause
 Emil But jealous souls will not be answer'd
 so,

They are not ever jealous for the cause,
 But jealous for they are jealous, 'tis a monster
 Begot upon itself, born on itself ¹⁶¹
 Des Heaven keep that monster from
 Othello's mind!

Emil Lady, amen
 Des I will go seek him Cassio, walk here-
 about, ¹⁶⁴

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit
 And seek to effect it to my uttermost
 Cas I humbly thank your ladyship

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA*]

Enter BIANCA

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
 Cas What make you from home?
 How is it with you, my most fair Bianca? ¹⁶⁹
 I faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house
 Bian And I was going to your lodging,
 Cassio
 What! keep a week away? seven days and
 nights? ¹⁷²
 Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent
 hours,
 More tedious than the dial eight score times?
 O weary reckoning!

Cas Pardon me, Bianca,
 I have this while with leaden thoughts been
 press'd, ¹⁷⁶
 But I shall, in a more continue time,
 Strike off this score of absence Sweet Bianca
 [*Giving her DESDEMONA's handkerchief*]
 Take me this work out.

Bian O Cassio! whence came this?
 This is some token from a newer friend, ¹⁸⁰
 To the felt absence now I feel a cause,
 Is't come to this? Well, well

Cas Go to woman!
 Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
 From whence you have them You are jealous
 now ¹⁸⁴
 That this is from some mistress, some remem-
 brance

No, in good troth, Bianca.
 Bian Why, whose is it?
 Cas I know not, sweet, I found it in my
 chamber

I like the work well, ere it be demanded,— ¹⁸⁸
 As like enough it will,—I'd have it copied,

Take it and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian Leave you! wherefore?

Cas I do attend here on the general, ¹⁹²
 And think it no addition nor my wish
 To have him see me woman'd

Bian Why, I pray you?

Cas Not that I love you not.

Bian But that you do not love me

I pray you, bring me on the way a little ¹⁹⁶

And say if I shall see you soon at night

Cas 'Tis but a little way that I can bring

you,

For I attend here, but I'll see you soon

Bian 'Tis very good, I must be circum-
 stanc'd. [*Exeunt*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—Cyprus Before the Castle

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO

Iago Will you think so?

Oth Think so, Iago!

Iago What?

To kiss in private?

Oth An unauthoriz'd kiss

Iago Or to be naked with her friend a-bed

An hour or more, not meaning any harm? ⁴

Oth Naked a-bed, Iago, and not mean harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt

heaven ⁸

Iago If they do nothing 'tis a venial ship,

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth What then?

Iago Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord, and,

being hers, ¹²

She may, I think, bestow't on any man

Oth She is protectress of her honour too,

May she give that?

Iago Her honour is an essence that's not

seen, ¹⁶

They have it very oft that have it not

But for the handkerchief,—

Oth By heaven, I would most gladly have

forgot it —

Thou said'st,—O! it comes o'er my memory, ²⁰

As doth the raven o'er the infected house,

Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief

Iago Ay, what of that?

Oth That's not so good now

Iago What,

If I had said I had seen him do you wrong? ²⁴

Or heard him say, as knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose ²⁸

But they must blab

Oth Hath he said any thing?

Iago He hath, my lord, but be you well

assur'd,

No more than he'll unsweat

Oth What hath he said?

Iago Faith, that he did—I know not what

he did ³²

Oth. What? what?

Iago Lie—
Oth With her?
Iago With her, on her, what you will.
Oth Lie with her! lie on her! We say, lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's tulsome. Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief! To confess, and be hanged for his labour. First, to be hanged, and then to confess. I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips. Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil! [*Falls in a trance*]
Iago Work on, 45
 My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught,
 And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
 All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my lord!
 My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO

How now, Cassio!
Cas What's the matter?
Iago My lord is fallen into an epilepsy,
 This is his second fit, he had one yesterday 52
Cas Rub him about the temples
Iago No, forbear,
 The lethargy must have his quiet course,
 If not he foams at mouth, and by and by
 Breaks out to savage madness. Look! he stirs,
 Do you withdraw yourself a little while, 57
 He will recover straight, when he is gone,
 I would on great occasion speak with you.
 [*Exit CASSIO*]
 How is it, general? have you not hurt your head? 60
Oth Dost thou mock me?
Iago I mock you! no, by heaven
 Would you would bear your fortune like a man!
Oth A horned man's a monster and a beast
Iago There's many a beast then, in a populous city, 64
 And many a civil monster
Oth Did he confess it?
Iago Good sir, be a man
 Think every bearded fellow that's but yok'd
 May draw with you, there's millions now alive 68
 That nightly he in those improper beds
 Which they dare swear peculiar, your case is better
 O! 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
 To lip a wanton in a secure couch, 72
 And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,
 And knowing what I am I know what she shall be
Oth O! thou art wise, 'tis certain.
Iago Stand you awhile apart,
 Confine yourself but in a patient list 76
 Whilst you were here overwhelmed with your grief,—
 A passion most unsuiting such a man,—
 Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
 And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy, 80
 Bade him anon return and here speak with me,

The which he promiss'd. Do but encave yourself,
 And mark the fliers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
 That dwell in every region of his face, 84
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience,
 Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen, 89
 And nothing of a man.
Oth Dost thou hear, Iago?
 I will be found most cunning in my patience,
 But—dost thou hear?—most bloody
Iago That's not amiss, 92
 But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
 [*OTHELLO goes apart*]
 Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
 A housewife that by selling her desires
 Buys herself bread and clothes, it is a creature
 That dotes on Cassio, as 'tis the strumpet's plague 97
 To beguile man, and be beguil'd by one
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excess of laughter. Here he comes

Re-enter CASSIO

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad, 101
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour
 Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant? 104
Cas The worse that you give me the addition
 Whose want even kills me
Iago Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't
 [*Speaking lower*] Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, 108
 How quickly should you speed!
Cas Alas! poor cattiff!
Oth Look! how he laughs already!
Iago I never knew woman love man so
Cas Alas! poor rogue, I think, I' faith, she loves me 112
Oth Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
Iago Do you hear, Cassio?
Oth Now he importunes him
 To tell it o'er go to, well said, well said
Iago She gives it out that you shall marry her, 116
 Do you intend it?
Cas Ha, ha, ha!
Oth Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph? 119
Cas I marry her! what? a customer? I prithee, bear some charity to my wit, do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.
Iago Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her 125
Cas Prithee, say true
Iago I am a very villain else
Oth Have you scored me? Well. 128

Cas This is the monkey's own giving out she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise

Oth Iago beckons me, now he begins the story 133

Cas She was here even now, she haunts me in every place I was the other day talking on the sea bank with certain Venetians, and thither come this bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck,—

Oth Crying, 'O dear Cassio!' as it were, his gesture imports it 140

Cas So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me, so hailes and pulls me, ha, ha, ha!

Oth Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber O! I see that nose of yours, but not the dog I shall throw it to 145

Cas Well, I must leave her company

Iago Before me! look, where she comes.

Cas 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one 149

Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian Let the devil and his dam haunt you!

What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work! A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some munn's token, and I must take out the work! There, give it your hobby-horse, wheresoever you had it I'll take out no work on't.

Cas How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now! 161

Oth By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian An you'll come to supper to-night, you may, an you will not, come when you are next prepared for [Exit]

Iago After her, after her

Cas Faith, I must, she'll rail in the street else. 169

Iago Will you sup there?

Cas Faith, I intend so

Iago Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you. 173

Cas Prthee, come, will you?

Iago Go to, say no more [Exit CASSIO]

Oth [Advancing] How shall I murder him, Iago? 177

Iago Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth O! Iago! 180

Iago And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth Was that mine?

Iago Yours, by this hand, and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore 185

Oth I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago Nay, you must forget that. 188

Oth Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone, I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O! the world hath not a sweeter

creature, she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks

Iago Nay, that's not your way 195

Oth Hang her! I do but say what she is

So delicate with her needle! An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear Of so high and plenteous wit and invention! 200

Iago She's the worse for all this

Oth O! a thousand, a thousand times And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago Ay, too gentle 204

Oth Nay, that's certain,—but yet the pity of it, Iago! O! Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend, for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody 209

Oth I will chop her into messes Cuckold me!

Iago O! 'tis foul in her 212

Oth With mine officer!

Iago That's fouler

Oth Get me some poison, Iago, this night I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago 218

Iago Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth Good, good, the justice of it pleases, very good.

Iago And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker, you shall hear more by midnight. 224

Oth Excellent good. [A trumpet within] What trumpet is that same?

Iago Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, 228

Come from the duke, and see, your wife is with him

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants

Lod God save you, worthy general!

Oth With all my heart, sir

Lod The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [Gives him a packet]

Oth I kiss the instrument of their pleasures [Opens the packet, and reads]

Des And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico? 232

Iago I am very glad to see you, signior, Welcome to Cyprus

Lod I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago Lives, sir 236

Des Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord

An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth Are you sure of that?

Des My lord? 240

Oth This fail you not to do, as you will—

Lod He did not call, he's busy in the paper

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des A most unhappy one, I would do much To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio 245

Oth Fire and brimstone!

Des My lord?

Oth Are you wise?

Des What! is he angry?

Lod May be the letter mov'd him,
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government 249

Des Trust me, I am glad on't

Oth Indeed!

Des My lord?

Oth I am glad to see you mad

Des Why, sweet Othello?

Oth Devil! [Strikes her]

Des I have not deserved this 252

Lod My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw't 'tis very much,
Make her amends, she weeps

Oth O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile 257

Out of my sight!

Des I will not stay to offend you.

[Goes]

Lod Truly, an obedient lady,
I do beseech your lordship, call her back. 260

Oth Mistress!

Des My lord?

Oth What would you with her, sir?

Lod Who, I, my lord?

Oth Ay, you did wish that I would make her turn

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on, 264

And turn again, and she can weep, sir, weep,

And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,

Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears

Concerning this, sir, O—well-painted passion!—

I am commanded home Get you away, 269

I'll send for you anon Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice. Hence! avaunt!

[Exit DESDEMONA]

Cassio shall have my place And, sir, to-night,

I do entreat that we may sup together, 275

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus Goats and

monkeys! [Exit]

Lod Is thus the noble Moor whom our full senate

Call all-in-all sufficient? is this the noble nature

Whom passion could not shake? whose solid

virtue 277

The shot of accident nor dart of chance

Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago He is much chang'd.

Lod Are his wits safe? is he not light of

brain? 280

Iago He's that he is, I may not breathe my

censure

What he might be, if, what he might, he is not,

I would to heaven he were!

Lod What! strike his wife!

Iago Faith, that was not so well, yet would

I knew 284

That stroke would prove the worst!

Lod Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new-create this fault?

Iago Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak, 288

What I have seen and known. You shall ob-

serve him,

And his own courses will denote him so
That I may save my speech Do but go after
And mark how he continues 292

Lod I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him
[Exeunt]

SCENE II — A Room in the Castle

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth You have seen nothing, then?

Emil Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect

Oth Yes, you have seen Cassio and her to-

gether

Emil But then I saw no harm, and then I

heard 4

Each syllable that breath made up between them

Oth What! did they never whisper?

Emil Never, my lord.

Oth Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil Never

Oth To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask,

nor nothing? 8

Emil Never, my lord

Oth That's strange

Emil I durst, my lord, to wager she is

honest, 11

Lay down my soul at stake if you think other,

Remove your thought, it doth abuse your

bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head,

Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!

For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true, 16

There's no man happy, the purest of their wives

Is foul as slander

Oth Bid her come hither, go.

[Exit EMILIA.]

She says enough, yet she's a simple bawd

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle

whore, 20

A closet lock and key of villanous secrets,

And yet she'll kneel and pray, I have seen her

do't.

Re-enter EMILIA with DESDEMONA.

Des My lord, what is your will?

Oth Pray, chuck, come hither

Des What is your pleasure?

Oth Let me see your eyes, 24

Look in my face.

Des What horrible fancy's this?

Oth [To EMILIA.] Some of your function,

mistress,

Leave procreants alone and shut the door,

Cough or cry 'hem' if any body come, 28

Your mystery, your mystery, nay, dispatch.

[Exit EMILIA.]

Des Upon my knees, what doth your speech

import?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words. 32

Oth Why, what art thou?

Des Yo' wife, my lord, your true

And loyal wife.

Oth Come, swear it, damn thyself,

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils them-

selves

Should fear to seize thee, therefore be double-damn'd,

36

Swear thou art honest

Des Heaven doth truly know it
Oth Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?

Oth Ah! Desdemona, away, away, away!

Des Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back, 44
Lay not your blame on me, if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too

Oth Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head, 48

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience, but, alas! to make me 52
The fixed figure for the time of scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at,
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life, 57
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up, to be discarded thence!

Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads 60
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim,
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des I hope my noble lord esteems me honest 64

Oth O! ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst
ne'er been born 68

Des Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!

Committed! O thou public commoner! 72

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!

Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks,
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets 77
Is hush'd within the hollow mune of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed!

Impudent strumpet!

Des By heaven, you do me wrong 80
Oth Are not you a strumpet?

Des No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none. 84

Oth What! not a whore?

Des No, as I shall be sav'd.

Oth Is it possible?

Des O! heaven forgive us

Oth I cry you mercy, then,

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice 88
That married with Othello. You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA

You, you, ay, you!
We have done our course, there's money for
your pains 92

I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel [Exit

Emil Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des Faith, half asleep 96

Emil Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des With who?

Emil Why, with my lord, madam

Des Who is thy lord?

Emil He that is yours, sweet lady 100

Des I have none, do not talk to me, Emilia,

I cannot weep nor answer have I none,

But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets remember

And call thy husband hither

Emil Here is a change indeed! 105

[Exit

Des 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick

The small'st opinion on my least misuse? 108

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO

Iago What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

Des I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks, 112

He might have chid me so, for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

Iago What's the matter, lady?

Emil Alas! Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd

her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,

As true hearts cannot bear 117

Des Am I that name, Iago?

Iago What name, fair lady?

Des Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emil He call'd her whore, a beggar in his

drink 120

Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago Why did he so?

Des I do not know, I am sure I am none

such.

Iago Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the

day! 124

Emil Has she forsook so many noble

matches,

Her father and her country and her friends,

To be call'd whore? would it not make one

weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune
Iago Beshrew him for it! 128
 How comes this trick upon him?
Des. Nay, heaven doth know
Emil I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
 Some busy and insinuating rogue,
 Some cogging cozening slave, to get some
 office, 132
 Have not devis'd this slander, I'll be hang'd
 else
Iago Fie! there is no such man, it is im-
 possible
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Emil A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw
 his bones! 136
 Why should he call her whore? who keeps her
 company?
 What place? what time? what form? what likeli-
 hood?
 The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous
 knave,
 Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow
 O heaven! that such companions thou'dst un-
 fold, 141
 And put in every honest hand a whip
 To lash the rascals naked through the world,
 Even from the east to the west!
Iago Speak within door 144
Emil O' fie upon them Some such squire
 he was
 That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
 And made you to suspect me with the Moor
Iago You are a fool go to
Des. O good Iago, 148
 What shall I do to win my lord again?
 Good friend, go to him, for, by this light of
 heaven,
 I know not how I lost him Here I kneel
 If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love, 152
 Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form,
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did, 156
 And ever will though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do
 much,
 And his unkindness may defeat my life, 160
 But never taint my love I cannot say 'whore'
 It does abhor me now I speak the word,
 To do the act that might the addition earn
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me
Iago I pray you be content, 'tis but his
 humour, 165
 The business of the state does him offence,
 And he does chide with you
Des. If 'twere no other,—
Iago 'Tis but so, I warrant. [Trumpets
 Hark! how these instruments summon to sup-
 per, 169
 The messengers of Venice stay the meat
 Go in, and weep not, all things shall be well
 [Exit DESDEMONA and EMILIA.
 Enter RODRIGO
 How now, Rodrigo! 172

Rod I do not find that thou dealest justly
 with me
Iago What in the contrary?
Rod Every day thou daigest me with some
 device, Iago, and rather, as it seems to me now,
 keepest from me all conveniency, than suppliest
 me with the least advantage of hope I will in-
 deed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded
 to put up in peace what already I have foolishly
 suffered 182
Iago Will you hear me, Roderigo?
Rod Faith, I have heard too much, for your
 words and performances are no kin together
Iago You charge me most unjustly 186
Rod With nought but truth I have wasted
 myself out of my means The jewels you have
 had from me to deliver to Desdemona would
 half have corrupted a votarist, you have told
 me she has received them, and returned me
 expectations and comforts of sudden respect
 and acquaintance, but I find none 193
Iago Well, go to, very well
Rod Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man,
 nor 'tis not very well by this hand, I say, it is
 very scurvy, and begun to find myself fobbed in it
Iago Very well 198
Rod I tell you 'tis not very well I will make
 myself known to Desdemona, if she will return
 me my jewels, I will give over my suit and re-
 pent my unlawful solicitation, if not, assure
 yourself I will seek satisfaction of you
Iago You have said now 204
Rod Ay, and said nothing, but what I pro-
 test intendment of doing
Iago Why, now I see there's mettle in thee,
 and even from this instant do build on thee a
 better opinion than ever before Give me thy
 hand, Roderigo, thou hast taken against me a
 most just exception, but yet, I protest, I have
 dealt most directly in thy affair 212
Rod It hath not appeared
Iago I grant indeed it hath not appeared,
 and your suspicion is not without wit and judg-
 ment But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee
 indeed, which I have greater reason to believe
 now than ever, I mean purpose, courage, and
 valour, this night show it if thou the next
 night following enjoy not Desdemona, take
 me from this world with treachery and devise
 engines for my life
Rod Well, what is it? is it within reason and
 compass? 224
Iago Sir, there is especial commission come
 from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place
Rod Is that true? why, then Othello and
 Desdemona return again to Venice 228
Iago O, no! he goes into Mauritania, and
 takes away with him the fair Desdemona, un-
 less his abode be lingered here by some accident,
 wherein none can be so determinate as the re-
 moving of Cassio 233
Rod How do you mean, removing of him?
Iago Why, by making him incapable of
 Othello's place, knocking out his brains
Rod And that you would have me do? 237
Iago Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit

and a night. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him, he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure, I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me, I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste about it. 250

Rod I will hear further reason for this
Iago And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt

SCENE III —Another Room in the Castle

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA,
EMILIA, and Attendants

Lod I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further

Oth O! pardon me, 'twill do me good to walk

Lod Madam, good night, I humbly thank your ladyship

Des Your honour is most welcome

Oth Will you walk, sir? 5

O! Desdemona,—

Des My lord?

Oth Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith, dismiss your attendant there, look it be done 9

Des I will, my lord

[Exeunt OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants

Emil How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did

Des He says he will return incontinent, 12
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you

Emil Dismiss me!

Des It was his bidding, therefore, good Emilia,

Gave me my nightly wearing, and adieu 16
We must not now displease him

Emil I would you had never seen him.

Des So would not I, my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns,— 20

Prithce, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed

Des All's one Good faith! how foolish are our minds!

If I do die before thee, prithce, shroud me 24
In one of those same sheets

Emil Come, come, you talk

Des My mother had a maid call'd Barbara. She was in love, and she lov'd prov'd mad And did forsake her, she had a song of 'willow,' 28

An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it, that song to-night Will not go from my mind, I have much to do

But to go hang my head all at one side, 32
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithce, dispatch.

Emil Shall I go fetch your night gown?

Des No, unpin me here

This Lodovico is a proper man

Emil A very handsome man 36

Des He speaks well

Emil I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip 40

Des The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee

Sing willow willow willow 44

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd

her moans

Sing willow willow willow

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones —

Lay by these — 48

Sing willow, willow willow

Prithce, hie thee, he'll come anon —

Sing all a green willow must be my garland

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve —

Nay, that's not next Hark! who is it that knocks? 5

Emil It is the wind

Des I call'd my love false love but what said he then? 56

Sing willow willow willow

If I court moe women you'll couch with moe men

So, get thee gone, good night Mine eyes do itch,

Doth that bode weeping?

Emil 'Tis neither here nor there

Des I have heard it said so O! these men, these men! 61

Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, Emilia, That there be women do abuse their husbands in such gross kind?

Emil There be some such, no question

Des Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world? 65

Emil Why, would not you?

Des No, by this heavenly light!

Emil Nor I neither by this heavenly light, I might do't as well i' the dark 68

Des Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil The world is a huge thing, 'tis a great price

For a small vice

Des In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil In troth, I think I should, and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition but for the whole world, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't

Des Beshrew me if I would do such a wrong

For the whole world 80

Emil Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the

world, and having the world for your labour,
'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might
quickly make it right 84

Des I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil Yes, a dozen, and as many to the
vantage, as would store the world they played
for 88

But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall Say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies, 92
Throwing restraint upon us, or, say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite,
Why, we have galls and though we have some
grace,

Yet have we some revenge Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them, they see and
smell, 97

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is, and doth affection breed it? 101
I think it doth, is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too, and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have? 104

Then, let them use us well, else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so
Des Good night, good night, heaven mesuch
usage send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! 108
[*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I.—Cyprus A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO

Iago Here, stand behind this bulk, straight
will he come

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home
Quick, quick, fear nothing, I'll be at thy elbow
It makes us, or it mars us, think on that, 4
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago Here, at thy hand be bold, and take
thy stand [Retires]

Rod I have no great devotion to the deed, 8
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons
'Tis but a man gone forth, my sword, he dies

Iago I have rubb'd this young quat almost
to the sense,

And he grows angry Now, whether he kill
Cassio, 12

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large

Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him, 16
As gifts to Desdemona,

It must not be if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life

That makes me ugly, and, besides, the Moor 20
May unfold me to him, there stand I in much
peril.

No, he must die But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he. Villain, thou
diest! [Makes a pass at CASSIO]

Cas That thrust had been mine enemy in-
deed 24

But that my coat is better than thou know'st,
I will make proof of thine

[Draws, and wounds RODERIGO]

Rod O! I am slain

[IAGO from behind wounds CASSIO in

the leg, and exit

Cas I am maim'd for ever Help, ho! mur-
der! murder! [Falls]

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance

Oth. The voice of Cassio Iago keeps his
word

Rod O! villain that I am!

Oth It is e'en so 29

Cas O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth 'Tis he O brave Iago, honest and just!
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's
wrong, 32

Thou teachest me Mimon, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies, strumpet, I come!

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are
blotted,

Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be
spotted. [Exit]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance

Cas What ho! no watch? no passage? mur-
der! murder! 37

Gra 'Tis some mischance, the cry is ver-
dreful.

Cas O, help!

Lod Hark! 40

Rod O wretched villain!

Lod Two or three groan it is a heavy night,
These may be counterfeit, let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help 44

Rod Nobody come? then shall I bleed to
death

Lod Hark!

Re-enter IAGO, with a light

Gra Here's one comes in his shirt, with light
and weapons.

Iago Who's there? whose noise is this that
cries on murder? 48

Lod We do not know

Iago Did not you hear a cry?

Cas Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago What's the matter?

Gra This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod The same indeed, a very valiant fellow

Iago What are you here that cry so griev-
ously? 53

Cas Iago? O! I am spoil'd, undone by vil-
lains!

Give me some help
Iago O me, lieutenant! what villains have
done this? 56

Cas I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away

Iago. O treacherous villains!

[To LODOVICO and GRATIANO] What are you
there? come in, and give some help.

Rod. O! help me here. 60

Cas That's one of them
Iago O murderous slave! O villain!
 [Stabs RODERIGO
Rod O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!
Iago Kill men i' the dark! Where be these
 bloody thieves?
 How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!
 What may you be? are you of good or evil? 65
Lod As you shall prove us, praise us
Iago Signior Lodovico?
Lod He, sir 68
Iago I cry you mercy Here's Cassio hurt
 by villains
Gra Cassio!
Iago How is it, brother?
Cas My leg is cut in two
Iago Marry heaven forbid, 72
 Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt

Enter BIANCA

Bian What is the matter, ho? who is't that
 cried?
Iago Who is't that cried!
Bian O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! 76
 O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you
 suspect
 Who they should be that have thus mangled you?
Cas No 80
Gra I am sorry to find you thus, I have been
 to seek you
Iago Lend me a garter So O! for a chair,
 To bear him easily hence!
Bian Alas! he faints! O Cassio, Cassio,
 Cassio! 84

Iago Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
 To be a party in this injury
 Patience awhile, good Cassio Come, come
 Lend me a light Know we thus face, or no? 88
 Alas! my friend and my dear countryman,
 Roderigo? no yes sure, O heaven! Roderigo

Gra What! of Venice?
Iago Even he, sir did you know him?
Gra Know him! ay 92
Iago Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle
 pardon,
 These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
 That so neglected you

Gra I am glad to see you
Iago How do you, Cassio? O! a chair, a
 chair! 96
Gra Roderigo! [A chair brought in
Iago He, he, 'tis he.—O! that's well said, the
 chair

Some good men bear him carefully from hence,
 I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [To BIANCA]
 For you, mistress, 100
 Save you your labour He that lies slain here,
 Cassio,

Was my dear friend What malice was between
 you?
Cas None in the world, nor do I know the
 man.

Iago [To BIANCA] What! look you pale? O!
 bear him out o' the air— 104
 [CASSIO and RODERIGO are borne off]

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale,
 mistress?—
 Do you perceive the gashness of her eye?
 Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon
 Behold her well, I pray you, look upon her 108
 Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will
 speak
 Though tongues were out of use

Enter EMILIA

Emil 'Las! what's the matter? what's the
 matter, husband?
Iago Cassio hath here been set on in the
 dark 112
 By Roderigo and fellows that are 'scap'd
 He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead
Emil Alas! good gentleman, alas! good
 Cassio!
Iago This is the fruit of whoring Prithce,
 Emilia, 116
 Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.
 What! do you shake at that?
Bian He supp'd at my house, but I there-
 fore shake not
Iago O! did he so? I charge you, go with me.
Emil Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet! 121
Bian I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
 As you that thus abuse me
Emil As I! fie! fie upon thee!
Iago Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor
 Cassio dress'd 124
 Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale
 Emilia, run you to the citadel,
 And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd
 Will you go on afore? [Aside] This is the night
 That either makes me or fordoes me quite 129
 [Exeunt]

SCENE II—A Bedchamber in the Castle DES-
 DEMONA in bed asleep A light burning

Enter OTHELLO

Oth It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
 It is the cause Yet I'll not shed her blood,
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow, 4
 And smooth as monumental alabaster
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
 Put out the light, and then put out the light
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister, 8
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me, but once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat 12
 That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd
 the rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It needs must wither I'll smell it on the tree.

[Kisses her]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade 16
 Justice to break her sword! One more, one
 more
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after One more, and thus the
 last
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal! I must weep, 20

But they are cruel tears, this sorrow's heavenly,
 It strikes where it doth love. She wakes
Des Who's there? Othello?
Oth Ay, Desdemona.
Des Will you come to bed, my lord? 24
Oth Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?
Des Ay, my lord.
Oth If you bethink yourself of any crime
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
 Solicit for it straight 28
Des Alas! my lord, what may you mean by
 that?
Oth Well, do it, and be brief, I will walk by
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
 No, heaven forbid! I would not kill thy soul.
Des Talk you of killing?
Oth Ay, I do
 Then heaven 33
 Have mercy on me!
Oth Amen! with all my heart
Des If you say so, I hope you will not kill
 me
Oth Hum! 36
Des And yet I fear you, for you are fatal
 then
 When your eyes roll so Why I should fear I
 know not,
 Since guiltiness I know not, but yet I feel I fear
Oth Think on thy sins
Des They are loves I bear to you. 40
Oth Ay, and for that thou diest
Des That death's unnatural that kills for
 loving
 Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
 Some bloody passion shakes your very frame, 44
 These are portents, but yet, I hope, I hope
 They do not point on me
Oth Peace, and be still!
Des I will so What's the matter?
Oth That handkerchief which I so lov'd and
 gave thee 48
 Thou gav'st to Cassio
Des No, by my life and soul!
 Send for the man and ask him
Oth Sweet soul, take heed,
 Take heed of perjury, thou'rt on thy death-bed
Des Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth Yes, presently, 52
 Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin,
 For to deny each article with oath
 Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
 That I do groan withal Thou art to die 56
Des Then Lord have mercy on me!
Oth I say, amen.
Des And have you mercy too! I never did
 Offend you in my life, never lov'd Cassio
 But with such general warranty of heaven 60
 As I might love, I never gave him token.
Oth By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's
 hand
 O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
 And mak'st me call what I intend to do 64
 A murder, which I thought a sacrifice
 I saw the handkerchief
Des He found it then,
 I never gave it him. Send for him hither,

Let him confess a truth.

Oth He hath confess'd. 68
Des What, my lord?
Oth That he hath us'd thee
Des How? unlawfully?
Oth Ay
Des He will not say so
Oth No, his mouth is stopp'd
 Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't 72
Des O! my fear interprets What! is he
 dead?
Oth Had all his hairs been lives, my great
 revenge
 Had stomach for them all.
Des Alas! he is betray'd and I undone 76
Oth Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him
 to my face?
Des O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
Oth Down, strumpet!
Des Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night!
Oth Nay, if you strive,— 81
Des But half an hour!
Oth Being done, there is no pause
Des But while I say one prayer!
Oth It is too late [*He smothers her*]
Emil [*Within*] My lord, my lord! what, ho!
 my lord, my lord! 84
Oth What noise is this? Not dead? not yet
 quite dead?
 I that am cruel am yet merciful,
 I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
 So, so
Emil [*Within*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth Who's there? 88
Emil [*Within*] O! good my lord, I would
 speak a word with you!
Oth Yes, 'tis Emilia by and by She's dead
 'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death,
 The noise was high. Ha! no more moving? 92
 Still as the grave Shall she come in? Were't
 good?
 I think she stirs again no What's best to do?
 If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife
 My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife
 O, insupportable! O heavy hour! 97
 Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
 Should yawn at alteration.
Emil [*Within*] I do beseech you 100
 That I may speak with you, O! good my lord.
Oth I had forgot thee O! come in, Emilia
 Soft, by and by let me the curtains draw
 Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door*]
 Enter EMILIA.
 What's the matter with thee now? 104
Emil O! my good lord, yonder's foul murder
 done
Oth What! now?
Emil But now, my lord.
Oth It is the very error of the moon,
 She comes more near the earth than she was
 wont, 108
 And makes men mad.
Emil Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young
 Venetian

Call'd Roderigo

Oth Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd?

Emil No, Cassio is not kill'd 112
Oth Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of
tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des O! falsely, falsely murder'd
Emil Alas! what cry is that?

Oth That! what? 116
Emil Out, and alas! that was my lady's
voice

Help! Help, ho! help! O lady, speak again!

Sweet Desdemona! O! sweet mistress, speak

Des A guiltless death I die 120

Emil O! who hath done this deed?

Des Nobody, I myself, farewell

Commend me to my kind lord O! farewell!

[Dies]

Oth Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil Alas! who knows? 124

Oth You heard her say herself it was not I.

Emil She said so, I must needs report the

truth

Oth She's like a liar gone to burning hell,

'Twas I that kill'd her

Emil O! the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil 129

Oth She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore

Emil Thou dost belie her, and thou art a

devil

Oth She was false as water

Emil Thou art rash as fire to say

That she was false O! she was heavenly true

Oth Cassio did tup her, ask thy husband

else

O! I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell

But that I did proceed upon just grounds 136

To this extremity Thy husband knew it all

Emil My husband!

Oth Thy husband.

Emil That she was false to wedlock? 140

Oth Ay, with Cassio Nay, had she been

true,

If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it. 144

Emil My husband!

Oth Ay, 'twas he that told me first

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds

Emil My husband!

Oth What needs this iteration, woman? I

say thy husband 148

Emil O mistress! villany hath made mocks

with love

My husband say that she was false!

Oth He, woman,

I say, thy husband dost understand the word?

My friend thy husband, honest, honest Iago 152

Emil If he say so, may his pernicious soul

Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth Ha! 156

Emil Do thy worst

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven

Than thou wast worthy her

Oth Peace! you were best.

Emil Thou hast not half the power to do

me harm 160

As I have to be hurt O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—

I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives Help! help, ho!

help! 164

The Moor has kill'd my mistress! Murder!

murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and Others

Mon What is the matter? How now, general!

Emil O! are you come, Iago? you have done

well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck

Gra What is the matter? 169

Emil Disprove this villain if thou be'st a

man

He says thou told'st him that his wife was false

I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain

Speak, for my heart is full 173

Iago I told him what I thought, and told no

more

Than what he found himself was apt and true

Emil But did you ever tell him she was

false? 176

Iago I did

Emil You told a lie, an odious damned lie,

Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie

She false with Cassio! Did you say with Cassio?

Iago With Cassio, mistress Go to, charm

your tongue 181

Emil I will not charm my tongue, I am bound

to speak

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed

All O heavens forfend! 184

Emil And your reports have set the murder

on

Oth Nay, stare not, masters, it is true, in-

deed

Gra 'Tis a strange truth

Mon O monstrous act!

Emil Villany! villany! villany!

I think upon't, I think, I smell't, O villany! 189

I thought so then I'll kill myself for grief

O! villany, villany!

Iago What! are you mad? I charge you,

get you home 192

Emil Good gentlemen, let me have leave to

speak

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home

Oth O! O! O! [Falls on the bed

Emil Nay, lay thee down and roar,

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent 197

That e'er did lift up eye

Oth O! she was foul

I scarce did know you, uncle There lies your

niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly

stopp'd 200

I know this act shows terrible and grim

Gra Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy

father's dead.

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation

Oth 'Tis pitiful, but yet Iago knows 208
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed, Cassio confess'd it
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love 212
Which I first gave her I saw it in his hand
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother

Emil O heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago Come, hold your peace
Emil 'Twill out, 'twill out, I hold my peace,
sir? no, 217

No I will speak as liberal as the north,
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak 220
Iago Be wise, and get you home

Emil I will not
[IAGO offers to stab EMILIA] *Fie!*

Gra Your sword upon a woman?
Emil O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief
thou speak'st of

I found by fortune and did give my husband,
For often, with a solemn earnestness, 225
More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago Villanous whore!
Emil She gave it Cassio! no, alas! I found
it, 228
And I did give't my husband

Iago Filth, thou heast!
Emil By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentle-
men

O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

Oth Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder? Precious vil-
lain! [He runs at IAGO IAGO stabs
EMILIA, and exit

Gra The woman falls sure he has kill'd his
wife

Emil Ay, ay, O! lay me by my mistress' side
Gra He's gone, but his wife's kill'd 236
Mon 'Tis a notorious villain Take you this
weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor
Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave

[Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO
Oth I am not valiant neither, 241
But every puny whipster gets my sword
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil What did thy song bode, lady? 244
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music —

Willow, willow, willow

Moor, she was chaste, she lov'd thee, cruel
Moor,

So come my soul to bliss as I speak true, 249
So speaking as I think, I die, I die [Dies
Oth I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice brook's temper
O! here it is Uncle, I must come forth 253
Gra [Within] If thou attempt it, it will cost
thee dear

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer
Oth Look in upon me then, and speak with
me, 256
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee

Re-enter GRATIANO

Gra What is the matter?
Oth Behold! I have a weapon,
A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh I have seen the day, 260
That with this little arm, and thus good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop but O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now 264
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd,
Here is my journey's end here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear, 268
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires Where should O'hello go?
Now how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd
wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at
compt, 272

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven
And fiends will snatch at it Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity
O! cursed, cursed slave Whip me, ye devils, 276
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! 280
Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO carried in a
chair, and Officers with IAGO, prisoner

Lod Where is this rash and most unfortu-
nate man?

Oth That's he that was Othello, here I am
Lod Where is that viper? bring the villain
forth 284

Oth I look down towards his feet, but that's
a fable

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee
[Wounds IAGO]

Lod Wrench his sword from him
Iago I bleed, sir, but not kill'd

Oth I am not sorry neither, I'd have thee
live, 288

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die
Lod O thou Othello! that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth Why, any thing 292
An honourable murderer, if you will,
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour

Lod This wretch hath part confess'd his
villany
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death? 296

Oth Ay
Cas Dear general, I never gave you cause
Oth I do believe it, and I ask your pardon
 Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil 300
 Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
Iago Demand me nothing what you know,
 you know
 From this time forth I never will speak word
Lod What! not to pray?
Gra Torments will ope your lips 305
Oth Well, thou dost best
Lod Sir, you shall understand what hath
 befall'n,
 Which, as I think, you know not Here is a letter
 Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo, 308
 And here another, the one of them imports
 The death of Cassio to be undertook
 By Roderigo
Oth O villain!
Cas Most heathenish and most gross!
Lod Nowhere's another discontented paper,
 Found in his pocket too and thus, it seems,
 Roderigo meant to have sent this damned vil-
 lain,
 But that, belike, Iago in the interim 316
 Came in and satisfied him
Oth O the pernicious catiff!
 How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
 That was my wife's?
Cas I found it in my chamber,
 And he himself confess'd but even now 320
 That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
 Which wrought to his desire
Oth O fool! fool! fool!
Cas There is besides in Roderigo's letter
 How he upbraids Iago that he made him 324
 Brave me upon the watch, whereon it came
 That I was cast and even but now he spake,
 After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
 Iago set him on. 328
Lod You must forsake this room and go
 with us,
 Your power and your command is taken off,
 And Cassio rules in Cyprus For this slave,
 If there be any cunning cruelty 332
 That can torment him much and hold him long,

It shall be his You shall close prisoner rest,
 Till that the nature of your fault be known
 To the Venetian state Come, bring him away
Oth Soft you, a word or two before you
 go 337
 I have done the state some service, and they
 know't,
 No more of that I pray you, in your letters,
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate, 340
 Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice then, must you
 speak
 Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well, 343
 Of one no easily jealous, but, being wrought,
 Perplex'd in the extreme, of one whose hand,
 Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe, of one whose subdu'd
 eyes
 Albeit unused to the melting mood, 348
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their med'cinable gum Set you down thus,
 And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk 352
 Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him thus [Stabs himself]
Lod O bloody period!
Gra All that's spoke is marr'd.
Oth I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee, no way
 but this, [Falling upon DESDEMONA.
 Killing myself to die upon a kiss [Dies
Cas This did I fear, but thought he had no
 weapon,
 For he was great of heart
Lod [To IAGO] O Spartan dog! 360
 More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea
 Look on the tragic loading of this bed,
 This is thy work, the object poisons sight,
 Let it be hid Gratiano, keep the house, 364
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed on you To you, lord governor,
 Remains the censure of this hellish villain,
 The time, the place, the torture, O! enforce it.
 Myself will straight aboard, and to the state 369
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate
 [Exeunt.]

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARK ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CESAR,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS } *Triumvirs.*
SEXTUS POMPEIUS
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO,
MECENAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS,
MENAS,
MENEGRATES, } *Friends to Antony*
VARRIUS, } *Friends to Caesar*
 } *Friends to Pompey*

TAURUS, Lieutenant-General to Caesar
CANIDIUS Lieutenant General to Antony
SILIUS an Officer under Ventidius
EUPHRONIUS, Ambassador from Antony to Caesar
ALEXAS
MARDIAN
SELEUCUS, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
DIOMEDES,
A Soothsayer
A Clown.

CLEOPATRA Queen of Egypt.
OCTAVIA sister to Caesar and wife to Antony
CHARMIAN, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
IRAS,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE — *In several parts of the Roman Empire*

ACT I

SCENE I — *Alexandria A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO

Phi Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure, those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn, 4

The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front, his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper, 8
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust Look! where they come

*Flourish Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with
their Trains, Eunuchs fanning her*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd 12
Into a strumpet's fool, behold and see

Cleo If it be love indeed tell me how much.
Ant There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd

Cleo I'll set a bourn how far to be below'd 16
Ant Then must thou needs find out new
heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant

Att News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant Grates me, the sum.

Cleo Nay, hear them, Antony
Fulvia, perchance, is angry, or, who knows 20
If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this,

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that,
Perform't, or else we damn thee'

Ant How, my love! 24
Cleo Perchance! nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Caesar, therefore hear it, Antony
Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar s! would say?
both? 28

Call in the messengers As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Caesar's homager, else so thy cheek pays
shame

When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds The mes-
sengers' 32

Ant Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide
arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay, our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man, the nobleness of life 36
Is to do thus, when such a mutual pair

And such a twain can do't, in which I bind.
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleo Excellent falsehood! 40
Why did he marry Fulvia and not love her?
I'll seem the fool I am not, Antony
Will be himself

Ant But sturr'd by Cleopatra.
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours, 44
Let's not confound the time with conference
harsh

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now What sport to-
night?

Cleo Hear the ambassadors.
Ant Fie, wrangling queen! 48

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep, whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd
No messenger, but thine, and all alone, 52
To-night we'll wander through the streets and
note

The qualities of people Come, my queen,
Last night you did desire it speak not to us
[*Exeunt ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with
their Train*]

Dem Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony

Dem I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who 60
Thus speaks of him at Rome, but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — The Same Another Room

*Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and
a Soothsayer*

Char Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas,
where's the soothsayer that you praised so to
the queen? O! that I knew this husband,
which, you say, must charge his horns with
garlands 6

Alex Soothsayer!

Sooth Your will?

Char Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that
know things? 8

Sooth In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex Show him your hand 12

Enter ENOBARBUS

Eno Bring in the banquet quickly, wine
enough

Cleopatra's health to drink

Char Good sir, give me good fortune

Sooth I make not, but foresee 16

Char Pray then, foresee me one

Sooth You shall be yet far fairer than you
are.

Char He means in flesh

Ir No, you shall paint when you are old

Char Wrinkles forbid! 21

Alex Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

Char Hush!

Sooth You shall be more loving than
belov'd 24

Char I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex Nay, hear him

Char Good now, some excellent fortune!
Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon,
and widow them all, let me have a child at fifty,
to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage, find
me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and com-
panion me with my mistress 32

Sooth You shall outlive the lady whom you
serve

Char O excellent! I love long life better than
figs

Sooth You have seen and prov'd a fairer
former fortune

Than that which is to approach 36

Char Then, belike, my children shall have
no names, prithee, how many boys and wenches
must I have?

Sooth If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million. 41

Char Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch

Alex You think none but your sheets are
privy to your wishes 44

Char Nay, come, tell Iras hers

Alex We'll know all our fortunes

Eno Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-
night, shall be,—drunk to bed 48

Ir There's a palm presages chastity, if
nothing else

Char E'en as the overflowing Nilus presageth
famine 52

Ir Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot
soothsay

Char Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful
prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear
Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune 57

Sooth Your fortunes are alike

Ir But how? but how? give me particulars

Sooth I have said 60

Ir Am I not an inch of fortune better
than she?

Char Well, if you were but an inch of for-
tune better than I, where would you choose it?

Ir Not in my husband's nose 65

Char Our worse thoughts heaven mend!
Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune. O!

let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet
Isis, I beseech thee, and let her die too, and give
him a worse, and let worse follow worse, till the
worst of all follow him laughing to his grave,
fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this
prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more
weight, good Isis, I beseech thee! 74

Ir Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer
of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see
a handsome man loose-wived, so it is deadly
sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded
therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune
him accordingly! 80

Char Amen

Alex Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to
make me a cuckold, they would make themselves
whores, but they'd do't! 84

Eno Hush! here comes Antony

Char Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo Saw you my lord?

Eno No, lady

Cleo Was he not here? 88

Char No, madam

Cleo He was dispos'd to murther, but on the
sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him Enobarbus!

Eno Madam!

Cleo Seek him, and bring him hither.

Where's Alexas?

Alex Here, at your service My lord approaches

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants

Cleo We will not look upon him, go with us
[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants*]

Mess Fulvia thy wife first came into the field
Ant Against my brother Lucius? 97

Mess Ay

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force
'gainst Caesar, 100

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy
Upon the first encounter drove them.

Ant Well, what worst?
Mess The nature of bad news infects the teller

Ant When it concerns the fool, or coward
On, 104
Things that are past are done with me 'Tis thus

Who tells me true, though in his tale lay death,
I hear him as he flatter'd

Mess Labienus—
This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force
Extended Asia, from Euphrates 109

His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia whilst—

Ant Antony, thou wouldst say,— 112
Mess O' my lord

Ant Speak to me home, since not the general
tongue,

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome,
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults 116

With such full licence as both truth and malice
Have power to utter O' then we bring forth weeds

When our quick winds be still, and our ills told us

Is as our earring Fare thee well awhile. 120
Mess At your noble pleasure [Exit

Ant From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

First Att The man from Sicyon, is there such an one?

Sec Att He stays upon your will
Ant Let him appear 124

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage

Enter another Messenger

What are you?

Sec Mess Fulvia thy wife is dead
Ant Where died she? 128

Sec Mess In Sicyon
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, thus bears
[*Giving a letter*]

Ant Forbear me.
[*Exit Second Messenger*]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it

What our contempts do often hurl from us 132
We wish it ours again, the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself she's good, being gone,
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on 136

I must from this enchanting queen break off,
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS

Eno What's your pleasure, sir? 140
Ant I must wish haste from hence

Eno Why, then we kill all our women We see how mortal an unkindness is to them, if they suffer our departure, death's the word 144

Ant I must be gone
Eno Under a compelling occasion let women die, it were pity to cast them away for nothing, though between them and a great cause they should be esteemed nothing Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly, I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment I do think there is mettle in death which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying 154

Ant She is cunning past man's thought
Eno Alack! sir, no, her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears, they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report this cannot be cunning in her, if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove 162

Ant Would I had never seen her!
Eno O, sir! you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant Fulvia is dead
Eno Sir? 168

Ant Fulvia is dead
Eno Fulvia!

Ant Dead
Eno Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented this grief is crowned with consolation, your old smock brings forth a new petticoat, and indeed the tears live in an amon that should water this sorrow

Ant The business she hath broached in the state

Cannot endure my absence 184
Eno And the business you have broached here cannot be without you, especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode 188

Ant No more light answers Let our officers Have notice what we purpose I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her leave to part. For not alone 192

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,

Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too
 Of many our contriving friends in Rome
 Petition us at home Sextus Pompeius 196
 Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands
 The empire of the sea, our slippery people—
 Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
 Till his deserts are past—begin to throw 200
 Pompey the Great and all his dignities
 Upon his son, who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the man soldier, whose quality, going on,
 The sides o' the world may danger Much is
 breeding, 205
 Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires 208
 Our quick remove from hence

Eno I shall do it.

[Exeunt

SCENE III—The Same Another Room

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
 ALEXAS

Cleo Where is he?

Char I did not see him since

Cleo See where he is, who's with him, what
 he does,

I did not send you if you find him sad,

Say I am dancing, if in mirth, report 4

That I am sudden sick quick, and return

[Exit ALEXAS

Char Madam, methinks, if you did love him

dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce

The like from him.

Cleo What should I do I do not? 8

Char In each thing give him way, cross him

in nothing

Cleo Thou teachest like a fool, the way to

lose him

Char Tempt him not so too far, I wish, for-

bear

In time we hate that which we often fear 12

But here comes Antony

Enter ANTONY

Cleo I am sick and sullen.

Ant I am sorry to give breathing to my pur-

pose,—

Cleo Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall

fall

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature 16

Will not sustain it.

Ant Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo Pray you, stand further from me,

Ant What's the matter?

Cleo I know, by that same eye, there's some

good news

What says the married woman? You may go

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here;

I have no power upon you, hers you are:

Ant The gods best know,—

Cleo O! never was there queen 24

So mightily betray'd, yet at the first

Was saw the treasons planted.

Ant

Cleopatra,—

Cleo Why should I think you can be mine

and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned

gods, 28

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous mad-

ness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,

Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant Most sweet queen,—

Cleo Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your

going, 32

But bid farewell, and go when you su'd stay-

ing

Then was the time for words, no going then

Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

Bliss in our brows bent, none our parts so

poor 36

But was a race of heaven, they are so still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,

Art turn'd the greatest liar

Ant How now, lady!

Cleo I would I had thy inches, thou shouldst

know 40

There were a heart in Egypt

Ant Hear me, queen.

The strong necessity of time commands

Our services awhile, but my full heart

Remains in use with you Our Italy 44

Shines o'er with civil swords, Sextus Pompeius

Makes his approaches to the port of Rome,

Equality of two domestic powers

Breeds scrupulous faction The hated, grown

to strength, 48

Are newly grown to love, the condemn'd

Pompey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace

Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd 52

Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge

By any desperate change My more particular,

And that which most with you should safe my

going, 56

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo Though age from folly could not give

me freedom,

It does from childishness can Fulvia die?

Ant She's dead, my queen

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read 60

The garbols she awak'd, at the last, best,

See when and where she died

Cleo O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see, 64

In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to

know

The purposes I bear, which are or cease

As you shall give the advice By the fire 68

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence

Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war

As thou affect'st.

Cleo Cut my lace, Charmian, come,

But let it be I am quickly ill, and well, 72

So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear,

And give true evidence to his love which stands
An honourable trial

Cleo So Fulvia told me
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her, 76
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour

Ant You'll heat my blood, no more
Cleo You can do better yet, but this is 81
meety

Ant Now, by my sword,—
Cleo And target, Still he mends,
But this is not the best Look, prithee, Char-
man,

How this Herculean Roman does become 84
The carriage of his chafe

Ant I'll leave you, lady
Cleo Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it 88
That you know well something it is I would,—
O! my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten

Ant But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself

Cleo 'Tis sweating labour 93
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me when they do not 96
Eye well to you your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success 100
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant Let us go Come,
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee 104
Away! [Exeunt]

SCENE IV —Rome A Room in CÆSAR'S
House

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and
Attendants

Cæs You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
know,

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor From Alexandria
This is the news he fishes, drinks, and wastes 4
The lamps of night in revel, is not more man-
like

Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he, hardly gave audience,
or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners you shall
find there 8

A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow

Lep I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness,
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven, 12
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary
Rather than purchas'd, what he cannot change

Than what he chooses.

Cæs You are too indulgent. Let us grant
it is not 16

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the 20
buffet

With knives that smell of sweat, say this be-
comes him,—

As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must
Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear 24
So great weight in his lightness If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for't, but to confound such
time 28

That drums him from his sport, and speaks as
loud

As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in know-
ledge,

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger

Lep Here's more news. 33
Mess Thy biddings have been done, and
every hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea, 36
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar, to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd

Cæs I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state, 41
That he which is was wish'd until he were,
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth
love,

Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common
body, 44

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates, 48
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and
wound

With keels of every kind many hot inroads
They make in Italy, the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth re-
volt, 52

No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen, for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience 60
more

Than savages could suffer, thou didst drink

The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at, thy palate then
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge, 64
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st, on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on, and all this— 68
It wounds thy honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not

Lep 'Tis pity of him.
Ces Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome 'Tis time we twain 72
Did show ourselves i' the field, and to that end
Assemble me immediate council, Pompey
Thrives in our idleness

Lep To-morrow, Cæsar, 76
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time

Ces Till which encounter,
It is my business too Farewell 80

Lep Farewell, my lord. What you shall
know meantime
Of stars abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker

Ces Doubt not, sir,
I knew it for my bond. [Exeunt

SCENE V—*Alexandria A Room in the
Palace*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN*

Cleo Charmian!

Char Madam!

Cleo Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora

Char Why, madam? 4

Cleo That I might sleep out this great gap
of time

My Antony is away

Char You think of him too much.

Cleo O! 'tis treason

Char Madam, I trust, not so

Cleo Thou, eunuch Mardian!

Mar What's your highness' pleasure? 8

Cleo Not now to hear thee sing, I take no
pleasure

In aught a eunuch has 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affec-
tions? 12

Mar Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo Indeed!

Mar Not in deed, madam, for I can do
nothing

But what in deed is honest to be done; 16
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo O Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or
sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgenet of men He's speaking now, 24
Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old
Nile?'

For so he calls me Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted
Cæsar, 29

When thou wast here above the ground I was
A morsel for a monarch, and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my
brow, 32

There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life

Enter ALEXAS

Alex Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo How much unlike art thou Mark
Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine
hath 36

With his tinct gilded thee
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses, 40
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo Mine ear must pluck it thence

Alex 'Good friend,' quoth he,
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends

This treasure of an oyster, at whose foot, 44
To mend the petty present, I will piece

Her opulent throne with kingdoms, all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress ' So he nodded,

And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed, 48
Who neigh'd so high that what I would have

spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him

Cleo What! was he sad or merry?

Alex Like to the time o' the year between
the extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry 52

Cleo O well-divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man, but

note him

He was not sad, for he would shme on those
That make their looks by his, he was not

merry, 56
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy, but between both

O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes, 60

So does it no man else. Mett'st thou my posts?
Alex Ay, madam, twenty several messengers

Why do you send so thick?

Cleo Who's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony, 64
Shall die a beggar Ink and paper, Charmian.

Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O! that brave Cæsar

Cleo Bechok'd with such another emphasis!

Say the brave Antony

Char The valiant Cæsar! 69

Cleo By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men

Char By your most gracious pardon, 72
I sing but after you.

Cleo My salad days,
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But come, away,
Get me ink and paper 76
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt [Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I—*Messina A Room in POMPEY'S House*

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS

Pom If the great gods be just, they shall assist

The deeds of justest men

Mene Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny

Pom Whiles we are sutors to their throne,
decays 4

The thing we sue for

Mene We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good, so find we profit
By losing of our prayers

Pom I shall do well 8
The people love me, and the sea is mine,
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make 12
No wars without doors, Cæsar gets money
where

He loses hearts, Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd, but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene Cæsar and Lepidus 16
Are in the field, a mighty strength they carry

Pom Where have you this? 'tis false

Mene From Silvius, sir

Pom He dreams, I know they are in Rome
together,
Looking for Antony But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip! 21
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming, Epicurean cooks 24
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dullness!

Enter VARRIUS

How now, Varius!
Var This is most certain that I shall de-
liver 28

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected, since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for further travel.

Pom I could have given less matter
A better ear Menas, I did not think 32
This anorous surfeiter would have donn'd his
helm
For such a petty war, his soldiership

Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring 36
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony

Mene I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together,
His wife that s dead did trespasses to Cæsar, 40
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by Antony

Pom I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater
Were't not that we stand up against them all 44
'Twere pregnant they should square between
themselves,

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords, but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up 48
The petty difference we yet not know
Be it as our gods will have't! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands
Come, Menas [Exeunt

SCENE II—*Rome A Room in LEPIDUS' House*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS

Lep Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your
captain

To soft and gentle speech.

Eno I shall entreat him
To answer like himself if Cæsar move him, 4
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day

Lep 'Tis not a time 8
For private stomaching

Eno Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't

Lep But small to greater matters must give
way

Eno Not if the small come first.

Lep Your speech is passion, 12
But, pray you, stir no embers up Here comes
The noble Antony

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS

Eno And yonder, Cæsar

Enter CÆSAR, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA
Ant If we compose well here, to Parthia
Hark ye, Ventidius

Cæs I do not know, 16
Mæcenas, ask Agrippa.

Lep Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and
let not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard, when we debate 20
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds, then, noble part-
ners,—

The rather for I earnestly beseech,—
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest
terms, 24
Nor curstness grow to the matter

Ant 'Tis spoken well
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus

Cæs Welcome to Rome. 28
Ant Thank you.
Cæs Sit
Ant Sit, sir
Cæs Nay, then. 32
Ant I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not
Cæs I must be laugh'd at
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you 36
Chiefly I' the world, more laugh'd at that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me
Ant My being in Egypt, Cæsar, 40
What was't to you?
Cæs No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt, yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question
Ant How intend you, practis'd? 44
Cæs You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war
Ant You do mistake your business, my brother never 49
Did urge me in his act I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather 52
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel, 56
As matter whole you n' have to make it with,
It must not be with this
Cæs You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me, but
You patch'd up your excuses
Ant Not so, not so, 60
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife, 65
I would you had her spirit in such another
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife. 68
Eno Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!
Ant So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience,—which not wanted

Shrewdness of policy too,—I grieving grant 73
Did you too much disquiet, for that you must
But say I could not help it
Cæs I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria, you 76
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience
Ant Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want 80
Of what I was I' the morning, but next day
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife, if we contend, 84
Out of our question wipe him
Cæs You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lep Soft, Cæsar!
Ant No, 88
Lepidus, let him speak
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it But on, Cæsar,
The article of my oath
Cæs To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them, 92
The which you both demed
Ant Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you, but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power 97
Work without it Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here,
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do too
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case 52
Lep 'Tis noble spoken
Mec If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye to forget them quite 104
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you
Lep Worthily spoken, Mécænas.
Eno Or, if you borrow one another's love
for the instant, you may, when you hear no
more words of Pompey, return it again you
shall have time to wrangle in when you have
nothing else to do 111
Ant Thou art a soldier only, speak no more
Eno That truth should be silent I had almost
forgot
Ant You wrong this presence; therefore
speak no more
Eno Go to, then, your considerate stone. 116
Cæs I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech, for it cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts Yet, if I knew 120
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to
edge
O' the world I would pursue it.
Agr Give me leave, Cæsar
Cæs Speak, Agrippa

Agr Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia, great Mark Antony 125
 Is now a widower

Cæs Say not so, Agrippa
 If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof 128
 Were well deserv'd of rashness

Ant I am not married, Cæsar, let me hear
 Agrippa further speak

Agr To hold you in perpetual amity,
 To make you brothers, and to knit your 132
 hearts

With an unslipping knot, take Antony
 Octavia to his wife, whose beauty claims
 No worse a husband than the best of men,
 Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
 That which none else can utter By this mar- 137
 riage,

All little jealousies which now seem great,
 And all great fears which now import their
 dangers,

Would then be nothing, truths would be but
 tales 140

Where now half tales be truths, her love to both
 Would each to other and all loves to both
 Draw after her Pardon what I have spoke,
 For 'tis a studied, not a present thought, 144
 By duty ruminated.

Ant Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
 With what is spoke already

Ant What power is in Agrippa,
 If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,' 148
 To make this good?

Cæs The power of Cæsar, and
 His power unto Octavia

Ant May I never
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
 Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand,
 Further this act of grace, and from this hour 153
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves
 And sway our great designs!

Cæs There is my hand
 A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
 Did ever love so dearly, let her live 157
 To join our kingdoms and our hearts, and never
 Fly off our loves again!

Lep Happily, amen!
Ant I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
 Pompey, 160

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
 Of late upon me, I must thank him only,
 Lest my remembrance suffer ill report,
 At heel of that, defy him.

Lep Time calls upon's 164
 Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
 Or else he seeks out us.

Ant Where hes he?
Cæs About the Mount Misenum

Ant What's his strength
 By land?

Cæs Great and increasing, but by sea 168
 He is an absolute master

Ant So is the fame
 Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it,
 Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
 The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs With most gladness, 172
 And do invite you to my sister's view,
 Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant Let us, Lepidus,
 Not lack your company

Lep Noble Antony,
 Not sickness should detain me 176

[*Flourish* *Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANTONY,
 and LEPIDUS.]

Mec Welcome from Egypt, sir
Eno Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Me- 178
 cænas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agr Good Enobarbus! 180
Mec We have cause to be glad that matters
 are so well digested. You stayed well by't in
 Egypt

Eno Ay, sir, we did sleep day out of coun-
 tenance, and made the night light with drinking

Mec Eight wild boars roasted whole at a
 breakfast, and but twelve persons there, is this
 true? 188

Eno This was but as a fly by an eagle, we
 had much more monstrous matter of feast,
 which worthily deserved noting

Mec She's a most triumphant lady, if report
 be square to her 193

Eno When she first met Mark Antony she
 pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus

Agr There she appeared indeed, or my re-
 porter devised well for her 197

Eno I will tell you
 The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water, the poop was beaten gold,
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that 201
 The winds were love-sick with them, the oars
 were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
 made

The water which they beat to follow faster, 204
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own per-
 son,

It beggar'd all description, she did lie
 In her pavilion,—cloth-of-gold of tissue,—
 O'er-picturing that Venus where we see 208
 The fancy outwork nature, on each side her
 Stood pretty-dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did

Agr O! rare for Antony 213
Eno Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her 'r' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings, at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers, the silken tackle 217
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft
 hands,

That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense 220
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her, and Antony,
 Enthron'd 'r' the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too 225
 And made a gap in nature

Agr Rare Egyptian!
Eno Upon her landing, Antony sent to her.

Invited her to supper, she replied 228
 It should be better he became her guest,
 Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard
 speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
 And, for his ordinary pays his heart 233
 For what his eyes eat only.

Ag. Royal wench!
 She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed,
 He plough'd her, and she cropp'd

Eno. I saw her once
 Hop forty paces through the public street, 237
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and
 panted

That she did make defect perfection,
 And, breathless, power breathe forth. 240

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly
Eno. Never, he will not

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety, other women cloy 244
 The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies, for vilest things
 Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
 Bless her when she is riggish. 248

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A blessed lottery to him.

Ag. Let us go
 Good Eno, make yourself my guest 252
 Whilst you abide here

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
 [Exeunt

SCENE III.—The Same A Room in CESAR'S
 House

Enter CESAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them,
 Attendants

Ant. The world and my great office will some-
 times

Divide me from your bosom.

Oct. All which time
 Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
 To them for you

Ant. Good night, sir My Octavia, 4
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report,
 I have not kept my square, but that to come
 Shall all be done by the rule Good night, dear
 lady

Oct. Good night, sir 8
Ces. Good night.

[Exeunt CESAR and OCTAVIA.

Enter Soothsayer

Ant. Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in
 Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence,
 nor you

1 hither! 12

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in
 My motion, have it not in my tongue but yet
 He you to Egypt again

Ant. Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's or
 mine? 16

Sooth. Caesar's
 Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side,
 Thy demon—that's thy spirit which keeps thee,
 —is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, 20
 Where Caesar's is not, but near him thy angel
 Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd, therefore
 Make space enough between you

Ant. Speak this no more
Sooth. To none but thee, no more but when
 to thee 24

If thou dost play with him at any game
 Thou art sure to lose, and, of that natural luck,
 He beats thee 'gainst the odds, thy lustre thickens
 When he shines by I say again, thy spirit 28
 Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
 But he away, 'tis noble

Ant. Get thee gone
 Say to Ventidius I would speak with him

[Exit Soothsayer 32

He shall to Parthia Be it art or hap

He hath spoken true, the very dice obey him
 And in our sports my better cunning faints

Under his chance, if we draw lots he speeds,
 His cocks do win the battle still of mine 36

When it is all to nought, and his quails ever
 Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds I will to Egypt,
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,
 I' the east my pleasure lies

Enter VENTIDIUS

O! come, Ventidius, 40
 You must to Parthia, your commission's ready,
 Follow me, and receive't [Exeunt

SCENE IV.—The Same A Street

Enter LEPIDUS, MECENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further, pray you
 hasten

Your generals after

Ag. Sir, Mark Antony
 Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's
 dress,

Which will become you both, farewell

Mec. We shall,
 As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
 Before you, Lepidus

Lep. Your way is shorter, 8
 My purposes do draw me much about

You'll win two days upon me

Mec. Sir, good success!
Ag. Farewell. [Exeunt

SCENE V.—Alexandria A Room in the Palace

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS,
 and Attendant.

Cleo. Give me some music, music, moody
 food

Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN

Cleo Let it alone, let s to billiards come,
Charman

Char My arm is sore, best play with Mar-
dian.

Cleo As well a woman with a eunuch play'd
 As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me,
sur?

Mar As well as I can, madam
Cleo And when good will's show'd, though't
 come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now
 Give me mine angle, we'll to the river there—
 My music playing far off—I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fishes, my bended hook shall
 pierce

Their slimy jaws, and, as I draw them up,
 I'll think them every one an Antony,
 And say, 'Ah, ha!' you're caught

Char 'Twas merry when
 You wager'd on your angling, when your diver
 Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he

With fervency drew up

Cleo That time—O times!—
 I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
 I laugh'd him into patience, and next morn,

Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed,
 Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
 I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger

O! from Italy,
 Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears, 24
 That long time have been barren

Mess Madam, madam,—
Cleo Antony's dead! if thou say so, villain,
 Thou kill'st thy mistress, but well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here 28
 My bluest veins to kiss, a hand that kings
 Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing

Mess First, madam, he is well
Cleo Why, there's more gold.

But, surrah, mark, we use 32
 To say the dead are well, bring it to that,
 The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
 Down thy ill-uttering throat

Mess Good madam, hear me
Cleo Well, go to, I will, 36
 But there's no goodness in thy face, if Antony
 Be free and healthful, so tart a favour
 To trumpet such good tidings! if not well,
 Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with
 snakes,

Not like a formal man
Mess Will't please you hear me? 40
Cleo I have a mind to strike thee ere thou
 speak'st

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well
 Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
 I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail 45
 Rich pearls upon thee

Mess Madam, he's well.
Cleo Well said.

Mess And friends with Cæsar
Cleo Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess Cæsar and he are greater friends than
 ever 48

Cleo Make thee a fortune from me
Mess But yet, madam,—

Cleo I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay
 The good precedence, lie upon 'but yet!'

'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth 52
 Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
 Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
 The good and bad together. He's friends with
 Cæsar.

In state of health, thou sayst, and thou sayst,
 free 56

Mess Free, madam! no, I made no such
 report

He's bound unto Octavia

Cleo For what good turn?
Mess For the best turn I the bed.

Cleo I am pale, Charmian!
Mess Madam, he's married to Octavia. 60

Cleo The most infectious pestilence upon
 thee! [Strikes him down]

Mess Good madam, patience
Cleo What say you? Hence,

[Strikes him again]
 Hornble villam! or I'll spurn thine eyes
 Like balls before me, I'll unhar thy head 64

[She hales him up and down]
 Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in
 brine,
 Smarting in lingering pickle

Mess Gracious madam,
 I, that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo Say 'tis not so, a province I will give
 thee, 68
 And make thy fortunes proud, the blow thou
 hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage,
 And I will boot thee with what gift beside
 Thy modesty can beg

Mess He's married, madam. 72
Cleo Rogue! thou hast liv'd too long
 [Draws a knife]

Mess Nay, then I'll run.
 What mean you, madam? I have made no
 fault. [Exit]

Char Good madam, keep yourself within
 yourself, 76
 The man is innocent

Cleo Some innocents' scape not the thunder-
 bolt

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
 Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again

Though I am mad, I will not bite him. Call 80
Char He is afraid to come

Cleo I will not hurt him.
 [Exit CHARMIAN]

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
 A meaner than myself, since I myself
 Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN, and Messenger
 Come hither, sir 84

Though it be honest, it is never good
 To bring bad news, give to a gracious message
 A host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell

Themselves when they be felt.

Mess I have done my duty

Cleo Is he married? 89
I cannot hate thee worse than I do
If thou again say Yes

Mess He's married, madam.

Cleo The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still? 92

Mess Should I lie, madam?

Cleo O! I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A cistern for scald snakes Go, get thee hence,
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me 96
Thou wouldst appear most ugly He is married?

Mess I crave your highness' pardon

Cleo He is married?

Mess Taken no offence that I would not offend you,

To punish me for what you make me do 100
Seems much unequal, he's married to Octavia

Cleo O! that his fault should make a knave of thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of Get thee hence,

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome 104

Are all too dear for me, lie they upon thy hand
And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger]

Char Good your highness, patience

Cleo In praising Antony I have disprais'd

Cæsar

Char. Many times, madam

Cleo I am paid for't now 108

Lead me from hence,
I faint. O Iras! Charmian! 'Tis no matter

Go to the fellow, good Alexas, bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years, 112

Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair bring me word quickly

[Exit ALEXAS]

Lethimforevergo — lethimnot—Charmian!—
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way's a Mars [To MARDIAN] Bid
you Alexas 117

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me Lead me to my chamber

[Exeunt]

SCENE VI — Near Misenum.

Flourish Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side,
with drum and trumpet, at the other, CÆSAR,
ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MECENAS, with
Soldiers marching

Pom Your hostages I have, so have you mine,

And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs Most meet

That first we come to words, and therefore have we

Our written purposes before us sent,
Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth

That else must perish here.

Pom.

10 you all three, 8
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends, since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted, 13
There saw you labouring for him What was't
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and what
Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom, 17

To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden 20
The anger'd ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father

Cæs

Take your time
Ant Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with
thy sails, 24

We'll speak with thee at sea at land, thou know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee

Pom

At land indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house,
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself, 28

Remain in't as thou mayst

Lep

Be pleas'd to tell us—
For this is from the present—how you take
The offers we have sent you

Cæs

There's the point
Ant Which do not be entreated to, but
weigh 32

What it is worth embrac'd

Cæs

And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune

Pom

You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia, and I must

Rid all the sea of pirates, then, to send 36
Measures of wheat to Rome, thus 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targets undinted

Cæs

Ant

Lep

That's our offer

Pom

Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepar'd 40
To take this offer, but Mark Antony

Put me to some impatience Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,

When Cæsar and your brother were at blows, 44
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly

Ant

I have heard it, Pompey,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you

Pom

Let me have your hand 48
I did not think, sir, to have met you here

Ant

The beds! the east are soft, and thanks
to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,

Cæs

Since I saw you last, 52
There is a change upon you.

Pom

Well, I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face,

But in my bosom shall she never come
To make my heart her vassal

Lep Well met here 56

Pom I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed.
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd between us

Cæs That's the next to do

Pom We'll feast each other ere we part, and
let's 60

Draw lots who shall begin

Ant That will I, Pompey

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame I have heard that Julius
Cæsar 64

Grew fat with feasting there

Ant You have heard much

Pom I have fair meanings, sir

Ant And fair words to them

Pom Then, so much have I heard,
And I have heard Apollodorus carn'd— 68

Eno No more of that he did so

Pom What, I pray you?

Eno A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress

Pom I know thee now, how far'st thou,
soldier?

Eno Well,

And well am like to do, for I perceive 72
Four feasts are toward

Pom Let me shake thy hand,
I never hated thee I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour

Eno Sir,

I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye 76
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee
Aboard my galley I invite you all 80
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs

Ant

Lep

Show us the way, sir

Pom

Come

[*Exeunt all except MENAS and ENOBARBUS.*

Men Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have
made this treaty You and I have known, sir

Eno At sea, I think. 84

Men We have, sir

Eno You have done well by water

Men And you by land

Eno I will praise any man that will praise
me, though it cannot be denied what I have
done by land 90

Men. Nor what I have done by water

Eno Yes, something you can deny for your
own safety, you have been a great thief by sea

Men And you by land 94

Eno There I deny my land service But
give me your hand, Menas, if our eyes had
authority, here they might take two thieves
kissing

Men All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er
their hands are 100

Eno But there is never a fair woman has a
true face

Men No slander, they steal hearts

Eno We came hither to fight with you 104

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to
a drinking Pompey doth this day laugh away
his fortune

Eno If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back
again 109

Men You have said, sir We looked not for
Mark Antony here pray you, is he married to
Cleopatra? 112

Eno Cæsar's sister is called Octavia

Men True, sir, she was the wife of Caius
Marcellus

Eno But she is now the wife of Marcus
Antonius 117

Men Pray ye, sir?

Eno 'Tis true

Men Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit
together 121

Eno If I were bound to divine of this unity,
I would not prophesy so

Men I think the policy of that purpose
made more in the marriage than the love of the
parties 126

Eno I think so too, but you shall find the
band that seems to tie their friendship together
will be the very strangler of their amity Octavia
is of a holy, cold, and still conversation 130

Men Who would not have his wife so?

Eno Not he that himself is not so, which is
Mark Antony He will to his Egyptian dish
again, then, shall the sighs of Octavia blow the
fire up in Cæsar, and, as I said before, that
which is the strength of their amity shall prov
the immediate author of their variance Ant^y
will use his affection where it is, he married ut
his occasion here

Men And thus it may be Come, sir, will
you aboard? I have a health for you 141

Eno I shall take it, sir we have used our
throats in Egypt

Men Come, let's away [Exeunt

SCENE VII.—On board POMPEY'S Galley off
Misenum

Music Enter two or three Servants, with a
banquet

First Serv Here they'll be, man Some o'
their plants are ill-rooted already, the least
wind'll the world will blow them down

Sec Serv Lepidus is high-coloured 4

First Serv They have made him drink alms-
drink

Sec Serv As they pinch one another by the
disposition, he cries out, 'No more,' reconciles
them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink

First Serv But it raises the greater war be-
tween him and his discretion 11

Sec Serv Why, this it is to have a name in
great men's fellowship, I had as lief have a reed
that will do me no service as a partizan I could
not heave 15

First Serv To be called into a huge sphere,
and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes
where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster
the cheeks

A sennet sounded Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains

Ant Thus do they, sir They take the flow
o' the Nile 20

By certain scales y' the pyramid, they know
By the height the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foinson follow The higher Nilus swells
The more it promises, as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, 25
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep You've strange serpents there.

Ant Ay, Lepidus 28
Lep Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of
your mud by the operation of your sun, so is
your crocodile

Ant They are so 32

Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to
Lepidus!

Lep I am not so well as I should be, but I'll
ne'er out 36

Eno Not till you have slept, I fear me you'll
be in till then

Lep Nay certainly, I have heard the Ptole-
mies' pyramids are very goodly things, without
contradiction, I have heard that 41

Men Pompey, a word

Pom Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee,
captain, 44

And hear me speak a word

Pom Forbear me till anon.

This wine for Lepidus!

Lep What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as
broad as it hath breadth, it is just so high as it
is, and moves with it own organs, it lives by
that which nourisheth it, and the elements
once out of it, it transmigrates 52

Lep What colour is it of?

Ant Of it own colour too

Lep 'Tis a strange serpent

Ant 'Tis so, and the tears of it are wet 56

Cæs Will this description satisfy him?

Ant With the health that Pompey gives him,
else he is a very epicure

Pom Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that
away! 60

Do as I bid you. Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear
me,

Rise from thy stool.

Pom. I think thou'rt mad The matter?

Men I have ever held my cap off to thy for-
tunes 64

Pom Thou hast serv'd me with much faith.

What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords

Ant These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom What sayst thou? 68

Men Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?
That's twice

Pom How should that be?

Men

But entertain it,
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom.

Hast thou drunk well? 72

Men

No, Pompey, I have kept me from the

cup

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,

Is thine, if thou wilt ha't

Pom

Show me which way 76

These three world-sharers, these com-
petitors,

Are in thy vessel let me cut the cable,
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats
All there is thine

Pom

Ah! thus thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't In me 'tis villany, 81
In thee't had been good service Thou must
know

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour,
Mine honour it Repent tha. e'er thy tongue

Hath so betray'd thine act, being done un-
known, 85

I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now Desist, and drink.

Men

[Aside] For this, 88

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis
offer'd,

Shall never find it more

Pom

This health to Lepidus!

Ant Bear him ashore I'll pledge it for him,

Pompey 92

Eno Here's to thee, Menas!

Men.

Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom

Fill till the cup be hid

Eno There's a strong fellow, Menas

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries
off LEPIDUS

Men Why? 96

Eno A' bears the third part of the world,
man, see'st not?

Men The third part then is drunk, would
it were all,

That it might go on wheels! 100

Eno Drink thou, increase the reels

Men

Come

Pom This is not yet an Alexandrian feast

Ant It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels,
ho! 104

Here is to Cæsar!

Cæs I could well forbear't.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler

Ant

Be a child o' the time

Cæs Possess it, I'll make answer, 108

But I had rather fast from all four days

Than drink so much in one.

Eno [To ANTONY] Ha! my brave emperor,

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom Let's ha't, good soldier 112

Ant Come, let's all take hands,

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our
sense

In soft and delicate Lethe

Eno All take hands
Make battery to our ears with the loud music, 116
The while I'll place you, then the boy shall sing,
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley

[*Music plays* ENOBARBUS places them
hand in hand

SONG

Come thou monarch of the vine 120
Plump Bacchus with pink eye!
In thy fets our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd
Cup us 'till the world go round! 124
Cup us 'till the world go round!

Cæs What would you more? Pompey, good
night Good brother,
Let me request you off, our graver business
Frowns at this levity Gentle lords let's part,
You see we have burnt our cheeks, strong Enobarb 29
Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks, the wild disguise hath
almost

Antick'd us all What needs more words? Good
night, 132

Good Antony, your hand

Pom I'll try you on the shore
Ant And shall, sir Give's your hand

Pom O, Antony!
You have my father's house,—But, what? we
are friends

Come down into the boat

Eno Take heed you fall not 136
[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY,*
and Attendants

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men No, to my cabin
These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows sound and be hang'd!
sound out! 140

[*A flourish of trumpets with drums*

Eno Hoo! says a' There's my cap

Men Hoo! noble captain! come [*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I.—A Plain in Syria

Enter VENTIDIUS, in triumph, with SILIUS and
other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers, the dead
body of PACORUS borne before him

Ven Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck,
and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger Bear the king's son's body
Before our army Thy Pacorus, Orodes, 4
Pays this for Marcus Crassus

Sil Noble Ventidius
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is
warm,

The fugitive Parthians follow, spur through
Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither 8
The routed fly so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and

Put garlands on thy head.

Ven O Silius, Silius!
I have done enough a lower place, note well, 12
May make too great an act, for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's
away

Cæsar and Antony have ever won 16
More in their officer than person, Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his
favour 20

Who does it? the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain, and ambition,
The soldier's virtue rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him 24
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him, and in his offence
Should my performance perish

Sil Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword, 28
Grants scarce distinction Thou wilt write to
Antony?

Ven I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected,
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia 33
We have jaded out of the field

Sil Where is he now?
Ven He purposeth to Athens, whither, with
what haste

The weight we must convey with's will permit
We shall appear before him On, there, pass
along [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Rome A Room in CÆSAR'S House

Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting

Agr What! are the brothers parted?
Eno They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he
is gone,

The other three are sealing Octavia weeps
To part from Rome, Cæsar is sad and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness

Agr 'Tis a noble Lepidus
Eno A very fine one O! how he loves Cæsar
Agr Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark
Antony! 8

Eno Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men

Agr What's Antony? The god of Jupiter

Eno Spake you of Cæsar? How! the non-
pareil!

Agr O, Antony! O thou Arabian bird! 12

Eno Would you praise Cæsar, say, 'Cæsar,
go no further

Agr Indeed, he plied them both with excel-
lent praises,

Eno But he loves Cæsar best, yet he loves
Antony

Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards,
poets, cannot 16

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, hoo!
His love to Antony But as for Cæsar
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder

Agr Both he loves
Eno They are his shards, and he their beetle
 [Trumpets within] So,
 This is to horse Adieu, noble Agrippa. 21
Agr Good fortune, worthy soldier, and fare-
 well.

Enter CESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant No further, sir
Cas You take from me a great part of my-
 self 24
 Use me well in't Sister, prove such a wife
 As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest
 band
 Shall pass on thy approval Most noble Antony,
 Let not the piece of virtue, which is set 28
 Betwixt us as the cement of our love
 To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
 The fortress of it, for better might we
 Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
 Thus be not cherish'd.

Ant Make me not offended 33
 In your distrust

Cas I have said
Ant You shall not find,
 Though you be therein curious, the least cause
 For what you seem to fear So, the gods keep
 you, 36
 And make the hearts of Romans serve your
 ends!

We will here part
Cas Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well
 The elements be kind to thee, and make 40
 Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Oct My noble brother!
Ant The April's in her eyes, it is love's spring,
 And these the showers to bring it on Be cheer-
 ful 44

Oct Sir, look well to my husband's house,
 and—

Cas What,
Octavia?

Oct I'll tell you in your ear
Ant Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor
 can

Her heart obey her tongue, the swan's down-
 feather, 48
 That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
 And neither way inclines

Eno [Aside to AGRIPPA] Will Caesar weep?
Agr He has a cloud in his face

Eno He were the worse for that were he a
 horse, 52
 So is he, being a man.

Agr Why, Enobarbus,
 When Antony found Julius Caesar dead
 He cried almost to roaring, and he wept
 When at Philippi he found Brutus slain. 56

Eno That year, indeed, he was troubled with
 a rheum,

What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
 Believe't, till I wept too

Cas No, sweet Octavia,
 You shall hear from me still, the time shall not
 Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant Come, sir, come, 61

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love
 Look, here I have you, thus I let you go,
 And give you to the gods

Cas Adieu, be happy! 64
Lep Let all the number of the stars give light
 To thy fair way!

Cas Farewell, farewell!
 [Kisses OCTAVIA]

Ant Farewell!
 [Trumpets sound Exeunt]

SCENE III — Alexandria A Room in the
 Palace

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS and
 ALEXAS*

Cleo Where is the fellow?
Alex Half afraid to come

Cleo Go to, go to
Enter a Messenger

Cleo Come hither, sir
Alex Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
 But when you are well pleas'd

Cleo That Herod's head 4
 I'll have; but how, when Antony is gone
 Through whom I might command it? Come
 thou near

Mess Most gracious majesty!
Cleo Didst thou behold

Octavia?
Mess Ay, dread queen

Cleo Where?
Mess Madam, in Rome, 8

I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
 Between her brother and Mark Antony

Cleo Is she as tall as me?
Mess She is not, madam

Cleo Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-
 tongu'd, or low? 12

Mess Madam, I heard her speak, she is low-
 voic'd

Cleo That's not so good He cannot like her
 long

Char Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible
Cleo I think so, Charmian dull of tongue,
 and dwarfish! 16

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
 If e'er thou look'dst on majesty

Mess She creeps,
 Her motion and her station are as one,

She shows a body rather than a life, 20
 A statue than a breather

Cleo Is this certain?
Mess Or I have no observance

Char Three in Egypt
 Cannot make better note

Cleo He's very knowing,
 I do perceive't There's nothing in her yet. 24

The fellow has good judgment.
Char Excellent

Cleo Guess at her years, I prithee
Mess Madam,

She was a widow,—
Cleo Widow! Charmian, hark

Mess And I do think she's thirty 28

Cleo Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Mess Round even to faultiness

Cleo For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so

Her hair, what colour?

Mess Brown, madam, and her forehead

As low as she would wish it

Cleo There's gold for thee

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill

I will employ thee back again, I find thee

Most fit for business Go, make thee ready,

Our letters are prepar'd [Exit Messenger

Char A proper man

Cleo Indeed, he is so, I repent me much

That so I harmed him Why, methinks, by him,

This creature's no such thing

Char Nothing, madam

Cleo The man hath seen some majesty, and

should know

Char Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,

And serving you so long!

Cleo I have one thing more to ask him yet,

good Charmian

But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write All may be well enough

Char I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt

SCENE IV — Athens A Room in ANTONY'S House

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA

Ant Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,

That were excusable, that, and thousands more

Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd

New wars 'gainst Pompey, made his will, and

read it

To public ear

Spoke scantily of me, when perforce he could

not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly

He vented them, most narrow measure lent

me,

When the best hint was given him, he not took't,

Or did it from his teeth

Oct O my good lord!

Believe not all or, if you must believe,

Stomach not all A more unhappy lady,

If this division chance, ne'er stood between,

Praying for both parts

The good gods will mock me presently,

When I shall pray, 'O' bless my lord and husband,

16

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,

'O' bless my brother!' Husband win, win

brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer, no midway

'Twixt these extremes at all

Ant Gentle Octavia, 20

Let your best love draw to that point which

seeks

Best to preserve it If I lose mine honour

I lose myself, better I were not yours

Than yours so branchless But, as you re-

quested, 24

Yourself shall go between's, the mean time, lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war

Shall stain your brother, make your soonest

haste,

So your desires are yours

Oct Thanks to my lord 28

The Jove of power make me most weak, most

weak,

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would

be

As if the world should cleave, and that slain men

Should solder up the rift 32

Ant When it appears to you where this be-

gins,

Turn your displeasure that way, for our faults

Can never be so equal that your love

Can equally move with them Provide your

going 36

Choose your own company, and command what

cost

Your heart has mind to [Exeunt

SCENE V — The Same Another Room

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting

Ero How now, friend Eros!

Eros There's strange news come, sir

Ero What, man?

Eros Caesar and Lepidus have made wars

upon Pompey 5

Ero This is old what is the success?

Eros Caesar, having made use of him in the

wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him

rivalty, would not let him partake in the glory

of the action, and not resting here, accuses him

of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey,

upon his own appeal, seizes him so the poor

third is up, till death enlarge his confine 13

Ero Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps,

no more,

And throw between them all the food thou hast,

They'll grind the one the other Where's An-

tony? 16

Eros He's walking in the garden—thus and

spurns

The rush that lies before him, cries, 'Fool,

Lepidus!'

And threatens the throat of that his officer

That murder'd Pompey

Ero Our great navy's rigg'd 20

Eros For Italy and Caesar More, Domitius,

My lord desires you presently my news

I might have told hereafter

Ero 'Twill be naught,

But let it be Bring me to Antony 24

Eros Come, sir [Exeunt

SCENE VI — Rome A Room in CAESAR'S House

Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, and MECENAS.

Caes Contemning Rome, he has done all this

and more

In Alexandria, here's the manner of't,

For the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,

Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold

Vere publicly enthron'd, at the feet sat
 Caesarion, whom they call my father's son,
 and all the unlawful issue that their lust
 since then hath made between them. Unto her
 he gave the stablishment of Egypt, made her
 of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
 absolute queen.

Mec This in the public eye?
Cæs 'T the common show-place, where they
 exercise 12
 his sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings,
 great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
 he gave to Alexander, to Ptolemy he assign'd
 Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia She 16
 in the habiliments of the goddess Isis
 that day appear'd, and oft before gave audi-
 ence,

as 'tis reported, so
Mec Let Rome be thus
 inform'd

Agr Who, queasy with his insolence 20
 already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs The people know it, and have now
 receiv'd
 his accusations

Agr Whom does he accuse?
Cæs Caesar, and that, having in Sicily 24
 Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
 his part o' the isle, then does he say, he lent me
 some shipping unrestor'd, lastly, he frets
 that Lepidus of the triumvirate 28
 should be depos'd, and, being, that we detain
 all his revenue

Agr Sir, this should be answer'd
Cæs 'Tis done already, and the messenger
 gone

have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel, 32
 that he has his high authority abus'd,
 and did deserve his change for what I have
 conquer'd,
 grant him part, but then, in his Armenia,
 and other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I 36
 demand the like

Mec He'll never yield to that
Cæs Nor must not then be yielded to in this

Enter OCTAVIA, with her Train.

Oct Hail, Caesar, and my lord! hail, most
 dear Cæsar!

Cæs That ever I should call thee cast-
 away! 40

Oct You have not call'd me so, nor have you
 cause

Cæs Why have you stol'n upon us thus?
 You come not

like Cæsar's sister, the wife of Antony
 should have an army for an usher, and 44
 he neighs of horse to tell of her approach
 long ere she did appear, the trees by the way
 should have borne men, and expectation
 faint'd,

longing for what it had not, nay, the dust 48
 should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
 rais'd by your populous troops But you are
 come

market-maid to Rome, and have prevented

The ostentation of our love, which, left un-
 shown, 52

Is of en left unlov'd we should have met you
 By sea and land, supplying every stage
 With an augmented greeting

Oct Good my lord,
 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it 56
 On my free-will My lord, Mark Antony,
 Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
 My griev'd ear withal, whereon, I begg'd
 His pardon for return

Cæs Which soon he granted, 60
 Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him

Oct Do not say so, my lord

Cæs I have eyes upon him,
 And his affairs come to me on the wind
 Where is he now?

Oct My lord, in Athens 64

Cæs No, my most wrong'd sister, Cleopatra
 Hath nodded him to her He hath given his
 empire

Up to a whore, who now are levying
 The kings o' the earth for war He hath assem-
 bled 68

Bocchus, the King of Libya, Archelaus,
 Of Cappadocia, Philadelphos, King
 Of Paphlagonia, the Thracian king, Adallas,
 King Malchus of Arabia, King of Pont, 72
 Herod of Jewry, Mithridates, King
 Of Comagene, Polemon and Aminas,
 The Kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
 With a more larger list of sceptres

Oct Ay me, most wretched, 76
 That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
 That do afflict each other!

Cæs Welcome hither
 Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
 Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong'd 80
 And we in negligent danger Cheer your heart,
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities,
 But let determin'd things to destiny 84
 Hold unbewail'd their way Welcome to Rome,
 Nothing more dear to me You are abus'd
 Beyond the mark of thought, and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make their ministers 88
 Of us and those that love you Best of comfort,
 And ever welcome to us

Agr Welcome, lady
Mec Welcome, dear madam.
 Each heart in Rome does love and pity you, 92
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large
 In his abominations, turns you off,
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
 That noises it against us

Oct Is it so, sir? 96
Cæs Most certain Sister, welcome, pray
 you,
 Be ever known to patience, my dearest sister!
 [Exeunt]

SCENE VII —ANTONY's Camp, near to the
 Promontory of ACTIUM.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS

Cleo I will be even with thee, doubt it not!

Eno But why, why, why?
Cleo Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
 And sayst it is not fit

Eno Well, is it, is it? 4
Cleo If not denounc'd against us, why should not we

Be there in person?

Eno [Aside] Well, I could reply
 If we should serve with horse and mares together,
 The horse were merely lost, the mares would bear 8

A soldier and his horse

Cleo What is't you say?
Eno Your presence needs must puzzle Antony,

Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,

What should not then be spar'd He is already
 Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in Rome 13
 That Photinus a eunuch and your maids
 Manage this war

Cleo Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
 That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war, 16

And, as the president of my kingdom, will
 Appear there for a man Speak not against it,
 I will not stay behind

Eno Nay, I have done
 Here comes the emperor

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS

Ant Is it not strange, Canidius, 20
 That from Tarentum and Brundisium
 He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
 And take in Toryne? You have heard on't,
 sweet?

Cleo Celerity is never more admir'd 24
 Than by the negligent.

Ant A good rebuke,
 Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
 To taunt at slackness Canidius, we
 Will fight with him by sea

Cleo By sea! What else? 28
Can Why will my lord do so?

Ant For that he dares us to't
Eno So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight

Can Ay, and to wage his battle at Pharsalia,
 Where Cæsar fought with Pompey, but these
 offers, 32

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
 And so should you

Eno Your ships are not well mann'd,
 Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
 Ingross'd by swift impress, in Cæsar's fleet 36
 Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought
 Their ships are yare, yours, heavy No disgrace
 Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
 Being prepar'd for land

Ant By sea, by sea 40

Eno Most worthy sir, you therein throw
 away

The absolute soldiership you have by land,
 Distract your army, which doth most consist
 Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted 44

Your own renowned knowledge, quite forego
 The way which promises assurance, and
 Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
 From firm security

Ant I'll fight at sea 48

Cleo I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better

Ant Our overplus of shipping will be burn,
 And with the rest, full-mann'd, from the head of
 Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar But if we fail, 52
 We then can do't at land

Enter a Messenger

Thy business?
Mess The news is true, my lord, he is de-
 scried,

Cæsar has taken Toryne

Ant Can he be there in person? 'tis impos-
 sible, 56

Strange that his power should be Canidius,
 Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
 And our twelve thousand horse We'll to our
 ship

Away, my Thetis:

Enter a Soldier

How now, worthy soldier! 60
Sold O noble emperor! do not fight by sea,
 Trust not to rotten planks do you misdoubt
 This sword and these my wounds? Let the
 Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a-ducking, we 64
 Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
 And fighting foot to foot

Ant Well, well away! 68

[*Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS*

Sold By Hercules, I think I am i' the right

Can Soldier, thou art, but his whole action
 grows 68

Not in the power on't so our leader's led,

And we are women's men.

Sold You keep by land

The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justinius, 72

Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea,

But we keep whole by land This speed of
 Cæsar's

Carnies beyond belief

Sold While he was yet in Rome

His power went out in such distractions as 76

Beguil'd all spies

Can Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold They say, one Taurus

Can Well I know the man

Enter a Messenger

Mess The emperor calls Canidius

Can With news the time's with labour, and
 throes forth 80

Each minute some.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII.—A Plain near ACTIUM.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.

Cæs Taurus!

Taur My lord?

Cæs Strike not by land, keep whole pro-
 voke not battle,
 Till we have done at sea Do not exceed
 The prescript of this scroll our fortune lies
 Upon this jump [Exeunt]

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS

Ant Set we our squadrons on yond side o'
 the hill,
 In eye of *Cæsar's* battle, from which place
 We may the number of the ships behold,
 And so proceed accordingly [Exeunt]

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land army one
 way over the stage and TAURUS, the lieutenant
 of CÆSAR, the other way After their going in
 is heard the noise of a sea-fight*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS

Eno Naught, naught, all naught! I can be-
 hold no longer
 The Antomad, the Egyptian admiral,
 With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder,
 To see t mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS

Scar Gods and goddesses,
 All the whole synod of them!

Eno What's thy passion?

Scar The greater cantle of the world is lost
 With very ignorance, we have kiss'd away
 Kingdoms and provinces

Eno How appears the fight?

Scar On our side like the token'd pestilence,
 Where death is sure Yon rmbaudred nag of
 Egypt,

Whom leprosy o'er'take! r' the midst o' the fight,
 When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
 Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
 The breeze upon her, like a cow in June,
 Hoists sails and flies.

Eno That I beheld
 Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
 Endure a further view

Scar She once being loof'd,
 The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
 Claps on his sea-wing, and like a dotting mallard,
 Leaving the fight in height, flies after her
 I never saw an action of such shame,
 Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
 Did violate so itself

Eno Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS

Can Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
 And sinks most lamentably Had our general
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well
 O! he has given example for our fight
 Most grossly by his own.

Eno Ay, are you thereabouts?
 Why, then, good night, indeed

Can Towards Peloponnesus are they fled
Scar 'Tis easy to't, and there I will attend
 What further comes.

Can To *Cæsar* will I render
 My legions and my horse, six kings already

Show me the way of yielding

Eno I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my
 reason

Sits in the wind against me [Exeunt]

SCENE IX.—*Alexandria A Room in the
 Palace*

Enter ANTONY and Attendants

Ant Hark! the land bids me tread no more
 upon't,

It is asham'd to bear me Friends, come hither
 I am so lated in the world that I
 Have lost my way for ever I have a ship
 Laden with gold, take that, divide it, fly,
 And make your peace with *Cæsar*

Att Fly! not we

Ant I have fled myself, and have instructed
 cowards

To run and show their shoulders Friends, be
 gone,

I have myself resolv'd upon a course
 Which has no need of you, be gone

My treasure's in the harbour, take it O!
 I follow'd that I blush to look upon:

My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
 For fear and doting Friends, be gone, you
 shall

Have letters from me to some friends that will
 Sweep your way for you Pray you, look not
 sad,

Nor make replies of loathness, take the hint
 Which my despair proclaims, let that be left

Which leaves itself, to the sea-side straightway,
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure

Leave me, I pray, a little pray you now
 Nay, do so, for, indeed, I have lost command,

Therefore I pray you I'll see you by and by

[Sits down]

*Enter EROS following CLEOPATRA, led by
 CHARMIAN and IRAS*

Eros Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort
 him

Irás Do, most dear queen

Char Do! Why, what else?

Cleo Let me sit down O Juno!

Ant No, no, no, no, no

Eros See you here, sir?

Ant O fie, fie, fie!

Char Madam!

Irás Madam, O good empress!

Eros Sir, sir!

Ant Yes, my lord, yes He, at Philippi kept
 His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck

The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
 That the mad *Brutus* ended he alone

Dealt on lieutenant, and no practice had
 In the brave squares of war yet now—No
 matter

Cleo Ah! stand by

Eros The queen, my lord, the queen

Irás Go to him, madam, speak to him,
 He is unqualtied with very shame.

44

Cleo Well then, sustain me O!
Eros Most noble sir, arise, the queen approaches
 Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
 Your comfort makes the rescue 48
Ant I have offended reputation,
 A most un noble swerving -

Eros Sir, the queen
Ant O! whither hast thou led me, Egypt?
 See,
 How I convey my shame out of thine eyes 52
 By looking back what I have left behind
 'Stroy'd in dishonour

Cleo O my lord, my lord
 Forgive my fearful sails I little thought
 You would have follow'd

Ant Egypt, thou knew'st too well 56
 My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
 And thou shouldst tow me after, o'er my spirit
 Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
 Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods 60
 Command me

Cleo O! my pardon
Ant Now I must
 To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
 And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
 With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I 64
 pleas'd,
 Making and marring fortunes. You did know
 How much you were my conqueror, and that
 My sword, made weak by my affection, would
 Obey it on all cause

Cleo Pardon, pardon! 68
Ant Fall not a tear, I say, one of them rates
 All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss,
 Even this repays me. Went out schoolmaster,
 Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead. 72
 Some wine, within there, and our viands! For-
 tune knows,
 We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[Exeunt

SCENE X — Egypt CÆSAR'S Camp

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and
 Others

Cæs Let him appear that's come from An-
 tony
 Know you him?

Dol Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster
 An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
 He sends so poor a pinnon of his wing, 4
 Which had superfluous kings for messengers
 Not many moons gone by

Enter EUPHRONIUS

Cæs Approach, and speak.
Euph Such as I am, I come from Antony 8
 I was of late as petty to his ends
 As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
 To his grand sea.

Cæs Be't so Declare thine office
Euph Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee,
 and
 Requires to live in Egypt, which not granted, 12
 He lessens his requests, and to thee sues

To let him breathe between the heavens and
 earth,

A private man in Athens, thus for him
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness, 16
 Submits ner to thy might and of thee craves
 The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
 Now hazarded to thy grace

Cæs For Antony,
 I have no ears to his request The queen 20
 Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
 Or take his life there, thus if she perform,
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both 24
Euph Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs Bring him through the bands
 [Exit EUPHRONIUS]

[To THYREUS] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis
 time, dispatch

From Antony win Cleopatra, promise
 And in our name, what she requires, add
 more, 28

From thine invention, offers Women are not
 In their best fortunes strong, but want will
 perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning,
 Thyreus,

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we 32
 Will answer as a law

Thyr Cæsar, I go
Cæs Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
 And what thou think'st his very action speaks
 In every power that moves

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [Exeunt

SCENE XI.—Alexandria A Room in the
 Palace

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
 and IRAS

Cleo What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno Think, and die.
Cleo Is Antony or we, in fault for this?
Eno Antony only, that would make his will
 Lord of his reason What though you fled
 From that great face of war, whose several
 ranges

Frighted each other, why should he follow?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nick'd his captainship, at such a point, 8
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The mered question. 'Twas a shame no less
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee, peace. 12

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant Is that his answer?
Euph Ay, my lord.
Ant The queen shall then have courtesy,
 so she

Will yield us up?

Euph. He says so
Ant Let her know't. 16

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With principalities.

Cleo That head, my lord?
Ant To him again. Tell him he wears the
 rose 20
 Of youth upon him, from which the world
 should note
 Something particular, his coin, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's, whose ministers would pre-
 vail
 Under the service of a child as soon 24
 As I the command of Cæsar I dare him there-
 fore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,
 And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone I'll write it follow me 28
 [Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS]
Eno [Aside] Yes, like enough, high-battled
 Cæsar will
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show
 Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
 A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
 Do draw the inward quality after them, 33
 To suffer all alike That he should dream,
 Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
 Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast sub-
 du'd 36
 His judgment too

Enter an Attendant.

Att A messenger from Cæsar
Cleo What! no more ceremony? See! my
 women,
 Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
 That kneel'd unto the buds Admit him, sir 40
 [Exit Attendant]
Eno [Aside] Mine honesty and I begin to
 square
 The loyalty well he'd to fools does make
 Our faith mere folly, yet he that can endure
 To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord, 44
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
 And earns a place i' the story

Enter THYREUS

Cleo Cæsar's will?
Thyr Hear it apart
Cleo None but friends, say boldly
Thyr So, haply, are they friends to An-
 tony 48
Eno He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
 Or needs not us If Cæsar please, our master
 Will leap to be his friend, for us, you know
 Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's
Thyr So 52
 Thus then, thou most renown'd Cæsar en-
 treats,
 Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
 Further than he is Cæsar
Cleo Go on, right royal
Thyr He knows that you embrace not An-
 tony 56
 As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo O!
Thyr The scars upon your honour there-
 fore he
 Does pity, as constrained blemishes,

Not as deserv'd
Cleo He is a god, and knows 60
 What is most right Mine honour was not
 yielded,
 But conquer'd merely
Eno [Aside] To be sure of that,
 I will ask Antony Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
 That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for 64
 Thy dearest quit thee [Exit]
Thyr Shall I say to Cæsar
 What you require of him? for he partly begs
 To be desir'd to give It much would please
 him,
 That of his fortunes you should make a staff 68
 To lean upon, but it would warm his spirits
 To hear from me you had left Antony,
 And put yourself under his shroud,
 The universal landlord
Cleo What's your name? 72
Thyr My name is Thyreus
Cleo Most kind messenger,
 Say to great Cæsar thus in deputation
 I kiss his conqu'ring hand, tell him, I am prompt
 To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel, 76
 Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
 The doom of Egypt.
Thyr 'Tis your noblest course
 Wisdom and fortune combating together,
 If that the former dare but what it can, 80
 No chance may shake it Give me grace to lay
 My duty on your hand
Cleo Your Cæsar's father oft,
 When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
 Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place, 84
 As it rain'd kisses

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS

Ant Favours, by Jove that thunders!
 What art thou, fellow?
Thyr One that but performs
 The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
 To have command obey'd
Eno [Aside] You will be whipp'd 88
Ant Approach there! Ah, you kite! Now,
 gods and devils!
 Authority melts from me of late, when I cried
 'Ho!
 Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
 And cry, 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am
 Antony yet.

Enter Attendants

Take hence this Jack and whip him 93
Eno [Aside] 'Tis better playing with a lion's
 whelp
 Than with an old one dying
Ant Moon and stars!
 Whip him Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-
 taries 96
 That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
 So saucy with the hand of—she here, what's
 her name,
 Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
 Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face 100
 And whine aloud for mercy, take him hence.

Thyr Mark Antony,—
Ant I tug him away, being whipp'd,
 Bring him again, this Jack of Caesar's shall
 Bear us an errand to him 104
[Exeunt Attendants with THYREUS]
 You were half blasted ere I knew you ha!
 Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
 Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
 And by a gem of women, to be abus'd 108
 By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo Good my lord,—
Ant You have been a boggler ever
 But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
 O misery on't!—the wise gods seal our eyes, 112
 In our own filth drop our clear judgments, make us
 Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
 To our confusion

Cleo 'Tis't come to this?
Ant I found you as a morsel, cold upon 116
 Dead Caesar's trencher, nay, you were a frag-
 ment
 Of Cneus Pompey's, besides what hotter hours,
 Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
 Luxuriously pick'd out, for, I am sure, 120
 Though you can guess what temperance should
 be,
 You know not what it is

Cleo Wherefore is this?
Ant To let a fellow that will take rewards
 And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with 124
 My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal
 And plighter of high hearts! O! that I were
 Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
 The horned herd, for I have savage cause, 128
 And to proclaim it civilly were like
 A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
 For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS

Is he whipp'd?
First Att Soundly, my lord
Ant Cried he? and begg'd a' pardon?
First Att He did ask favour 133
Ant If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter, and be thou
 sorry

To follow Caesar in his triumph, since 136
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him
 henceforth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to
 Caesar,

Tell him thy entertainment, look, thou say 140
 He makes me angry with him, for he seems
 Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am
 Not what he knew I was he makes me angry,
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't, 144
 When my good stars, that were my former
 guides,

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike
 My speech and what is done, tell him he has 148
 Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit me urge it thou

Hence with thy stripes, be gone! 152
[Exit THYREUS.]

Cleo Have you done yet?
Ant Alack! our terrene moon
 Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony

Cleo I must stay his time
Ant To flatter Caesar, would you mingle
 eyes 156

With one that ties his points?
Cleo Not know me yet?

Ant Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo Ah! dear, if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
 And poison it in the source, and the first stone
 Drop in my neck as it determines, so 161

Dissolve my life. The next Caesarion smite,
 Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all, 164

By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey!

Ant I am satisfied
 Caesar sits down in Alexandria, where 168

I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held, our sever'd navy too
 Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most
 sea-like

Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou
 hear lady? 172

If from the field I shall return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood,
 I and my sword will earn our chronicle
 There's hope in't yet

Cleo That's my brave lord! 176
Ant I will betreble-snew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously, for when mine hours
 Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
 Of me for jests but now I'll set my teeth, 180

And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
 Let's have one other gaudy night call to me
 All my sad captains, fill our bowls once more,
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo It is my birth day 184
 I had thought to have held it poor, but, since
 my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant We will yet do well

Cleo Call all his noble captains to my lord
Ant Doso, we'll speak to them, and to-night
 I'll force 189

The wine peep through their scars. Come on,
 my queen,

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
 I'll make death love me, for I will contend 192
 Even with his pestilent scythe

[Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS.]
Eno Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be
 furious

Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood
 The dove will peck the estridge, and I see still, 196
 A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart. When valour preys on
 reason

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
 Some way to leave him. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV

SCENE I—*Before Alexandria* *CÆSAR'S Camp*

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter, AGRIPPA
MECÆNAS, and Others*

Cæs He calls me boy, and chides as he had power

To beat me out of Egypt, my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to personal combat,

Cæsar to Antony Let the old ruffian know 4
I have many other ways to die, meantime
Laugh at his challenge

Mec *Cæsar must think,*
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling Give him no breath, but now 8
Make boot of his distraction never anger
Made good guard for itself

Cæs Let our best heads
Know that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight Within our files there are, 12
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feast the army, we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II—*Alexandria* *A Room in the
Palace*

*Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS,
CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and Others*

Ant He will not fight with me, Domitius

Eno No

Ant Why should he not?

Eno He thinks, being twenty times of better
fortune,

He is twenty men to one

Ant To-morrow, soldier, 4
By sea and land I'll fight or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno I'll strike, and cry, 'Take all'

Ant Well said, come on 8
Call forth my household servants, let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest, so hast thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou you have serv'd me
well, 12
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo What means this?

Eno [Aside to CLEOPATRA] 'Tis one of those
odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant And thou art honest too
I wish I could be made so many men, 16
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done

Servants The gods forbid!

Ant Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-
night, 20

Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command

Cleo [Aside to ENOBARBUS] What does he
mean?

Eno [Aside to CLEOPATRA] To make his
followers weep

Ant Tend me to-night, 24

May be it is the period of your duty
Haply, you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master I look on you 28
As one that takes his leave Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away, but, like a master
Marr'd to your good service, stay till death
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more, 32
And the gods yield you for't!

Eno What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd for shame,
Transform us not to women

Ant Ho, ho, ho! 36
Now, the witch take me, if I meant it thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire
you 40

To burn this night with torches Know, my
hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life

Than death and honour Let's to supper,
come, 44

And drown consideration. [Exeunt]

SCENE III—*The Same* *Before the Palace*

Enter two Soldiers to their guard

First Sold Brother, good night, to-morrow
is the day

Sec Sold It will determine one way, fare
you well

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

First Sold Nothing What news? 4

Sec Sold Belike, 'tis but a rumour Good
night to you.

First Sold Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec Sold Soldiers, have careful watch

Third Sold And you. Good night, good
night

[The first two place themselves at their posts]

Fourth Sold Here we [They take their posts]

And if to-morrow 9

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up

Third Sold 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[Music of hautboys under the stage]

Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?

First Sold List, list! 12

Sec Sold Hark!

First Sold. Music! the air

Thurd Sold Under the earth.
Fourth Sold It signs well, does it not?
Thurd Sold No
First Sold Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

Sec Sold 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd, 16

Now leaves him

First Sold Walk, let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do

Sec Sold [They advance to another post] How now, masters!

Soldiers How now!—

How now!—do you hear this?

First Sold Ay, is't not strange?

Thurd Sold Do you hear, masters? do you hear? 20

First Sold Follow the noise so far as we have quarter,

Let's see how't will give off

Soldiers [Speaking together] Content—'Tis strange [Exeunt]

SCENE IV—The Same A Room in the Palace

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and Others, attending

Ant Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo Sleep a little

Ant No, my chuck. Eros, come, mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, with armour

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on

If Fortune be not ours to-day, it is 4

Because we brave her Come

Cleo Nay, I'll help too

What's this for?

Ant Ah! let be, let be, thou art

The armourer of my heart false, false, thus,

thus

Cleo Sooth, la! I'll help thus it must be.

Ant Well, well, 8

We shall thrive now Seest thou, my good

fellow?

Go put on thy defences

Eros Briefly, sir

Cleo Is not this buckled well?

Ant Rarely, rarely 12

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.

Thou fumblest, Eros, and my queen's a squire

More tight at this than thou dispatch. O love!

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and

knew'st 16

The royal occupation, thou shouldst see

A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier

Good morrow to thee, welcome,

Thou look'st like him that knows a war-like

charge

To business that we love we rise betime, 20

And go to't with delight.

Sold A thousand, sir,
 Early though't be, have on their inveterate trim,
 And at the port expect you.

[Shout Trumpets flourish]

Enter Captains and Soldiers

Capt The morn is fair Good morrow, 24

general

All Good morrow, general

Ant 'Tis well blown, lads

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes

So, so, come, give me that this way, well said 28

Fare thee well, dame whate'er becomes of me,

This is a soldier's kiss [Kisses her] Rebukeable

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment, I'll leave thee

Now, like a man of steel You that will fight, 33

Follow me close, I'll bring you to t Adieu

[Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Captains, and Soldiers]

Char Please you, retire to your chamber

Cleo Lead me

He goes forth gallantly That he and Caesar

might 36

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on. [Exeunt]

SCENE V—Alexandria. ANTONY'S Camp

Trumpets sound Enter ANTONY and EROS, a

Soldier meeting them

Sold The gods make this a happy day to

Antony!

Ant Would thou and those thy scars had

once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier 4

That has this morning left thee, would have still

Follow'd thy heels.

Ant Who's gone this morning?

Sold Who!

One ever near thee call for Enobarbus,

He shall not hear thee, or from Caesar's camp 8

Say, 'I am none of thine',

Ant What sayst thou?

Sold Sir,

He is with Caesar

Eros Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

Ant Is he gone?

Sold Most certain.

Ant Go, Eros, send his treasure after, do it,

Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him— 13

I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings,

Say that I wish he never find more cause

To change a master O! my fortunes have 16

Corrupted honest men. Dispatch. Enobarbus!

[Exeunt]

SCENE VI.—Before Alexandria. CESAR'S Camp.

Flourish. Enter CESAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and Others

Cas Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.

Our will is Antony be took alive,

Make it so known

Agr Caesar, I shall

[*Exit*

Cæs The time of universal peace is near
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd
world

Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger

Mess

Antony

Is come into the field.

Cæs Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train*

Eno Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony, there did persuade

Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony for this pains

Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but

No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely

That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.

Sold

Enobarbus, Antony 20

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with

His bounty overplus the messenger

Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now

Unloading of his mules.

Eno

I give it you. 24

Sold Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true best you saf'd the bringer

Out of the host, I must attend mine office

Or would have done't myself Your emperor 28

Continues still a Jove. [*Exit*

Eno I am alone the villain of the earth,

And feel I am so most. O Antony!

Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have

paid 32

My better service, when my turpitude

Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my

heart

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean

Shall outstrike thought, but thought will do't,

I feel. 36

I fight against thee! No. I will go seek

Some ditch, wherein to die, the foul'st best fits

My latter part of life. [*Exit*

SCENE VII.—Field of Battle between the
Camps

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets Enter AGRIPPA
and Others*

Agr

Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too

far

Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression

Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt*

Alarum Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded

Scar O my brave emperor, this is fought

indeed! 4

Had we done so at first, we had droven them

home

With clouts about their heads

Ant

I had a wound here that was like a T,

But now 'tis made an H.

Ant

They do retire 8

Scar We'll beat 'em into bench-holes I have

yet

Room for six scotches more

Enter EROS

Eros They are beaten, sir, and our advan-

tage serves

For a fair victory

Scar Let us score their backs, 12

And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind

'Tis sport to maul a runner

Ant

I will reward thee

Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold

For thy good valour Come thee on

Scar

I'll halt after [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII.—Under the Walls of Alexandria

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching, SCARUS,

and Forces

Ant We have beat him to his camp, run

one before

And let the queen know of our gests To-

morrow,

Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood

That has to-day escap'd I thank you all, 4

For doughty-handed are you, and have fought

Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been

Each man's like mine, you have shown all

Hectors

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends, 8

Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful

tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds, and

kiss

The honour'd gashes whole [*To SCARUS*] Give

me thy hand

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts, 12

Make her thanks bless thee O thou day o' the

world!

Chain mine arm'd neck, leap thou, attire and

all,

Through proof of harness to my heart, and there

Ride on the pants triumphing

Cleo

Lord of lords! 16

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from

The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant

My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds What, girl!

though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown,

yet ha' we 20

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can

Get goal for goal of youth Behold this man,

Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand

Kiss it, my warrior he hath fought to-day 24

As if a god, in hate of mankind, had

Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo

I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold, it was a king's.

Ant He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phoebus' car Give me thy hand 29
Through Alexandria make a jolly march,
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe
them

Had our great palace the capacity 32
To camp this host, we all would sup together
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear, 36
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds
together,
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt

SCENE IX.—CÆSAR'S Camp

Sentinels on their post

First Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this
hour,

We must return to the court of guard the night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

Sec Sold This last day was 4
A shrewd one to's.

Enter ENOBARBUS

Eno O! bear me witness, night,—
Thurd Sold What man is this?
Sec Sold Stand close and hst hm.
Eno Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record 8
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!

First Sold Enobarbus!
Thurd Sold Peace!

Hark further
Eno O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispounce upon
me, 13

That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me, throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault, 16
Which, being dried with grief, will break to
powder,

-And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular; 20
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony! [Dies 24

Sec Sold Let's speak to him.
First Sold Let's hear him, for the things he
speaks

May concern Cæsar.

Thurd Sold Let's do so. But he sleeps.
First Sold Swounds rather; for so bad a
prayer as his

Was never yet for sleep
Sec Sold. Go we to him. 28

Thurd Sold Awake, sir, awake! speak to us
Sec Sold. Hear you, sir?

First Sold. The hand of death hath raught
him.
[Drums afar off
Hark! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard, he is of note our hour
Is fully out.

Thurd Sold Come on, then, 33
He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.

SCENE X.—Between the two Camps

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces,
marching*

Ant Their preparation is to-day by sea,
We please them not by land

Scar For both, my lord.
Ant I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the
air,

We'd fight there too. But thus it is, our foot 4
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us, order for sea is given,
They have put forth the haven, 7
Where their appointment we may best discover
And look on their endeavour [Exeunt

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching

Cæs But being charg'd, we will be still by
land,
Which, as I take't, we shall, for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys To the vales, 12
And hold our best advantage! [Exeunt.

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant Yet they are not join'd. Where yond
pine does stand

I shall discover all. I'll bring thee word
Straight how 'tis like to go [Exit

Scar Swallows have built 16
In Cleopatra's sails their nests, the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell, look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected, and, by starts, 20
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has and has not.

[Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me,
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder 24
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore!

'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly, 28
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
[Exit SCARUS.

O sun! thy uprise shall I see no more;
Fortune and Antony part here, even here 32
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The
hearts

That spangl'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar, and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am. 37
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eyesbeck'd forth my wars, and call'd
them home,

Whose bosom was my crown, my chief end, 40
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss
What, Eros! Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah! thou spell Avaunt!

Cleo Why is my lord enrag'd against his
love? 44

Ant Vanish, or I shall give thee thy de-
serving,

And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take
thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians,
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot 48

Of all thy sex, most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits, and let

Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails [*Exit CLEOPATRA*]

'Tis well thou'rt gone, 52
If it be well to live, but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death

Might have prevented many Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me, teach me, 56

Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage,
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon,

And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
club,

Subdue my worthiest self The witch shall die
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and

I fall 61
Under this plot. she dies for't. Eros, ho!

[*Exit*]

SCENE XI.—*Alexandria A Room in the
Palace*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN*

Cleo Help me, my women! O! he is more
mad

Than Telamon for his shield, the boar of
Thessaly

Was never so emboss'd.

Char To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are
dead. 4

The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off

Cleo To the monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slam myself

Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony', 8
And word it, prithee, piteously Hence,
Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death

To the monument! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE XII.—*The Same Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY and EROS

Ant Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros Ay, noble lord
Ant Sometimes we see a cloud that's dra-
gonish,

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock, 4

A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world

And mock our eyes with air thou hast seen
these signs,

They are black vesper's pageants

Eros Ay, my lord 8

Ant That which is now a horse, even with
a thought

The rack dissolves, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water

Eros It does, my lord
Ant My good knave, Eros, now thy captain 12

Even such a body here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape my knave

I made these wars for Egypt, and the queen, 15
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto t

A million more, now lost, she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my

glory
Unto an enemy's triumph 20

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves

Enter MARDIAN

O! thy vile lady,

She has robb'd me of my sword

Mar No, Antony,
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mung-
led 24

With thine entirely
Ant Hence, saucy eunuch, peace!

She hath betray'd me and shall die the death
Mar Death of one person can be paid but
once,

And that she has discharg'd What thou wouldst
do 28

Is done unto thy hand, the last she spake
Was, 'Antony! most noble Antony!'

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony, it was divided 32

Between her heart and lips She render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her

Ant Dead, then? Dead
Mar Dead

Ant Unarm, Eros, the long day's task is
done,

And we must sleep [*To MARDIAN*] That thou
depart'st hence safe, 36

Does pay thy labour richly, go [*Exit MARDIAN*]
Off, pluck off

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart O! cleave, my

sides,
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent, 40

Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace
No more a soldier, bruised pieces, go,

You have been nobly borne. From me awhile
[*Exit EROS*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and 44
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now

All length is torture, since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further Now all labour

Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles 48
Itself with strength, seal then, and all is done

Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for
me.

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze,
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros! Eros!

Re-enter EROS

Eros What would my lord?

Ant Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's
back

With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman, less noble mind
Than she, which by her death our Cæsar tells
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn,

Eros,
Than, when the exigent should come,—which
now

Is come indeed,—when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me do't, the time is
come

Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st
Put colour in thy cheek

Eros The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

Ant *Eros*,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and
see

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending
down

His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensu'd?

Eros I would not see't.
Ant Come, then, for with a wound I must
be cur'd

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast
worn

Most useful for thy country
Eros O, sir! pardon me

Ant When I did make thee free, swor'st thou
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come,
Eros Turn from me then that noble coun-
tenance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies
Ant Lo thee! [*Turning from him*

Eros My sword is drawn.
Ant Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.
Eros My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant 'Tis said, man, and farewell.
Eros Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike
now?

Ant Now, Eros.

Eros Why, there then, thus do I escape the
sorrow [*Kills himself*

Of Antony's death.

Ant Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not My queen and
Eros

Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record, but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't too
As to a lover's bed. Come, then, and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar to do thus

[*Falls on his sword*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O! dispatch me

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

First Guard What's the noise? 104
Ant I have done my work ill, friends. O!
make an end

Of what I have begun.
Sec Guard The star is fallen.

First Guard And time is at his period.
All Alas, and woe!

Ant Let him that loves me strike me dead
First Guard Not I 108

Sec Guard Nor I.
Thrd Guard Nor any one [*Exeunt Guard*

Der Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers
fly

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this
tidings,
Shall enter me with him. 112

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio Where's Antony?
Der There, Diomed, there

Dio Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DERCETAS*

Ant Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy
sword, and give me 116

Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant When did she send thee?

Dio Now, my lord.
Ant Where is she?

Dio Lock'd in her monument. She had a
propheying fear 120

Of what hath come to pass, for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect

She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she
was dead, 124

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,

I dread, too late
Ant Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard,

I prithee
Dio What, ho! the emperor's guard! The
guard, what, ho! 128

Come, your lord calls!

Enter four or five of the Guard of ANTONY

Ant Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
bides,

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard Woe, woe are we, sir, you may
not live to wear 133
All your true followers out

All. Most heavy day!
Ant Nay, good my fellows, do not please
sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows, bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it 137
Seeming to bear it lightly Take me up,
I have led you oft, carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. 140

[*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY*]

SCENE XIII.—*The Same A Monument*

*Enter CLEOPATRA and her maids aloft, with
CHARMIAN and IRAS.*

Cleo O Charmian! I will never go from hence
Char Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo No, I will not.
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise, our size of sorrow, 4
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now! is he dead?
Dio His death's upon him, but not dead
Look out o' the other side your monument, 8
His guard have brought him thither

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo O sun!
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in, darkling
stand

The varying star o' the world O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras,
help, 12

Help, friends below! let's draw him hither
Ant Peace!

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself

Cleo So it should be, that none but Antony 16
Should conquer Antony, but woe 'tis so!

Ant I am dying, Egypt, dying, only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last 20
I lay upon thy lips

Cleo I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall 24
Be brooch'd with me, if knife, drugs, serpents,
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour 28
Demurring upon me. But come, come, An-
tony,—

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up
Assist, good friends

Ant O! quick, or I am gone
Cleo Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs
my lord! 32

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's
power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee
up,

And set thee by Jove's side Yet come a little, 36
Wishers were ever fools O! come, come, come,

[*They heave ANTONY aloft to CLEOPATRA*
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast
liv'd,

Quicken with kissing, had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All A heavy sight! 40
Ant I am dying, Egypt, dying

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little
Cleo No, let me speak, and let me rail so
high,

That the false housewife Fortune break her
wheel, 44

Provok'd by my offence
Ant One word, sweet queen

Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety O!
Cleo They do not go together

Ant Gentle, hear me
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius 48

Cleo My resolution and my hands I'll trust,
None about Cæsar

Ant The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts

In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,

The noblest, and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to 56

My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd Now my spirit is going,
I can no more

Cleo Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide 60

In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O! see my women,

[*ANTONY dies*
The crown o' the earth doth melt My lord!

O! wither'd is the garland of the war, 64
The soldier's pole is fall'n, young boys and girls

Are level now with men, the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable

Beneath the visiting moon. [*Swoons*
Char O, quietness, lady! 68

Irás She is dead too, our sovereign
Char Lady!

Irás Madam!
Char O madam, madam, madam!

Irás Royal Egypt!
Empress!

Char Peace, peace, Iras! 72
Cleo No more, but e'en a woman, and com-
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares It were for me

To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods, 76
To tell them that this world did equal theirs

Till they had stol'n our jewel All's but naught,
Patience is sottish, and impatience does

Become a dog that's mad, then is it sin 80
To rush into the secret house of death,

Ere death dare come to us? How do you,
women?

What, what! good cheer! Why, how now,
Charmian!

My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look! 84
 Our lamp is spent, it's out Good sirs, take
 heart,—
 We'll bury him, and then, what's brave, what's
 noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us Come, 88
 away,
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold;
 Ah! women, women. Come, we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt, those above bearing
 off ANTONY's body*]

ACT V

SCENE I—*Alexandria* CÆSAR's Camp

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS,
 GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others

Cæs Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield,
 Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
 The pauses that he makes

Dol Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY

Cæs Wherefore is that? and what art thou
 that dar'st 4
 Appear thus to us?

Der I am call'd Dercetas,
 Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
 Best to be serv'd, whilst he stood up and spoke
 He was my master, and I wore my life 8
 To spend upon his haters If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him
 I'll be to Cæsar, if thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life

Cæs What is't thou sayst? 12

Der I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead

Cæs The breaking of so great a thing should
 make

A greater crack, the round world
 Should have shook lions into civil streets, 16
 And citizens to their dens The death of Antony
 Is not a single doom in the name lay
 A moiety of the world

Der He is dead, Cæsar, 20
 Not by a public munster of justice,
 Nor by a hired knife, but that self hand,
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did
 lend it,

Split the heart This is his sword, 24
 I robb'd his wound of it, behold it stain'd
 With his most noble blood

Cæs Look you sad, friends?
 The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
 To wash the eyes of kings

Agr And strange it is, 28
 That nature must compel us to lament
 Our most persisted deeds

Mec His taints and honours
 Wag'd equal with him.

Agr A rarer spirit never
 Did steer humanity, but you, gods, will give us
 Some faults to make us men Cæsar is touch'd

Mec When such a spacious mirror is set be-
 fore him,

He needs must see himself

Cæs O Antony!
 I have follow'd thee to this, but we do lance 36
 Diseases in our bodies I must perforce
 Have shown to thee such a declining day,
 Or look on thine, we could not stall together
 In the whole world. But yet let me lament, 40
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
 That thou, my brother, my competitor
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,
 Friend and companion in the front of war, 44
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart
 Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our
 stars,

Unreconcilable, should divide
 Our equalness to this Hear me, good friends,—

Enter an Egyptian.

But I will tell you at some meet season 49
 The business of this man looks out of him,
 We'll hear him what he says Whence are you?

Egyp A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my
 mistress, 52

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
 Of thy intents desires instruction,
 That she preparedly may frame herself
 To the way she's forc'd to

Cæs Bid her have good heart, 56
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
 How honourable and how kindly we
 Determine for her, for Cæsar cannot live
 To be ungente

Egyp So the gods preserve thee! 60
 [*Exit*]

Cæs Come hither, Proculeius Go and say,
 We purpose her no shame, give her what com-
 forts

The quality of her passion shall require,
 Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke 64
 She do defeat us, for her life in Rome
 Would be eternal in our triumph Go,
 And with your speediest bring us what she says,
 And how you find of her

Pro Cæsar, I shall [*Exit*]
 Cæs Gallus, go you along [*Exit* GALLUS,
 Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius?

Agr } Dolabella!
 Mec }

Cæs Let him alone, for I remember now
 How he's employ'd, he shall in time be ready
 Go with me to my tent, where you shall see 73
 How hardly I was drawn into this war,
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still
 In all my writings Go with me, and see 76
 What I can show in this. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II—*The Same The Monument*

Enter aloft, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo My desolation does begin to make
 A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar,
 Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
 A munster of her will, and it is great 4
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change,

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's

Cleo Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink,
sir,

Enter, below, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers

Pro Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of
Egypt,

And bids thee study on what fair demands

Thou mean'st to have him grant thee

Cleo What's thy name?

Pro My name is Proculeius

Cleo Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but

I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,

That have no use for trusting. If your master

Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell

him,

That majesty, to keep decorum, must

No less beg than a kingdom if he please

To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son

He gives me so much of mine own as I

Will kneel to him with thanks

Pro Be of good cheer,

You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear no-

thing

Make your full reference freely to my lord,

Who is so full of grace, that it flows over

On all that need, let me report to him

Your sweet dependancy, and you shall find

A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness

Where he for grace is kneel'd to

Cleo Pray you, tell him

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him

The greatness he has got. I hourly learn

A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly

Look him i' the face

Pro This I'll report, dear lady

Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied

Of him that caus'd it

Gal You see how easily she may be surpris'd

[*PROCULEIUS and two of the Guard ascend*

the monument by a ladder, and come be-

hind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard

unbar and open the gates, discovering

the lower room of the monument

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard*] Guard her till

Cæsar come. [*Exit*

Iras Royal queen!

Char O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen

Cleo Quick, quick, good hands

[*Drawing a dagger*

Pro Hold, worthy lady, hold!

[*Seizes and disarms her*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this

Reliev'd, but not betray'd

Cleo What, of death too,

That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty by

The undoing of yourself, let the world see

His nobleness well acted, which your death

Will never let come forth.

Cleo Where art thou, death?

Come hither, come! come, come, and take a

queen

Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro O! temperance, lady

If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll run,

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I

Will not wait union'd at your master's court,

Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up

And show me to the shouting varletry

Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt

Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud

Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies

Blow me into abhorring! rather make

My country's high pyramids my gibbet,

And hang me up in chains!

Pro You do extend

These thoughts of horror further than you shall

Find cause in Cæsar

Enter DOLABELLA

Dol Proculeius,

What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,

And he hath sent for thee, as for the queen,

I'll take her to my guard.

Pro So, Dolabella,

It shall content me best, be gentle to her

[*To CLEOPATRA*] To Cæsar I will speak what

you shall please,

If you'll employ me to him

Cleo Say, I would die

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers*

Dol Most noble empress, you have heard of

me?

Cleo I cannot tell

Dol Assuredly you know me

Cleo No matter, sir, what I have heard or

known

You laugh when boys or women tell their

dreams,

Is't not your trick?

Dol I understand not, madam

Cleo I dream'd there was an Emperor An-

tony

O! such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man

Dol If it might please ye,—

Cleo His face was as the heavens, and therein

stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and

lighted

The little O, the earth

Dol Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd

arm

Crested the world, his voice was property'd

As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends,

But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

There was no winter in't, an autumn 'twas

That grew the more by reaping, his delights

Were dolphin-like, they show'd his back above

The element they liv'd in, in his livery

Walk'd crowns and crownets, realms and islands

were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol Cleopatra,—

Cleo Think you there was, or might be, such a man

As this I dream'd of?

Dol Gentle madam, no

Cleo You lie, up to the hearing of the gods
But, if there be, or ever were, one such, 96
It's past the size of dreaming, nature wants stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy, yet to imagine
An Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite

Dol Hear me, good madam 100
Your loss is as yourself, great, and you bear it
As answering to the weight would I might never

O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites 104
My very heart at root

Cleo I thank you, sir
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol I am loath to tell you what I would you knew

Cleo Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol Though he be honourable,— 108

Cleo He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol Madam, he will, I know't
[Within, 'Make way there!—Cæsar!]

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants

Cæs Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol It is the emperour, madam 112
[CLEOPATRA kneels]

Cæs Arise, you shall not kneel

I pray you, rise, rise, Egypt

Cleo Sir, the gods
Will have it thus, my master and my lord
I must obey

Cæs Take to you no hard thoughts, 116
The record of what injures you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance

Cleo Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well 120
To make it clear, but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex

Cæs Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce 124
If you apply yourself to our intents,—
Which towards you are most gentle,—you shall find

A benefit in this change, but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty by taking 128
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely I'll take my leave 132

Cleo And may through all the world 'tis
yours, and we,
Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest,
shall

Hang in what place you please Here, my good
lord

Cæs You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo [Giving a Scroll] This is the brief of
money, plate, and jewels, 137

I am possess'd of 'tis exactly valued.

Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

Sel Here, madam 140

Cleo This is my treasurer, let him speak, my
lord

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing Speak the truth, Seleucus

Sel Madam, 144

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,

Speak that which is not

Cleo What have I kept back?

Sel Enough to purchase what you have made
known

Cæs Nay, blush not, Cleopatra, I approve
Your wisdom in the deed

Cleo See! Cæsar! O, behold, 149

How pomp is follow'd, mine will now be yours,

And, should we shift estates, yours would be
mine

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does 152

Even make me wild O slave! of no more trust

Than love that's hir'd. What! goest thou back?

thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee, but I'll catch thine eyes,

Though they had wings slave, soulless villain,

dog! 156

O rarely base!

Cæs Good queen, let us entreat you

Cleo O Cæsar! what a wounding shame is
this,

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,

Doing the honour of thy lordliness 160

To one so meek, that mine own servant should

Parcel the sum of my disgraces by

Addition of his envy Say, good Cæsar

That I some lady trifles have reserv'd, 164

Immortal toys, things of such dignity

As we greet modern friends withal and say,

Some nobler token I have kept apart

For Livia and Octavia, to induce 168

Their mediation, must I be unfolded

With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites
me

Beneath the fall I have [To SELEUCUS] Prithce,

go hence,

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits 172

Through the ashes of my chance Wert thou a
man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs Forbear, Seleucus

Cleo [Exit SELEUCUS]

Cleo Be it known that we, the greatest, are
murthered

For things that others do, and, when we fall, 176

We answer others' merits in our name,

Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknow-
ledg'd,

Put we'll the roll of conquest still be't yours,

Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe, 181

Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you

Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
cheer'd,

Make not your thoughts your prisons no, dear queen, 184

For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel Feed, and sleep
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend, and so, adieu. 188

Cleo My master, and my lord!
Cæs Not so Adieu.

[*Flourish* *Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Cleo He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not

Be noble to myself but, hark thee, Charmian
[*Whispers* CHARMIAN]

Iras Finish, good lady, the bright day is done, 192

And we are for the dark.

Cleo Hie thee again

I have spoke already, and it is provided,
Go, put it to the haste

Char. Madam, I will

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol Where is the queen?

Char Behold, sir [*Exit*
Cleo Dolabella] 196

Dol Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,

Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you thus Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days 200
You with your children will he send before
Make your best use of this, I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor
Dol I your servant. 204

Adieu, good queen, I must attend on Cæsar

Cleo Farewell, and thanks

[*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown
In Rome, as well as I, mechanic slaves 208
With greasy aprons, rules and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view, in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour

Iras The gods forbid! 212

Cleo Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras Saucy
lictors

Will catch at us, like strumpets, and scald rimmers
Ballad us out o' tune, the quick comedians

Extemporally will stage us, and present 216
Our Alexandrian revels Antony

Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore

Iras O, the good gods! 220

Cleo Nay, that's certain.

Iras I'll never see it, for, I am sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes

Cleo Why, that's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer 224
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN

Now, Charmian,

Show me, my women, like a queen, go fetch
My best attires, I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony Sirrah Iras, go 228
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed,
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give
thee leave

To play till doomsday Bring our crown and
all [*Exit IRAS* A noise heard

Wherefore's this noise?

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard Here is a rural fellow 232
That will not be denied your highness' presence
He brings you figs

Cleo Let him come in [*Exit Guard*] What
poor an instrument

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty 236
My resolution 's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me, now from head to foot
I am marble-constant, now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine

*Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a
basket*

Guard This is the man 240
Cleo Avoid, and leave him [*Exit Guard*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clo Truly, I have him, but I would not
be the party that should desire you to touch
him, for his biting is immortal, those that do
die of it do seldom or never recover

Cleo Remember'st thou any that have died
on't? 248

Clo Very many, men and women too I
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday,
a very honest woman, but something given to
lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of
honesty, how she died of the biting of it, what
pain she felt Truly, she makes a very good
report o' the worm, but he that will believe all
that they say shall never be saved by half that
they do But this is most fallible, the worm's
an odd worm 258

Cleo Get thee hence, farewell

Clo I wish you all joy of the worm 260
[*Sets down the basket*]

Cleo Farewell

Clo You must think this, look you, that the
worm will do his kind

Cleo Ay, ay, farewell. 264

Clo Look you, the worm is not to be
trusted but in the keeping of wise people, for
indeed there is no goodness in the worm

Cleo Take thou no care, it shall be heeded
Clo Very good Give it nothing, I pray you,
for it is not worth the feeding 270

Cleo Will it eat me?

Clo You must not think I am so simple
but I know the devil himself will not eat a
woman I know that a woman is a dish for the
gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly,
these same whoreson devils do the gods great
harm in their women, for in every ten that
they make, the devils mar five 278

Cleo Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clo Yes, forsooth, I wish you joy of the worm
[Exit

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c

Cleo Give me my robe, put on my crown, I have
282

Immortal longings in me, now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip
Yare, yare, good Iras, quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call, I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act, I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men 288
To excuse their after wrath husband, I come
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air, my other elements
I give to baser life So, have you done? 292
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips
Farewell, kind Charmian, Iras, long farewell
[Kisses them *IRAS falls and dies*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part, 296
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking 300

Char Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep

Cleo This proves me base
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have Come, thou mortal
wretch, 305

[To the asp, which she applies to her breast
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie, poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch O! couldst thou
speak, 308
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpoliced

Char O eastern star!
Cleo Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char O, break! O, break! 312
Cleo As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too
[Applying another asp to her arm

What should I stay— [Dies
Char In this vile world? So, fare thee
well 316

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close,
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown s'awry, 320
I'll mend it, and then play

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen?

Char Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard Cæsar hath sent—

Char Too slow a messenger
[Applies an asp

O! come apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee. 324
First Guard Approach, ho! All's not well,
Cæsar's begun'd

Sec Guard There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar, call him

First Guard What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

Char It is well done, and fitting for a princess 328

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah! soldier

[Dies

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol How goes it here?

Sec Guard All dead

Dol Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this, thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou 333
So sought'st to hinder

[Within, 'A way there!—a way for Cæsar!'

Re-enter CÆSAR and all his Train

Dol O! sir, you are too sure an augurer

That you did fear is done

Cas Bravest at the last, 336

She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol Who was last with them?

First Guard A simple countryman that brought her figs 340

This was his basket

Cas Poison'd then.

First Guard O Cæsar!
This Charmian liv'd but now, she stood, and spake

I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress, tremblingly she stood, 344
And on the sudden dropp'd

Cas O noble weakness!

If they had swallow'd poison 'twould appear
By external swelling, but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony 348

In her strong toil of grace

Dol Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown,
The like is on her arm

First Guard This is an asp's trail, and these
fig-leaves 352

Have slime upon them, such as the asp leaves
Upon the caves of Nile

Cas Most probable

That so she died, for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite 356

Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.

She shall be buried by her Antony
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it 360

A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them, and their story is

No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,

In solemn show, attend this funeral, 365
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity [Exeunt

CYMBELINE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CYMBELINE, King of Britain
 CLOTEN Son to the Queen by a former Husband
 POSTHUMUS LEONATUS a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen
 BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan

GUIDERIUS { Sons to Cymbeline disguised under the
 ARVIRAGUS { names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed
 Sons to Morgan

PHILARIO Friend to Posthumus, } Italians
 IACHIMO Friend to Philario }
 A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario
 CAIUS LUCIUS General of the Roman Forces
 A Roman Captain
 Two British Captains

PISANIO Servant to Posthumus
 CORNELIUS a Physician
 Two Lords of Cymbeline's Court
 Two Gentlemen of the same
 Two Gaolers

QUEEN Wife to Cymbeline
 IMOGEN Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.
 HELEN, a Lady attending on Imogen

Lords Ladies Roman Senators Tribunes a Dutch
 Gentleman a Spanish Gentleman a Soothsayer
 Musicians Officers, Captains Soldiers, Messengers,
 and other Attendants

Apparitions

SCENE — *Sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy*

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Britain The Garden of CYMBELINE'S Palace*

Enter two Gentlemen

First Gent You do not meet a man but
 frowns, our bloods
 No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
 Still seem as does the king

Sec Gent But what's the matter?

First Gent His daughter, and the heir of s
 kingdom, whom
 He purpos'd to his wife's sole son,—a widow
 That late he married,—hath referr'd herself
 Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's
 wedded,

Her husband banish'd, she imprison'd all
 Is outward sorrow, though I think the king
 Be touch'd at very heart

Sec Gent None but the king?

First Gent He that hath lost her too, so is
 the queen

That most desir'd the match, but not a courtier,
 Although they wear their faces to the bent
 Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
 Glad at the thing they scowl at

Sec Gent And why so?

First Gent He that hath miss'd the princess
 is a thing

Too bad for bad report, and he that hath her,—
 I mean that married her, alack! good man!
 And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
 As, to seek through the regions of the earth
 For one his like, there would be something fail-
 ing

In him that should compare I do not think
 So fair an outward and such stuff within
 Endows a man but he

Sec Gent You speak him far

First Gent I do extend him, sir, within him-
 self,

Crush him together rather than unfold
 His measure duly

Sec Gent What's his name and birth?

First Gent I cannot delve him to the root
 his father

Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour
 Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
 But had his titles by Tenantius whom
 He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,
 So gain'd the sur addition Leonatus,
 And had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
 Died with their swords in hand, for which their
 father—

Then old and fond of issue—took such sorrow
 That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
 Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
 As he was born The king, he takes the babe
 To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leo-
 natus,

Breeds him and makes him of his bedchamber,
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of, which he took,
 As we do air, fast as twas minister'd,
 And in's spring became a harvest, liv'd in
 court,—

Which rare it is to do—most prais'd, most lov'd,
 A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
 A glass that feated them, and to the graver
 A child that guided dotards, to his mistress,
 For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue,
 By her election may be truly read
 What kind of man he is

Sec Gent I honour him,
 Even out of your report But pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king?

First Gent His only child
 He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it,—the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing clothes the other, from their
 nursery

Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge 60

Which way they went

Sec Gent How long is this ago?

First Gent Some twenty years

Sec Gent That a king's children should be so convey'd,

So slackly guarded, and the search so slow, 64
That could not trace them!

First Gent Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir

Sec Gent I do well believe you.

First Gent We must forbear Here comes 68
the gentleman,

The queen, and princess [Exit

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN

Queen No, be assur'd you shall not find me,
daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you, you re my prisoner, but 72
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint For you, Posthu-
mus,

So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate, marry, yet 76
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day

Queen You know the peril 80
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together [Exit

Imo O!
Dissembling courtesy How fine this tyrant 84
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest hus-
band,

I something fear my father's wrath, but no-
thing,—

Always reserv'd my holy duty,—what
His rage can do on me You must be gone, 88
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again

Post My queen! my mistress! 92
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness

Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal st husband that did e'er plight troth
My residence in Rome at one Philario's, 97
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter, thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you
send, 100

Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN

Queen Be brief, I pray you,
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [Aside] Yet I'll
move him

To walk this way I never do him wrong, 104
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,

Pays dear for my offences [Exit

Post Should we be taking leave

As long a term as yet we have to live,

The loathness to depart would grow Adieu! 109

Imo Nay, stay a little

Were you but riding forth to air yourself

Such parting were too petty Look here, love,

This diamond was my mother's, take it, heart,

But keep it till you woo another wife, 113

When Imogen is dead.

Post How! how! another?

You gentle gods, give me but this I have,

And sear up my embracements from a next 116

With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou
here [Putting on the ring

While sense can keep it on! And, sweetest,

fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,

To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles 120

I still win of you, for my sake wear this,

It is a manacle of love, I'll place it

Upon this fairest prisoner

[Putting a bracelet on her arm

Imo O the gods!

When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords

Post Alack! the king! 124

Cym Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from
my sight!

If after this command thou fraught the court

With thy unworthiness, thou diest Away!

Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post The gods protect you 128

And bless the good remainders of the court!

I am gone [Exit

Imo There cannot be a pinch in death

More sharp than this is

Cym O disloyal thing,

That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
instead 132

A year's age on me.

Imo I beseech you, sir,

Harm not yourself with your vexation,

I am senseless of your wrath, a touch more rare

Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym Past grace? obedience?

Imo Past hope, and in despair, that way, 137

past grace

Cym That mightst have had the sole son of
my queen!

Imo O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an
eagle

And did avoid a puttock. 140

Cym Thou took'st a beggar, wouldst have
made my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo No, I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym O thou vile one!

Imo Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus,

You bred him as my playfellow, and he is 145

A man worth any woman, overbuys me

Almost the sum he pays
Cym What! art thou mad?
Imo Almost, sir, heaven restore me! Would
 I were 148
 A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
 Our neighbour shepherd's son!
Cym. Thou foolish thing!

Re-enter QUEEN

They were agam together, you have done
 Not after our command. Away with her, 152
 And pen her up
Queen Beseech your patience Peace!
 Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
 Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some
 comfort
 Out of your best advice.
Cym Nay, let her languish 156
 A drop of blood a day, and, being aged,
 Die of this folly!

Queen. [Exeunt CYMBELINE and Lords
 Fie! you must give way

Enter PISANIO

Here is your servant How now, sir! What
 news?

Pis My lord your son drew on my master
Queen Ha! 160

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis There might have been,
 But that my master rather play'd than fought,
 And had no help of anger, they were parted
 By gentlemen at hand

Queen I am very glad on't 164
Imo Your son's my father's friend, he takes
 his part.

To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
 I would they were in Affric both together,
 Myself by with a needle, that I might prick 168
 The goer-back. Why came you from your
 master?

Pis On his command he would not suffer me
 To bring him to the haven, left these notes
 Of what commands I should be subject to, 172
 When't pleas'd you to employ me

Queen Thus hath been
 Your faithful servant, I dare lay mine honour
 He will remain so

Pis I humbly thank your highness
Queen Pray, walk awhile

Imo [To PISANIO] About some half-hour
 hence, 176
 I pray you, speak with me You shall at least
 Go see my lord aboard, for this time leave me
 [Exeunt

SCENE II.—The Same A Public Place

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

First Lord Sir, I would advise you to shift a
 shirt, the violence of action hath made you reek
 as a sacrifice Where air comes out, air comes
 in, there's none abroad so wholesome as that
 you vent. 5

Clo If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
 Have I hurt him?

Sec Lord [Aside] No faith, not so much as
 his patience 9

First Lord Hurt him! his body's a passable
 carcass if he be not hurt, it is a throughfare 12
 for steel if it be not hurt.

Sec Lord [Aside] His steel was in debt it
 went o' the backside the town.

Clo The villain would not stand me
Sec Lord [Aside] No, but he fled forward
 still, toward your face 17

First Lord Stand you! You have land
 enough of your own, but he added to your
 having, gave you some ground. 20

Sec Lord [Aside] As many inches as you
 have oceans Puppies!

Clo I would they had not come between
 us 24

Sec Lord [Aside] So would I till you had
 measured how long a fool you were upon the
 ground

Clo And that she should love this fellow and
 refuse me! 29

Sec Lord [Aside] If it be a sin to make a
 true election, she is damned

First Lord Sir, as I told you always, her
 beauty and her brain go not together, she's a
 good sign, but I have seen small reflection of
 her wit.

Sec Lord [Aside] She shines not upon fools,
 lest the reflection should hurt her 37

Clo Come, I'll to my chamber Would there
 had been some hurt done!

Sec Lord [Aside] I wish not so, unless it
 had been the fall of an ass, which is no great
 hurt.

Clo You'll go with us?

First Lord I'll attend your lordship 44

Clo Nay, come, let's go together

Sec Lord Well, my lord. [Exeunt

SCENE III.—A Room in CYMBELINE's Palace

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO

Imo I would thou grew'st unto the shores of
 the haven,
 And question'dst every sail if he should write,
 And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost.

As offer'd mercy is What was the last 4
 That he spake to thee?

Pis It was his queen, his queen!

Imo Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis And kiss'd it, madam

Imo Senseless linen, happier therein than I!
 And that was all?

Pis No, madam, for so long 8
 As he could make me with this eye or ear
 Distinguish him from others, he did keep
 The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
 Still waving, as the fits and starts of's mind 12
 Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
 How swift his ship

Imo Thou shouldst have made him
 As little as a crow, or less, ere left

To after-eye him

Pis. Madam, so I did. 16

Imo I would have broke mine eye-strings,
crack'd them, but
To look upon him, till the dimmution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from 20
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept But, good
Pisano,

When shall we hear from him?

Pis Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage 24

Imo I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say, ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him
swear 28

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour, or have charg'd
him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then 32
I am in heaven for him, or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwix two charming words, comes in my father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing

Enter a Lady

Lady The queen, madam, 37
Desires your highness' company

Imo Those things I bid you do, get them
dispatch'd

I will attend the queen

Pis Madam, I shall. [Exeunt

SCENE IV — *Rome A Room in PHILARIO'S
House*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a
Dutchman, and a Spaniard*

Iach Believe it, sir, I have seen him in
Britain, he was then of a crescent note, ex-
pected to prove so worthy as since he hath been
allowed the name of, but I could then have
looked on him without the help of admiration,
though the catalogue of his endowments had
been tabled by his side and I to peruse him
by iters 8

Phi You speak of him when he was less
furnished than now he is with that which
makes him both without and within

French I have seen him in France we had
very many there could behold the sun with as
firm eyes as he 14

Iach This matter of marrying his king's
daughter,—wherein he must be weighed rather
by her value than his own,—words him, I
doubt not, a great deal from the matter

French And then, his banishment. 19

Iach Ay, and the approbation of those that
weep this lamentable divorce under her colours
are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to
fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery
might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less
quality But how comes it, he is to sojourn
with you? How creeps acquaintance? 26

Phi His father and I were soldiers together,
to whom I have been often bound for no less
than my life Here comes the Briton let him
be so entertained amongst you as suits, with
gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his
quality 32

Enter POSTHUMUS

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentle-
man, whom I commend to you, as a noble
friend of mine, how worthy he is I will leave to
appear hereafter, rather than story him in his
own hearing 37

French Sir, we have known together in
Orleans

Post Since when I have been debtor to you
for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and
yet pay still. 42

French Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness.
I was glad I did atone my countryman and you,
it had been pity you should have been put
together with so mortal a purpose as then each
bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a
nature 48

Post By your pardon, sir, I was then a young
traveller, rather shunned to go even with what
I heard than in my every action to be guided by
others' experiences, but, upon my mended judg-
ment,—if I offend not to say it is mended,—
my quarrel was not altogether slight 54

French Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitre-
ment of swords, and by such two that would by
all likelihood have confounded one the other, or
have fallen both

Iach Can we, with manners, ask what was
the difference? 60

French Safely, I think 'Twas a contention
in public, which may, without contradiction,
suffer the report It was much like an argument
that fell out last night, where each of us fell
in praise of our country mistresses, this gentle-
man at that time vouching—and upon warrant
of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, vir-
tuous, wise, chaste constant, qualified, and less
attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in
France

Iach That lady is not now living, or this
gentleman's opinion by this worn out 72

Post She holds her virtue still and I my
mind

Iach You must not so far prefer her 'fore
ours of Italy 76

Post Being so far provoked as I was in
France, I would abate her nothing, though I
profess myself her adorer, not her friend. 79

Iach As fair and as good—a kind of hand-
in-hand comparison—had been something too
fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she
went before others I have seen, as that diamond
of yours outlusters many I have beheld, I could
not but believe she excelled many but I have
not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor
you the lady 87

Post I praised her as I rated her, so do I
my stone.

Iach What do you esteem it at?

Post More than the world enjoys
Iach Either your unparagoned mistress is
 dead, or she's outprized by a trifle 93

Post You are mistaken, the one may be
 sold, or given, or if there were wealth enough
 for the purchase, or merit for the gift, the other
 is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the
 gods

Iach Which the gods have given you?

Post Which, by their graces, I will keep 100

Iach You may wear her in title yours, but,
 you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring
 ponds Your ring may be stolen, too, so your
 brace of unprizeable estimations the one is but
 frail and the other casual, a cunning thief, or a
 that way accomplished courtier, would hazard
 the winning both of first and last 107

Post Your Italy contains none so accom-
 plished a courtier to convince the honour of my
 mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you
 term her frail I do nothing doubt you have
 store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my
 ring 113

Phi Let us leave here, gentlemen

Post Sir, with all my heart This worthy
 signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me,
 we are familiar at first. 117

Iach With five times so much conversation
 I should get ground of your fair mistress, make
 her go back, even to the yielding, had I admit-
 tance and opportunity to friend. 121

Post No, no

Iach I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of
 my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion,
 o'ervalues it something, but I make my wager
 rather against your confidence than her repu-
 tation, and, to bar your offence herein too, I
 durst attempt it against any lady in the world

Post You are a great deal abused in too bold
 a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustain what
 you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach What's that? 132

Post A repulse, though your attempt, as you
 call it, deserves more,—a punishment too

Phi Gentlemen, enough of this, it came in
 too suddenly, let it die as it was born, and, I
 pray you, be better acquainted. 137

Iach Would I had put my estate and my
 neighbour's on the approbation of what I have
 spoke! 140

Post What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach Yours, whom in constancy you think
 stands so safe I will lay you ten thousand
 ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the
 court where your lady is, with no more ad-
 vantage than the opportunity of a second
 conference and I will bring from thence that
 honour of hers which you imagine so reserved

Post I will wage against your gold, gold to it
 my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it

Iach You are afraid, and therein the wiser
 If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you
 cannot preserve it from tainting But I see you
 have some religion in you, that you fear 154

Post This is but a custom in your tongue,
 you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach I am the master of my speeches, and
 would undergo what's spoken, I swear 158

Post Will you? I shall but lend my diamond
 till your return Let there be covenants drawn
 between s my mistress exceeds in goodness the
 hugeness of your unworthy thinking, I dare you
 to this match Here s my ring

Phi I will have it no lay 164

Iach By the gods, it is one If I bring you
 no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the
 dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten
 thousand ducats are yours, so is your diamond
 too if I come off, and leave her in such honour
 as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your
 jewel, and my gold are yours, provided I have
 your commendation for my more free entertain-
 ment 173

Post I embrace these conditions, let us
 have articles betwixt us Only, thus far you
 shall answer if you make your voyage upon
 her and give me directly to understand that you
 have prevailed, I am no further your enemy,
 she is not worth our debate if she remain un-
 seduced,—you not making it appear otherwise,
 —for your ill opinion, and the assault you have
 made to her chastity, you shall answer me with
 your sword. 183

Iach Your hand, a covenant We will have
 these things set down by lawful counsel, and
 straight away for Britain, lest the bargain
 should catch cold and starve I will fetch my
 gold and have our two wagers recorded 188

Post Agreed

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO

French Will this hold, think you?

Phi Signior Iachimo will not from it Pray,
 let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V—*Britain A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS

Queen Whiles yet the dew's on ground,
 gather those flowers

Make haste, who has the note of them?

First Lady I, madam

Queen Dispatch [*Exeunt* Ladies

Now, Master doctor, have you brought those
 drugs? 4

Cor Pleaseth your highness, ay, here they
 are, madam [*Presenting a small box*

But I beseech your Grace, without offence,—
 My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you
 have

Commanded of me these most poisonous com-
 pounds, 8

Which are the movers of a languishing death,
 But though slow, deadly?

Queen I wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question have I not been
 Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
 To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so 13
 That our great king himself doth woo me oft
 For my confections? Having thus far pro-
 ceeded,—

Unless thou think'st me devilish,—is't not
 meet 16
 That I did amplify my judgment in
 Other conclusions? I will try the forces
 Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
 We count not worth the hanging,—but none
 human,— 20
 To try the vigour of them and apply
 Allayments to their act, and by them gather
 Their several virtues and effects
 Cor Your highness
 Shall from this practice but make hard your
 heart, 24
 Besides, the seeing these effects will be
 Both noisome and infectious
 Queen O! content thee

Enter PISANIO

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal, upon
 him
 Will I first work he's for his master, 28
 And enemy to my son How now, Pisanio!
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended,
 Take your own way
 Cor [*Aside*] I do suspect you, madam,
 But you shall do no harm
 Queen [*To PISANIO*] Hark thee, a word.
 Cor [*Aside*] I do not like her She doth
 think she has 33
 Strange lingering poisons, I do know her spirit,
 And will not trust one of her malice with
 A drug of such damn'd nature Those she has
 Will stupify and dull the sense awhile, 37
 Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and
 dogs,
 Then afterward up higher, but there is
 No danger in what show of death it makes, 40
 More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
 To be more fresh, reviving She is fool'd
 With a most false effect, and I the truer,
 So to be false with her

Queen. No further service, doctor, 44
 Until I send for thee
 Cor I humbly take my leave

Queen Weeps she still, sayst thou? Dost
 thou think in time
 She will not quench, and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses? Do thou work 48
 When thou shalt bring me word she loves my
 son,
 I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
 As great as is thy master, greater, for
 His fortunes all he speechless, and his name 52
 Is at last gasp, return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is, to shift his being
 Is to exchange one misery with another,
 And every day that comes comes to decay 56
 A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
 To be depender on a thing that leans,
 Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
 So much as but to prop him?

[*The QUEEN drops the box PISANIO
 takes it up*
 Thou tak'st up 60

Thou know'st not what, but take it for thy
 labour
 It is a thing I made, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death, I do not know
 What is more cordial nay, I prithee, take it, 64
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her, do't as from thyself
 Think what a chance thou changest on, but
 think 68
 Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee I'll move the
 king
 To any shape of thy preferment such
 As thou'lt desire, and then myself, I chiefly, 72
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly Call my women,
 Think on my words [*Exit PISANIO*]

A sly and constant knave,
 Not to be shak'd, the agent for his master, 76
 And the remembrancer of her to hold
 The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him
 that
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leigers for her sweet, and which she after, 80
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
 To taste of too

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies

So, so,—well done, well done
 The violets, cowslips, and the prime-roses
 Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio 84
 Think on my words

[*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*]

Pis And shall do
 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself, there's all I'll do for you.
 [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI — *The Same Another Room in the
 Palace*

Enter IMOGEN

Imo A father cruel, and a step-dame false,
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd O! that hus-
 band,
 My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
 Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n, 5
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miser-
 able
 Is the desire that's glorious bless'd be those,
 How mean so'er, that have their honest wills, 8
 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be?
 Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO

Pis Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
 Comes from my lord with letters.
 Iach. Change you, madam? 12
 The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
 And greets your highness dearly.

[*Presents a letter*
 Thanks, good sir

Imo You are kindly welcome.
 Iach. [*Aside.*] All of her that is out of door
 most rich!

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, 16
 She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
 Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight, 20
 Rather, directly fly

Imo He is one of the noblest note, to whose
 kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. *Reflect upon*
him accordingly, as you value your truest

LEONATUS

So far I read aloud,
 But even the very middle of my heart 27
 Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully
 You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
 Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
 In all that I can do

Iach Thanks, fairest lady
 What! are men mad? Hath nature given them
 eyes 32

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
 Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
 Upon the number'd beach? and can we not 36
 Partition make with spectacles so precious
 'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo What makes your admiration?

Iach It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and
 monkeys

'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way
 and 40
 Contemn with mows the other, nor i' the judg-
 ment,

For idiots in this case of favour would
 Be wisely definite, nor i' the appetite,
 Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd 44
 Should make desire vomit emptiness,
 Not so allur'd to feed

Imo What is the matter, trow?

Iach The cloyed will,—
 That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub 48
 Both fill'd and running,—ravening first the
 lamb,

Longs after for the garbage

Imo What, dear sir,
 Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach Thanks, madam, well
 [To PISANIO] Beseech you, sir, 52
 Desire my man's abode where I did leave him,
 He's strange and peevish

Pis. I was going, sir

To give him welcome. [Exit
Imo Continues well my lord his health, be-
 seech you? 56

Iach Well, madam

Imo Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is
Iach Exceeding pleasant, none a stranger
 there

So merry and so gamesome he is call'd 60
 The Briton reveller

Imo When he was here
 He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
 Not knowing why

Iach I never saw him sad.
 There is a Frenchman his companion, one, 64
 An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much
 loves

A Gallian girl at home he furnaces
 The taick sighs from him, whiles the jolly
 Briton—
 Your lord, I mean—laughs from 's free lungs,
 cries, O! 68
 Can my sides hold, to think that man, who
 knows

By history, report, or his own proof,
 What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
 But must be, will his free hours languish for 72
 Assured bondage?

Imo Will my lord say so?

Iach Ay madam, with his eyes in flood with
 laughter

It is a recreation to be by
 And hear him mock the Frenchman, but,
 heavens know, 76

Some men are much to blame
Imo Not he, I hope

Iach Not he, but yet heaven's bounty to-
 wards him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much,
 In you,—which I account his beyond all
 talents, 80

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
 To pity too

Imo What do you pity, sir?

Iach Two creatures, heartily
Imo Am I one, sir?

You look on me what wrack discern you in
 me 84

Deserves your pity?

Iach Lamentable! What!
 To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
 I' the dungeon by a snuff! 44

Imo I pray you, sir,
 Deliver with more openness your answers 88
 To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach That others do,
 I was about to say, enjoy your—But
 It is an office of the gods to venge it, 92
 Not mine to speak on't

Imo You do seem to know
 Something of me, or what concerns me, pray
 you,—

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
 Than to be sure they do, for certainties 96
 Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
 The remedy then born,—discover to me
 What both you spur and stop

Iach Had I this cheek
 To bathe my lips upon, this hand, whose touch,
 Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
 To the oath of loyalty, this object, which 102
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Firing it only here, should I—damn'd then—
 Slave with lips as common as the stairs 105
 That mount the Capitol join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falsehood,—falsehood,
 as

With labour,—then by-peeping in an eye, 108
 Base and illustrious as the smoky light

That's fed with stinking tallow, it were fit
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt

Imo My lord, I fear, 112

Has forgot Britain.

Iach And himself Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change, but tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out

Imo Let me hear no more 117
Iach O dearest soul! your cause doth strike
my heart

With pity, that doth make me sick A lady
So fair,—and fasten'd to an empery 120
Would make the great'st king double,—to be
partner'd

With tom-boys hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with disease'd
ventures

That play with all infirmities for gold 124
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil d
stuff

As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd,
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock

Imo Reveng'd! 128
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach Should he make me 132
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure, 136
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure

Imo What ho, Pisanio!

Iach Let me my service tender on your lips

Imo Away! I do condemn mine ears that
have 141

So long attended thee If thou wert honour-
able,

Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue,
not

For such an end thou seek'st, as base as
strange 144

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains

Thee and the devil alike What ho, Pisanio! 148

The king my father shall be made acquainted

Of thy assault, if he shall think it fit,

A saucy stranger in his court to mart

As in a Romish stew and to expound 152

His beastly mind to us, he hath a court

He little cares for and a daughter who

He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach O happy Leonatus! I may say 156

The credit that thy lady hath of thee

Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect good-
ness

Her assur'd credit. Blessed live you long!

A lady to the worthiest sir that ever 160

Country call'd has, and you his mistress, only

For the most worthiest fit. Give me your par-
don.

I have spoken this, to know if your amance

Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
That which he is, new o'er, and he is one 165
The truest manner'd, such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him,
Half all men's hearts are his

Imo You make amends 168

Iach He sits 'mongst men like a descended
god

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,

More than a mortal seeming Be not angry,

Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd 172

To try your taking of a false report, which hath

Honour'd with confirmation your great judg-
ment

In the election of a sir so rare,

Which you know cannot err The love I bear 176

him

Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made
you,

Unlike all others chaffless Pray, your pardon

Imo All's well, sir Take my power i' the
court for yours

Iach My humble thanks I had almost for-
got 180

To entreat your Grace but in a small request,

And yet of moment too, for it concerns

Your lord, myself, and other noble friends,

Are partners in the business

Imo Pray, what is't? 184

Iach Some dozen Romans of us and your
lord,

The best feather of our wing, have mingled
sums

To buy a present for the emperor,

Which I, the factor for the rest, have done 188

In France, 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels

Of rich and exquisite form, their values great,

A am something curious, being strange,

I ve them in safe stowage May it please 192

you

To take them in protection?

Imo Willingly,

And pawn mine honour for their safety since

My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them

In my bedchamber

Iach They are in a trunk, 196

Attended by my men, I will make bold

To send them to you, only for this night,

I must aboard to-morrow

Imo O! no, no

Iach Yes, I beseech, or I shall short my
word 200

By lengthening my return From Galha

I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise

To see your Grace

Imo I thank you for your pains,

But not away to-morrow!

Iach O! I must, madam 204

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please

To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night

I have outstood my time, which is material

To the tender of our present.

Imo I will write 208

Send your trunk to me, it shall safe be kept,

And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Britain Before CYMBELINE'S Palace**Enter CLOTEN and two Lords*

Clo Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't, and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my pleasure

First Lord What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl

Sec Lord [*Aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out

Clo When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

Sec Lord No, my lord, [*Aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction! Would he had been one of my rank!

Sec Lord [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth. A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am. They dare not fight with me because of the queen my mother. Every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Sec Lord [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too, and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo Sayest thou?

Sec Lord It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to

Clo No, I know that, but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors

Sec Lord Ay, it is fit for your lordship only

Clo Why, so I say

First Lord Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clo A stranger, and I not know on't!

Sec Lord [*Aside*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not

First Lord There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends

Clo Leonatus! a banished rascal, and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

First Lord One of your lordship's pages.

Clo Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

First Lord You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo Not easily, I think.

Sec Lord [*Aside*] You are a fool, granted, therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate

Clo Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go

Sec Lord I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and First Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother

Should yield the world this ass! a woman that 60
Bears all down with her brain, and thus her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart
And leave eighteen. Alas! poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st 64
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coming plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act 68
Of the divorce he'd make. The heavens hold
firm

The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst
stand,

To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!
[*Exit*]

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber, in one part of it a Trunk*

IMOGEN reading in her bed a Lady attending

Imo Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady Please you, madam

Imo What hour is it?

Lady Almost midnight, madam

Imo I have read three hours then, mine eyes
are weak,

Fold down the leaf where I have left, to bed 4

Take not away the taper, leave it burning,

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I prithee, call me. Sleep has seized me wholly

[*Exit Lady*]

To your protection I commend me, gods! 8

From fairies and the tempters of the night

Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps*]

IACHIMO comes from the trunk

Iach The crickets sing, and man's o'er-
labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus 12

Did softly press the rushes ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,

And whiter than the sheets! That I might 16

touch!

But kiss one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,

How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus, the flame of the

taper

Bows toward her, and would under-peep her

lids, 20

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied

Under these windows, white and azure lac'd

With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my de-
sign,

To note the chamber. I will write all down 24

Such and such pictures, there the window, such

Th' adornment of her bed, the arras, figures,

Why, such and such, and the contents o' the

story

Ah! but some natural notes about her body, 28

Above ten thousand meaner moveables

Would testify, to enrich mine inventory

O sleep! thou ape of death, he dull upon her,

And be her senses but as a monument 32

Thus in a chapel lying. Come off, come off,—

[*Taking off her bracelet*]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
 'Tis mine, and thus will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within, 36
 To the madding of her lord On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I the bottom of a cowslip here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make this
 secret 40
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and
 ta'en
 The treasure of her honour No more To what
 end?
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading
 late 44
 The tale of Tereus, here the leaf's turn'd down
 Where Philomel gave up I have enough
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that
 dawning 48
 May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear,
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here
 [Clock strikes
 One, two, three time, time!
 [Goes into the trunk The scene closes

SCENE III—An Ante chamber adjoining
 IMOGEN'S Apartments

Enter CLOTEN and Lords

First Lord Your lordship is the most patient
 man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned
 up ace

Clo It would make any man cold to lose 4
 First Lord But not every man patient after
 the noble temper of your lordship You are
 most hot and furious when you win

Clo Winning will put any man into courage
 If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have
 gold enough It's almost morning, is't not?

First Lord Day, my lord 11
 Clo I would this music would come I am
 advised to give her music o' mornings, they say
 it will penetrate

Enter Musicians

Come on, tune If you can penetrate her with
 your fingering, so, we'll try with tongue too
 if none will do, let her remain, but I'll never
 give o'er First, a very excellent good-con-
 canted thing, after, a wonderful sweet air, with
 admirable rich words to it and then let her
 consider 21

SONG

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phoebus gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs 24
 On chalid flowers that lies
 And winking Mary buds begin
 To open their golden eyes
 With every thing that pretty is 28
 My lady sweet, arise
 Arise, arise!

So, get you gone If this penetrate, I will con-
 sider your music the better, if it do not, it is
 a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-

guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot,
 can never amend. [Exeunt Musicians.

Sec Lord Here comes the king. 36

Clo I am glad I was up so late, for that's the
 reason I was up so early, he cannot choose but
 take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN

Good morrow to your majesty and to my
 gracious mother 41

Cym Attend you here the door of our stern
 daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo I have assail'd her with musics, but she
 vouchsafes no notice 45

Cym The exile of her minion is too new,
 She hath not yet forgot him, some more time
 Must wear the print of his remembrance out, 48
 And then she's yours

Queen You are most bound to the king,
 Who lets go by no vantages that may
 Prefer you to his daughter Frame yourself
 To orderly soliciting, and be friended 52
 With aptness of the season, make denials
 Increase your services, so seem as if
 You were inspir'd to do those duties which
 You tender to her, that you in all obey her 56
 Save when command to your dismissal tends,
 And therein you are senseless

Clo Senseless! not so

Enter a Messenger

Mess So like you, sir, ambassadors from
 Rome,

The one is Caius Lucius

Cym A worthy fellow, 60

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now,
 But that's no fault of his we must receive him
 According to the honour of his sender,
 And towards himself, his goodness forespent
 on us, 64

We must extend our notice Our dear son,
 When you have given good morning to your
 mistress,

Attend the queen and us, we shall have need
 To employ you towards this Roman. Come,
 our queen. [Exeunt all but CLOTEN.

Clo If she be up, I'll speak with her, if not,
 Let her lie still, and dream. By your leave, ho!

[Knocks

I know her women are about her What
 If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold 72
 Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, and
 makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand o' the stealer, and 'tis
 gold

Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the
 thief, 76

Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man.
 What

Can it lot do and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me, for
 I yet not understand the case myself. 80
 By your leave, [Knocks.

Enter a Lady

Lady Who's there, that knocks?

Clo A gentleman

Lady No more?

Clo Yes, and a gentlewoman's son

Lady [Aside] That's more
Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours 84
Can justly boast of What's your lordship's
pleasure?

Clo Your lady's person is she ready?

Lady Ay,
To keep her chamber

Clo There's gold for you, sell me your good
report 88

Lady How! my good name? or to report of
you
What I shall think is good?—The princess!

Enter IMOGEN

Clo Goodmorrow, farrest, sister, yoursweet
hand [Exit Lady]

Imo Goodmorrow, sir You lay out too
much pains 92
For purchasing but trouble, the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them

Clo Still, I swear I love you.

Imo If you but said so, 'twere as deep with
me 96
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not

Clo This is no answer

Imo But that you shall not say I yield being
silent

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy 101
To your best kindness One of your great know-
ing

Should learn, being taught, forbearance

Clo To leave you in your madness, 'twere
my sin 104
I will not.

Imo Fools cure not mad folks

Clo Do you call me fool?

Imo As I am mad, I do
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad, 108
That cures us both I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal, and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce
By the very truth of it, I care not for you, 113
And am so near the lack of charity,—
To accuse myself,—I hate you, which I had
rather

You felt than make't my boast

Clo You sin against 116
Obedience, which you owe your father For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract,
none, 120

And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their
souls—

On whom there is no more dependancy

But brats and beggary—in self-figur'd knot, 124
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hiding for livery, a squire's cloth, 128
A pantler, not so eminent

Imo Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom, thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made 133
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well

Clo The south-fog rot him!
Imo He never can meet more mischance
than come 137
To be but nam'd of thee His meanest garment
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee, 140
Were they all made such men How now,
Pisanio!

Enter PISANIO

Clo 'His garment! Now, the devil—

Imo To Dorothy my woman hue thee pre-
sently,—

Clo 'His garment!'

Imo I am sprighted with a fool, 144
Frighted, and anger'd worse Go, bid my
woman

Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm it was thy master's, 'shrew me
If I would lose it for a revenue 148
Of any king's in Europe I do think
I saw't this morning, confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm I kiss'd it,
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord 152
That I kiss aught but he

Pis 'Twill not be lost.

Imo I hope so, go, and search

[Exit PISANIO]
Clo You have abus'd me
'His meanest garment!'

Imo Ay, I said so, sir 155

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo I will inform your father

Imo Your mother too
She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent [Exit]

Clo I'll be reveng'd 160
'His meanest garment! Well. [Exit]

SCENE IV—Rome A Room in PHILARIO'S
House

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO

Post Fear it not, sir, I would I were so sure
To win the king as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers

Ph. What means do you make to him?

Post Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state and wish
That warmer days would come, in these sear'd
hopes,

I barely gratify your love, they failing,
I must die much your debtor

Phi Your very goodness and your company
O'erpay all I can do By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus Caius Lucius
Will do's commission thoroughly, and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearsages, 13
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief

Post I do believe—
Statist though I am none, nor like to be— 16
That this will prove a war, and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid Our countrymen 20
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their
courage

Worthy his frowning at their discipline,—
Now winged,—with their courage will make
known 24

To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world

Phi See! Iachimo!

Enter IACHIMO

Post The swiftest harts have pced you by
land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails, 28
To make your vessel nimble

Phi Welcome, sir

Post I hope the briefness of your answer
made

The speediness of your return

Iach Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon 32
Post And therewithal the best, or let her
beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts
And be false with them

Iach Here are letters for you

Post Their tenour good, I trust

Iach 'Tis very like 36

Phi Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?

Iach He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post All is well yet
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not 40
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

I'll make a journey twice as far to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which 44

Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.

Post The stone's too hard to come by

Iach Not a whit,

Your lady being so easy

Post Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport, I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends

Iach Good sir, we must, 49

If you keep covenant. Had I not brought

The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant

We were to question further, but I now 52

Profess myself the winner of her honour,

Together with your ring, and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but

By both your wils

Post If you can make't apparent 56
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours, if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine or masterless leaves both 60
To who shall find them

Iach Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not, 64
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall
find

You need it not

Post Proceed

Iach First, her bedchamber,—
Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching,—it was
hang'd 68

With tapestry of silk and silver, the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride, a piece of work 72
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value, which I wonder'd
Could be rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—

Post This is true, 76

And thus you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other

Iach More particulars

Must justify my knowledge

Post So they must,

Or do your honour injury

Iach The chimney 80

Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece

Chaste Dian bathing, never saw I figures

So likely to report themselves, the cutter

Was as another nature, dumb, outwent her, 84

Motion and breath left out.

Post This is a thing

Which you might from relation likewise reap,

Being, as it is, much spoke of

Iach The roof o' the chamber

With golden cherubins is fretted, her and- 88

irons—

I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids

Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely

Depending on their brands

Post This is her honour!

Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and 92

praise

Be given to your remembrance,—the descrip- 96

tion

Of what is in her chamber nothing saves

The wager you have laid.

Iach Then, if you can,

Be pale I beg but leave to air this jewel, see!

[Showing the bracelet

And now 'tis up again; it must be married 97

To that your diamond, I'll keep them.

Post Jove!

Once more let me behold it. Is it that

Which I left with her?

Iach Sir,—I thank her,—that 100
 She stripp'd it from her arm, I see her yet,
 Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
 And yet enrich'd it too She gave it me, and said
 She priz'd it once
Post May be she pluck'd it off 104
 To send it me
Iach She writes so to you, doth she?
Post O' no, no, no, 'tis true Here, take this 105
 too,
 It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
 Kills me to look on't. Let there be no honour
 Where there is beauty, truth where semblance,
 love 109
 Where there's another man the vows of women
 Of no more bondage be to where they are made
 Than they are to their virtues, which is no-
 thing 112
O above measure false
Phi Have patience, sir,
 And take your ring again, 'tis not yet won
 It may be probable she lost it, or
 Who knows if one of her women, being cor-
 rupted, 116
 Hath stol'n it from her?
Post Very true,
 And so I hope he came by't Back my ring
 Render to me some corporal sign about her,
 More evident than this, for this was stol'n, 120
Iach By Jupiter, I had it from her arm
Post Hark you, he swears, by Jupiter he
 swears
 'Tis true, nay, keep the ring 'tis true I am sure
 She would not lose it, her attendants are 124
 All sworn and honourable, they induc'd to steal
 it!
 And by a stranger! No, he hath enjoy'd her,
 The cognizance of her incontinency
 Is this, she hath bought the name of whore thus
 dearly 128
 There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
 Divide themselves between you!
Phi Sir, be patient
 This is not strong enough to be believ'd
 Of one persuaded well of—
Post Never talk on't, 132
 She hath been colted by him
Iach If you seek
 For further satisfying, under her breast,
 Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate lodging by my life, 136
 I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
 To feed again, though full. You do remember
 This stain upon her?
Post Ay, and it doth confirm
 Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140
 Were there no more but it
Iach Will you hear more?
Post Spare your arithmetic, never count the
 turns,
 Once, and a million!
Iach I'll be sworn,—
Post No swearing
 If you will swear you have not done't, you he,
 And I will kill thee if thou dost deny 145
 Thou'st made me cuckold,

Iach O' that I had her here, to tear her limb-
 meal
 I will go there and do't, i' the court, before 148
 Her father I'll do something—
Phi Quite besides
 The government of patience! You have won
 Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
 He hath against himself
Iach With all my heart 152
 [Exeunt]

SCENE V.—The Same Another Room in the Same

Enter POSTHUMUS

Post Is there no way for men to be, but
 women
 Must be half-workers? We are all bastards, all,
 And that most venerable man which I
 Did call my father was I know not where 4
 When I was stamp'd some corner with his tools
 Made me a counterfeit, yet my mother seem'd
 The Dian of that time, so doth my wife
 The nonpareil of this O' vengeance, venge-
 ance, 8
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd
 And pray'd me oft forbearance, did it with
 A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn, that I
 thought her 12
 As chaste as unsunn'd snow O' all the devils!
 This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?
 Or less—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one, 16
 Cried 'O!' and mounted, found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose and she
 Should from encounter guard Could I find out
 The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man but I affirm 21
 It is the woman's part, be it lying, note it,
 The woman's, flattering, hers, deceiving, hers,
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers, revenges,
 hers, 24
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that man may name, nay, that hell
 knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all, but rather, all, 28
 For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice but of a minute old for one
 Not half so old as that I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them Yet 'tis greater skill 33
 In a true hate to pray they have their will
 The very devils cannot plague them better
 [Exit]

ACT III

SCENE I.—Britain A Hall in CYMBELINE'S Palace

Enter at one door CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords, and at another CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants

Cym Now say what would Augustus Cæsar
 wish us?

Luc When Julius Cæsar—whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever—was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,— 5
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,—for him
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, 8
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee
lately

Is left untender'd

Queen And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever

Clo There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius Britain is 12
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses

Queen That opportunity
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume,
We have again Remember, sir, my liege, 16
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters, 20
With sands, that will not bear your enemies'
boats,

But suck them up to the topmast A kind of
conquest

Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of 'came, and saw, and overcame with
shame— 24

The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten, and his ship
ping—

Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks for joy whereof— 29
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing-fires bright, 32
And Britons strut with courage

Clo Come, there's no more tribute to be paid
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that
time and as I said, there is no more such
Cæsars, other of them may have crooked noses,
but to owe such straight arms, none

Cym Son let your mother end 39

Clo We have yet many among us can gripe
as hard as Cassibelan I do not say I am one
but I have a hand Why tribute? why should
we pay tribute? 'Tis Cæsar can hide the sun from
us with a blanket or put the moon in his pocket
we will pay him tribute for light, else, sir, no
more tribute, pray you now

Cym You must know
Till the injurious Romans did extort 48
This tribute from us, we were free, Cæsar's
ambition—

Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world—against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's, which to shake off 52
Becomes a war-like people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be We do say then to Cæsar
Our ancestor was that Mulmutus which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of
Cæsar

Hath too much mangled, whose repair and
franchise 57

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry Mulmutus
made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put 60
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king

Luc I am sorry, Cymbelime,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Himself domestic officers—thine enemy 65
Relieve it from me, then war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied, 68
I thank thee for myself

Cym Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me, my youth I spent
Much under him, of him I gather'd honour,
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce, 72
Behoves me keep at utterance I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold
So Cæsar shall not find them

Luc Let proof speak 77

Clo His majesty bids you welcome Make
pastime with us a day or two, or longer, if you
seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find
us in our salt-water girdle, if you beat us out of
it, it is yours if you fall in the adventure, our
crows shall fare the better for you, and there's
an end 84

Luc So sir

Cym I know your master's pleasure and he
mine

All the remain is 'Welcome!' [Exeunt

SCENE II — Another Room in the Same

Enter PISANIO, reading a letter

Pis How! of adultery! Wherefore write you
not

What monster's her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian— 4
As poisonous-tongu'd as handed—hath pre-
vail'd

On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No
She's punish'd for her truth and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults 8
As would take in some virtue O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I 12
Have made to thy command 'I, her 'her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never

Let me be counted serviceable How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity 16
So much as this fact comes to?—Do't the
letter

That I have sent her by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity —O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee. Senseless 20
bauble,

Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st at

So virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes
I am ignorant in what I am commanded

Enter IMOGEN

Imo How now, Pisanio! 24

Pis Madam, here is a letter from my lord

Imo Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus

O! learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters, 28
He'd lay the future open You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
Some griefs are med cinable, that is one of
them, 33

For it doth physic love,—of his content,
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave Bless'd be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! 36
Lovers

And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike,
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables Good news,
gods!

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he
take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to
me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not
even renew me with your eyes Tal e notice that
I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven what
your own love will out of this advise you, fol-
low So, he wishes you all happiness, that re-
mains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in
love,* 40

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS

O! for a horse with wings! Hear st thou, 49
Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven, read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I 52

Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord, who
long st,—

O! let me 'bate,—but not like me, yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind —O! not like me 56
For mine's beyond beyond, say, and speak
thick,—

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hear-
ing,

To the smothering of the sense,—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford, and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as 61
T' inherit such a haven, but, first of all,

How we may steal from hence, and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-
going 64

And our return, to excuse, but first, how get
hence

Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter Prithce, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride 68
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too

Imo Why, one that rode to's execution,
man,

Could never go so slow I have heard of riding
wagers, 72

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run! the clock's behalf But this is foolery,
Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She'll home to her father, and provide me pre-
sently 76

A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit

A franklin's housewife

Pis Madam, you're best consider
Imo I see before me, man, nor here, nor
here,

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them, 80
That I cannot look through Away, I prithee,
Do as I bid thee There's no more to say,
Accessible is none but Milford way [Exeunt

SCENE III—*Wales A mountainous Country
with a Cave*

*Enter from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
and ARVIRAGUS*

Bel A goodly day not to keep house, with
such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys, this
gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and
bows you

To a morning's holy office, the gates of
monarchs 4

Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun Hail, thou fair
heaven! 7

We house! the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do

Gut Hail, heaven!

Arv Hail, heaven!

Bel Now for our mountain sport Up to
yond hill,

Your legs are young, I'll tread these flats Con-
sider,

When you above perceive me like a crow, 12
That it is place which lessens and sets off,
And you may then revolve what tales I have
told you

Of courts of princes, of the tricks in war,
This service is not service, so being done, 16
But being so allow'd, to apprehend thus

Draws us a profit from all things we see,
And often, to our comfort shall we find

The sharded beetle in a safer hold 20
Than is the full-wing'd eagle O! this life

Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,

Prouder than rusting in unpaid-for silk, 24
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd, no life to ours

Gut Out of your proof you speak, we, poor
unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor
know not 28

What air's from home Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best, sweeter to you

That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age, but unto us it is 32

A cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed,
A prison for a debtor, that not dares

To stride a limit

Arv What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear 36
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen no-
thing,

We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey, 40
Like war-like as the wolf for what we eat,
Our valour is to chase what flies, our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely

Bel How you speak! 44
Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly, the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep, whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that 48
The fear's as bad as falling, the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i'
the search,

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph 52
As record of fair act, nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well, what's worse,
Must curtsy at the censure O boys! this story
The world may read in me, my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note, Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off, then was I as a tree 60
Whose boughs did bend with fruit, but, in one
night,

A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my
leaves,

And left me bare to weather

Gui Uncertain favour! 64

Bel My fault being nothing,—as I have told
you oft,—

But that two villains, whose false oaths pre-
vail'd

Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans, so 68
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my
world,

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all 72
The fore-end of my time But, up to the moun-
tains!

This is not hunter's language He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast,
To him the other two shall minister, 76
And we will fear no poison which attends

In place of greater state I'll meet you in the
valleys

[*Exeunt GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king,
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive. 81
They think they are mine, and, though train'd
up thus meanly

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do
hit

The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much 85

Beyond the trick of others This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove! 88
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The war-like feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story say, Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on 's neck, even then 92
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in
posture

That acts my words The younger brother,
Cadwal,—

Once Arviragus,—in as like a figure, 96
Strikes life into my speech and shows much
more

His own conceiving Hark! the game is rous'd
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou diest unjustly banish me, whereon, 100
At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou rett'st me of my lands Eurphile,
Thou wast their nurse, they took thee for their
mother, 104

And every day do honour to her grave
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father The game is up
[*Exit*]

SCENE IV —Near Milford-Haven

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN

Imo Thou told'st me, when we came from
horse, the place

Was near at hand ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind, 4
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
that sigh

From the inward of thee? One, but painted
thus,

Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication, put thyself 8
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses What's the
matter?

Why tender'st thou that paper to me with
A look untender? If 't be summer news, 12
Smile to't before, if winterly thou need'st
But keep that count'nance still. My husband's
hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man, thy
tongue 16

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis Please you, read,
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune. 20

Imo—Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the
strumpet in my bed the testimonies whereof
he bleeding in me I speak not out of weak
surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief
and as certain as I expect my revenge That
part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith
be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let
thine own hands take away her life; I shall

give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven she hath my letter for the purpose, where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour and equally to me disloyal

Pis What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper

Hath cut her throat already No, 'tis slander, Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath Rides on the posting winds and doth belie All corners of the world, kings, queens, and states,

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave 40 This viperous slander enters What cheer, madam?

Imo False to his bed! What is it to be false? To lie in watch there and to think on him?

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him, And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

Pis Alas! good lady
Imo I felse! Thy conscience witness! Iachumo,

Thou didst accuse him of incontinency, Thou then look'dst like a villain, now methinks Thy favour's good enough Some jay of Italy, Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion, And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls, I must be ripp'd, to pieces with me! O! Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,

By thy revolt, O husband! shall be thought Put on for villany, not born where't grows, But worn a bait for ladies

Pis Good madam, hear me
Imo True honest men being heard, like false

Aeneas, Were in his time thought false, and Simon's weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity From most true wretchedness, so thou, Posthumus,

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men, 64 Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd From thy great fail Come, fellow, be thou honest,

Do thou thy master's bidding When thou seest him,

A little witness my obedience, look! 68 I draw the sword myself, take it, and hit

The innocent mansion of my love, my heart. Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief,

Thy master is not there, who was indeed 72 The riches of it do his bidding, strike

Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause, But now thou seem'st a coward

Pis Hence, vile instrument! Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo Why, I must die, 76 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art

No servant of thy master's Against self-slaughter

There is a prohibition so divine That cravens my weak hand Come, here's my heart

Something's afore't, soft, soft! we'll no defence,

Obedient as the scabbard What is here? The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus

All turn'd to heresy! Away, away! 84

Corruptors of my faith, you shall no more Be stomachers to my heart Thus may poor fools

Believe false teachers, though those that are betray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor 88 Stands in worse case of woe

And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,

And make me put into contempt the suits 92 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find

It is no act of common passage, but A strain of rareness, and I grieve myself To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her 96

That now thou tr'ist on, how thy memory Will then be pang'd by me Pruthee, dispatch, The lamb entreats the butcher, where's thy knife?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding, When I desire it too

Pis O, gracious lady! 101 Since I receiv'd command to do this business I have not slept one wink

Imo Do't, and to bed then
Pis I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first

Imo Wherefore then Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd 105

So many miles with a pretence? this place? Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?

The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court, 108 For my being absent?—whereunto I never

Purpose return—Why hast thou gone so far, To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,

The elected deer before thee? *Pis* But to win time 112

To lose so bad employment, in the which I have consider'd of a course Good lady,

Hear me with patience *Imo* Talk thy tongue weary, speak

I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear, 116 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,

Nor tent to bottom that But speak *Pis* Then, madam,

I thought you would not back again *Imo* Most like,

Bringing me here to kill me *Pis* Not so, neither, 120

But if I were as wise as honest, then My purpose would prove well It cannot be

But that my master is abus'd, some villain, Some villain, ay, and singular in his art, 124

Hath done you both this cursed injury *Imo* Some Roman courtesan

Pis No, on my life. I'll give but notice you are dead and send him

Some bloody sign of it, for 'tis commanded 128

I should do so you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it

Imo Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how
live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am 132
Dead to my husband?

Pis If you'll back to the court,—
Imo No court, no father, nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing Cloten!
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege

Pis If not at court 137
Then not in Britain must you bide

Imo Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day,
night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's
volume 140

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't,
In a great pool a swan's nest prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis I am most glad
You think of other place The ambassador, 14
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow, now, if you could wear a mund
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, t' appear itself, must not yet be 148
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view, yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus, so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet 152
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves

Imo O! for such means
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure

Pis Well, then, here's the point
You must forget to be a woman, change 157
Command into obedience, fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or more truly
Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and 161
As quarrelous as the weasel, nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O! the harder heart, 164
Alack! no remedy—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trums, wherein
You made great Juno angry

Imo Nay, be brief 168
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already

Pis First, make yourself but like one
Forethinking this, I have already fit—
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all 172
That answer to them, would you in their serv-

ing,
And with what mutation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him 176
Wherein you are happy,—which you'll make
him know,

If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you, for he's honour-
able,

And, doubling that, most holy Your means
abroad, 180

You have me, rich, and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplication

Imo Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away,
There s'more to be consider'd, but we'll even 184
All that good time will give us, this attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage Away, I prithee

Pis Well, madam, we must take a short fare-
well, 188

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court My noble mistress,
Here is a box, I had it from the queen,
What's in't is precious, if you are sick at sea, 192
Or stomach-quail'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo Amen. I thank thee [Exeunt

SCENE V — A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,
Lords, and Attendants

Cym Thus far, and so farewell

Luc Thanks, royal sir
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy

Cym Our subjects, sir, 4
Will not endure his yoke, and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unking-like

Luc So, sir I desire of you
A conduct over land to Milford-Haven. 8

Madam, all joy befall your Grace

Queen And you!
Cym My lords, you are appointed for that
office,

The due of honour in no point omit.
So, farewell, noble Lucius

Luc Your hand, my lord 12
Clo Receive it friendly, but from this time
forth

I wear it as your enemy

Luc Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner Fare you well.

Cym Leave not the worthy Lucius, good
my lords, 16

Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!

[Exeunt LUCIUS and Lords.

Queen He goes hence frowning, but it
honours us

That we have given him cause

Clo 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. 20

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the em-
peror

How it goes here It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and horsemen be in readiness,
The powers that he already hath in Gallia 24

Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
moves

His war for Britain.

Queen 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly 27
Cym Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day, she looks us like 32
A thing more made of malice than of duty
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sunderance

[Exit an Attendant]

Queen Royal sir
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd 36
Hath her life been, the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her, she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes, 40
And strokes death to her

Re-enter Attendant

Cym Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Attendant Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no
answer

That will be given to the loudest noise we make

Queen My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you, 48
Which daily she was bound to proffer, this
She wish'd me to make known, but our great
court

Made me to blame in memory

Cym Her doors lock'd!
Not seen of late! Grant, heavens, that which

I fear 52
Prove false! [Exit]

Queen Son, I say, follow the king
Clo That man of hers, Pisanio, her old ser-
vant,

I have not seen these two days.

Queen Go, look after
[Exit CLOTEN]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus! 56
He hath a drug of mine, I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd
her, 60

Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus Gone she is
To death or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either, she being down, 64
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN

How now, my son!

Clo 'Tis certain she is fled
Go in and cheer the king, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen [Aside] All the better, may 68
This night forestall him of the coming day!

[Exit]

Clo I love and hate her, for she's fair and
royal,

And that she hath all courtly parts more ex-
quisite

Than lady, ladies, woman, from every one 72
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all I love her therefore, but
Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment 76
That what's else rare is chok'd, and in that
point

I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her For, when fools 79
Shall—

Enter PISANIO

Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither Ah! you precious pandar Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends

Pis O! good my lord
Clo Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter 84

I will not ask again Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness can-
not 88

A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis Alas! my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she
muss'd?

He is in Rome

Clo Where is she, sir? Come nearer,
No further halting, satisfy me home 92

What is become of her?

Pis O! my all-worthy lord

Clo All-worthy villain!

Discover where thy mistress is at once
At the next word, no more of 'worthy lord!' 96

Speak, or thy silence on the instant is

Thy condemnation and thy death

Pis Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight [Presenting a letter]

Clo Let's see't I will pursue her too

Even to Augustus' throne

Pis [Aside] Or this, or perish.

She's far enough, and what he learns by this

May prove his travel, not her danger

Clo Hum!

Pis [Aside] I'll write to my lord she's dead.

O Imogen! 104

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return agen!

Clo Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis Sir, as I think 107

Clo It is Posthumus' hand, I know't Sir-
rah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me
true service, undergo those employments where-
in I should have cause to use thee with a serious
industry, that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee
do, to perform it directly and truly, I would
think thee an honest man, thou shouldst neither
want my means for thy relief nor my voice for
thy preferment 116

Pis Well, my good lord

Clo Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare for-
tune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not,

in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine Wilt thou serve me?

Pis Sir, I will

Clo Give me thy hand here's my purse Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress

Clo The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither let it be thy first service, go

Pis I shall, my lord

Clo Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon,—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee I would these garments were come She said upon a time,—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities With that suit upon my back will I ravish her first kill him, and in her eyes, there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath din'd,—which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again She hath despised me rejoicing, and I'll be merry in my revenge

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes

Be those the garments?

Pis Ay, my noble lord

Clo How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis She can scarce be there yet

Clo Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee My revenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true

Pis Thou bidd'st me to my loss, for true to thee

Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true To Milford go

And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,

You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed

Be cross'd with slowness, labour be his meed!

[Exit]

SCENE VI—Wales Before the Cave of
BELARIUS

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes

Imo I see a man's life is a tedious one, I have tr'd myself and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed, I should be sick But that my resolution helps me Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,

Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think Foundations fly the wretched, such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd Two beggars told me

I could not miss my way, will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis A punishment or trial? Yes, no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true To lapse in fulness

Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood Is worse in kings than beggars My dear lord! Thou art one o' the false ones Now I think on thee,

My hunger's gone, but even before I was At point to sink for food But what is this? Here is a path to't, 'tis some savage hold, I were best not call, I dare not call, yet famine, Ere clean it o' erthrow nature, makes it valiant Plenty and peace breeds cowards, hardness ever Of hardness is mother Ho! Who's here? If any thing that's civil, speak, if savage, Take or lend Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter Best draw my sword, and if mine enemy But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't

Such a foe, good heavens! [Exit to the cave]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and

Are master of the feast, Cadwal and I Will play the cook and servant, 'tis our match, The sweat of industry would dry and die But for the end it works to Come, our stomachs

Will make what's homely savoury, weariness Can snore upon the flint when resty sloth Finds the down pillow hard Now, peace be here,

Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui I am thoroughly weary

Arv I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite

Gui There is cold meat i' the cave, we'll browse on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd

Bel [Looking into the cave] Stay, comenotin, But that it eats our victuals, I should think 40 Here were a fairy

Gui What's the matter, sir?

Bel By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not, An earthly paragon! Behold divineness No elder than a boy!

44

Re-enter IMOGEN

Imo Good masters, harm me not Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought To have begg'd or bought what I have took. Good troth,

I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found

Gold strew'd i' the floor Here's money for my meat,

I would have left it on the board so soon As I had made my meal, and parted

With prayers for the provider

Gu. Money, youth? 52
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
 As 'tis no better reckon'd but of those
 Who worship dirty gods

Imo. I see you're angry
 Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should 56
 Have died had I not made it

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir I have a kinsman who 60
 Is bound for Italy, he embark'd at Milford
 To whom being going almost spent with hunger,
 I am fall'n in this offence

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
 Think us no churls, nor measure our good
 minds 64

By this rude place we live in Well encounter'd!
 'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
 Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
 Boys, bid him welcome

Gu. Were you a woman, youth, 68
 I should woo hard but be your groom. In
 honesty,

I bid for you, as I do buy

Arv. I'll make't my comfort
 He is a man, I'll love him as my brother,
 And such a welcome as I'd give to him 72
 After a long absence, such is yours most wel-
 come!

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
 If brothers [*Aside*] Would it had been so, that
 they

Had been my father's sons, then had my prize 76
 Been less, and so more equal ballasting
 To thee, Posthumus

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gu. Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,

What pain it cost, what danger 80

Bel. Hark, boys
 [*Whispering*]

Imo. Great men, 81

That had a court no bigger than this cave,
 That did attend themselves and had the virtue
 Which their own conscience seal'd them,—lay-
 ing by 84

That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,—
 Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me,
 gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
 Since Leonatus' false

Bel. It shall be so 88

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come

in
 Discourse is heavy, fasting, when we have
 sup'd,

We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
 So far as thou wilt speak it

Gu. Pray, draw near 92

Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the
 lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir

Arv. I pray, draw near [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII — Rome A Public Place

Enter two Senators and Tribunes

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's
 writ

That since the common men are now in action
 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
 And that the legions now in Gallia are 4

Full weak to undertake our wars against

The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite

The gentry to this business He creates

Lucius pro-consul, and to you the tribunes, 8

For this immediate levy, he commends

His absolute commission Long live Cæsar!

First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

Sec Sen. Ay

First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

First Sen. With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy 13

Must be supplyant, the words of your commis-
 sion

Will tie you to the numbers and the time

Of their dispatch

First Tri. We will discharge our duty 16

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV

SCENE I — Wales The Forest, near the Cave of BELARIUS

Enter CLOTEN

Clo. I am near to the place where they should
 meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly How fit
 his garments serve me! Why should his mis-
 tress, who was made by him that made the tailor,

not be fit too? the rather,—saving reverence of
 the word,—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes

by fits Therein I must play the workman I

dare speak it to myself,—for it is not vain-glory,

for a man and his glass to confer in his own

chamber,—I mean, the lines of my body are as

well drawn as his, no less young, more strong,

not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the

advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike

conversant in general services, and more re-
 markable in single oppositions, yet this imper-
 ceivable thing loves him in my despite What

mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now

is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this

hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments

cut to pieces before thy face, and all this done,

spurn her home to her father, who may haply

be a little angry for my so rough usage, but my

mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn

all into my commendations My horse is tied

up safe, out, sword, and to a sore purpose!

Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the

very description of their meeting-place, and the

fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit*]

SCENE II.—Before the Cave of BELARIUS

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
 ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN*

Bel. [*To IMOGEN*] You are not well, remain
 here in the cave,

We'll come to you after hunting
Arv [To IMOGEN] Brother, stay here,
 Are we not brothers?

Imo So man and man should be,
 But clay and clay differs in dignity, 4
 Whose dust is both alike I am very sick

Gui Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.
Imo So sick I am not, yet I am not well, 8
 But not so citizen a wanton as

To seem to die ere sick. So please you, leave
 me,
 Stick to your journal course, the breach of
 custom

Is breach of all I am ill, but your being by me
 Cannot amend me, society is no comfort 12
 To one not sociable I am not very sick,
 Since I can reason of it, pray you, trust me here,
 I'll rob none but myself, and let me die,
 Stealing so poorly

Gui I love thee I have spoke it,
 How much the quantity, the weight as much, 17
 As I do love my father

Bel What! how! how!
Arv If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
 In my good brother's fault I know not why 20
 I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
 Love's reason's without reason the bier at
 door,

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
 'My father, not this youth'

Bel [Aside] O noble stram! 24
 O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
 Cowards father cowards, and base things sire
 base

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and
 grace

I'm not their father, yet who this should be 28
 Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me
 'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn

Arv Brother, farewell.

Imo I wish ye sport

Arv You health So please you, sir

Imo [Aside] These are kind creatures Gods,
 what lies I have heard! 32

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court
 Experience, O! thou disprov'st report

The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish 36

I am sick still, heart-sick Pisanio,
 I'll now taste of thy drug [Swallows some]

Gui I could not stir him,
 He said he was gentle but unfortunate,

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest 40

Arv Thus did he answer me, yet said here-
 after

I might know more

Bel To the field to the field!

[To IMOGEN] We'll leave you for this time, go
 in and rest

Arv We'll not be long away

Bel Pray be not sick, 44

For you must be our housewife

Imo Well or ill,

I am bound to you

Bel And shalt be ever

[Exit IMOGEN]

This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath
 had

Good ancestors

Arv How angel-like he sings! 48

Gui But his neat cookery! he cut our roots

In characters,

And sauc'd our broths as Juno had been sick

And he her dieter

Arv Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh 52

Was that it was, for not being such a smile,

The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly

From so divine a temple, to commix

With winds that sailors rail at

Gui I do note 56

That grief and patience rooted in him, both

Mingle their spurs together

Arv Grow, patience!

And let the stinking-elder, grief, untwine

His perishing root with the increasing vine! 60

Bel It is great morn'ing Come, away!—

Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN

Clo I cannot find those runagates, that
 villain

Hath mock'd me. I am famt

Bel 'Those runagates!'

Means he not us? I partly know him, 'tis 64

Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some am-
 bush

I saw him not these many years, and yet

I know 'tis he We are held as outlaws hence!

Gui He is but one You and my brother

search 68

What companies are near, pray you, away,

Let me alone with him

[Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]

Clo Soft! What are you

That fly me thus? some villain mountainers?

I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui A thing

More slavish did I ne'er than answering 73

A 'slave' without a knock.

Clo Thou art a robber,

A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief

Gui To who? to thee? What art thou? Have

not I 76

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?

Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not

My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,

Why I should yield to thee?

Clo Thou villain base, 80

Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui No, nor thy tailor, rascal,

Who is thy grandfather he made those clothes,

Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo Thou precious varlet,

My tailor made them not.

Gui Hence then, and thank

The man that gave them thee. Thou art some 85

fool,

I am loath to beat thee.

Clo Thou injurious thief,

Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gua What's thy name?
Clo Cloten, thou villain. 88
Gua Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
 I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder,
 Spider,

'Twould move me sooner
Clo To thy further fear,
 Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know 92
 I am son to the queen.

Gua I'm sorry for't, not seeming
 So worthy as thy birth.

Clo Art not afraid?
Gua Those that I reverence those I fear, the
 wise,
 At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo Die the death 96
 When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
 I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
 And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads
 Yield, rustic mountaineer [Exeunt fighting

Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel No companies abroad. 101
Arv None in the world. You did mistake
 him, sure

Bel I cannot tell, long is it since I saw him,
 But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of
 favour 104

Which then he wore, the snatches in his voice,
 And burst of speaking, were as his. I am abso-
 lute

'Twas very Cloten.

Arv In this place we left them
 I wish my brother make good time with him, 108
 You say he is so fell

Bel Being scarce made up,
 I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
 Of roaring terrors, for defect of judgment
 Is oft the cease of fear But see, thy brother 112

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S head.

Gua. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,
 There was no money in't Not Hercules
 Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had
 none,

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne 116
 My head as I do his.

Bel What hast thou done?
Gua. I am perfect what cut off one Cloten's
 head,

Son to the queen, after his own report,
 Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore,
 With his own single hand he'd take us in, 121
 Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—

they grow,
 And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone
Gua. Why, worthy father, what have we to
 lose, 124

But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
 Protects not us, then why should we be tender
 To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
 Play judge and executioner all himself, 128
 For we do fear the law? What company

Discover you abroad?

Bel No single soul
 Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
 He must have some attendants Though his
 humour 132

Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
 From one bad thing to worse, not frenzy, not
 Absolute madness could so far have rav'd
 To bring him here alone Although, perhaps,
 It may be heard at court that such as we 137
 Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
 May make some stronger head, the which he
 hearing,—

As it is like him,—might break out, and swear
 He'd fetch us in, yet is't not probable 141
 To come alone, either he so undertaking,
 Or they so suffering, then, on good ground we
 fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail 144
 More perilous than the head

Arv Let ordinance
 Come as the gods foresay it, howsoever,
 My brother hath done well

Bel I had no mind
 To hunt this day, the boy Fidele's sickness 148
 Did make my way long forth

Gua With his own sword,
 Which he did wave against my throat, I have
 ta'en

His head from him, I'll throw't into the creek
 Behind our rock, and let it to the sea, 152
 And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten
 That's all I reckon. [Exit

Bel I fear 'twill be reveng'd
 Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't!
 though valour
 Becomes thee well enough

Arv Would I had done't 156
 So the revenge alone pursu'd me! Polydore,
 I love thee brotherly, but envy much
 Thou hast robb'd me of this deed, I would re-
 venges,

That possible strength might meet, would seek
 us through 160
 And put us to our answer

Bel Well, 'tis done —
 We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
 Where there's no profit I prithee, to our rock,
 You and Fidele play the cooks, I'll stay 164
 Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
 To dinner presently

Arv Poor sick Fidele!
 I'll willingly to him, to gain his colour
 I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood, 168
 And praise myself for charity [Exit

Bel O thou goddess!
 Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
 In these two princely boys They are as gentle
 As zephyrs, blowing below the violet, 172
 Not wagging his sweet head, and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale 'Tis wonder
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
 Civility not seen from other, valour

That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 180
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us

Re-enter GUIDERIUS

Gui Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother, his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music*]

Bel My ingenious instrument!
Hark! Polydore, it sounds, but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark! 188

Gui Is he at home?
Bel He went hence even now
Gui What does he mean? since death of my
dear'st mother

It did not speak before All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys 193
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN, as dead,
bearing her in his arms*

Bel Look! here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms 196
Of what we blame him for

Arv The bird is dead
That we have made so much on I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this

Gui O, sweetest, fairest lily! 201
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself

Bel O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find 204
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made,
but I,

Thou died'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy 208
How found you him?

Arv Stark, as you see
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at, his right
cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

Gui Where?
Arv O' the floor, 212
His arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and
put

My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui Why, he but sleeps
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed, 216
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee

Arv With fairest flowers
While summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave, thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose,
nor 221

The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. the ruddock
would, 224

With charitable bill,—O bill! sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument,—bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
none, 228

To winter-ground thy corse

Gui Prithce, have done,
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what 232
Is now due debt To the grave!

Arv Say, where shall's lay him?
Gui By good Euphrile, our mother

Arv Be't so
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
ground, 236

As once our mother, use like note and words,
Save that Euphrile must be Fidele

Gui Cadwal,
I cannot sing, I'll weep, and word it with
thee, 240

For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that he.

Arv We'll speak it then.
Bel Great griefs, I see, medicine the less, for
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys, 244
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that, though mean and mighty
rotting

Together, have one dust, yet reverence—
That angel of the world—doth make distinction 248

Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince

Gui Pray you, fetch him hither
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax' 252
When neither are alive

Arv If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.
[*Exit BELARIUS.*]

Gui Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to
the east,

My father hath a reason for't.
Arv 'Tis true. 256
Gui. Come on then, and remove him.
Arv So, begin.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages
Thou thy worldly task hast done, 260
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages,
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak,
The sceptre, learning, physic, must 268
All follow thee, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have
 And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN

Gui. We have done our obseques. Come,
 lay him down.
Bel. Here's a few flowers, but 'bout mid-
 night, more.
 The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the
 night
 Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their
 faces
 You were as flowers, now wither'd, even so
 These herblets shall, which we upon you strew
 Come on, away, apart upon our knees
 The ground that gave them first has them again,
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
[Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and

Imo. *[Awaking.]* Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven,
 which is the way?

I thank you. By yond bush? Pray, how far
 thither?

'Ods pitikins! can it be six mile yet?
 I have gone all night. Faith, I'll lie down and
 sleep

[Seeing the body of CLOTEN.] But, soft! no bed-
 fellow! O gods and goddesses!
 These flowers are like the pleasures of the world,
 This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I
 dream

For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures, but 'tis not so,
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good
 faith,

I tremble still with fear, but if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
 The dream's here still, even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me, not imagin'd, felt
 A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
 I know the shape of 's leg, this is his hand,
 His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh,
 The brawns of Hercules, but his Jovial face—
 Murder in heaven? How! 'Tis gone. Pisanio,
 All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
 Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters, damn'd Pisanio,
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas!

Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me!
 where's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. How should this be?
 Pisanio?
 'Tis he and Cloten, malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O! 'tis pregnant, preg-
 nant!
 The drug he gave me, which he said was pre-
 cious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murderous to the senses? That confirms it
 home,

This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's. O!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrid may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. O! my lord, my lord
[Falls on the body]

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, other Officers, and a
Soothsayer

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in
 Gallia,

After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
 You here at Milford-Haven with your ships
 They are in readiness

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
 And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service, and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Sienna's brother

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind

Luc. This forwardness
 Makes our hopes fair. Command our present
 numbers

Be muster'd, bid the captains look to't. Now,
 sir,

What have you dream'd of late of this war's
 purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a
 vision—

I fast and pray'd for their intelligence,—thus
 I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
 From the spongy south to this part of the west,
 There vanish'd in the sunbeams, which por-
 tends,

Unless my sins abuse my divination,
 Success to the Roman host

Luc. Dream often so,

And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
 Without his top? The ruin speaks that some-
 time

It was a worthy building. How! a page!
 Or dead or sleeping on him? But dead rather,
 For nature doth abhor to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
 Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord

Luc. He'll, then, instruct us of this body
 Young one,

Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
 They crave to be demanded. Who is this
 Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was
 he

That, otherwise than noble nature did, 364
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy
interest
In this sad wrack? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo I am nothing, or if not,
Nothing to be were better This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good, 369
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!
There are no more such masters, I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service, 372
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master

Luc 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding Say his name, good
friend

Imo Richard du Champ —[*Aside*] If I do
he and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it —Say you, sir?

Luc Thy name?

Imo Fidele, sir
Luc Thou dost approve thyself the very
same, 380

Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No less belov'd The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner 385
Than thine own worth prefer thee Go with me

Imo I'll follow, sir But first, an't please
the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep 388
As these poor pickaxes can dig, and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd
his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh, 392
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me

Luc Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee than master thee
My friends, 396

The boy hath taught us manly duties, let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave, come, arm him Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd 401
As soldiers can Be cheerful, wipe thine eyes
Some falls are means the happier to arise

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III —A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace

*Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and
Attendants*

Cym Again, and bring me word how 'tis
with her, [*Exit an Attendant*].
A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life's in danger.
Heavens!

How deeply you at once do touch me Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone, my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me, her son gone,

So needful for this present it strikes me, past 8
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from
thee

By a sharp torture.

Pis Sir, my life is yours, 12
I humbly set it at your will, but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your
highness,

Hold me your loyal servant

First Lord Good my liege, 16
The day that she was missing he was here,
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym The time is troublesome
[*To PISANIO*] We'll ship you for a season, but
our jealousy
Does yet depend.

First Lord So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn, 24
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent

Cym Now for the counsel of my son and
queen!

I am amaz'd with matter

First Lord Good my liege, 28
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of, come more, for more
you're ready

The want is, but to put those powers in motion
That long to move

Cym I thank you. Let's withdraw, 32
And meet the time as it seeks us We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here Away!

[*Exeunt all but PISANIO*]

Pis I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain 'tis strange, 37
Nor hear I from my mistress who did promise
To yield me often tidings, neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain 40
Perplex'd in all the heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest, not true to be
true

These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd, 45
Fortune brings in whose boats that are not
steer'd. [*Exit*]

SCENE IV —Wales Before the Cave of BELARIUS.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gur The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to
lock it

From action and adventure?

Gur. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans 4

Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after

Bel Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us
To the king's party there's no going, newness
Of Cloten's death,—we being not known, not
muster'd

Among the bands,—may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd, and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be
death

Drawn on with torture

Gut This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us

Arr It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their
eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are

Bel O! I am known
Of many in the army, many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not
wore him

From my remembrance And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter

Gut Than be so
Better to cease to be Pray, sir, to the army
I and my brother are not known, yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd

Arr By this sun that shines,
I'll further what thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veni-
son!

Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gut By heavens! I'll go
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans

Arr So say I, amen
Bel No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care Have with you,
boys!

If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie
Lead, lead—[*Aside*] The time seems long,
their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

ACT V

SCENE I—*Britain The Roman Camp*

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief

Post Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I
wish'd

Thou shouldst be colour'd thus You married
ones,

If each of you should take this course, how
many

Must murder wives much better than them-
selves

For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!

Every good servant does not all commands,
No bond but to do just ones Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I
never

Had liv'd to put on this, so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance But,
alack!

You snatch some hence for little faults, that's
love,

To have them fall no more, you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift

But Imogen is your own, do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey I am brought
hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom, 'tis enough

That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress-piece!
I'll give no wound to thee Therefore good
heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant, so I'll fight

Against the part I come with, so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death and thus, unknown,

Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show

Gods! put the strength o' the Leonati in me
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within

[*Exit*]

SCENE II.—*Field of Battle between the British
and Roman Camps.*

*Enter, from one door, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the
Roman Army, the British at another, LEONATUS*

*POSTHUMUS following like a poor soldier
They march over and go out Alarums Then
enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHU-*

*MUS, he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO,
and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my
bosom

Takes off my manhood I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours.

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is that we scarce are men and you are gods
 [Exit]

*The battle continues the Britons fly, CYMBELINE
 is taken, then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS,
 GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS*

Bel Stand, stand! We have the advantage
 of the ground

The lane is guarded, nothing routs us but 12
The villany of our fears

Gua } Stand, stand, and fight!
Arv }

*Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons,
 they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt Then,
 re-enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN*

Luc Away, boy, from the troops, and save
 thyself,
 For friends kill friends, and 'the disorder's such
 As war were hoodwink'd

lach 'Tis their fresh supplies 16
Luc It is a day turn'd strangely or betimes
 Let's re-inforce, or fly [Exeunt]

SCENE III — Another Part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord Cam'st thou from where they made
 the stand?

Post I did
 Though you, it seems, come from the fiers

Lord I did
Post No blame be to you, sir, for all was
 lost,

But that the heavens fought The king himself 4
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,

And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Through a strait lane, the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having
 work 8

More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some
 falling

Merely through fear, that the strait pass was
 damm'd

With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame

Lord Where was this lane? 13
Post Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd
 with turf,

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
 An honest one, I warrant, who deserv'd 16
 So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for his country, athwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings,—lads more like to run
 The country base than to commit such
 slaughter,— 20

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,
 Made good the passage, cried to those that fled,
 'Our Britam's harts die flying, not our men' 24
 To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards.
 Stand!

Or we are Romans, and will give you that
 8 Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may
 save,
 But to look back in frown stand, stand!' These
 three, 28

Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
 For three performers are the file when all
 The rest do nothing,—with this word, 'Stand,
 stand!'

Accommodated by the place, more charming 32
 With their own nobleness,—which could have
 turn'd

A distaff to a lance,—gilded pale looks,
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some,
 turn'd coward

But by example,—O! a sin of war, 36
 Damn'd in the first beginners,—gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters Then began

A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon, 40
 A rout, confusion thick, forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles,
 slaves,

The strides they victors made And now our
 cowards—

Like fragments in hard voyages—became 44
 The life o' the need, having found the back door
 open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens! how they
 wound,
 Some slain before, some dying, some their
 friends

O'er-borne i' the former wave, ten, chas'd by
 one, 48

Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty,
 Those that would die or ere resist are grown
 The mortal bugs o' the field

Lord This was strange chance
 A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys! 52

Post Nay, do not wonder at it, you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear
 Than to work any Will you rime upon't,

And vent it for a mockery? Here is one 56
 'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

Lord Nay, be not angry, sir
Post 'Lack! to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend,
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do, 61
 I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put me into rime

Lord Farewell, you're angry [Exit
 Post Still going?—This is a lord! O noble
 misery! 64

To be i' the field, and ask, 'what news?' of me!
 To-day how many would have given their
 honours

To have sav'd their carcases! took heel to do't,
 And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death where I did hear his
 groan, 66

Nor feel him where he struck being an ugly
 monster,

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft
 beds,

Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we 72

That draw his knives i' the war Well, I will find him,
 For being now a favourer to the Briton,
 No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
 The part I came in, fight I will no more, 76
 But yield me to the veriest hound that shall
 Once touch my shoulder Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Roman, great the answer be
 Britons must take For me, my ransom's
 death, 80
 On either side I come to spend my breath,
 Which neither here I'll keep nor bear agen,
 But end it by some means for Imogen

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers

First Cap Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius
 is taken 84
 'Tis thought the old man and his sons were
 angels

Sec Cap There was a fourth man, in a silly
 habit,
 That gave th' affront with them.

First Cap So 'tis reported,
 But none of 'em can be found Stand! who is
 there? 88

Post A Roman,
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him

Sec Cap Lay hands on him, a dog!
 A lag of Rome shall not return to tell 92
 What crows have peck'd them here He brags
 his service
 As if he were of note bring him to the king

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended BELARIUS, GUIDE-
 RIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Cap-
 tives The Captains present POSTHUMUS to
 CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler,
 then exeunt omnes*

SCENE IV — Britain A Prison

Enter POSTHUMUS and two Gaolers

First Gaol You shall not now be stol'n, you
 have locks upon you,
 So graze as you find pasture

Sec Gaol Ay, or a stomach
 [Exeunt Gaolers
Post Most welcome, bondage! for thou art
 a way,

I think, to liberty Yet am I better 4
 Than one that's sick o' the gout, since he had
 rather

Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
 By the sure physician death, who is the key
 To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art
 fetter'd 8

More than my shanks and wrists you good
 gods, give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
 Then, free for ever! Is't enough I am sorry?
 So children temporal fathers do appease, 12
 Gods are more full of mercy Must I repent?
 I cannot do it better than in gyves
 Desir'd more than constram'd, to satisfy,
 If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take 16

No stricter render of me than my all
 I know you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again 20
 On their abatement that's not my desire,
 For Imogen's dear life take mine, and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life, you coin'd it,
 'Tween man and man they weigh not every
 stamp, 24

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake
 You rather mine, being yours, and so great
 powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds O Imogen! 28
 I'll speak to thee in silence [Sleeps

*Solemn music Enter as in an apparition SICILIUS
 LEONATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man,
 attired like a warrior leading in his hand an
 ancient matron, his wife, and mother to POST-
 HUMUS with music before them Then, after
 other music, follow the two young LEONATI,
 brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they
 died in the wars They circle POSTHUMUS round,
 as he lies sleeping*

Sici No more, thou thunder-master, show
 Thy spite on mortal flies

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide, 32
 That thy adulteries

Rates and revenges

Hath my poor boy done augit but well,
 Whose face I never saw? 36

I died whilst in the womb he stay'd

Attending nature's law

Whose father then—as men report,

Thou orphans' father art— 40
 Thou shouldst have been, and shielded
 him

From this earth-vexing smart

Moth Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes, 44
 That from me was Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity!

Sici Great nature, like his ancestry, 48
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
 As great Silicius' heir

First Bro When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he 53
 That could stand up his parallel,
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best 56
 Could deem his dignity?

Moth With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
 To be exil'd, and thrown
 From Leonati's seat, and cast 60
 From her his dearest one,
 Sweet Imogen?

Sici Why did you suffer Iachimo,
 Slight thing of Italy, 64

To taint his nobler heart and brain
 With needless jealousy,
 And to become the geck and scorn
 O' the other's villany?

Sec Bro For this from stiller seats we came,
 Our parents and us twain,
 That striking in our country's cause
 Fell bravely and were slain,
 Our fealty and Tenantus' right
 With honour to maintain.

First Bro Like hardiment Posthumus hath
 To Cymbeline perform'd
 Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
 The graces for his merits due,
 Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici Thy crystal window ope, look out,
 No longer exercise
 Upon a valiant race thy harsh
 And potent injuries

Moth Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
 Take off his miseries

Sici Peep through thy marble mansion, help!
 Or we poor ghosts will cry
 To the shining synod of the rest
 Against thy deity

Both Bro Help, Jupiter! or we appeal,
 And from thy justice fly

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees

Jup No more, you petty spirits of region low,
 Offend our hearing, hush! How dare you
 ghosts
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts? 96
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd,
 No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours 100
 Whom best I love I cross, to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted Be content,
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in 105
 Our temple was he married Rise, and fade!
 He shall be lord of Lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made 108
 This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine,
 And so, away no further with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine 112
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline

[Ascends]
Sici He came in thunder, his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us, his ascension is 116
 More sweet than our bless'd fields, his royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing and cloyes his beak,

As when his god is pleas'd.
All Thanks, Jupiter!
Sici The marble pavement closes, he is
 enter'd 120

His radiant roof Away! and, to be blest,
 Let us with care perform his great behest.
[The Ghosts vanish]

Post [Awaking] Sleep, thou hast been a
 grandsire, and begot 72
 A father to me, and thou hast created 124
 A mother and two brothers But—O scorn!—
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were
 born

And so I am awake Poor wretches, that depend
 On greatness' favour dream as I have done, 128
 Wake, and find nothing But, alas! I swerve
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 80 And yet are steep'd in favours, so am I,
 That have this golden chance and know not
 why 132
 What fancies haunt this ground? A book? O
 rare one!

84 Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers, 136
 As good as promise

When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air, and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty

92 'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
 Tongue and brain not, either both or nothing,
 Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such 148
 As sense cannot untie Be what it is,
 The action of my life is like it, which
 I'll keep, if but for sympathy

Re-enter Gaolers.

First Gaol Come, sir, are you ready for
 death? 153

Post Over-roasted rather, ready long ago

First Gaol Hanging is the word, sir if you
 be ready for that, you are well cooked

Post So, if I prove a good repast to the
 spectators, the dish pays the shot 158

First Gaol A heavy reckoning for you, sir,
 but the comfort is, you shall be called to no
 more payments, fear no more tavern-bills, which
 are often the sadness of parting, as the procur-
 ing of mirth. You come in faint for want of
 1. at, depart reeling with too much drink, sorry
 that you have paid too much, and sorry that
 you are paid too much, purse and brain both
 empty, the brain the heavier for being too light,
 the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness
 of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O!
 the charity of a penny cord, it sums up thou-
 sands in a trice you have no true debtor and
 creditor but it, of what's past, is, and to come,
 the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book and
 counters, so the acquaintance follows. 174

Post I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Gaol Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache, but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer, for look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go 181

Post Yes, indeed do I, fellow
First Gaol Your death has eyes in's head, then, I have not seen him so pictured you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one 190

Post I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going but such as wink and will not use them

First Gaol What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking 197

Enter a Messenger

Mess Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the king

Post Thou bring'st good news, I am called to be made free 201

First Gaol I'll be hang'd, then

Post Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler, no bolts for the dead 204

[Exeunt all but first Gaoler]

First Gaol Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are venter knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman, and there be some of them too, that die against their wills, so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good, O! there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses. I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. *[Exit]*

SCENE V—CYMBELINE'S Tent

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne Woe is my heart
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast 4

Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found
He shall be happy that can find him, if

Our grace can make him so

Bel. I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing, 8
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living.
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am 12
The heir of his reward, which I will add

[To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS]
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom, I grant, she lives 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are report it.

Bel. Sir, 16
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest

Cym. Bow your knees
Arise, my knights o' the battle. I create you 20
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies

There's business in these faces Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans, 24
And not o' the court of Britain

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider, 28
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded 32
Most cruel to herself What she confess'd
I will report, so please you these her women
Can trip me if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd

Cym. Prithee, say 36
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you,
only

Affected greatness got by you, not you,
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhor'd your person

Cym. She alone knew this, 40
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand
to love

With such integrity, she did confess 44
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? Is there more? 48

Cor. More, sir, and worse She did confess
she had

For you a mortal mineral, which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you, in which time she pur-
pos'd, 52

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show, yea, and in time—
When she had fitted you with her craft—to
work

Her son into the adoption of the crown, 56
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate, open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes, repented

The evils she hatch'd were not effected 60, 66
Despairing died

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

First Lady We did, so please your highness
Cym Mine eyes
 Were not in fault, for she was beautiful,
 Mine ears, that heard her flattery, nor my
 heart, 64
 That thought her like her seeming it had been
 vicious
 To have mistrusted her yet, O my daughter!
 That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
 And prove it in thy feeling Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and
 other Roman Prisoners, guarded POSTHUMUS
 behind, and IMOGEN*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute that 69
 The Britons have raz'd out, though with the
 loss
 Of many a bold one, whose kinsmen have made
 suit
 That their good souls may be appeas'd with
 slaughter 72
 Of you their captives, which ourself have
 granted
 So, think of your estate

Luc Consider, sir, the chance of war the
 day
 Was yours by accident, had it gone with us, 76
 We should not, when the blood was cool, have
 threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword But since the
 gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
 May be call'd ransom, let it come, sufficeth, 80
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer,
 Augustus lives to think on't, and so much
 For my peculiar care This one thing only
 I will entreat, my boy, a Briton born, 84
 Let him be ransom'd, never master had
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions, true,
 So feat, so nurse-like Let his virtue 'in 88
 With my request, which I'll make bold your
 highness

Cannot deny, he hath done no Briton harm,
 Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside 92

Cym I have surely seen him,
 His favour is familiar to me Boy,
 Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
 And art mine own. I know not why nor where-
 fore, 96

To say, live, boy 'ne'er thank thy master, live
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it,
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner, 100
 The noblest ta'en.

Imo I humbly thank your highness.
Luc I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
 And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo No, no, alack!
 There's other work in hand I see a thing 104
 Bitter to me as death, your life, good master,
 Must shuffle for itself.

Luc The boy disdains me,
 He leaves me, scorns me, briefly due their joys
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys.

Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy? 109
 I love thee more and more, think more and
 more

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st
 on? speak,

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo He is a Roman, no more kin to me 113
 Than I to your highness, who, being born your
 vassal,

Am something nearer

Cym Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
 To give me hearing

Cym Ay, with all my heart, 117
 And lend my best attention What's thy name?

Imo Fidele, sir

Cym Thou'rt my good youth, my page,
 I'll be thy master walk with me, speak freely

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart]

Bel Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv One said another 121

Not more resembles,—that sweet rosy lad

Who died, and was Fidele What think you?

Gui The same dead thing alive 124

Bel Peace, peace! see further, he eyes us
 not, forbear,

Creatures may be alike, were't he, I am sure
 He would have spoke to us

Gui But we saw him dead.

Bel Be silent, let's see further

Pis [Aside] It is my mistress 128

Since she is living, let the time run on

To good, or bad

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward]

Cym Come, stand thou by our side

Make thy demand aloud —[To IACHIMO] Sir,

step you forth.

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely, 132

Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,

Which is our honour, bitter torture shall

Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak
 to him

Imo My boon is, that this gentleman may
 render 136

Of whom he had this ring

Post [Aside] What's that to him?

Cym That diamond upon your finger, say

How came it yours?

Iach Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken
 that 140

Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym How! me?

Iach I am glad to be constrain'd to utter
 that

Which torments me to conceal. By villany

I got this ring, 'twas Leonatus' jewel, 144

Whom thou didst banish, and—which more
 may grieve thee,

As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd

'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more,
 my lord?

Cym All that belongs to this.

Iach That paragon, thy daughter,—

For whom my heart drops blood, and my false
 spirits 148

Quail to remember,—Give me leave, I faint
Cym My daughter! what of her? Renew
 thy strength,
 I had rather thou shouldst live while nature
 will ¹⁵²
 Than die ere I hear more Strive, man, and
 speak
Iach Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
 That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—
 accurs'd
 The mansion where!—'twas at a feast—O,
 would ¹⁵⁶
 Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
 Those which I heav'd to head!—the good Post-
 humus,—
 What should I say? he was too good to be
 Where ill men were, and was the best of all ¹⁶⁰
 Amongst the rar'st of good ones,—sitting sadly
 Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
 For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speak, for feature
 laming ¹⁶⁴
 The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
 Postures beyond brief nature, for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities that man
 Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,
 Fairness which strikes the eye
Cym I stand on fire ¹⁶⁹
 Come to the matter
Iach All too soon I shall,
 Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly This Post-
 humus—
 Most like a noble lord in love, and one ¹⁷²
 That had a royal lover—took his hunt,
 And, not dispraising whom we prais'd,—therein
 He was as calm as virtue,—he began
 His mistress' picture, which by his tongue being
 made, ¹⁷⁶
 And then a mind put in't, either our brags
 Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his descrip-
 tion
 Prov'd us unspeaking sots
Cym Nay, nay, to the purpose
Iach Your daughter's chastity, there it be-
 gins ¹⁸⁰
 He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold, whereat I, wretch,
 Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with
 him
 Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain ¹⁸⁵
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
 By hers and mine adultery He, true knight,
 No lesser of her honour confident ¹⁸⁸
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring,
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of Phœbus' wheel, and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of scar Away to Britain
 Post I in this design Well may you, sir, ¹⁹³
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villainous Being thus
 quench'd ¹⁹⁶
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian bram
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 Most vilely, for my vantage, excellent,

And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd, ²⁰⁰
 That I return'd with simular proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With token thus, and thus, averring notes ²⁰⁴
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her brace-
 let,—
 Oh cunning! how I got it!—nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd, ²⁰⁸
 I having ta'en the forfeit Whereupon,—
 Methinks I see him now,—

Post [Coming forward] Ay, so thou dost,
 Italian fiend!—Ay me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing ²¹²
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come O! give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer Thou king, send out
 For torturers ingenious, it is I ²¹⁶
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
 By being worse than they I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter, villain-like, I lie,
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself, ²²⁰
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't, the temple
 Of virtue was she, yea, and she herself
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me, every villain
 Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and ²²⁵
 Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen!
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

Imo Peace, my lord! hear, hear!
Post Shall's have a play of this? Thouscorn-
 ful page, ²²⁹

There lie thy part [Striking her she falls

Pis O, gentlemen, help!

Mine, and your mistress! O! my Lord Posthu-
 mus,

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now Help, help!
 Mine honour'd lady!

Cym Does the world go round? ²³³

Post How come these staggers on me?

Pis Wake, my mistress!

Cym If this be so, the gods do mean to strike
 me

To death with mortal joy

Pis How fares my mistress? ²³⁶

Imo O! get thee from my sight

Thou gav'st me poison dangerous fellow,
 hence!

Breathe not where princes are

Cym The tune of Imogen!

Pis Lady, ²⁴⁰

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if

That box I gave you was not thought by me

A precious thing I had it from the queen.

Cym New matter still?

Imo It poison'd me

Cor O gods! ²⁴⁴

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,

Which must approve thee honest 'If Pisano

Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that con-
 fection

Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd ²⁴⁸

As I would serve a rat.

Cym What's this, Cornelius?

Cor The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only 252
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem, I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life, but in short time 257
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions Have you ta'en of it?

Imo Most like I did, for I was dead

Bel My boys, 260

There was our error

Gui This is, sure, Fidele

Imo Why did you throw your wedded lady
from you?

Think that you are upon a rock, and now

Throw me again [*Embracing him*]

Post Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym How now, my flesh, my child!

What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?

Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo [*Kneeling*] Your blessing, sir

Bel [*To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS*] Though

you did love this youth, I blame ye not,

You had a motive for't

Cym My tears that fall 269

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead

Imo I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym O, she was naught, and long of her it
was 272

That we meet here so strangely, but her son

Is gone, we know not how, nor where

Pis My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord

Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me 276

With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth,

and swore

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,

It was my instant death. By accident,

I had a feigned letter of my master's 280

Then in my pocket, which directed him

To seek her on the mountains near to Milford,

Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,

Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts 284

With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate

My lady's honour, what became of him

I further know not.

Gui Let me end the story

I slew him there

Cym Marry, the gods forfend! 288

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips

Pluck a hard sentence prithe, valiant youth,

Deny't again

Gui I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym He was a prince 292

Gui Almost incivillone The wrongs he did me

Were nothing prince-like, for he did provoke

me

With language that would make me spurn the

sea

If it could so roar to me I cut off's head, 296

And am right glad he is not standing here

To tell this tale of mine

Cym

I am sorry for thee

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and

must

Endure our law Thou'rt dead

Imo That headless man 300

I thought had been my lord

Cym

Bind the offender,

And take him from our presence

Bel Stay, sir king

This man is better than the man he slew,

As well descended as thyself, and hath, 304

More of thee mented than a band of Clotens

Had ever scar for [*To the Guard*] Let his

arms alone,

They were not born for bondage

Cym Why, old soldier,

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent 309

As good as we?

Arv In that he spake too far.

Cym And thou shalt die for't

Bel We will die all three

But I will prove that two on's are as good 312

As I have given out him My sons, I must

For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,

Though, haply, well for you.

Arv Your danger's ours.

Gui And our good hus

Bel Have at it, then, by leave 316

Thou hadst, great king, a subject who was call'd

Belarius

Cym What of him? he is

A banish'd traitor

Bel He it is that hath

Assum'd this age indeed, a banish'd man, 320

I know not how a traitor

Cym Take him hence

The whole world shall not save him.

Bel Not too hot

First pay me for the rursing of thy sons,

And let it be confiscate all so soon 324

As I have receiv'd it.

Cym Nursing of my sons!

Bel I am too blunt and saucy, here's my

knee

Ere I arise I will prefer my sons,

Then spare not the old father Mighty sir 328

These two young gentlemen, that call me father,

And think they are my sons are none of mine,

They are the issue of your loins, my liege,

And blood of your begetting

Cym How! my issue! 332

Bel So sure as you your father's. I, old

Morgan,

Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd

Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-

ment

Itself, and all my treason, that I suffer'd 336

Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—

For such and so they are—these twenty years

Have I train'd up, those arts they have as I

Could put into them, my breeding was, sir, as

Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euphile,

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children

Upon my banishment I mov'd her to't,

Having receiv'd the punishment before, 344
 For that which I did then, beaten for loyalty
 Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt the more it shap'd
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious
 sir, 348

Here are your sons again, and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are
 worthy 352

To inlay heaven with stars
Cym Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
 The service that you three have done is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children
 If these be they, I know not how to wish 356
 A pair of worthier sons

Bel Be pleas'd awhile
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
 Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius,
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus, 360
 Your younger princely son, he, sir, was lapp'd
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
 Of his queen mother, which, for more proba-
 tion,

I can with ease produce
Cym Guiderius had 364
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star,
 It was a mark of wonder

Bel This is he,
 Who hath upon him still that natural stamp
 It was wise nature's end in the donation, 368
 To be his evidence now

Cym O! what, am I
 A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
 Rejoic'd deliverance more. Blest pray you be,
 That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
 You may reign in them now. O Imogen! 373
 Thou hast lost by this a kingdom

Imo No, my lord,
 I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle
 brothers!

Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter 376
 But I am truest speaker you call'd me brother,
 When I was but your sister, I you brothers
 When ye were so indeed.

Cym Did you e'er meet?
Arv Ay, my good lord.

Gui And at first meeting lov'd, 380
 Continu'd so, until we thought he died.

Cor By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym O rare instinct!
 When shall I hear all through? This fierce
 abridgment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which 384
 Distinction should be rich in. Where? how
 liv'd you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
 How parted with your brothers? how first met
 them?

Why fled you from the court, and whither?
 These, 388

And your three motives to the battle, with
 I know not how much more, should be de-
 manded,

And all the other by-dependances,

From chance to chance, but nor the time nor
 place 392

Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
 Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
 Each object with a joy the counterchange 397
 Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
 And smoke the temple with our sacrifices
 [To BELARIUS] Thou art my brother, so we'll
 hold thee ever 400

Imo You are my father too, and did relieve
 me,

To see this gracious season.
Cym All o'erjoy'd
 Save these in bonds, let them be joyful too,
 For they shall taste our comfort

Imo My good master, 404
 I will yet do you service

Luc Happy be you!
Cym The forlorn soldier, that so nobly
 fought

He would have well becom'd this place and
 grac'd

The thankings of a king
Post I am, sir, 408

The soldier that did company these three
 In poor besecming, 'twas a fitment for
 The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
 Speak, Iachimo, I had you down and might 412
 Have made you finish.

Iach [Kneeling] I am down again,
 But now my heavy conscience sinks my knees,
 As then your force did. Take that life, beseech
 you,

Which I so often owe, but your ring first, 416
 And here the bracelet of the truest princess
 That ever swore her faith.

Post Kneel not to me
 The power that I have on you is to spare you,
 The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,
 And deal with others better

Cym Nobly doom'd 422
 We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law,
 Pardon's the word to all

Arv You help us, sir,
 As you did mean indeed to be our brother, 424
 Joy'd are we that you are

Post Your servant, princes. Good my lord
 of Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, me-
 thought

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd, 428
 Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows

Of mine own kindred when I wak'd, I found
 This label on my bosom, whose containing

Is so from sense in hardness that I can 432
 Make no collection of it, let him show
 His skill in the construction.

Luc Philarmonus!

Sooth Here, my good lord.

Luc Read, and declare the meaning

Sooth. Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to him-
 self unknown, without seeking find, and be em-
 braced by a piece of tender air, and when from

a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp, 444
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much
[To CYMBELINE] The piece of tender air, thy
virtuous daughter,

Which we call *mollis aer* and *mollis aer* 448
We term it *mulier* which *mulier*, I divine,
Is thus most constant wife, who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, [To POSTHUMUS] unsought,
were clipp'd about 452

With this most tender air

Cym This hath some seeming
Sooth The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee, and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius stolen, 456
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty

Cym Well,
My peace we will begin And, Caius Lucius, 460
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire, promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which

We were dissuaded by our wicked queen, 464
Whom heavens—in justice both on her and
hers—

Have laid most heavy hand

Soth The fingers of the powers above do
tune

The harmony of this peace The vision 468
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd, for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft, 472
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd which foreshow'd our princely
eagle,

The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline, 476
Which shines here in the west.

Cym Laud we the gods,
And let our crooked smokes climb to their
nostrils

From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects Set we forward: let 480
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together, so through Lud's town
march

And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify, seal it with feasts 484
Set on there Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a
peace [Exeunt

PERICLES

PRINCE OF TYRE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.
 PERICLES Prince of Tyre
 HELICANUS, } two Lords of Tyre
 ESCANES
 SIMONIDES King of Pentapolis.
 CLEON Governor of Tarsus
 LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mitylene.
 CERIMON a Lord of Ephesus
 THALIARD a Lord of Antioch.
 PHILEMON Servant to Cerimon.
 LEONINE, Servant to Dionyza.
 Marshal.

A Pandar
 BOULT, his Servant

The Daughter of Antiochus
 DIONYZA, Wife to Cleon
 THAISA, Daughter to Simonides
 MARINA, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa
 LYCHORIDA, Nurse to Marina.
 A Bawd.

Lords, Ladies Knights Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates,
 Fishermen, and Messengers

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus

SCENE — *Dispersedly in various Countries*

ACT I

Before the Palace of Antioch

Enter GOWER

*To sing a song that old was sung,
 From ashes ancient Gower is come,
 Assuming man's infirmities,
 To glad your ear, and please your eyes* 4
*It hath been sung at festivals,
 On ember-eves, and holy-ales
 And lords and ladies in their lives
 Have read it for restoratives* 8
*The purchase is to make men glorious,
 Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius
 If you, born in these latter times,
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rimes,* 12
*And that to hear an old man sing
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you like taper-light* 16
*This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
 Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
 The fairest in all Syria,
 I tell you what mine authors say
 Thus king unto him took a fere,
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face
 As heaven had lent her all his grace,
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke
 Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
 To evil should be done by none
 By custom what they did begin
 Was with long use account no sin.
 The beauty of this sunful dame
 Made many princes thither frame.
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow*

*Which to prevent, he made a law,
 To keep her still, and men in awe,
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,* 36
*His riddle told not, lost his life
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grum looks do testify* 40
*What now ensues, to the judgment of your
 eye*

I give, my cause who best can justify [Exit

SCENE I.—*Antioch A Room in the Palace*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants

Ant Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large
 receiv'd

The danger of the task you undertake
 Per I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise, 4
 Think death no hazard in this enterprise

Ant Bring in our daughter, clothed like a
 bride,

For the embracements even of Jove himself,
 At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd, 8
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,
 To knit in her their best perfections [Music

Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS

Per See, where she comes apparell'd like the
 spring, 12
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!
 Her face the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath 17
 Could never be her mild companion
 You gods, that made me man, and sway in love,
 That hath inflam'd desire in my breast 20
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree

Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness! 24

Ant Prince Pericles,—

Per That would be son to great Antiochus

Ant Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd,
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain,
And which, without desert, because thine eye 32
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire
Tell thee with speechless tongues and semblance
pale, 36

That without covering, save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars,
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist 40

Per Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath
taught

My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must, 44
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error
I'll make my will then, and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling
woe, 48

Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do,
My riches to the earth from whence they came,

[To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS]

But my unspotted fire of love to you 53
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow

Ant Scorning advice, read the conclusion
then, 56

Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed
Daugh Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove
prosperous!

Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness! 60

Per Like a bold champion, I assume the
lists,

Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

I am no viper, yet I feed

On mother's flesh which did me breed,

I sought a husband, in which labour

I found that kindness in a father

He's father, son, and husband mild,

I mother, wife, and yet his child

How they may be, and yet in two,

As you will live, resolve it you

Sharp physic is the last but, O you powers! 72
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's
acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?

Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill 77

But I must tell you now my thoughts revolt,

For he's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,
Who finger'd to make men his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods to
hearken,

But being play'd upon before your time, 84
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy
life,

For that's an article within our law, 88
As dangerous as the rest Your time's expir'd
Either expound now or receive your sentence

Per Great king,

Few love to hear the sins they love to act, 92
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown,

For vice repeated is like the wandering wind, 96
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself,
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind
mole casts 100

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is
throng'd
By man's oppression, and the poor worm doth
die for't.

Kings are earth's gods, in vice their law's their
will,

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know, and it is fit, 105

What being more known grows worse, to
smother it

All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant [Aside] Heaven! that I had thy head
he has found the meaning, 109

But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of
Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting, 112

We might proceed to cancel of your days,
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise
Forty days longer we do respite you, 116

If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son
And until then your entertain shall be

As doth befit our honour and your worth. 120

[Exeunt all but PERICLES]

Per How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like a hypocrite,

The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false, 124

Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul,
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely clasplings with your child,—
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father,—
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed,
And both like serpents are, who though they
feed 132

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.

Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the
light. 136

One sin, I know, another doth provoke,
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame 140
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear

[Exit

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS

Ant He hath found the meaning, for which
we mean

To take his head 144
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner,
And therefore instantly this prince must die 148
For by his fall my honour must keep high
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD

Thal Doth your highness call?

Ant Thaliard,
You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy, 153
And for your faithfulness we will advance you
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's
gold,

We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill
him 156

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it Say, is it done?

Thal My lord, 'tis done

Ant Enough 160

Enter a Messenger

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste
Mess My lord, Prince Pericles is fled [Exit

Ant [To THALIARD] As thou
Wilt live, fly after, and, as an arrow shot
From a well-experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return 165
Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'

Thal My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length, 168
I'll make him sure enough so, farewell to your
highness

Ant Thaliard, adieu! [Exit THALIARD
Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head [Exit

SCENE II.—Tyre A Room in the Palace

Enter PERICLES

Per [To those without] Let none disturb us.—
Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
Be my so us'd a guest, as not an hour
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night— 4
The tomb where grief should sleep—can breed
me quiet?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes
shun them,
—d danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,

Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here,
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits, 9
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me
Then it is thus the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread, 12
Have after-nourishment and life by care,
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now and cares it be not done
And so with me the great Antiochus,— 16
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can make his will his act,—
Will think me speaking, though I swear to
silence,

Nor boots it me to say I honour him, 20
If he suspect I may dishonour him,
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be
known
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land, 24
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought
offence 28

Which care of them, not pity of myself,—
Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend
them — 31
Make both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish

Enter HELICANUS and other Lords

First Lord Joy and all comfort in your
sacred breast!

Sec Lord And keep your mind, till you re-
turn to us,

Peaceful and comfortable 36
Hel Peace, peace! and give experience
tongue

They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin,
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark, 40
To which that blast gives heat and stronger
glowing,

Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life 45
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please,
I cannot be much lower than my knees

Per All leave us else, but let your cares o'er-
look 48

What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us [Exeunt Lords

Helicanus, thou

Hast mov'd us, what seest thou in our looks?

Hel An angry brow, dread lord 52

Per If there be such a dart in prince's frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel How dare the plants look up to heaven,
from whence

They have their nourishment?

Per Thou know'st I have power 56

To take thy life from thee
Hel [Kneeling] I have ground the axe my-
self,

Do you but strike the blow

Per Rise, prithee, rise,
Sit down, thou art no flatterer 60
I thank thee for it, and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults
hid!

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant, 64

What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself

Per Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,

That munster'st a potion unto me 68
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself

Attend me then I went to Antioch,
Where as thou know'st, against the face of death

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty, 72
From whence an issue I might propagate
Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest, hark in thine ear, as black as incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth, but thou know'st this,

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss
Which fear so grew in me, I luther fled, 80
Under the covering of a careful night,

Who seem'd my good protector, and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.

I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears 84
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years

And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air

How many worthy princes' bloods were shed, 88
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,

To lop that doubt he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,

When all, for mine, if I may call't, offence, 92
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence

Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it,—

Hel Alas! sir
Per Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks, 96

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came,

And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them 100

Hel Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,

Who either by public war or private treason 104
Will take away your life

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,

Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life 108
Your rule direct to any, if to me,

Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per I do not doubt thy faith,
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence? 112

Hel We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth
Per Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee, 116
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself

The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I'll lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath,
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both 121

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,

Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — *The Same. An Antechamber in the Palace*

Enter THALIARD

Thal So this is Tyre, and this the court
Here must I kill King Pericles, and if I do not, I

am sure to be hanged at home 'tis dangerous
Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had

good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he
would of the king, desired he might know none

of his secrets now do I see he had some reason
for it, for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is

bound by the indenture of his oath to be one
Hush! here come the lords of Tyre 10

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,

Further to question me of your king's departure
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, 13

Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.
Thal [Aside] How! the king gone!

Hel If further yet you will be satisfied, 16
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,

He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal [Aside] What from Antioch?
Hel Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not— 20

Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so,
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,

To show his sorrow he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil, 24

With whom each minute threatens life or death.
Thal [Aside] Well, I perceive

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would,
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please 28

He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.
I'll present myself [Aloud] Peace to the lords of Tyre.

Hel Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal From him I come,
With message unto princely Pericles,
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown
travels,

My message must return from whence it came

Hel We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us
Yet, ere you shall depart, thus we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV — *Tarsus A Room in the
Governor's House*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants

Cle My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio That were to blow at fire in hope to
quench it,

For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher
O my distressed lord! even such our griefs are,
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's
eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher
rise

Cle O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air, our eyes do weep
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim
them louder,

That if heaven slumber while their creatures
want,

They may awake their helps to comfort them
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears

Dio I'll do my best, sir

Cle Thus Tarsus, o'er which I have the
government,

A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets,
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd
the clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at,
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by
Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight,
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio O! 'tis too true

Cle But see what heaven can do! By thus
our change,

These mouths, whom but of late earth, sea, and
air

Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abun-
dance,

As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise,
Those palates who, not yet two summers
younger,

Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it,
Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping,
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial
Is not this true?

Dio Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness

Cle O! let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs

Enter a Lord

Lord Where's the lord governor?
Cle Here

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in
haste,

For comfort is too far for us to expect

Lord We have deserv'd, upon our neigh-
bouring shore,

A portl' sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle I thought as much

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor,

And so in ours Some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their
power,

To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a conquest of unhappy me,

Whereas no glory's got to overcome
Lord That's the least fear, for by the sem-
blance

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us
peace,

And come to us as favourers, not as foes
Cle Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to
repeat

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit
But bring they what they will and what they
can,

What need we fear?
The ground's the lowest and we are half way
there

Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he
comes,

And what he craves
Lord I go, my lord

Cle Welcome is peace if he on peace consist,
If wars we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per Lord governor, for so we hear you are
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be like a beacon fir'd to amaze your eyes

We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre, &
And seen the desolation of your streets
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load,

[*Exit*

84

And these our ships, you happily may think 92
 Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
 With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
 Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
 And give them life whom hunger starv'd half 96
 dead

All The gods of Greece protect you!
 And we'll pray for you

Per Arise, I pray you, rise
 We do not look for reverence, but for love,
 And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle The which when any shall not gratify,
 Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
 Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
 The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
 Till when—the which, I hope, shall ne'er be 105
 seen—

Your Grace is welcome to our town and us
 Per Which welcome we'll accept, feast here 108
 awhile,

Until our stars that frown lend us a smile 108
 [Exeunt

ACT II

Enter GOWER

Here have you seen a mighty king
 His child, I wis, to incest bring
 A better prince and benign lord,
 That will prove awful both in deed and word 4
 Be quiet, then, as men should be,
 Till he hath pass'd necessity
 I'll show you those in troubles reign,
 Losing a mate, a mountain gain 8
 The good in conversation,
 To whom I give my benison,
 Is still at Tarsus, where each man
 Thinks all is writ he speken can 12
 And, to remember what he does,
 Build his statue to make him glorious
 But tidings to the contrary
 Are brought your eyes what need speak I?

DUMB SHOW

Enter, from one side, PERICLES, talking with
 CLEON, all their Train with them Enter, at
 another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to
 PERICLES, who shows the letter to CLEON, then
 gives the Messenger a reward, and knights
 him Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c, severally

Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,
 Not to eat honey like a drone
 From others' labours for though he strive
 To killen bad, keep good alive, 20
 And to fulfil his prince's desire,
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre
 How Thahard came full bent with sin
 And had intent to murder him 24
 And that in Tarsus was not best
 Longer for him to make his rest
 He, doing so, put forth to seas,
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease 29
 For now the wind begins to blow,
 Thunder above and deeps below
 Make such unquiet, that the ship

Should house him safe is wrack'd and split, 32
 And he, good prince, having all lost,
 By waves from coast to coast is tost
 All perishes of man, of pelf,
 Ne aught escapen but himself 36
 Till Fortune, tur'd with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad
 And here he comes What shall be next,
 Pardon old Gower, thus longs the text [Exit

SCENE I — Pentapohs An open Place by
the Sea-side

Enter PERICLES, wet

Per Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of
 heaven!

Wind, rain and thunder, remember, earthly man
 Is but a substance that must yield to you,
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you 4
 Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me
 breath

Nothing to think on but ensuing death
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers 8
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes,
 And having thrown him from your watery
 grave,
 Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish What, ho, Pilch! 12

Sec Fish Ha! come and bring away the nets

First Fish What, Patch-breech, I say!

Thurd Fish What say you, master?

First Fish Look how thou surrest now!
 come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannon 17

Thurd Fish Fauth, master, I am thinking of
 the poor men that were cast away before us 20
 even now

First Fish Alas! poor souls, it grieved my
 heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us
 to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce
 help ourselves 24

Thurd Fish Nay, master, said not I as much
 when I saw the porpus how he bounced and
 tumbled? they say they're half fish half flesh,
 a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to
 be washed Master, I marvel how the fishes live
 in the sea 30

First Fish Why, as men do a-land, the great
 ones eat up the little ones, I can compare our
 rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale,
 a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before
 him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful
 Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who
 never leave gaping till they've swallowed the
 whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all. 38

Per [Aside] A pretty moral

Thurd Fish But master, if I had been the
 sexton, I would have been that day in the
 belfry

Sec Fish. Why, man? 43

Thurd Fish Because he should have swal-
 lowed me too, and when I had been in his
 belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the
 bells, that he should never have left till he cast

bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per [*Aside*] Simonides!

Thrid Fish We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey 52

Per [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect! 56

[*Aloud*] Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen

Sec Fish Honest! good fellow, what's that?
if it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar,
and nobody look after it 60

Per Y' may see the sea hath cast me on your coast

Sec Fish What a drunken knave was the sea,
to cast thee in our way!

Per A man whom both the waters and the wind, 64

In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him,
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg

First Fish No, friend, cannot you beg? here's
them in our country of Greece gets more with
begging than e can do with working 70

Sec Fish Anst thou catch any fishes then?
Per I never practised it

Sec Fish Nay then thou wilt starve, sure,
for here's nothing to be got now-a-days unless
thou canst fish for't

Per What I have been I have forgot to know, 76

But what I am want teaches me to think on,
A man throng'd up with cold, my veins are
chill,

And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help,
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, 81
For that I am a man, pray see me buried

First Fish Die, quoth-a? Now, gods forbid!
I have a gown here, come, put it on, keep
thee warm Now, afore me, a handsome fellow!
Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh
for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er
puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be
welcome 89

Per I thank you, sir

First Fish Hark you, my friend, you said
you could not beg 92

Per I did but crave

Sec Fish But crave! Then I'll turn craver
too, and so I shall 'scape whipping

Per Why, are all your beggars whipped
then? 97

Sec Fish O! not all, my friend, not all, for
if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish
no better office than to be beadle But, master,
I'll go draw up the net. 101

[*Exit with Thrid Fisherman*
Per How well this honest mirth becomes
their labour!

First Fish Hark you, sir, do you know
where ye are? 104

Per Not well.

First Fish Why, I'll tell you this is called
Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides

Per The good King Simonides do you call
him? 109

First Fish Ay, sir, and he deserves to be
so called for his peaceable reign and good
government 112

Per He is a happy king, since he gains from
his subjects the name of good by his government
How far is his court distant from this shore?

First Fish Marry, sir, half a day's journey,
and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and
to-morrow is her birthday and there are princes
and knights come from all parts of the world to
just and tourney for her love 120

Per Were my fortunes equal to my desires,
I could wish to make one there

First Fish O! sir, things must be as they
may, and what a man cannot get, he may law
fully deal for his wife's soul,— 125

*Re-enter Second and Thrid Fishermen,
drawing up a net*

Sec Fish Help, master, help! here's a fish
hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the
law, 'twill hardly come out, Ha! bobs on't, 'tis
come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour

Per An armour, friends! I pray you, let
me see it

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself, 132
And though it was mine own, part of mine
heritage,

Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
'Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield 136
'Twixt me and death,'—and pointed to this
brace,

'For that it sav'd me, keep it, in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—'t may
defend thee'

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it, 140
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd they have given
't again

I thank thee for't, my shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in's will 144

First Fish What mean you, sir?

Per To beg of you, kind friends, this coat
of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king,
I know it by this mark He lov'd me dearly, 148
And for his sake I wish the having of it,
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's
court,

Where with it I may appear a gentleman,
And if that ever my low fortunes better, 152
I'll pay your bounties, till then rest your debtor

First Fish Why, wilt thou tourney for the
lady?

Per I'll show the virtue I have borne in
arms 157

First Fish Why, do'e take it; and the gods
give thee good on't!

Sec Fish Ay, but hark you, my friend, 'twas
we that made up this garment through the

rough seams of the water, there are certain
condolements, certain vails I hope, sir, if you
thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it

Per Believe it, I will 165
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel,
And spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his bidding on my arm 168
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided 172
Of a pair of bases

Sec Fish We'll sure provide, thou shalt
have my best gown to make thee a pair, and
I'll bring thee to the court myself 176

Per Then honour be but a goal to my will!
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — *The Same A public Way Platform
leading to the Lists A Pavilion near it, for
the reception of the KING, Princess, Ladies,
Lords, &c*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants

Sim Are the knights ready to begin the
triumph?

First Lord They are, my liege,
And stay your coming to present themselves

Sim Return them, we are ready, and our
daughter, 4

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai It pleaseth you, my royal father, to
express 8

My commendations great, whose merit's less
Sim 'Tis fit it should be so, for princes are

A model, which heaven makes like to itself
As jewels lose their glory if neglected, 12

So princes their renowns if not respected
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device

Thai Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll
perform. 16

*Enter a Knight, he passes over the stage, and
his Squire presents his shield to the Princess*

Sim Who is the first that doth prefer him-
self?

Thai A knight of Sparta, my renowned
father,

And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun, 20

The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*
Sim He loves you well that holds his life of
you. [*The Second Knight passes over*]

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai A prince of Macedon, my royal father,
And the device he bears upon his shield 25

Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady,
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu por dulzura
que por fuerza*

[*The Thrd Knight passes over*]

Sim And what's the third?
Thai The third of Antioch, 28

And his device, a wreath of chivalry,

The word, *Me pompa provexit apex*

[*The Fourth Knight passes over*]

Sim What is the fourth?

Thai A burning torch that's turned upside
down, 32

The word, *Quod me alit me extinguit*

Sim Which shows that beauty hath his
power and will,

Which can as well inflame as it can kill

[*The Fifth Knight passes over*]

Thai The fifth, a hand environed with
clouds, 36

Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried,
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*

[*The Sixth Knight, PERICLES, passes over*]

Sim And what's

The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd? 41

Thai He seems to be a stranger, but his
present is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top,
The motto, *In hac spe vivo* 44

Sim A pretty moral,

From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortune yet may flourish.

First Lord He had need mean better than
his outward show 48

Can any way speak in his just commend,
For, by his rusty outside he appears

To have practis'd more the whipstock than the
lance

Sec Lord He well may be a stranger, for he
comes 52

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.
Thrd Lord And on set purpose let his

armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust

Sim Opimon's but a fool, that makes us
scan 56

The outward habit by the inward man
But stay, the knights are coming, we'll with-
draw

Into the gallery
[*Exeunt Great shouts, and all cry,*
'The mean knight!']

SCENE III — *The Same A Hall of State.*

A Banquet prepared.

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Marshal, Ladies,
Lords, Knights from tilting, and Attendants*

Sim Knights,

To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms, 4
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast
You are princes and my guests. 8

Thai But you, my knight and guest,
To whom this wreath of victory I give,

And crown you king of this day's happiness.
Per 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by
merit 12

Sim Call it by what you will, the day is yours,

And here, I hope, is none that envies it
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed, 16
And you're her labour'd scholar Come, queen
o' the feast,—

For, daughter, so you are,—here take your
place,

Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace

Knights We are honour'd much by good

Simonides 20

Sim Your presence glads our days, honour
we love,

For who hates honour, hates the gods above

Marshal Sir, yonder is your place

Per Some other is more fit.

First Knight Contend not, sir, for we are
gentlemen 24

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes

Envy the great nor do the low despise

Per You are right courteous knights

Sim Sit, sir, sit

Per By Jove, I wonder, that is king of
thoughts, 28

These cates resist me, she but thought upon.

Thai [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen of
marriage,

All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,

Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant
gentleman 32

Sim He's but a country gentleman,

He has done no more than other knights have
done,

He has broken a staff or so, so let it pass

Thai To me he seems like diamond to glass

Per Yon king's to me like to my father's
picture, 37

Which tells me in that glory once he was,

Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,

And he the sun for them to reverence 40

None that beheld him, but like lesser lights

Did veil their crowns to his supremacy,

Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the
night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light

Whereby I see that Time's the king of men, 45

He's both their parent, and he is their grave,

And gives them what he will, not what they
crave

Sim. What, are you merry, knights? 48

First Knight Who can be other in this royal
presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the
brim,

As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,

We drink this health to you.

Knights We thank your Grace

Sim. Yet pause awhile, 53

Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth. 56

Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O! attend, my daughter

Princes in this should live like gods above,

Who freely give to every one that comes 60

To honour them,

And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd
at

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet, 64
Here say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to
him

Thai Alas! my father, it befits not me

Unto a stranger knight to be so bold,

He may my proffer take for an offence, 68

Since men take women's gifts for impudence

Sim How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else

Thai [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not
please me better 72

Sim And further tell him, we desire to know
of him,

Of whence he is, his name, and parentage

Thai The king, my father, sir, has drunk to
you

Per I thank him. 76

Thai Wishing it so much blood unto your
life

Per I thank both him and you, and pledge
him freely

Thai And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage

Per A gentleman of Tyre, my name, Per-
icles, 81

My education been in arts and arms,

Who, looking for adventures in the world,

Was by the rough seas left of ships and men, 84
And after shipwreck, driven upon this shore

Thai He thanks your Grace, names himself
Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,

Who only by misfortune of the seas 88
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore

Sim Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,

And will awake him from his melancholy

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles, 92

And waste the time which looks for other revels

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,

Will very well become a soldier's dance

I will not have excuse, with saying this 96

Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads

Since they love men in arms as well as beds

[*The Knights dance*]

So this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd
Come, sir, 100

Here is a lady that wants breathing too

And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre

Are excellent in making ladies trip,

And that their measures are as excellent. 104

Per In those that practise them they are,
my lord

Sim O! that's as much as you would be
dem'd

Of your fair courtesy

[*The Knights and Ladies dance*]

Unclasp, unclasp,

Thanks, gentlemen, to all, all have done well,

[*To PERICLES*] But you the best. Pages and

lights, to conduct 109

These knights unto their several lodgings!

Yours, sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

Per I am at your Grace's pleasure
Sim Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
 And that's the mark I know you level at,
 Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
 To-morrow all for speeding do their best 116

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV — *Tyre A Room in the Governor's House*

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES

Hel No, Escanes, know this of me,
 Antiochus from incest liv'd not free,
 For which, the most high gods not minding
 longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in
 store 4

Due to this heinous capital offence,
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
 When he was seated in a chariot

Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with
 him, 8

A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up
 Their bodies, even to loathing, for they so stunk,
 That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall
 Scorn now their hand should give them
 burial 12

Esca 'Twas very strange

Hel And yet but just, for though
 This king were great, his greatness was no guard
 To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward

Esca 'Tis very true 16

Enter two or three Lords

First Lord See, not a man in private conference

Or council has respect with him but he
Sec Lord It shall no longer grieve without
 reproof

Thurd Lord And curs'd be he that will not
 second it 20

First Lord Follow me then Lord Helicane,
 a word

Hel With me? and welcome Happy day,
 my lords

First Lord Know that our griefs are risen
 to the top,
 And now at length they overflow their banks 24

Hel Your griefs! for what? wrong not the
 prince you love

First Lord Wrong not yourself then, noble
 Helicane,

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
 Or know what ground's made happy by his
 breath 28

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out,
 If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there,
 And be resolv'd he lives to govern us,
 Or dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral, 32
 And leaves us to our free election.

Sec Lord Whose death's indeed the strongest
 in our censure

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,
 Like goodly buildings left without a roof 36
 Soon fall to ruin, your noble self,

That best know'st how to rule and how to reign,
 We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All Live, noble Helicane! 40

Hel For honour's cause forbear your sufferings

If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear
 Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,

Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease 44
 A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
 To forbear the absence of your king,

If in which time expir'd he not return,
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke 48

But if I cannot win you to this love,
 Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,

And in your search spend your adventurous
 worth,

Whom if you find, and win unto return, 52
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown

First Lord To wisdom he's a fool that will
 not yield,

And since Lord Helicane enjoined us,
 We with our travels will endeavour it 56

Hel Then you love us, we you, and we'll
 clasp hands

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands
 [Exeunt]

SCENE V — *Pentapolis A Room in the Palace*

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter, the Knights meet him

First Knight Good morrow to the good
 Simonides

Sim Knights, from my daughter this I let
 you know,

That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
 A married life 4

Her reason to herself is only known,
 Which yet from her by no means can I get

Sec Knight May we not get access to her,
 my lord?

Sim Faith, by no means, she hath so strictly
 tied 8

Her to her chamber that 'tis impossible
 One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's
 livery,

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
 And on her virgin honour will not break it. 12

Thurd Knight Though loath to bid farewell,
 we take our leaves [Exeunt Knights.]

Sim So,

They're well dispatch'd, now to my daughter's
 letter

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
 Or never more to view nor day nor light. 17

'Tis well, mistress, your choice agrees with
 mine,

I like that well how absolute she's in't,
 Not minding whether I dislike or no! 20

Well, I do commend her choice,
 And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft! here he comes I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per All fortune to the good Simonides! 24

Sim. To you as much sir! I am beholding
to you
For your sweet music this last night I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony 28
Per It is your Grace's pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.

Sim Sir, you are music's master
Per The worst of all her scholars, my good
lord.

Sim Let me ask you one thing 32
What do you think of my daughter, sir?

Per A most virtuous princess

Sim And she is fair too, is she not?

Per As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair

Sim My daughter, sir, thinks very well of
you, 37

Ay, so well, that you must be her master,

And she will be your scholar therefore look
to it

Per I am unworthy for her schoolmaster 40

Sim She thinks not so, peruse this writing
else

Per [Aside] What's here?

A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre!

'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life 44

O! seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her 48

Sim Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and
thou art

A villain

Per By the gods, I have not

Never did thought of mine levy offence, 52

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love or your displeasure

Sim Traitor, thou liest

Per Traitor!

Sim Ay, traitor

Per Even in his throat, unless it be the
king, 56

That calls me traitor, I return the lie

Sim [Aside] Now, by the gods, I do applaud
his courage

Per My actions are as noble as my thoughts,

That never relish'd of a base descent 60

I came unto your court for honour's cause

And not to be a rebel to her state,

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy 64

Sim No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per Then, as you are as virtuous as 'fair,'

Resolve your angry father, if my tongue 68

Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe

To any syllable that made love to you.

Tha Why, sir, say if you had,

Who takes offence at that would make me
glad? 72

Sim Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

[Aside] I am glad on't, with all my heart.

I'll tame you, I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent, 76

Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [Aside] who, for aught I
know,

May be, nor can I think the contrary, 80

As great in blood as I myself —

[Aloud] Therefore, hear you, mistress, either
frame

Your will to mine, and you, sir, hear you,

Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you— 84

Man and wife

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it
too,

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy,

And for a further grief,—God gave you joy!

What! are you both pleas'd?

Tha Yes, if you love me, sir 88

Per Even as my life, or blood that fosters it

Sim What! are you both agreed?

Tha Yes, if 't please your majesty

Per It pleaseth me so well, that I will see
you wed, 92

Then with what haste you can get you to bed

[Exeunt

ACT III

Enter GOWER

Now sleep yslak'd hath the rout,

No din but snores the house about,

Made louder by the o'er-fed breast

Of this most pompous marriage-feast 4

The cat, with eyne of burning coal,

Now couches fore the mouse's hole,

And crickets sung at the oven's mouth,

E'er the blither for their drouth 8

Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,

Where, by the loss of maidenhead,

A babe is moulded Be attent,

And time that is so briefly spent 12

'Tith your fine fancies quaintly eche,

What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech

DUMB SHOW

Enter, from one side, PERICLES and SIMONIDES,

with Attendants, a Messenger meets them,

kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter PERICLES

shows it to SIMONIDES, the Lords kneel to

PERICLES Then enter THAISA with child, and

LYCHORIDA SIMONIDES shows his daughter the

letter, she rejoices she and PERICLES take leave

of her father, and all depart

By many a dorn and painful perch,

Of Pericles the careful search 16

By the four opposing coigns,

Whence the world together joins,

Is made with all due diligence,

That horse and sail and high expense, 20

Can stand the quest At last from Tyre,—

Fame answering the most strange inquire—

To the court of King Simonides

Are letters brought, the tenour these 24

Antiochus and his daughter dead,

The men of Tyrus on the head

Of Helicanus would set on

*The crown of Tyre, but he will none
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress,
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yrashed the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
'Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre
His queen, with child, makes her desire,—
Which who shall cross?—along to go,
Omit we all their dole and woe
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow half the flood
Hath their keel cut but Fortune's mood
Varies again the grisd north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives
The lady shrieks, and well-a-need
Does fall in travail with her fear
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself perform
I will relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey,
Which might not what by me is told
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak*

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on shipboard

Per Thou God of this great vast, rebuke
these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou,
that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep O! still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders, gently
quench
Thy numble, sulphurous flashes O! how Lychor-
rida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venom-
ously,
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard Lychorida! Lucina, O!
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat, make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Now, Lychorida!

Lyc Here is a thing too young for such a
place,
Who, if it had concert, would die, as I
Am like to do take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen
Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc Patience, good sir, do not assist the
storm
Here's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort
Per O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here
below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you
Lyc Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge,
Per Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou art the rudelest welcome to this world
That e'er was prince's child Happy what fol-
lows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb, even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here Now, the good
gods
Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two Sailors

First Sail What courage, sir? Gods save you!
Per Courage enough I do not fear the flaw,
It hath done to me the worst Yet for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet
First Sail Slack the bolins there! thou wilt
not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself
Sec Sail But sea-room, an the brine and
cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not
First Sail Sir, your queen must overboard
the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will
not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead
Per That's your superstition
First Sail Pardon us, sir, with us at sea it
hath been still observed, and we are strong in
custom Therefore briefly yield her, for she
must overboard straight
Per As you think meet Most wretched
queen!
Lyc Here she lies, sir
Per A terrible child bed hast thou had, my
dear,
No light, no fire the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze,
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy
corpse,
Lying with simple shells! O Lychorida!
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels, and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer lay the babe
Upon the pillow Hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her suddenly, woman,
[Exit LYCHORIDA]

Sec Sail Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitum'd ready 72
Per I thank thee Mariner, say what coast is this?
Sec Sail We are near Tarsus
Per Thither, gentle mariner, 76
 Alter thy course for Tyre When canst thou reach it?
Sec Sail By break of day, if the wind cease
Per O! make for Tarsus
 There will I visit Cleon, for the babe 80
 Cannot hold out to Tyros, there I'll leave it
 At careful nursing Go thy ways, good mariner,
 I'll bring the body presently [Exeunt]

SCENE II — *Ephesus A Room in CERIMON'S House*

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked

Cer Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON

Phil Doth my lord call?

Cer Get fire and meat for these poor men,
 'T has been a turbulent and stormy night. 4

Ser I have been in many, but such a night as this

Till now I ne'er endur'd

Cer Your master will be dead ere you return,
 There's nothing can be minister'd to nature 8
 That can recover him [To PHILEMON] Give this to the 'pothecary,
 And tell me how it works

[Exeunt all except CERIMON]

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent Good morrow, sir

Sec Gent Good morrow to your lordship

Cer Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early? 12

First Gent Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,

Shook as the earth did quake,

The very principals did seem to rend, 16

And all to topple Pure surprise and fear

Made me to quit the house

Sec Gent That is the cause we trouble you so early,

'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer O! you say well 20

First Gent But I much marvel that your lordship, having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours

Shake off the golden slumber of repose

'Tis most strange, 24

Nature should be so conversant with pain,

Being thereto not compell'd

Cer I hold it ever,

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater

Than nobleness and riches, careless heirs 28

May the two latter darken and expend,

But immortality attends the former,

Making a man a god 'Tis known I ever

Have studied physic, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have— 33

Together with my practice—made familiar
 To me and to my and the blest infusions
 That dwell in vegetables, in metals, stones, 36
 And can speak of the disturbances
 That nature works, and of her cures, which
 doth give me
 A more content in course of true delight
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, 40
 Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
 To please the fool and death
Sec Gent Your honour has through Ephe-
 sus pour'd forth
 Your charity, and hundreds call themselves 44
 Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd
 And not your knowledge, your personal pain,
 but even
 Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Ceri-
 mon 47
 Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay

Enter two Servants, with a chest

First Serv So, lift there

Cer What is that?

First Serv Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest

'Tis of some wrack

Cer Set it down, let's look upon't

Sec Gent 'Tis like a coffin, sir

Cer Whate'er it be, 52

'Tis wondrous heavy Wrench it open straight,

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,

'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon

us

Sec Gent 'Tis so, my lord

Cer How close tis caulk'd and bitum'd! 56

Did the sea cast it up?

First Serv I never saw so huge a billow, sir,

As toss'd it upon shore

Cer Come, wrench it open.

Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense 60

Sec Gent A delicate odour

Cer As ever hit my nostril So, up with it

O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

First Gent Most strange! 64

Cer Shrouded in cloth of state, balm'd and

entreasur'd

With full bags of spices! A passport too!

Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!

Here I give to understand, 68

If e'er this coffin drive a-land,

I, King Pericles, have lost

This queen worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying, 72

She was the daughter of a king.

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!

It thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart 76

That even cracks for woe! This chanc'd to-

night,

Sec Gent. Most likely, sir

Cer Nay, certainly to-night,

For look, how fresh she looks They were too

rough

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within, 80

Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.

[Exit Second Servant.]

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpress'd spirits I heard * 84
Of an Egyptian, that had nine hours hen dead,
Who was by good appliances recovered

Re-enter Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire
Well said, well said, the fire and cloths
The rough and woeful music that we have, 88
Cause it to sound, beseech you
The viol once more,—how thou stirr'st, thou
block!

The music there! I pray you, give her air
Gentlemen, 92
This queen will live, nature awakes, a warmth
Breathes out of her, she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours See! how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again

First Gent The heavens 96
Through you increase our wonder and set up
Your fame for ever

Cer She is alive! behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, 100
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair crea-
ture, 104

Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves*
Thai O dear Diana!
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world
is this? 108

Sec Gent Is not this strange?
First Gent Most rare

Cer Hush, gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands, to the next chamber bear
her 108
Get linen, now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal Come, come,
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying THAISA away*]

SCENE III—*Tarsus A Room in CLEON'S
House*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, and LYCHORIDA, with MARINA in her arms

Per Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be
gone,

My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a ligious peace You and your lady
Take from my heart all thankfulness, the gods
Make up the rest upon you! 5

Cle Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt
you mortally,

Yet glance full wanderingly on us
Dion. O your sweet queen!

That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought
her hither, 8

To have bless'd mine eyes with her!
Per We cannot but obey

The powers above us Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis My gentle babe Marina—
whom, 12

For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so—here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care, beseeching you 15
To give her princely traming, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle Fear not, my lord, but think
Your Grace, that fed my country with your
corn—

For which the people's prayers still fall upon
you— 19

Must in your child be thought on If neglecton
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty,
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine, 24
To the end of generation!

Per I believe you,
Your honour and your goodness teach me to't,
Without your vows 'Till she be married,
madam

By bright Diana, whom we honour, all 28
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill m't So I take my leave
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child

Dion I have one myself, 32
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord

Per Madam, my thanks and prayers
Cle We'll bring your Grace e'en to the edge
o' the shore,

Then give you up to the mask'd Nep'tune and 36
The gentlest winds of heaven

Per I will embrace
Your offer Come, dearest madam. O! no tears,
Lychorida, no tears

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace 40
You may depend hereafter Come, my lord
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV—*Ephesus A Room in CERIMON'S
House*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer Madam, this letter, and some certain
jewels,

Lay with you in your coffer, which are now
At your command Know you the character?

Thai It is my lord's 4
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my earing time, but whether there

Deliver'd, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say But since King Pericles, 8

My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,

And never more have joy.

Cer Madam, if this you purpose as you
speak, 12

Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.

Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you. 16

Thai My recompense is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift
small.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV

Enter GOWER

*Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
 Welcom'd and settled to his own desire
 His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
 Unto Diana there a votaress
 Now to Marina bend your mind,
 Whom our fast-growing scene must find
 At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
 In music, letters, who hath gain'd
 Of education all the grace,
 Which makes her both the heart and place
 Of general wonder But, alack!
 That monster envy, oft the wrack
 Of earned praise, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a wench full grown,
 Even ripe for marriage-rite this maid
 Hight Philoten, and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be
 Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk
 With fingers, long, small, white as milk,
 Or when she would with sharp needl wound
 The cambric, which she made more sound 24
 By hurting it when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records with moan or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistress Dian still
 Thus Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute Marina so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead
 And curs'd Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Prest for this blow The unborn event
 I do commend to your content
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rime,
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way
 Dionyza doth appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer.* [Exit

SCENE I—Tarsus An open Place near the
 Sea-shore

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE

Dion Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn
 to do't

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not con-
 science,

Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
 In flame too nicely, nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
 A soldier to thy purpose

Leon I'll do't, but yet she is a goodly crea-
 ture

4 Dion The fitter, then, the gods should have
 her Here
 She comes weeping for her only mistress' death
 Thou art resolv'd?

8 Leon I am resolv'd 12

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers

Mar No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
 12 To strew thy green with flowers, the yellows,
 blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds,
 Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave, 16

16 While summer days do last Ay me! poor maid,
 Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
 This world to me is like a lasting storm,
 Whurring me from my friends 20

20 Dion How now, Marina! why do you keep
 alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do
 not

Consume your blood with sorrowing, you have
 A nurse of me Lord! how your favour's
 chang'd 24

28 With this unprofitable woe Come,
 Gave me your flowers, ere the sea mar it
 Walk with Leonine, the air is quick there,
 And it pierces and sharpens the stomach
 Come, 28

32 Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her
 Mar No, I pray you,
 I'll not bereave you of your servant

Dion Come, come,
 36 I love the king your father, and yourself, 32
 With more than foreign heart We every day
 Expect him here, when he shall come and find
 Our paragon to all reports thus blasted, 35

40 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage,
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
 No care to your best courses Go, I pray you,
 Walk, and be cheerful once again, reserve

44 That excellent complexion, which did steal 40
 The eyes of young and old Care not for me,
 I can go home alone

Mar Well, I will go,
 48 But yet I have no desire to it 43

Dion Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at least
 Remember what I have said

Leon I warrant you, madam
 Dion I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a
 while, 47

Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood
 What! I must have care of you

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.
 [Exit DIONYZA

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west,

Mar When I was born, the wind was north

Leon. Was 't so?

Mar My father, as nurse said, did never fear,

But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands haling ropes,
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck 56
Leon When was this?
Mar When I was born
Never were waves nor wind more violent,
And from the ladder-tackle washes off 60
A canvas-climber 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stern to stern, the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion 64
Leon Come, say your prayers
Mar What mean you?
Leon If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it Pray, but be not tedious, 68
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste
Mar Why will you kill me?
Leon To satisfy my lady
Mar Why would she have me kill'd? 72
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature, believe me, la, 76
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly,
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger? 81
Leon My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do't
Mar You will not do't for all the world, I
hope 84
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that
fought,
Good sooth, it show'd well in you, do so now,
Your lady seeks my life, come you between, 89
And save poor me, the weaker
Leon I am sworn,
And will dispatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling
First Pirate Hold, villain! 92
[*LEONINE runs away*
Sec Pirate A prize! a prize!
Thrd Pirate Half-part, mates, half-part
Come, let's have her aboard suddenly
[*Exeunt Pirates with MARINA*

Re-enter LEONINE.
Leon These roguing thieves serve the great
pirate Valdes, 96
And they have seiz'd Marina Let her go,
There's no hope she'll return I'll swear she's
dead,
And thrown into the sea But I'll see further,
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon
her, 100
Not carry her aboard If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be
slain.

[*Exit*SCENE II — *Mitylene A Room in a Brothel**Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT*

Pand Boul
Boul Sir?
Pand Search the market narrowly, Mitylene
is full of gallants, we lost too much money thus
mart by being too wenchless 5
Bawd We were never so much out of crea-
tures We have but poor three, and they can
do no more than they can do, and they with
continual action are even as good as rotten 9
Pand Therefore, let's have fresh ones, what-
e'er we pay for them If there be not a con-
science to be used in every trade, we shall never
prosper 13
Bawd Thou sayst true, 'tis not the bringing
up of poor bastards, as, I think, I have brought
up some eleven— 16
Boul Ay, to eleven, and brought them down
again But shall I search the market?
Bawd What else, man? The stuff we have
a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are
so pitifully sodden 21
Pand Thou sayst true, they're too unwhole-
some, o' conscience The poor Transylvanian is
dead, that lay with the little baggage 24
Boul Ay, she quickly pooped him, she made
him roast-meat for worms But I'll go search
the market [*Exit*
Pand Three or four thousand chequens were
as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so
give over
Bawd Why to give over, I pray you? is it a
shame to get when we are old? 32
Pand O! our credit comes not in like the
commodity, nor the commodity wages not with
the danger, therefore, if in our youths we could
pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to
keep our door hatched Besides, the sore terms
we stand upon with the gods will be strong with
us for giving over 39
Bawd Come, other sorts offend as well as we
Pand As well as we! ay, and better too, we
offend worse Neither is our profession any
trade, it's no calling But here comes Boul
Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA
Boul Come your ways My masters, you
say she's a virgin? 43
First Pirate O! sir, we doubt it not
Boul Master, I have gone through for this
piece, you see if you like her, so, if not, I have
lost my earnest 49
Bawd Boul, has she any qualities?
Boul She has a good face, speaks well, and
has excellent good clothes, there's no further
necessity of qualities can make her be refused
Bawd What's her price, Boul?
Boul I cannot be bated one doit of a thou-
sand pieces 56
Pand Well, follow me, my masters, you
shall have your money presently Wife, take
her in, instruct her what she has to do, that she
may not be raw in her entertainment 60
[*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*

Bawd Boul't, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry, He that will give most, shall have her first! Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you. 67

Boul't Performance shall follow. [Exit

Mar Alack! that Leonne was so slack, so slow

He should have struck, not spoke, or that these pirates—

Not enough barbarous—had not o'erboard thrown me

For to seek my mother! 72

Bawd Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar That I am pretty

Bawd Come, the gods have done their part in you

Mar I accuse them not 76

Bawd You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live

Mar The more my fault

To scape his hands where I was like to die 80

Bawd Ay, and you shall live in pleasure

Mar No

Bawd Yes indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well, you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar Are you a woman?

Bawd What would you have me be, an I be not a woman? 89

Mar An honest woman, or not a woman

Bawd Marry, whip thee, gosling, I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you

Mar The gods defend me! 95

Bawd If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boul't's returned

Re-enter BOULT

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market? 101

Boul't I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs, I have drawn her picture with my voice 104

Bawd And I prithee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boul't Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description

Bawd We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on 113

Boul't To night, to night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers in the hams? 116

Bawd Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boul't Ay, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow 120

Bawd Well, well, as for him, he brought his disease hither. Here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun 124

Boul't Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign

Bawd [To MARINA] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me, you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly, to despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers, seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit

Mar I understand you not 136

Boul't O! take her home, mistress, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice

Bawd Thou sayst true, I' faith, so they must, for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant

Boul't Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,— 144

Bawd Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit

Boul't I may so?

Bawd Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well

Boul't Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet 150

Bawd Boul't, spend thou that in the town, report what a sojourner we have, you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn, therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report 156

Boul't I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night 160

Bawd Come your ways, follow me

Mar If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep

Diana, and my purpose! 164

Bawd What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt

SCENE III — Tarsus A Room in CLEON'S House

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA

Dion Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone? 164

Cle O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon

Dion I think You'll turn a child again 4

Cle Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady! Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown o' the earth 8

I' the justice of compare. O villain Leonne! Whom thou hast poison'd too,

If thou hadst drunk to him 't had been a kindness

Becoming well thy fact, what canst thou say 12
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion That she is dead Nurses are not the fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve
She died at night, I'll say so Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent, 17
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play'

Cle O! go to Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst

Dion Be one of those that think 21
The pretty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are, 24
And of how coward a spirit

Cle To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources

Dion Be it so, then, 28
Yet none does know but you how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leontine being gone
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes, none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face, 33
Whilst ours was blurted at and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day It pierc'd me
thorough,

And though you call my course unnatural, 36
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter

Cle Heavens forgive it!
Dion And as for Pericles, 40
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn, her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express 44
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done

Cle Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons 48

Dion You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies,
But yet I know you'll do as I advise [Exeunt

SCENE IV —Before the Monument of MARINA at Tarsus

Enter GOWER

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make
short,

Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't,
Making—to take your imagination—
From bourn to bourn, region to region 4
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live, I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach
you, 8

The stages of our story Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,

To see his daughter, all his life's delight 12

Old Helicanus goes along Behind
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate 16
Well-sailing sh'ps and bounteous winds have
brought

This king to Tarsus, think his pilot thought,
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone 20
Like moths and shadows see them move awhile,
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile

DUMB SHOW

*Enter at one door PERICLES, with his Train, CLEON
and DIONYZA at the other CLEON shows PERI-
CLES the tomb of MARINA, whereat PERICLES
makes lamentation, puts on sack-cloth, and in
a mighty passion departs Exeunt CLEON and
DIONYZA*

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe,
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd, 25
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-
shower'd,

Leaves Tarsus and again embarks He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs, 28
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ 32
By wicked Dionyza

[Reads inscription on MARINA's monument.

THE FAIREST, SWEET'ST, AND BEST LIES HERE,
WHO WITHER'D IN HER SPRING OF YEAR
SHE WAS OF TYRUS THE KING'S DAUGHTER,
ON WHOM FOUL DEATH HATH MADE THIS
SLAUGHTER. 37

MARINA WAS SHE CALL'D, AND AT HER BIRTH,
THETIS, BEING PROUD, SWALLOW'D SOME PART
O' THE EARTH

THEREFORE THE EARTH, FEARING TO BE O'ER-
FLOW'D, 40

HATH THETIS' BIRTH-CHILD ON THE HEAVENS
BESTOW'D

WHEREFORE SHE DOES, AND SWEARS SHE'LL
NEVER STINT,

MAKE RAGING BATTERY UPON SHORES OF FLINT

No visor does become black villany 44
So well as soft and tender flattery
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune, while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day 48
In her unholy service Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylene. [Exit.

SCENE V —Mitylene A Street before the Brothel

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec Gent No, nor never shall do in such a
place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing? 5

See Gent No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall's go hear the vestals sing?

First Gent I'll do any thing now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for ever [Exeunt]

SCENE VI.—*The Same A Room in the Brothel*

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT

Pand Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here

Bawd Fie, fie upon her! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation, we must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a puritan of the devil if he should cheapen a kiss of her

Boult Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disarmish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests 13

Pand Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised

Boult We should have both lord and lown if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers. 21

Enter LYSIMACHUS

Lys How now! How a dozen of virginites?

Bawd Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult I am glad to see your honour in good health 25

Lys You may so, 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now! wholesome iniquity, have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon? 29

Bawd We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene

Lys If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say 33

Bawd Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough

Lys Well, call forth, call forth. 36

Boult For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose, and she were a rose indeed if she had but—

Lys What, prythee? 40

Boult O! sir, I can be modest

Lys That dignifies the renown of a bawd no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste [Exit BOULT]

Bawd Here comes that which grows to the stalk, never plucked yet, I can assure you —

Re-enter BOULT with MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature? 47

Lys Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you, leave us.

Bawd I beseech your honour, give me leave, a word, and I'll have done presently

Lys I beseech you do 52

Bawd [To MARINA] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man

Mar I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him 56

Bawd Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to

Mar If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that I know not 61

Bawd Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold 64

Mar What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive

Lys Ha' you done?

Bawd My lord, she's not paced yet, you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together 71

Lys Go thy ways [Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and BOULT] Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar What trade, sir?

Lys Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend. 76

Mar I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it

Lys How long have you been of this profession? 80

Mar E'er since I can remember

Lys Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar Earlier too, sir, if now I be one 84

Lys Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale

Mar Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place

Lys Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am? 92

Mar Who is my principal?

Lys Why, your herb-woman, she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O! you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place, come, come 100

Mar If you were born to honour, show it now,

If put upon you, make the judgment good. That thought you worthy of it

Lys How's this? how's this? Some more, be sage 104

Mar For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came, Diseases have been sold dearer than physic, 108 O! that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd place, Though they did change me to the meanest bird That flies i' the purer air!

Lys I did not think 112
 Thou couldst have spoke so well, ne'er dream'd
 thou couldst
 Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
 Thy speech had alter'd it Hold, here's gold for
 thee,
 Persever in that clear way thou goest, 116
 And the gods strengthen thee!
Mar The good gods preserve you!
Lys For me, be you thoughten
 That I came with no ill intent, for to me 120
 The very doors and windows savour vilely
 Farewell Thou art a piece of virtue, and
 I doubt not but thy trammings hath been noble
 Hold, here's more gold for thee 124
 A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
 That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
 Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT

Boult I beseech your honour, one piece for
 me 129
Lys Avaunt! thou damned door-keeper
 Your house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it, would
 Sink and overwhelm you Away! [Exit
Boult How's this? We must take another
 course with you If your peevish chastity,
 which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest
 country under the cope, shall undo a whole
 household, let me be gelded like a spaniel
 Come your ways

Mar Whither would you have me? 139
Boult I must have your maidenhead taken
 off, or the common hangman shall execute it
 Come your ways We'll have no more gentle-
 men driven away Come your ways, I say

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd How now! what's the matter? 144
Boult Worse and worse, mistress, she has
 here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysima-
 chus

Bawd O! abominable 148
Boult She makes our profession as it were to
 stink afore the face of the gods

Bawd Marry, hang her up for ever!
Boult The nobleman would have dealt with
 her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as
 cold as a snowball, saying his prayers too

Bawd Boult, take her away, use her at thy
 pleasure, crack the glass of her virginity, and
 make the rest malleable 157

Boult An if she were a thornier piece of
 ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar Hark, hark, you gods! 160

Bawd She conjures, away with her! Would
 she had never come within my doors! Marry,
 hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not
 go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up,
 my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! 165
 [Exit.]

Boult Come, mistress; come your ways with
 me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult To take from you the jewel you hold
 so dear 169

Mar Prithce, tell me one thing first

Boult Come now, your one thing

Mar What canst thou wish thine enemy
 to be? 173

Boult Why, I could wish him to be my
 master, or rather, my mistress

Mar Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
 Since they do better thee in their command 177

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st
 fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change,
 Thou art the damned door-keeper to every 180

Coystril that comes inquiring for his Tib,
 To the choleric fisting of every rogue

Thy ear is liable, thy food is such
 As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs 184

Boult What would you have me do? go to
 the wars, would you? where a man may serve
 seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not
 money enough in the end to buy him a wooden
 one? 189

Mar Do any thing but this thou doest
 Empty

Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth,
 Serve by indenture to the common hangman

Any of these ways are yet better than this, 193
 For what thou professes, a baboon, could he
 speak,

Would own a name too dear O! that the gods
 Would safely deliver me from this place 196

Here, here's gold for thee
 If that thy master would gain by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
 With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast,

And I will undertake all these to teach 201
 I doubt not but this populous city will

Yield many scholars
Boult But can you teach all this you speak
 of? 204

Mar Prove that I cannot, take me home
 again,

And prostitute me to the basest groom
 That doth frequent your house.

Boult Well, I will see what I can do for thee,
 if I can place thee, I will 209

Mar But, amongst honest women.

Boult Faith, my acquaintance lies little a-
 mongst them But since my master and mistress

have bought you, there's no going but by their
 consent, therefore I will make them acquainted

with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall
 find them tractable enough Come, I'll do for

thee what I can, come your ways. [Exeunt

ACT V

Enter GOWER.

*Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
 Into an honest house, our story says*

*She sings like one immortal, and she dances
 As goddess-like to her admired lays*

*Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her neeld com-
 poses*

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,

That even her art sisters the natural roses,
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry, 8
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her and her gain
 She gives the cursed bawd Here we her place,
 And to her father turn our thoughts again, 12
 Where we left him, on the sea We there him lost,
 Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
 Here where his daughter dwells and on this
 coast
 Suppose him now at anchor The city striv'd 16
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense,
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies 20
 In your supposing once more put your sight
 Of heavy Pericles, think this his bark
 Where what is done in action, more, if might,
 Shall be discover'd, please you, sit and hark
 [Exit]

SCENE I.—On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene
 A Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before
 it, PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A
 barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian
 vessel, the other to the barge, to them HELI-
 CANUS.

Tyr Sail [To the Sailor of Mitylene] Where's
 the Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.

O! here he is—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,
 And in it is Lysimachus, the governor, 4
 Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel That he have his. Call up some gentle-
 men.

Tyr Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent Doth your lordship call? 8

Hel Gentlemen, there's some of worth would
 come aboard.

I pray ye, greet them fairly

[Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go on
 board the barge]

Enter from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords, the
 Gentlemen and the two Sailors.

Tyr Sail Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,
 Resolve you. 13

Lys Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve
 you!

Hel And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
 And die as I would do

Lys You wish me well 16
 Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's
 triumphs,

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
 I made to it to know of whence you are.

Hel First, what is your place? 20

Lys I am the governor of this place you lie
 before

Hel Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;

A man who for this three months hath not
 spoken 24

To any one, nor taken sustenance

But to prorogue his grief

Lys Upon what ground is his distempera-
 ture?

Hel 'Twould be too tedious to repeat, 28
 But the main grief springs from the loss
 Of a beloved daughter and a wife

Lys May we not see him?

Hel You may, 32
 But bootless is your sight he will not speak

To any

Lys Yet let me obtain my wish

Hel Behold him [PERICLES discovered] This
 was a goodly person, 36

Till the disaster that, one mortal night,

Drove him to this

Lys Sir, King, all hail! the gods preserve you! 40

Hail, royal sir!

Hel It is in vain, he will not speak to you

First Lord Sir,

We have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,

Would win some words of him

Lys 'Tis well bethought 44
 She questionless with her sweet harmony
 And other chosen attractions, would allure,

And make a battery through his deafen'd ports
 Which now are midway stopp'd 48

She is all happy as the fair'st of all,

And with her fellow maids is now upon

The leafy shelter that abuts against

The island's side 52

[Whispers first Lord, who puts off in
 the barge of LYSIMACHUS]

Hel Sure, all's effectless, yet nothing we'll
 omit,

That bears recovery's name But, since your
 kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,
 That for our gold we may provision have, 56

Wherein we are not destitute for want,

But weary for the staleness

Lys O! sir, a courtesy,
 Which if we should deny, the most just gods
 For every graff would send a caterpillar, 60

And so afflict our province Yet once more

Let me entreat to know at large the cause

Of your king's sorrow

Hel Sit, sir, I will recount it to you,
 But see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with MARINA,
 and a young Lady

Lys O! here is 64
 The lady that I sent for Welcome, fair one!

Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel She's a gallant lady

Lys She's such a one, that were I well assur'd
 Came of a gentle kind and noble stock, 68

I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely
 wed.

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
 Expect even here, where is a kingly patient—

If that thy prosperous and artificial feat 72
 Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,

Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him

Lys Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous!

Lys Mark'd he your music?
Mar No, nor look'd on us

Lys See, she will speak to him

Mar Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear

Per Hum! ha!

Mar I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,

But have been gaz'd on like a comet, she speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief

Might equal yours if both were justly weigh'd

Though wayward Fortune did malign my state,

My derivation was from ancestors

Who stood equivalent with mighty kings,

But time hath rooted out my parentage,

And to the world and awkward casualties

Bound me in servitude — [Aside] I will desist,

But there is something glows upon my cheek,

And whispers in mine ear, 'Go not till he speak'

Per My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—

To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar I said, my lord, if you did know my

parentage,

You would not do me violence

Per I do think so Pray you, turn your eyes

upon me

You are like something that—What country-

woman?

Here of these shores?

Mar No, nor of any shores,

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am

No other than I appear

Per I am great with woe, and shall deliver

weeping

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a

one

My daughter might have been my queen's

square brows,

Her stature to an inch, as wand-like straight,

As silver-voic'd, her eyes as jewel-like,

And cas'd as richly, in pace another Juno,

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them

hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do you

live?

Mar Where I am but a stranger, from the

deck

You may discern the place.

Per Where were you bred?

And how achiev'd you these endowments, which

You make more rich to owe?

Mar Should I tell my history, it would seem

Like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.

Per Prithee, speak;

'ness cannot come from thee, for thou

k'st

Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in I believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible, for thou lookest
Like one I lov'd indeed What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say when I did push thee back,—
Which was when I perceiv'd thee,—that thou
cam'st

From good descending?

Mar So indeed I did

Per Report thy parentage I think thou

said'st

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,

And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,

If both were open'd

Mar Some such thing

I said, and said no more but what my thoughts

Did warrant me was likely

Per Tell thy story,

If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part

Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I

Have suffer'd like a girl, yet thou dost look

Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and

smiling

Extremity out of act What were thy friends?

How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind

virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee Come, sit by me

Mar My name is Marina

Per O! I am mock'd,

And thou by some incensed god sent hither

To make the world to laugh at me

Mar Patience, good sir,

Or here I'll cease

Per Nay, I'll be patient

Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,

To call thyself Marina

Mar The name

Was given me by one that had some power,

My father, and a king

Per How! a king's daughter?

And call'd Marina?

Mar You said you would believe me,

But, not to be a troubler of your peace,

I will end here

Per But are you flesh and blood?

Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?

Motion!—Well, speak on, Where were you

born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar Call'd Marina

For I was born at sea.

Per At sea! what mother?

Mar My mother was the daughter of a king,

Who died the minute I was born,

As my good nurse Lychonida hath oft

Deliver'd weeping

Per O! stop there a little

This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep

Did mock sad fools withal, this cannot be

My daughter's buried. Well, where were you

bred?

I'll hear you more to the bottom of your story

And never interrupt you.

Mar You'll scorn to believe me, 'twere best

I did give o'er.

Per I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver Yet, give me leave
How came you in these parts? where were you
bred?

Mar The king my father did in Tarsus leave
me, 172

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me, and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me, 176
Brought me to Mitylene But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?

It may be
You think me an impostor, no, good faith,
I am the daughter to King Pericles, 180
If good King Pericles be

Per Ho, Helicanus!

Hel Calls my lord?
Per Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general, tell me, if thou canst, 185
What this mud is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel I know not, but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene, 188
Speaks nobly of her

Lys. She never would tell
Her parentage, being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep

Per O Helicanus! strike me, honour'd sir,
Give me a gash, put me to present pain, 193
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness O! come
hither, 196

Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast born at sea, burned at Tarsus,
And found at sea again O Helicanus!
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as
loud 200

As thunder threatens us, this is Marina
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep

Mar First, sir, I pray, 204
What is your title?

Per I am Pericles of Tyre but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been god-like perfect, 208
Thou'rt heir of kingdoms, and another life
To Pericles thy father

Mar Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa? 212
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per Now, blessing on thee! rise, thou art
my child,
Give me fresh garments Mine own, Helicanus,
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have
been, 217

By savage Cleon, she shall tell t'ee all,
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in know-
ledge

She is thy very princess Who is this? 220

Hel Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per I embrace you
Give me my robes I am wild in my beholding
O heavens! bless my girl But, hark! what
music? 225

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter But, what
music? 228

Hel My lord, I hear none

Per None!

The music of the spheres! List, my Marina
Lys It is not good to cross him, give him
way 232

Per Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys My lord, I hear [Music

Per Most heavenly music

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber

Hangs upon mine eyes, let me rest [Sleeps

Lys A pillow for his head 237

So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you 240

[Exeunt all but PERICLES

DIANA appears to PERICLES as in a vision

Dia My temple stands in Ephesus, hie thee
thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice

There, when my maiden priests are met together,

Before the people all, 244

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife,

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call

And give them repetition to the life

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe, 248

Do it, and happy, by my silver bow!

Awake, and tell thy dream! [Disappears

Per Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,

I will obey thee! Helicanus!

Enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, and MARINA

Hel Sir? 252

Per My purpose was for Tarsus, there to

strike

The inhospitable Cleon but I am

For other service first toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails, ere soon I'll tell thee

why 256

[To LYSIMACHUS] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon

your shore,

And give you gold for such provision

As our intents will need?

Lys Sir, 260

With all my heart, and when you come ashore,

I have another suit

Per You shall prevail,

Were it to woo my daughter, for it seems

You have been noble towards her

Lys Sir, lend me your arm. 264

Per Come, my Marina [Exeunt

SCENE II.—Before the Temple of DIANA at

Ephesus

Enter GOWER

Now our sands are almost run,

More a little, and then dumb

*This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylen
To greet the king. So he thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina, but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom* [Exit

SCENE III — *The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus
THAISA standing near the altar, as high
priestess a number of Virgins on each side
CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus
attending*

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train, LYSIMACHUS,
HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady*

Per Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the King of Tyre,
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina, who, O goddess!
Wears yet thy silver livery She at Tarsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon, whom at fourteen
years
He sought to murder, but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene, 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard
us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance,
she
Made known herself my daughter
Thai Voice and favour!
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—

Per What means the nun? she dies! help,
gentlemen!
Cer Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife

Per Reverend appearer, no,
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms
Cer Upon this coast, I warrant you
Per 'Tis most certain
Cer Look to the lady O! she's but o'er-
joy'd

Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore I op'd the coffin,
Found there rich jewels, recover'd her, and
plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per May we see them?
Cer Great sir, they shall be brought you to
my house,

Whether I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
4 Recovered.
Thai O! let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
8 But curb it, spite of seeing O! my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak, 32
Like him you are Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
12 *Per* The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thai That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd 36
Per Immortal Dian!
16 *Thai* Now I know you better
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring

[Shows a ring
Per This, this no more, you gods! your
present kindness 40
Makes my past miseries sport you shall do
well,

That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt and no more be seen O! come, be burned
A second time within these arms

Mar My heart 44
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom
[Kneels to THAISA

Per Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy
flesh, Thaisa

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there

Thai Bless'd, and mine own! 48
Hel Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai I know you not
Per You have heard me say, when I did fly
from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute,
Can you remember what I call'd the man? 52
I have nam'd him oft

Thai 'Twas Helicanus then
Per Still confirmation!

Embrace him, dear Thaisa, this is he
Now do I long to hear how you were found, 56

How possibly preserv'd, and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle

Thai Lord Cerimon, my lord, this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their
power, that can 60

From first to last resolve you
Per Reverend sir

The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer I will, my lord 64
Beseech you, first go with me to my house

Where shall be shown you all was found with
her,

How she came placed here in the temple,
No needful thing omitted 68

Per Pure Dian! bless thee for thy vision, I
Will offer night-oblations to thee Thaisa,

This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis And now 72

This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form,
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd

To grace thy marriage-day I'll beautify 76
Thai Lord Cerimon hath letters of good
 credit, sir,
 My father's dead
Per Heavens make a star of him! Yet there,
 my queen,
 We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves 80
 Will in that kingdom spend our following
 days,
 Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
 Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
 To hear the rest untold Sir, lead's the way 84

[Exeunt]

Enter GOWER.

*In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
 Of monstrous lust the due and just reward
 In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen—*

*Although assail'd with fortune fierce and
 keen—* 88
*Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
 Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last
 In Helicanus may you well descry
 A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty* 92
*In reverend Cerimon there well appears
 The worth that learned charity aye wears
 For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
 Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd
 name* 96
*Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
 That him and his they in his palace burn
 The gods for murder seemed so content
 To punish them, although not done, but
 meant* 100
*So on your patience evermore attending,
 New joy wait on you! Here our play hath end-
 ing* [Exit.]

POEMS

VENUS AND ADONIS

Vilva miretur vulgus mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD

RIGHT HONOURABLE

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour But if the first hear of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest I leave it to your honourable survey and your honour to your heart's content, which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase,
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn,
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto
him, 5
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare, 8
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are,
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy
life 12

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow,
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know 16
Here come and sit, where never serpent
hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with
kisses

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty, 20
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport ' 24

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good 28
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy, 32
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy,
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire 36

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Numbly she fastens,—O! how quick is love —
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove 40
Backward she push'd him, as she would be
thrust, [rust.
And govern'd him in strength, though not in

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips 44
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he
frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips,
And kissing speaks, with lustful language
broken,
'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame, she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks,
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks 52
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss,
What follows more she murders with a kiss

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste, 57
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone,
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin 60

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face,
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace, 64
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of
flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling
showers

Look! how a bird lies tangled in a net, 68
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies,
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank. 72

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
 For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale,
 Still is he sullen, still he lowers and frets,
 'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale, 76
 Being red, she loves him best, and being
 white,
 Her best is better'd with a more delight

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love,
 And by her fair immortal hand she swears, 80
 From his soft bosom never to remove,
 Till he take truce with her contending tears,
 Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks
 all wet,
 And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless
 debt 84

Upon this promise did he raise his chin
 Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
 Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in,
 So offers he to give what she did crave, 88
 But when her lips were ready for his pay,
 He winks, and turns his lips another way

Never did passenger in summer's heat
 More thirst for drink than she for this good
 turn 92
 Her help she sees, but help she cannot get,
 She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn
 'O! pity,' gan she cry, 'faint-hearted boy
 'Tis but a kiss I beg, why art thou coy? 96

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
 Even by the stern and dreadful god of war,
 Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
 Who conquers where he comes in every jar, 100
 Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
 And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt
 have

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
 His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest, 104
 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and
 dance,
 To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest,
 Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
 Making my arms his field, his tent my bed

'Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd, 109
 Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain
 Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength
 obey'd,
 Yet was he servile to my coy disdain 112
 O! be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—
 Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,—
 The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine 117
 What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy
 head
 Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies,
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in
 eyes? 120

'Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,
 And I will wink, so shall the day seem night,
 Love keeps his revels where there are but twain,
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight 124
 These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
 Shows thee unripe, yet mayst thou well be
 tasted 128
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip,
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted.
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their
 prime 131
 Rot and consume themselves in little time

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul or wrinkled-old,
 Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
 O'erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
 Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
 Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not
 for thee, 137
 But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow,
 Mine eyes are grey and bright, and quick in
 turning, 140
 My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
 My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow bura-
 ing,
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy
 hand felt,
 Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear, 14
 Or like a fairy trip upon the green,
 Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen
 Love is a spirit all compact of fire, 144
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie,
 These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support
 me, 145
 Two strengthless doves will draw me through
 the sky,
 From morn till night, even where I list to spor
 me
 Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
 That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected
 Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
 Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
 Steal thine own freedom, and complain o'
 theft 146
 Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
 And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
 Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use, 164
 Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear,
 Things growing to themselves are growth's
 abuse
 Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth
 beauty,
 Thou wast begot, to get it is thy duty. 168

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou
feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead,
And so in spite of death thou dost survive, 173
In that thy likeness still is left alive'

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsook
them, 176
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them,
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by Venus' side 180

And now Adonis with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky, 184
Souring his cheeks, cries, 'Fie! no more of
love
The sun doth burn my face, I must remove'

'Ay me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone, 188
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs,
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my
tears 192

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but
warm,
And lo! I lie between that sun and thee
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me,
And were I not immortal, life were done 197
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain re-
lenteth. 200
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O! had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died
unkind. 204

'What am I that thou shouldst condemn me
thus?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair, but speak fair words, or else be
mute 208
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

'Fie! lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead, 212
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred
Thou art no man, though of a man's com-
plexion,
Formen will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading
tongue, 217
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause,
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause
And now she weeps, and now she fain would
speak, 221
And now her sobs do her intendments break

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his
hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground, 224
Sometimes her arms unfold him like a band
She would, he will not in her arms be bound,
And when from thence he struggles to be
gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one 228

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee
here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer,
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry, 233
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie

'Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and
rough, 237
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain
Then be my deer, since I am such a park,
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand
bark. 240

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple, 244
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love liv'd and there he could not
die

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second strik-
ing? 250
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she
say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increas-
ing, 254
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing
'Pity,' she cries, 'some favour, some re-
morse!' 257
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo! from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud, 260
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a
tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds, 265
 And now his woven girths he breaks asunder,
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's
 thunder, 268
 The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
 Controlling what he was controlled with

His ears up-prick'd, his braided hanging
 mane 271
 Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end
 His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
 As from a furnace, vapours doth he send
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
 Shows his hot courage and his high desire

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps, 277
 With gentle majesty and modest pride,
 Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
 As who should say, 'Lo! thus my strength is
 tried, 280
 And this I do to captivate the eye
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by'

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
 His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say?'" 284
 What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
 For rich caparisons or trapping gay?
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
 Nor nothing else with his proud sight agrees

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
 In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the living should exceed, 292
 So did this horse excel a common one,
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and
 long,
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril
 wide, 296
 High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing
 strong,
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender
 hide
 Look, what a horse should have he did not
 lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 300

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares,
 Anon he starts at stirring of a feather,
 To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
 And wher he run or fly they know not whether,
 For through his mane and tail the high wind
 sings, 305
 Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd
 wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her,
 She answers him as if she knew his mind; 308
 Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
 She puts on outward strangeness, seems un-
 kind,
 Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
 Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent, 313
 He vails his tail that, like a falling plume
 Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent
 He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume
 His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd, 317
 Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd

His testy master goeth about to take him,
 When lo! the unback'd breeder, full of fear, 320
 Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
 With her the horse, and left Adonis there
 As they were mad, unto the wood they hie
 them,
 Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly
 them 324

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
 Banning his boisterous and unruly beast
 And now the happy season once more fits,
 That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest,
 For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
 When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage
 So of concealed sorrow may be said, 333
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage,
 But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit 336

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,—
 Even as a dying coal revives with wind,—
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
 Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh, 341
 For all askance he holds her in his eye

O! what a sight it was, wistly to view
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy,
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue, 345
 How white and red each other did destroy
 But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky

Now was she just before him as he sat, 349
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels,
 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
 Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels 352
 His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's
 print,
 As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O! what a war of looks was then between them,
 Her eyes petitioners to his eyes sung, 356
 His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them,
 Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the woo-
 ing
 And all this dumb play had his acts made
 plain
 With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did
 rain. 360

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
 Or ivory in an alabaster band,
 So white a friend engirts so white a foe 364
 This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
 Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began
 'O fairest mover on this mortal round, 368
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound,
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure
 thee,
 Though nothing but my body's bane would
 cure thee' 372

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost thou
 feel it?'
 'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt
 have it,
 O! give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it
 Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
 Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go,
 My day's delight is past, my horse is gone, 380
 And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone
 For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare' 384

Thus she replies 'Thy palfrey, as he should,
 Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire
 Affection is a coal that must be cool'd,
 Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire 388
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath
 none,
 Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
 Servilely master'd with a leathern rein' 392
 But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
 He held such petty bondage in disdain,
 Throwing the base thong from his bending
 crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his
 breast. 396

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
 But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
 His other agents aim at like delight? 400
 Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee, 404
 To take advantage on presented joy,
 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach
 thee
 O learn to love, the lesson is but plain,
 And once made perfect, never lost again' 408

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know
 it,
 Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it,
 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
 My love to love is love but to disgrace it, 412
 For I have heard it is a life in death,
 That laughs and weeps, and all but with a
 breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
 Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
 If springing things be any jot diminish'd, 417
 They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth
 The colt that's back'd and burden'd being
 young
 Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong 420

'You hurt my hand with wringing, let us part,
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat
 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart,
 To love's alarms it will not ope the gate 424
 Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your
 flattery,
 For where a heart is hard, they make no
 battery'

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'hast thou
 a tongue?'
 O! would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing,
 Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double
 wrong, 429
 I had my load before, now press'd with bearing
 Melodious discord, heavenly tune, harsh-
 sounding,
 Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore
 wounding 432

'Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
 That inward beauty and invisible,
 Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
 Each part in me that were but sensible 436
 Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor
 see,
 Yet should I be in love by touching thee

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
 And nothing but the very smell were left me,
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much,
 For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
 Comes breath perfum'd that breedeth love by
 smelling 444

'But O! what banquet wert thou to the taste,
 Being nurse and feeder of the other four,
 Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
 And bid Suspicion double-lock the door, 448
 Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
 Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?'

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
 Which to his speech did honey passage yield,
 Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd 453
 Wrack to the seaman, tempest to the field,
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
 Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh' 457
 Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
 Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
 Or as the berry breaks before it stameth, 460
 Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
 His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
 For looks kill love and love by looks reviveth,
 A smile recures the wounding of a frown, 465
 But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
 The silly boy, believing she is dead,
 Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it
 red, 468

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
 Which cunning love did wittily prevent
 Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her! 472
 For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard, 476
 He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
 To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd
 He kisses her, and she, by her good will,
 Will never rise, so he will kiss her still 480

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day
 Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
 Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
 He cheers the morn and all the world relieveth 484

And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 So is her face illumin'd with her eye,

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
 As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine
 Were never four such lamps together mix'd, 489
 Had not his clouded with his brows' repine,
 But hers, which through the crystal tears gave
 light,
 Shone like the moon in water seen by night

'O! where am I?' quoth she, in earth or
 heaven, 493
 Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
 What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
 Do I delight to die, or life desire? 496
 But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy,
 But now I died, and death was lively joy

'O! thou didst kill me, kill me once again
 Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of
 thine, 500
 Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain
 That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine,
 And these mine eyes, true leaders to their
 queen,
 But for thy piteous lips no more had seen. 504

'Long may they kiss each other for this cure!
 O! never let their crimson liveries wear,
 And as they last, their verdure still endure,
 To drive infection from the dangerous year 508
 That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
 May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
 What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
 To sell myself I can be well contented, 513
 So thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing,

Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
 Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips 516

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me.
 And pay them at thy leisure, one by one
 What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
 Are they not quickly told and quickly gone? 520
 Say, for non-payment that the debt should
 double,
 Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
 Measure my strangeness with my unripe
 years 524
 Before I know myself, seek not to know me,
 No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears
 The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks
 fast,
 Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste 528

'Look! the world's comforter, with weary gait,
 His day's hot task hath ended in the west,
 The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late,
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
 And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's
 light 533
 Do summon us to part and bid good night

'Now let me say good night, and so say you,
 If you will say so, you shall have a kiss' 536
 'Good night,' quoth she, and ere he says adieu,
 The honey fee of parting tender'd is
 Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace,
 Incorporate then they seem, face grows to
 face

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with
 dearth, 543
 Their lips together glu'd, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth, 548
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
 Paying what ransom the insulter willet, whose
 vulture thought doth pitch the price
 so high,
 That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil, 553
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage,
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth
 boil,
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage,
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back, 557
 Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's
 wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
 Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much
 handling, 560
 Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,
 Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temper-
ing, 565
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with
venturing,
Chiefly in love whose leave exceeds commis-
sion 568
Affection faunts not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is
froward

When he did frown, O! had she then gave
over, 571
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover,
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis
pluck'd
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through and picks them all
at last 576

For pity now she can no more detain him,
The poor fool prays her that he may depart
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him, 579
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in
sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to
watch. 584
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-mor-
row?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the
match?'
He tells her, no, to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends

'The boar!' quoth she, whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheeks, she trembles at his tale, 591
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter
All is imaginary she doth prove, 597
He will not manage her, although he mount her,
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium and to lack her joy 600

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw
The warm effects which she in him finds
missing, 605
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing

But all in vain, good queen, it will not be
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd, 609
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee,
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
'Fie, fie!' he says, 'you crush me, let me go,
You have no reason to withhold me so' 612

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet boy
ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the
boar
O! he advis'd, thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tusches never sheath'd he whetted
still, 61
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes, 62
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth
fret,
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes,
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way
And whom he strikes his crooked tusches
slay 62

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point car-
enter,
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture 62
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes
As fearful of him part, through whom he
rushes

'Alas! he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes, 63
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne
Whose full perfection all the world amazes,
But having thee at vantage, wondrous dread
Would root these beauties as he roots the
mead. 63

'O! let him keep his loathsome cabin still,
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thrive well take counsel of their
friends 64
When thou didst name the boar, not to dis-
semble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble

'Didst thou not mark my face? was it not
white? 64
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no
rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my
breast. 64

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel,
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry "Kill, kill!" 65
Distemp'ring gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy, 65
That sometime true news, sometime false doth
bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear

'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye 661
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore, 664
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being
shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang
the head

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination? 668
The thought of it doth make my faint heart
bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow, 671
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow

'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
Uncouple at the tumorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtilty,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare 676
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy
hounds

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles
How he outruns the winds, and with what
care 681
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles
The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes 684

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their
smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell, 688
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer,
Danger deviseth shifts, wit waits on fear

'For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to
doubt, 692
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out,
Then do they spend their mouths. Echo re-
plies,
As if another chase were in the skies. 696

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear; 700
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way, 704
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur
stay
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev'd by any 708

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more.
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise

To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize, 712
Applying this to that, and so to so,
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave?' 'No matter where,' quoth
he,
'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends 716
The night is spent,' 'Why, what of that?' quoth
she

'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends,
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall'
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.'

'But if thou fall, O! then imagine this, 721
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss
Rich preys make true men thieves, so do thy
lips 724
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine, 728
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were
divine,
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's
despite, 731
To shame the sun by day and her by night

'And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature, 736
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery,

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood, 740
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood,
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd
despair,
Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair

'And not the least of all these maladies 745
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and
done, 749
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day
sun

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns, 752
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

'What is thy body but a swallowing grave, 757
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity? 760
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

'So in thyself thyself art made away,
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Of theirs whose desperate hands themselves do
slay, 765

Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets

'Nay then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again 769
Into your idle over-handled theme,
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream,
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul
nurse, 773
Your treatise makes me like you worse and
worse

'If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your
own, 776
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown,
For know, my heart stands armed in mine
ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there, 780

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast,
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest 784
No, lady, no, my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone

'What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove'
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger,
I hate not love, but your device in love, 789
That lends embracements unto every stranger
You do it for increase O strange excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse 792

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name,
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with b'ame, 796
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon be-
reaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun, 800
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies,
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies 804

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say,
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away,
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen 808
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her
breast, 812
And homeward through the dark laund runs
apace,

Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye, 816

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend
So did the merciless and pitchy night 821
Fold in the object that did feed her sight

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood, 824
Or 'stomish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way 828

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming
troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans,
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled 832
'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times, 'Woe,
woe!'
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty, 836
How love makes young men thrall and old men
dote,
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so 840

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming
short
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like
sport 844
Their copious stores, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites, 848
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says, 'Tis so' they answer all, 'Tis so',
And would say after her, if she said 'No' 852

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty, 856
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold

Venus salutes him with this fair good morrow
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light, 860
From whom each lamp and shining star doth
borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son that suck'd an earthly
mother, 864
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to
other'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love,
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn
Anon she hears them chant it lustily, 869
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a mulch doe, whoseswelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay, 877
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and
shudder, 880
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place, 885
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him
first 888

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling
part, 892
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth
yield,
They basely fly and dare not stay the field

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,
Till, cheering up her senses sore dismay'd, 896
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid,
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no
more
And with that word she spied the hunted
boar, 900

Whose frothy mouth 'bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both to-
gether,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not
whither 904
Thus way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murder

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways,
She treads the path that she untreads again,
Her more than haste is mated with delays, 909
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effect-
ing. 912

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
'And asks the weary cattiff for his master,'

And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plas-
ter, 916
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with
howling

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and
grim, 920
Against the welkin volleys out his voice,
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground
below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they
go 924

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodiges,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies, 928
So she at these sad sighs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,'—thus chides she
Death,— 932
'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost
thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet? 936

'If he be dead, O no! it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it,
O yes! it may, thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit 940
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that arm and cleaves an infant's
heart

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his
power 944
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a
flower
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him
dead. 948

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st
such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping 951
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is run'd with thy rigour'

Here overcome, as one full of despair, 955
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd,
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver
rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O' how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow,
 Her eyes seen in the tears tears in her eye,
 Both crystals, where they view'd each other's
 sorrow,
 Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry,
 But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
 Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet
 again

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
 As striving who should best become her grief,
 All entertain'd, each passion labours so, 969
 That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
 But none is best, then join they all together,
 Like many clouds consulting for foul weather

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla,
 A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well
 The dure imaginat on she did follow
 This sound of hope doth labour to expel, 976
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
 And flatters her it is Adonis' voice

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
 Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass,
 Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside, 981
 Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should
 pass,
 To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken when she seemeth
 drown'd 984

O hard-believing love! how strange it seems
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous,
 Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
 Despair and hope make thee ridiculous 988
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
 In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly

Now she unweaves the web that she hath
 wrought,
 Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame, 992
 It was not she that call'd him all to naught,
 Now she adds honours to his hateful name
 She clepes him king of graves, and grave for
 kings,
 Imperious supreme of all mortal things 996

'No, no,' quoth she 'sweet Death, I did but jest,
 Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear
 Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,
 Which knows no pity, but is still severe, 1000
 Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must con-
 fess—
 I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease

'Tis not my fault the boar provok'd my tongue,
 Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander, 1004
 'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong,
 I did but act, he's author of my slander
 Grief hath two tongues and never woman
 yet,
 Could rule them both without ten women's
 wit' 1008

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate,
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,
 With Death she humbly doth insinuate, 1012
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and
 stories
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories

'O Jove!' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I,
 To be of such a weak and silly mind 1016
 To wail his death who lives and must not die
 Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind,
 For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love! thou art so full of fear 1021
 As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with
 thieves,
 Trifles, unwitnessed with eve or ear,
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves'
 Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
 Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn

As falcon to the lure, away she flies,
 The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light,
 And in her haste unfortunately spies 1029
 The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight,
 Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the
 view,
 Like stars asham'd of day, themselves with
 drew 1032

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit
 Shrinks backwards in his shelly cave with pain
 And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit
 Long after fearing to creep forth again, 1031
 So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
 Into the deep dark cabins of her head

Where they resign their office and their light
 To the disposing of her troubled brain, 1041
 Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
 And never wound the heart with looks again
 Who, like a king perplex'd in his throne,
 By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes, 1044
 As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation
 shakes
 Which with cold terror doth men's minds con-
 found
 This mutiny each part doth so surprise 1046
 That from their dark beds once more leap hei-
 eyes,

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
 Upon the wide wound that the boar had
 trench'd 1052
 In his soft flank, whose wonted lily white
 With purple tears, that his wound wept, was
 drench'd
 No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or
 weed,
 But stole his blood and seem'd with him to
 bleed 1056

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth,
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,
 Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth,
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead 1060
 Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow,
 Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
 That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem
 three, 1064
 And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
 That makes more gashes where no breach should
 be

His face seems twain, each several limb is
 doubled,
 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being
 troubled 1068

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
 And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!
 My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
 Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead.
 Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red
 fire! 1073
 So shall I die by drops of hot desire

'Alas! poor world, what treasure hast thou lost?
 What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
 Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou
 boast 1077

Of things long since, or anything ensuing?
 The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and
 trim,
 But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
 Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you
 Having no fair to lose, you need not fear,
 The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss
 you 1084
 But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
 Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
 Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep,
 The wind would blow it off, and, being gone, 1089
 Play with his locks then would Adonis weep,
 And straight, in pity of his tender years,
 They both would strive who first should dry
 his tears 1092

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
 Behind some hedge, because he would not fear
 him,

To recreate himself when he hath sung,
 The tiger would be tame and gently hear him,
 If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his
 prey, 1097
 And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
 The fishes spread on it their golden gills, 1100
 When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
 That some would sing, some other in their bills
 Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red
 cherries
 He fed them with his sight, they him with
 berries 1104

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
 Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore,
 Witness the entertainment that he gave 1108
 If he did see his face, why then I know
 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd himso

'Tis true, 'tis true, thus was Adonis slam
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear, 1112
 Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
 But by a kiss thought to persuade him there,
 And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
 Sheath'd unaware the tusk in his soft groin

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
 With kissing him I should have kill'd him first,
 But he is dead, and never did he bless
 My youth with his, the more am I accurst' 1120
 With this she falleth in the place she stood,
 And stains her face with his congealed blood

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale,
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
 She whispers in his ears a heavy tale, 1125
 As if they heard the woeful words she told,
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness
 lie, 1128

Two glasses where herself herself beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect,
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect 1132
 'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,
 That, you being dead, the day should yet be
 light

'Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend 1136
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,
 Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,
 Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
 That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe

'It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud, 1141
 Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while,
 The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
 With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to
 speak 1146

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures,
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet, 1149
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treas-
 ures
 It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
 Make the young old, the old become a child,

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear, 1153
 It shall not fear where it should most mistrust,
 It shall be merciful, and too severe,
 And most deceiving when it seems most just,
 Perverse it shall be, where it shows most to-
 ward, 1157
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
 And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire, 1160
 Subject and servile to all discontents,
 As dry combustious matter is to fire
 Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
 They that love best their love shall not enjoy;

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd 1165
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
 And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
 A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with
 white, 1168
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the
 blood
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness
 stood

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to
 smell,
 Comparing it to her Adonis' breath, 1172
 And says within her bosom it shall dwell,
 Since he himself is reft from her by death
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to
 tears 1176

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's
 guise,
 Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire
 For every little grief to wet his eyes
 To grow unto himself was his desire, 1180
 And so 'tis thine, but know, it is as good
 To wither in my breast as in his blood

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast,
 Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right 1185
 Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
 My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and
 night
 There shall not be one minute in an hour
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's
 flower' 1188

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
 And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aid
 Their mistress, mounted, through the empty
 skies
 In her light chariot quickly is convey'd, 1192
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their
 queen
 Means to immure herself and not be seen

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TICHFIELD

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours what I have to do is yours being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater, meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with happiness

Your lordship s in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE ARGUMENT

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS—for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus,—after he had caused his own father in law, Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered and contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages had possessed himself of the kingdom went accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival to make trial of that which every one had before avouched only Collatinus finds his wife—though it were late in the night—spinning amongst her maids the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucretia's beauty yet smothering his passions for the present departed with the rest back to the camp, from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself and was according to his estate royally entertained and lodged by Lucretia at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealth into her chamber violently ravished her and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucretia in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers one to Rome for her father and another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus the other with Publius Valerius and finding Lucretia attired in mourning habit demanded the cause of her sorrow. She first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and the whole manner of his dealing and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins, and bearing the dead body to Rome Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king wherewith the people were so moved that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire 4
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucretia the chaste

Haply that name of chaste unhappily set 8
This bateless edge on his keen appetite,
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight, 12
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's
beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state; 16
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate,
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame 21

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done 24
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun,

An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade 29
The eyes of men without an orator,
What needeth then apology be made
To set forth that which is so singular? 32
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucretia's sovereignty 36
Suggested this proud issue of a king,
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting 40
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men
should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-tuneless speed, if none of those 44
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows
old. 49

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd 52
Which of them both should underproph her fame
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for
shame,
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver
white 56

But beauty, in that white intitled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair
field,
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild 60
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their
shield,
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assail'd, the red should fence
the white

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen, 64
Argu'd by beauty's red and virtue's white
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight, 68
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field, 72
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses,
Where, lest between them both it should be
kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go, 76
Rather than triumph in so false a foe

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow
tongue—
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so—
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show 81
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth
owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise, 84
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper,
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on
evil
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear 88
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd

For that he colour'd with his high estate, 92
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty,
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy, 96
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for
more

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling
looks, 100
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no
hooks,
Nor could she moralize her wanton sight, 104
More than his eyes were open'd to the light

He stones to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy,
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry 109
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth ex-
press,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his suc-
cess 112

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in this fair welkin once appear, 116
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the Day

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, 120
Intending weariness with heavy spright,
For after supper long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth
fight, 124
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,
that wake

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining, 128
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to ab-
staining
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining,
And when great treasure is the meed pro-
pos'd, 132
Though death be adjunct, there's no death
suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
For what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and unloose it from their bond, 136
And so, by hoping more, they have but less,
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich
gain. 140

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age,
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage, 144
As life for honour in fell battles' rage,
Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth
cost
The death of all, and all together lost,

So that in venturing ill we leave to be 148
 The things we are for that which we expect,
 And this ambitious foul infirmity,
 In having much, torments us with defect
 Of that we have so then we do neglect 152
 The thing we have and, all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing by augmenting it

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
 Pawning his honour to obtain his lust, 156
 And for himself himself he must forsake
 Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,
 When he himself himself confounds, betrays
 To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful
 days? 161

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes,
 No comfortable star did lend his light, 164
 No noise but owls' and wolves' death boding
 cries,
 Now serves the season that they may surprise
 The silly lambs, pure thoughts are dead and
 still,
 While lust and murder wake to stain and kill

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm,
 Is madly toss'd between desire and dread,
 Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm,
 But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul
 charm, 173
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
 Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth, 176
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
 Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
 Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye,
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly 180
 'As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
 So Lucrece must I force to my desire'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
 The dangers of his loathsome enterprise, 184
 And in his inward mind he doth debate
 What following sorrow may on this arise
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise 187
 His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
 And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine, 191
 And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
 With your uncleanness that which is divine,
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine
 Let fair humanity abhor the deed
 That spots and stains love's modest snow-
 white weed 196

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
 O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
 O impious act, including all foul harms!
 A martial man to be soft fancy's slave! 200
 True valour still a true respect should have,
 Then my digression is so vile, so base,
 That it will live engraven in my face,

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive, 204
 And be an eye-sore in my golden coat,
 Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
 To cipher me how fondly I did dote,
 That my posterity sham'd with the note, 208
 Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
 To wish that I their father had not been

'What win I if I gain the thing I seek?
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy 212
 Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
 Or sells eternity to get a toy?
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
 Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
 Would with the sceptre straight be stricken
 down? 217

'If Collatinus dream of my intent,
 Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent? 220
 This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
 This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
 Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame'

'O! what excuse can my invention make, 225
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a
 deed?
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints
 shake,
 Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart
 bleed? 228
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed,
 And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
 But coward-like with trembling terror die

'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire, 232
 Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
 Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
 Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
 As in revenge or quittal of such strife 236
 But as he is my kinsman my dear friend,
 The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

'Shameful it is, ay, if the fact be known
 Hateful it is, there is no hate in loving 240
 I'll beg her love, but she is not her own
 The worst is but demal and reproving
 My will is strong, past reason's weak removing
 Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe' 245

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
 'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
 And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
 Urging the worse sense for vantage still, 249
 Which in a moment doth confound and kill
 All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
 That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand, 253
 And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
 Fearing some hard news from the war-like band
 Where her beloved Collatinus lies 256
 O! how her fear did make her colour rise
 First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
 Then white as lawn, the roses took away

'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear' 261
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear,
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer, 264
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth, 268
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses,
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows
dreadeth
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth,
And when his gaudy banner is display'd, 272
The coward fights and will not be dismay'd

'Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye
Sad pause and deep regard beseech the sage, 277
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize,
Then who fears sinking where such treasure
lies?' 280

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust, 284
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion

Within his thought her heavenly image sits, 288
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits,
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline, 292
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worse part,

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours, 297
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe
By reprobate desire thus madly led, 300
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retire his ward,
But as they open they all rate his ill, 304
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard
The threshold grates the door to have him heard,
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him
there,
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear

As each unwilling portal yields him way, 309
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face, 312
Extinguishing his conduct in this case,
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth
scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch

And being lighted, by the light he spies 316
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And gniping it, the needl his finger pricks,
As who should say, 'This glove to wanton
tricks 320
Is not murr'd, return again in haste,
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are
chaste'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay
him,
He in the worst sense construes their denial 324
The door, the wind, the glove, that did delay
him,
He takes for accidental things of trial,
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt 329

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime, 332
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing
Pain pays the income of each precious thing,
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates,
shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he
lands' 336

Now is he come unto the chamber door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he
sought 340
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer, 344
Having solicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair
fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts quoth he, I must de-
flower, 348
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution 352
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be
tried,
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution,
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night 356
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will
catch 360
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside,
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such
thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting 364

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head 368
By their high treason is his heart misled,
Which gives the watchword to his hand full soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun, 372
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight,
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light
Whether it is that she reflects so bright, 376
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed,
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed

O! had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill, 380
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill,
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight 384
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss,
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss, 389
Between whose hills her head entombed is
Where, like a virtuous monument she lies,
To be admur'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes 392

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet, whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night 396
Her eyes, like margolds, had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath, 400
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify, 404
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered, 408
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred
Who, like a foul usurper, went about 412
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted, 416
And in his will his wilful eye he tur'd
With more than admiration he admur'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey, 421
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified, 424
Slack'd, not suppress'd, for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins

And they, like stragglung slaves for pillage fighting, 428
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting 432
Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,
Gives the hot charge and bids them do their liking

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand, 436
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land,
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale, 440
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset, 444
And fright her with confusion of their cries
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd 448

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking,
What terror 'tis! but she, in worse taking, 453
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies, 457
She dares not look, yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries,
Who angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
Rude ram to batter such an ivory wall! 464
May feel her heart,—poor citizen,—distress'd
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity, 468
To make the breach and enter this sweet city

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter
chun, 472

The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show,
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill. 476

Thus he replies 'The colour in thy face,—
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,—
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale, 480
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide 484
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my
might, 488
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring,
I know what thorns the growing rose defends,
I think the honey guarded with a sting, 493
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends,
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty, 496
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or
duty

'I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall
breed,
But nothing can affection's course control, 500
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity,
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy' 504

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he
dies 508
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's
bells

'Lucretia,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy
thee 512
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll
slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay, 516
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye, 520
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,

Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rimes, 524
And sung by children in succeeding times

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted,
A little harm done to a great good end, 528
For lawful policy remains enacted
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound, being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified 532

'Then for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot, 536
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot
For marks deserv'd in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye 540
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause,
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderness where are no laws, 544
To the rough beast that knows no gentle
right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth
threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth
get, 549
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their
biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing,
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays, 552
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse
panteth
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly, 556
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaming
Tears harden lust though marble wear with
raining 560

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face,
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace 564
She puts the period often from his place,
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove, 568
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's
oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire, 573
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, 'Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pre-
tended, 576
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee,
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended,
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended,
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe 581

'My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare
me,
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave
me,
Myself a weakling, do not, then, ensnare me, 584
Thou look'st not like decent, do not deceive me
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to
heave thee,
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my
groans 588

'All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wrack-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion,
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert 592
O! if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate,
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee, 596
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his
princely name
Thou art not what thou seem'st, and if the
same, 600
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king,
For kings like gods should govern every thing

'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring! 604
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?
O! be remembered no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away, 608
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay

'This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove 613
If but for fear of this, thy will remove,
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do
look. 616

'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall
learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame, 620
Thy privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-hymn'd
land,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd,

'Hast thou command? by him that gave it
thee, 624
From a pure heart command thy rebel will
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil, 628
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may
say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the
way?

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another 632
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear,
Their own transgressions partially they smother
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy
brother
O! how are they wrapp'd in with infamies 636
That from their own misdeeds askance their
eyes

'To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash reler.
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal, 640
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dum mist from thy dotting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine

'Have done,' quoth he, 'my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires
abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret 648
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh fall-
have
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste'

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign
king, 652
And lo! there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood
If all these petty ills shall change thy good, 656
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their
slave,
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified, 660
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave,
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride
The lesser thing should not the greater hide,
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's
foot, 664
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state'—
'No more,' quoth he, 'by heaven, I will not hear
thee
Yield to my love, if not, enforced hate, 668
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear
thee,
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.' 672

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb
cries, 677
Till with her own white fleece her voice con-
troll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold

For with the nightly linen that she wears 680
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed
O! that prone lust should stain so pure a bed,
The spots whereof could weeping purify, 685
Her tears should drop on them perpetually

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again,
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
This hot desire converts to cold disdain
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store, 692
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before

Look! as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk 696
The prey wherein by nature they delight,
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring

O! deeper sin than bottomless conceit 701
Can comprehend in still imagination,
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination. 704
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till like a jade Self-will himself doth tire

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless
pace, 709
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with
Grace, 712
For there it revels, and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who thus accomplishment so hotly chas'd, 716
For now against himself he sounds his doom,
That through the length of times he stands dis-
grac'd,
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd,
To whose weak runs muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares. 721

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall 725
To living death, and pain perpetual

Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their
will 728

Even in this thought through the dark night he
stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain,
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will despite of cure remain, 732
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain
She bears the load of lust he left behind
And he the burden of a guilty mind

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence, 736
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there,
He scowls and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate with her nails her flesh doth
tear,
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear, 740
She stays, exclaiming on the dreadful night,
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd
delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
She there remains a hopeless castaway, 744
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She prays she never may behold the day,
'For day,' quoth she, 'night's' 'scapes doth open
lay,
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow 749

'They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves be-
hold,
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold, 753
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest, 757
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind 761
Frenzied with grief thus breathes she forth
her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night

'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell! 764
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sun-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

'O hateful, vaporious, and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my curseless crime, 772
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time,
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed, 776
Knut poisonous clouds about his golden
head

'With rotten damps ravish the morning air,
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make
sick

The life of purity, the supreme fair, 780
Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick,
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon and make perpetual night

'Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's
child, 785

The silver-shining queen he would disdain,
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep
again 788

So should I have co-partners in my pain,
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrim-
age

'Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with
mine, 793

To mask their brows and hide their infamy,
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver
brine, 796
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with
groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans

'O Night! thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face 800
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are
made 804
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade

'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay, 808
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my
looks. 812

'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name,
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame,
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame, 817
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

'Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted 821
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted 824
That is as clear from this attain of mine,
As I ere this was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar! 828

Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war
Alas! how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them
knows 833

'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee, 836
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee
kept 840

'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack,
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him,
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him 844
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue O! unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil.

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests? 852
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute

'The aged man that coffers-up his gold
Is plagu'd with cramps and gout and painful
fits, 856
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits,
Having no other pleasure of his gain 860
But torment that it cannot cure his pain

'So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,
Who in their pride do presently abuse it 864
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring, 869
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious
flowers,
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing,
What virtue breeds iniquity devours, 872
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life, or else his quality,

'O Opportunity! thy guilt is great, 876
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason,
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get,
Whoever plots the sun, thou point'st the season,
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at
reason, 880
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy
him,
Sits Sin to seize the souls that wander by him.

'Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath,
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is
thaw'd, 884
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth,
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief! 889

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name, 892
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste
Thy violent vanities can never last
How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

'When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's
friend, 897
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath
chain'd? 900
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for
thee,
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps, 904
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds,
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps,
Advice is sporting while infection breeds
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds 908
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's
rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their
pages

'When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid 912
They buy thy help, but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He grates comes, and thou art well appaid
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me 916
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee

'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift, 920
Guilty of incest, that abomination,
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom 924

'Mis shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's
snare, 928
Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are,
O! hear me, then, injurious, shifting Time,
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant, Opportunity, 932
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?

Time's office is to fine the hate of foes, 936
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things, 941
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To rinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden
towers, 945

'To fill with worm holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents, 948
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's
wheel, 952

'To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild, 956
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguill'd,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful
crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor returning minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand
friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends 964
O! this dread night, wouldst thou one hour
come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack.

'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his
flight 968
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

'Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans,
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances 976
To make him moan, but pity not his moans,
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than
stones,
And let mild women to him lose their mild-
ness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair, 981
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave, 984
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort, 989
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport, 992
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time

'O Time! thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this
ill, 996
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill
Such wretched hands such wretched blood
should spill, 999
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous deathsmen to so base a slave?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing 1004
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate,
For greatest scandal wants on greatest state
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in
mire, 1009
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away,
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay 1012
Poor grooms are sightless night kings glorious
day
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye

'Out, idle words! servants to shallow fools, 1016
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters,
To trembling clients be you mediators 1020
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law

'In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night,
In vain I cavil with my infamy, 1025
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite,
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good, 1028
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame,
For if I die, my honour lives in thee, 1032
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame,
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.' 1036

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she start-
eth,
To find some desperate instrument of death,
But this no slaughter-house no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from *Aetna*, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life 1045
I fear'd by Tarquim's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife 1048
So am I now O no! that cannot be,
Of that true type hath Tarquim rifed me

'O! that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die 1052
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery,
A dying life to living infamy
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay? 1057

'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth,
I will not wrong thy true affection so, 1060
To flatter thee with an infringed oath,
This bastard graff shall never come to growth,
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doting father of his fruit. 1064

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state,
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy
gate 1068
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence

'I will not poison thee with my attainst, 1072
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses,
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses,
My tongue shall utter all mine eyes, like
sluces, 1076
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure
tale'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended 1079
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly hell, when, lo! the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will bor-
row'
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd
be 1085

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weep-
ing,
To whom she sobbing speaks, 'O eye of eyes!
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave
thy peeping, 1089
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are
sleeping
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing
light,
For day's hath nought to do what's done by
night. 1092

- Thus cavils she with everything she sees
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought
agrees
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild,
Continuance tames the one, the other wild, 1097
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill
- So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care, 1100
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare,
No object but her passion's strength renews,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues 1104
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no
words,
Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk affords
- The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy,
Sad souls are slain in merry company,
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society 1112
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.
- 'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore,
He ten times pines that pines beholding food,
To see the salve doth make the wound ache
more, 1116
Great grief grieves most at that would do it
good,
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-
flows,
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows
- 'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes
entomb 1121
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests,
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests 1125
Relish your numble notes to pleasing ears,
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with
tears.
- 'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair 1129
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear, 1132
For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.
- 'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart 1137
Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye,
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languish-
ment. 1141
- 'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
- That knows nor parching heat nor freezing
cold, 1145
We will find out, and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their
kinds
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle
minds ' 1148
- As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily, 1152
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproach's
debtor 1155
- 'To kill myself' quoth she, 'alack! what were it
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in con-
fusion
That mother tries a merciless conclusion, 1160
Who, having two sweet babes, when death
takes one,
Will slay the other and be nurse to none
- 'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine' 1164
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay, 1168
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away
- 'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy 1173
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled
soul 1176
- 'Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death,
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my
breath 1180
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tamed, shall for him be spent,
And as his due went in my testament
- 'Mine honour I'll bequeath unto the knife 1184
That wounds my body so dishonoured
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life,
The one will live, the other being dead
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred, 1188
For in my death I murder shameful scorn
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born
- 'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee? 1192
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be,
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me.
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so

'Thus brief abridgment of my will I make
My soul and body to the skies and ground,
My resolution, husband, do thou take, 1200
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my
wound,

My shame be his that did my fame confound,
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will, 1205
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill,
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, "So be
it," 1209
Yield to my hand, my hand shall conquer
thee
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors
be'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid, 1212
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright
eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her
maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies,
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers
flies 1216
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their
snow

Her mistress she doth give demure good-
morrow,
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow, 1221
For why her face wore sorrow's livery,
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with
woe 1225

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy 1229
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy
night 1232

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling,
One justly weeps, the other takes in hand
No cause but company of her drops spilling,
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing, 1237
Grieving themselves to guess at others'
smarts,
And then they drown their eyes or break their
hearts

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will,
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange
kinds

Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill
Then call them not the authors of their ill, 1244
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign
plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep, 1248
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave keeping evils that obscurely sleep
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern
looks, 1252
Poor women's faces are their own faults'
books

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath
kill'd
No^t that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame O! let it not be hild 1257
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses those proud lords, to
blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their
shame 1260

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong
Such danger to resistance did belong, 1265
That dying fear through all her body spread,
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining
'My girl,' quoth she, on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks
are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my
mood 1273
If tears could help, mine own would do me
good

'But tell me, girl, when went?'—and there she
stay'd
Till after a deep groan—"Tarquin from
hence?"— 1276
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,
'The more to blame my sluggard negligence
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense,
Myself was stirring ere the break of day, 1280
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness'
'O! peace,' quoth Lucrece, 'if it should be
told, 1284
The petition cannot make it less,
For more it is than I can well express
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to
tell. 1288

'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen'
Yet save that labour, for I have them here
What should I say? One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready by and by, to bear 1292
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be
writ 1295

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill
Concert and grief an eager combat fight,
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will,
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill 1300
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before

At last she thus begins 'Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee, 1304
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford,
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,
Some present speed to come and visit me
So I commend me from our house in grief
My woes are tedious, though my words are
brief 1309

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly
By this short schedule Collatine may know 1312
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd
excuse 1316

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her,
When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace
the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her 1320
From that suspicion which the world might
bear her
To shun this blot, she would not blot the
letter
With words, till action might become them
better

To see sad sights moves more than hear them
told, 1324
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear, 1328
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow
fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of
words

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ
'At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste'
The post attends, and she delivers it, 1333
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she
deems 1336
Extremity still urgeth such extremes

The homely villain curtsies to her low,
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no, 1340
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame,
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her
shame 1344

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily 1348
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to
gage

His kindled duty kindled their mistrust, 1352
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd,
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquim's
lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd,
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd
The more she saw the blood his cheeks re-
plenish, 1357
The more she thought he spied in her some
blemish

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone 1360
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plamts a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer
way 1365

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy,
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy, 1369
Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy,
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd

A thousand lamentable objects there, 1373
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life,
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's
strife, 1377
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy
lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring plover, 1380
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust,
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust 1384
Such sweet observance in this work was
had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look
sad

In great commanders grace and majesty
 You might behold, triumphing in their faces,
 In youth quick bearing and dexterity, 1389
 And here and there the painter interlaces
 Pale cowards, marching on with trembling
 paces,
 Which heartless peasants did so well re-
 semble, 1392
 That one would swear he saw them quake and
 tremble

In Ajax and Ulysses, O! what art
 Of physiognomy might one behold,
 The face of either cipher'd either's heart, 1396
 Their face their manners most expressly told
 In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd,
 But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
 Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor
 stand, 1401
 As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,
 Making such sober action with his hand,
 That it beguild attention, charm'd the sight
 In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
 Wag'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
 Thin winding breath, which purld up to the
 sky

About him were a press of gaping faces, 1408
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice,
 All jointly listening, but with several graces,
 As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
 Some high, some low, the painter was so
 nice, 1412
 The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
 To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
 His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear,
 Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n
 and red, 1417
 Another smother'd, seems to pelt and swear,
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
 As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words, 1420
 It seem'd they would debate with angry
 swords.

For much imaginary work was there,
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear, 1424
 Grip'd in an armed hand, himself behind,
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind
 A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
 Stood for the whole to be imagined. 1428

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy,
 When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd
 to field,
 Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
 To see their youthful sons bright weapons
 wield, 1432
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,
 That through their light joy seemed to ap-
 pear,—
 Like bright things stain'd—a kind of heavy
 fear

And, from the strand of Dardan, where they
 fought, 1436
 To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
 Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
 With swelling ridges, and their ranks began
 To break upon the galled shore, and than 1440
 Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
 They join and shoot their foam at Simois'
 banks

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
 To find a face where all distress is stell'd 1444
 Many she sees where cares have carved some,
 But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
 Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
 Staring on Priam's wounds with her old
 eyes,
 Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot
 lies 1449

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
 Time's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care's
 reign
 Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were dis-
 gus'd, 1452
 Of what she was no semblance did remain,
 Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
 Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes
 had fed,
 Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead. 1456

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
 And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
 Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
 And bitter words to ban her cruel foes 1460
 The painter was no god to lend her those,
 And therefore Lucrece swears he did her
 wrong,
 To give her so much grief and not a tongue

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,
 I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
 And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
 And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
 And with my tears quench Troy that burns so
 long, 1468
 And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
 Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the trumpet that began this stir,
 That with my nails her beauty I may tear 1472
 Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
 This load of wrath that burning Troy doth
 bear

Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here,
 And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
 The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter
 die

'Why should the private pleasure of some one
 Become the public plague of many moe?
 Let sin, alone committed, light alone 1480
 Upon his head that hath transgressed so,
 Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe,
 For one's offence why should so many fall,
 To plague a private sin in general? 1484

'Lo! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here Hector faints, here Troilus wounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame and not with
fire'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes,
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell, 1493
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes,
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell 1496
To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow,
She lends them words, and she their looks
doth borrow

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament
At last she sees a wretched image bound, 1501
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent,
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content,
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his
woes

In him the painter labour'd with his skill 1506
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent that seem'd to welcome woe,
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have

But, like a constant and confirmed devil, 1513
He entertain'd a show so seeming-just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust 1516
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like
forms. 1519

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew,
Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining
glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry, 1524
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd
their faces

This picture she advis'dly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill, 1528
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So far a form lodg'd not a mind so ill
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was believ'd.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile,'—
She would have said, '—can lurk in such a look,'

But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the
while, 1536
And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot'
took
'It cannot be,' she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus, It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted, 1541
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
And if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed, so beguil'd 1544
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice as Priam hum did cherish,
So did I Tarquin, so my Troy did perish

'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds'
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds,
Those round clear pearls of his, that move
thy pity, 1553
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city

'Such devils steal effects from lightless hell,
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold, 1556
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell,
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them bold
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth
flatter, 1560
That he finds means to burn his Troy with
water'

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails
That patience is quite beaten from her breast
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest 1565
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er,
'Fool, fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds will not
be sore' 1568

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complain-
ing
She looks for night, and then she longs for
morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remain-
ing 1572
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sus-
taining
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch see time how slow it
creeps

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her
thought, 1576
That she with painted images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment,
Losing her woes in shows of discontent 1580
It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company, 1584
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black,
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky
These water-galls in her dim element 1588
Foretell new storms to those already spent

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazed in her sad face he stares
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and
raw, 1592
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares
He hath no power to ask her how she fares
Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's
chance 1596

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins 'What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling
stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour
spent? 1600

Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe, 1608
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending 1612
'Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass
best,

Where no excuse can give the fault amending
In me more woe than words are now depending,
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue

'Then be this all the task it hath to say
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay 1620
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head,
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free 1624

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And softly cried, "Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love, else lasting shame 1629
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine,"
quoth he, 1632

"Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill 1636

The lechers in their deed this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy"

'With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently, 1641
I should not live to speak another word,
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome 1644
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her
groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak,
No rightful plea might plead for justice there
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is robb'd the prisoner
dies 1653

'O' teach me how to make mine own excuse,
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find,
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this
abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind, 1656
That was not forc'd, that never was inclin'd
To accessory yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure'

Lo! here the helpless merchant of this loss, 1660
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with
woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so 1664
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain,
What he breathes out his breath drinks up
again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride 1669
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast,
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief
draw 1673

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh
'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power, no flood by raining slaketh
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh 1678
More feeling-painful let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes

'And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own suppose thou dost de-
fend me 1684
From what is past the help that thou shalt lend
me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you, fair lords,' quoth she,—
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,—
'Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine,
For 'tis a meritorious fair design 1692
To chase injustice with revengeful arms
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor
ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid, 1696
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops 'O! speak,' quoth she,
'How may this forced stain be wip'd from
me? 1701

'What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance? 1705
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again,
And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say, 1709
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears,
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears 1713
'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame, hereafter
living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name, 'He, he,' she
says, 1717
But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not
speak,
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this, 'He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to
me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul un-
sheath'd 1724
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd,
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds
doth fly 1728
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed, 1
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew,
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed, 1732
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw,
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase,

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,

Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood, 1742
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tar-
quin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face, 1744
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows,
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified

'Daughter, dear daughter!' old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine which thou hast here de-
priv'd 1752
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unhiv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd
If children predecease progenitors, 1756
We are their offspring, and they none of ours

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born,
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time outworn
O! from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was 1764

'O Time! cease thou thy course, and last no
longer,
If thy surcease to be that should survive
Shall rotten death make conquest of the
stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive? 1768
The old bees die, the young possess their hive
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!'

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream, 1772
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place,
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space, 1776
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue,
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk, but through his lips do throng
Weak words so thick, come in his poor heart's
aid, 1784
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain, 1788
Held back his sorrow's tide to make it more,
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er
Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for
wife 1792

The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay
 The father says, 'She's mine' 'O' mine she is,
 Replies her husband, do not take away 1796
 My sorrow's interest, let no mourner say
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine'

'O' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life 1800
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd'
 'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my wife,
 I ow'd her, and tis mine that she hath kill'd'
 'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamours 1804
 fill'd

The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
 Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and 'my
 wife'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece'
 side,
 Seeing such emulation in their woe, 1808
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
 Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show
 He with the Romans was esteemed so
 As silly-jeering idiots are with kings, 1812
 For sportive words and uttering foolish
 things

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
 Wherein deep policy did him disguise,
 And arm'd his long-hud wits advisedly, 1816
 To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes
 'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise
 Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
 Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?' 1821
 Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous
 deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
 For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
 Such childish humour from weak minds pro- 1825
 ceeds

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
 To slay herself, that should have slain her foe

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
 In such relenting dew of lamentations, 1829
 But kneel with me and help to bear thy part,
 To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
 That they will suffer these abominations, 1832
 Since Rome herself in them doth stand dis-
 grac'd,
 By our strong arms from forth her fair streets
 chas'd

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
 And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
 By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's 1837
 store,
 By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
 And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late com-
 plain'd
 Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody 1840
 knife,
 We will revenge the death of this true wife'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
 And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow,
 And to his protestation urg'd the rest, 1844
 Who, wondering at him, did his words allow
 Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow,
 And that deep vow, which Brutus made be-
 fore,
 He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
 They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,
 To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
 And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence 1852
 Which being done with speedy diligence,
 The Romans plausibly did give consent
 To Tarquin's everlasting banishment

SONNETS

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF
THESE INSUING SONNETS
Mr W H ALL HAPPINESSE
AND THAT ETERNITIE
PROMISED :

BY
OUR EVER LIVING POET
WISHETH
THE WELL-WISHING
ADVENTURER IN
SETTING
FORTH

T T

I

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self substantial
fuel,

Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud burnest thy content 11
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee

II

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days, 6
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's
use,
If thou couldst answer, 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine! 12
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it
cold

III

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another,
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some
mother,
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry? 6
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime,
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time 12
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee

IV

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give? 6
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive
Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave? 12
Thy unuse'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which used, lives th' executor to be

V

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel,
For never-resting time leads summer on 5
To hideous winter, and confounds him there,
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite
gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was 12
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter
meet,
Leese but their show, their substance still lives
sweet

VI

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd
Make sweet some vial, treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd

That use is not forbidden usury, 5
Which happies those that pay the willing loan,
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one,
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee,
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst
depart,

Leaving thee living in posterity? 12
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms
thine heir

VII

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty,
And having clumb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age, 6
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage,
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way 12
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not
gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions marned, do offend thine ear, 6
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear
Mark how one string, sweet husband to an-
other,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing 12
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming
one,
Sings this to thee 'Thou single wilt prove
none'

IX

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife,
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind, 6
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind
Look! what an unthrif in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it,
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it 12
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame com-
mits

X

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art below'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident,
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to con-
spire, 6

Seeking that bateous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire
O! change thy thought, that I may change my
mind

Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove 12
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee

XI

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
And that fresh blood which youngly thou be-
stow'st
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth
convertest
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase,
Without this, folly, age and cold decay 6
If all were munded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world
away

Let those whom Nature hath not made for
store,
Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the
more,
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty
cherish 12
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant
thereby
Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy
die

XII

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night,
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white,
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd, 6
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow, 12
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make
defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee
hence.

XIII

O! that you were yourself, but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give

So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination, then you were 6
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should
bear
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold? 12
O! none but unthrifths Dear my love, you
know
You had a father let your son say so

XIV

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality,
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell, 5
Pointing to each his thunder, ram, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
As 'Truth and beauty shall together thrive, 11
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert,'
Or else of thee this I prognosticate
'Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and
date'

XV

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but
shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment,
When I perceive that men as plants increase, 5
Cheered and check'd e'en by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their braye state out of memory,
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay, 11
To change your day of youth to sullied night,
And, all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new

XVI

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset, 6
With virtuous wish would bear you living
flowers
Much liker than your painted counterfeit
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men 12
To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet
skill

XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your
parts
If I could write the beauty of your eyes 5
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, 'This poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly
faces
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than
tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song 12
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice,—in it and in my rhyme

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd 6
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course un-
trimm'd,
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his
shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st, 12
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee

XIX

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet
brood,
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood,
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time, 6
To the wide world and all her fading sweets,
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime
O! carve not with thy hours my love's fair
brow
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen,
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men 12
Yet, do thy worst, old Time despite thy
wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young

XX

A woman's face with Nature's own hand
painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion,
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's
fashion,

An eye more bright than theirs, less false in
 rolling,
 Gliding the object whereupon it gazeth, 6
 A man in hue all hues in his controlling,
 Which steals men's eyes and women's souls
 amazeth
 And for a woman wert thou first created,
 Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
 And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing 12
 But since she prick'd thee out for women's
 pleasure,
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their
 treasure

XXI

So is it not with me as with that Muse
 Sturr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
 Making a complement of proud compare,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich
 gems, 6
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems
 O! let me, true in love, but truly write,
 And then believe me, my love is as fair
 As any mother's child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air 12
 Let them say more that like of hear-say well,
 I will not praise that purpose not to sell

XXII

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
 So long as youth and thou are of one date,
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
 Then look I death my days should expiate
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart, 6
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me
 How can I then, be elder than thou art?
 O! therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
 As I, not for myself, but for thee will,
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill 12
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slam,
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again

XXIII

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his fear is put besides his part,
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own
 heart,
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite, 6
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's
 might.
 O! let my books be then the eloquence
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
 Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
 More than that tongue that more hath more
 express'd 12
 O! learn to read what silent love hath writ.
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath
 stell'd
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart,
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
 And perspective it is best painter's art
 For through the painter must you see his skill,
 To find where your true image pictur'd lies, 6
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have
 done
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for
 me
 Are windows to my breast where-through the
 sun
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee, 12
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
 They draw but what they see, know not the
 heart

XXV

Let those who are in favour with their stars
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves
 spread
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye, 6
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die
 The painful warrior famoused for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd 12
 Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
 Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

XXVI

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
 To thee I send this written ambassage,
 To witness duty, not to show my wit
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show 6
 it,
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it,
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect 12
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
 Till then not show my head where thou mayst
 prove me

XXVII

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
 But then begins a journey in my head
 To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd
 For then my thoughts—from far where I
 abide—
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee, 6
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see.

Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face
new ¹²
Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself no quiet find.

XXXVIII

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day oppress'd,
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me, ⁶
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still further off from thee
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the
heaven
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the
even ¹²
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength
seem stronger

XXXIX

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends
possess'd, ⁶
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's
gate, ¹²
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth
brings
That then I scorn to change my state with
kings

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear times'
waste
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night, ⁶
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd
woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd
sight
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before ¹²
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end

XXXI

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns Love, and all Love's loving
parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried
How many a holy and obsequious tear ⁵
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many now is thine alone ¹²
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou—all they—hast all the all of me.

XXXII

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust
shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen, ⁶
Reserve them for my love, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the height of happier men
O! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this grow-
ing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage ¹²
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his
love'

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy,
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face, ⁶
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow,
But, out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me
now ¹²
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth,
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's
sun staineth

XXXIV

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou
break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face, ⁶
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the dis-
grace

Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief,
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence a cross 12
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love
sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds

XXXV

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast
done
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud,
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorising thy trespass with compare, 6
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are,
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence
Such civil war is in my love and hate, 12
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from
me

XXXVI

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite, 6
Which, though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's de-
light
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me, 11
Unless thou take that honour from thy name
But do not so, I love thee in such sort
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report

XXXVII

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth,
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit, 6
Or any of these all, or all, or more
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store
So then I am not lame, poor nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance
give
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd
And by a part of all thy glory live 12
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee
Thus wish I have, then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my
verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?

O! give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight, 6
For who so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rimmers invoke,
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date 12
If my slight Muse do please these curious
days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the
praise

XXXIX

O! how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self
bring?
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one, 6
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone
O absence! what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth
deceive, 12
And that thou teachest how to make one
twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain

XL

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all,
What hast thou then more than thou hadst
before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call,
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest, 6
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty,
And yet, love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites, yet we must not be foes

XLI

Those pretty wrongs that liberty committs,
When I am sometimes absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won, 6
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assai'd, 6
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ay me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold
truth, 12
Here, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly,
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love
her, 6

And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss,
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross 12
But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone

XLIII

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected,
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make
bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy
show 6

To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth
sray! 12

All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do
show thee me

XLIV

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way,
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the furthest earth remov'd from thee, 6
For nimble thought can jump both sea and
land,

As soon as think the place where he would be
But, ah! thought kills me that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art
gone,

But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan, 12
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV

The other two slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee, 6
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melan-
choly,

Untill life's composition be recur'd
By those sweet messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me 12
Thus told, I joy, but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow
sad.

XLVI

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight,
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would
bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost
lie,—

A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,— 6
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's
part 12
As thus, mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of
heart

XLVII

Between mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth
smother,

With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart, 6
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a
part

So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me,
For thou not further than my thoughts canst
move, 11
And I am still with them and they with thee,
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight

XLVIII

How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of
trust!

But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief, 6
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou
art,

Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and
part 12
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX

Against that time, if ever that time come,
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
 When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
 Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects,
 Against that time when thou shalt strangely
 pass,
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
 When love, converted from the thing it was,
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity,
 Against that time do I ensconce me here
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
 And thus my hand against myself uprear,
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part 12
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of
 laws,
 Since why to love I can allege no cause

L

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 'Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy
 friend!'
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me, 6
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider lov'd not speed, being made from
 thee
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
 Which heavily he answers with a groan
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side, 12
 For that same groan doth put this in my
 mind
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind

LI

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
 Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed
 From where thou art why should I haste me
 thence?
 Till I return, of posting is no need
 O! what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity can seem but slow? 6
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the
 wind,
 In winged speed no motion shall I know
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace,
 Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
 Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race, 11
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,—
 'Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
 Towards thee I'll run and give him leave to
 go'

LII

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
 Since, seldom coming, in the long year set, 6
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet.

So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special blest
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride 12
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives
 scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope

LIII

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you
 tend?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you, 6
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new
 Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear,
 And you in every blessed shape we know 12
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant
 heart.

LIV

O! how much more doth beauty beauteous
 seem
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but farrer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses, 6
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds dis-
 closes
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwood'd, and unrespected fade,
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so, 11
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made—
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall vade, my verse distils your
 truth

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime,
 But you shall shine more bright in these con-
 tents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish
 time
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry, 6
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall
 burn
 The living record of your memory
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth, your praise shall still find
 room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom 12
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI

Sweet love, renew thy force, be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might
So, love, be thou, although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with ful-
ness,

To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted
new

Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more bless'd may be the view,¹²
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
more rare

LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for
you,

Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu,
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make
those¹²
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill

LVIII

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of
pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O! let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty,⁶
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each
check,

Without accusing you of injury
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime¹²
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child!
O! that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,⁶
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!

That I might see what the old world could
say
To this composed wonder of your frame,
Where we are mended, or where better they,
Or whether revolution be the same¹²
O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring
praise

LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled
shore
So do our minutes hasten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes
before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,⁶
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift con-
found
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to
mow¹²
And yet to times in hope my verse shall
stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand

LXI

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be
broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry,<⁶
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so
great
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake,
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake¹²
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake else-
where,
From me far off, with others all too near

LXII

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part,
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,⁶
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,¹²
Self so self-loving were iniquity
'Tis thee, my self,—that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days

LXIII

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
 With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'er-
 worn,
 When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd
 his brow
 With lines and wrinkles, when his youthful
 morn

Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
 And all those beauties whereof now he's king 6
 Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring,
 For such a time do I now fortify
 Against confounding age's cruel knife,
 That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's
 life 12
 His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
 And they shall live, and he in them still green

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
 The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age,
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage,
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore, 6
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store,
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay,
 Runn hath taught me thus to ruminate—
 That Time will come and take my love away 12
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose

LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless
 sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
 O! how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wrackful siege of battering days, 6
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack,
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie
 hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot
 back?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid? 12
 O! none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine
 bright

LXVI

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry
 As to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly—doctor-like—controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive good attending captain ill 12
 Tir'd with all these, from these would I be
 gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone

LXVII

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
 And with his presence grace impiety,
 That sin by him advantage should achieve,
 And lace itself with his society?
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
 And steal dead seeming of his living hue? 6
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
 Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively
 veins?
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains 12
 O! him she stores, to show what wealth she
 had
 In days long since, before these last so bad

LXVIII

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
 When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do
 now,
 Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow,
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away, 6
 To live a second life on second head,
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament, itself and true,
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new, 12
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,
 To show false Art what beauty was of yore

LXIX

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth
 view
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can
 mend,
 All tongues—the voice of souls—give thee that
 due,
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend
 Thy outward thus with outward praise is
 crown'd,
 But those same tongues, that give thee so thine
 own, 6
 In other accents do this praise confound
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds,
 Then,—churls,—their thoughts, although their
 eyes were kind, 11
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
 The soil is this, that thou dost common grow

LXX

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair,
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time, 6
 For sanker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
 Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd,
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd 12
 If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst
 owe

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it, for I love you so, 6
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe
 O! if,—I say, you look upon this verse,
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay, 12
 Lest the wise world should look into your
 moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone

LXXII

O! lest the world should task you to recite
 What merit lived in me, that you should love
 After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove,
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie, 6
 To do more for me than mine own desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart
 O! lest your true love may seem false in this,
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you 12
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing
 worth.

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the
 cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds
 sang
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west, 6
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire 11
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by

Thus thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love
 more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere
 long

LXXIV

But be contented when that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay
 When thou reviewest thus, thou dost review 6
 The very part was consecrate to thee
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due,
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead,
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered 12
 The worth of that is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains

LXXV

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the
 ground,
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found,
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon 5
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then better'd that the world may see my
 pleasure
 Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
 And by and by clean starved for a look,
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took 12
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away

LXXVI

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why with the time do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds
 strange?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a noted weed, 6
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Showing their birth, and where they did pro-
 ceed?
 O! know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument,
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent 12
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste,
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory, 6
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.

Look! what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt
 find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy
 brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind 12
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book

LXXVIII

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poesy disperse
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to
 sing

And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing
And given grace a double majesty
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be, 12
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick muse doth give another place
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour, beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek, he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live 12
 Then thank him not for that which he doth
 say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost
 pay

LXXX

O! how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your
 fame!
But since your worth—wide as the ocean is,—
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear, 6
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride,
Or, being wrack'd, I am a worthless boat, 12
He of tall building and of goodly pride
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this,—my love was my decay

LXXXI

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten,
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.

Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must
 die 6

The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse, 11
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You still shall live,—such virtue hath my
 pen,—
Where breath most breathes,—even in the
 mouths of men.

LXXXII

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise, 6
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days
And do so, love, yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized 11
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend,
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set,
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might
 show 6
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb,
For I impair not beauty being mute, 11
When others would give life, and bring a tomb
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise

LXXXIV

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell 5
That to his subject lends not some small glory,
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where. 12
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your
 praises worse.

LXXXV

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her
still,
Whilst comments of your praise, richly com-
pild,
Deserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd
I think good thoughts, while others write good
words,

And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen' 6
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen
Hearing you praise'd I say, 'Tis so 'tis true,'
And to the most of praise add something more,
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank
before 12
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they
grew?

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead? 6
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast,
I was not sick of any fear from thence 12
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter, that enfeebled mine

LXXXVII

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing,
My bonds in thee are all determinate
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving? 6
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not
knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking,
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing, 11
Comes home again, on better judgment making
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter

LXXXVIII

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art for-
sworn
With mine own weakness, being best ac-
quainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story 6
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory

And I by this will be a gainer too,
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me 12
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong

LXXXIX

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change, 6
As I'll myself disgrace, knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange,
Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell 12
For thee against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate

XC

Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now,
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to
cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss
Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd this
sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe, 6
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might, 12
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so

XCI

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's
force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their
horse,
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest 6
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments'
cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be,
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast 12
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make

XCII

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine,
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine

Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end 6
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie
 O! what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die 12
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not

XCIII

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband, so love's face
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd new,
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change 6
 In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles
 strange,
 But heaven in thy creation did decree
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell,
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings
 be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness
 tell 12
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV

They that have power to hurt and will do
 none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expense, 6
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die,
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity 12
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their
 deeds,
 Likes that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the
 shame
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
 O! in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport, 6
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise,
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
 O! what a mansion have those vices got
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot
 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see! 12
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
 The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVI

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness,
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and
 less
 Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd, 6
 So are those errors that in thee are seen
 To truths translated and for true things deem'd
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy
 state! 12
 But do not so, I love thee in such sort,
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report

XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days
 seen!
 What old December's bareness every where!
 And yet this time remov'd was summer's time
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase, 6
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit,
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute 12
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's
 near

XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue, 6
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
 grew
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose,
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those 12
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play

XCIX

The forward violet thus did I chide
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet
 that smells,
 If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd 6
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair,
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair,

A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath,
 But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth 12
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
 But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee

C

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so
 long
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
 Darkening thy power to lend base subjects
 light?

Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent, 6
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
 Ruse, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there,
 If any, be a satire to decay,
 And make Time's spoils despised every where 12
 Give my love fame faster than Time wastes
 life,
 So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked
 knife

CI

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends,
 So doth thou too, and therein dignified
 Make answer, Muse wilt thou not haply say, 5
 'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd
 Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay,
 But best is best, if never intermix'd?'
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
 Excuse not silence so, for 't lies in thee
 To make him much outlive a gilded tomb
 And to be prais'd of ages yet to be 12
 Then do thy office, Muse, I teach thee how
 To make him seem long hence as he shows
 now

CII

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in
 seeming,
 I love not less, though less the show appear
 That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
 The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays, 6
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
 And stops her pipe in growth of ripper days
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the
 night,
 But that wild music burthens every bough,
 And sweets grown common lose their dear
 delight 12
 Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my
 tongue,
 Because I would not dull you with my song

CIII

Alack! what poverty my Muse brings forth,
 That having such a scope to show her pride,
 The argument, all bare, is of more worth
 Than when it hath my added praise beside!
 O! blame me not, if I no more can write!
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face 6
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
 Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace
 Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
 To mar the subject that before was well?
 For to no other pass my verses tend
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell, 12
 And more, much more, than in my verse can
 sit,
 Your own glass shows you when you look in
 it

CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,
 Such seems your beauty still Three winters
 cold
 Have from the forests shook three summers'
 pride,
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn
 turn'd
 In process of the seasons have I seen, 6
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd,
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth
 stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd 12
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer
 dead

CV

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence, 6
 Therefore my verse, to constancy confin'd,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference
 'Fair, kind, and true,' is all my argument,
 'Fair, kind, and true,' varying to other words,
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope
 affords 12
 'Fair, kind, and true,' have often liv'd alone,
 Which three till now never kept seat in one

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rime,
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow, 6
 I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes, 11
They had not skill enough your worth to sing
For we, which now behold these present
days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to
praise

CVII

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to
come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage, 6
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me sub-
scribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor time, 11
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes
And thou in this shalt find thy monu-
ment,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are
spent.

CVIII

What's in the brain, that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy, but yet, like prayers
divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same, 6
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weights not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page, 12
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show
it dead.

CIX

O! never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth
lie
That is my home of love if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again, 6
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good, 12
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose, in it thou art my all.

CX

Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is
most dear,
Made old offences of affections new,
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely, but, by all above, 6
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love
Now all is done, save what shall have no end
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd 12
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the
best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving
breast

CXI

O! for my sake do you with Fortune chide
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners
breeds
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd 6
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd,
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection,
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction 12
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me

CXII

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow,
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your
tongue, 6
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or
wrong
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of other's voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense 12
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out,
For it no form delivers to the heart 5
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch,

For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your
feature¹²
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine un-
true

CXIV

Or whether doth my mind being crown'd with
you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchymy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self i resemble, 6
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O! 'tis the first, 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is
'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup 12
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin

CXV

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you
dearer
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn
clearer
But reckoning Time, whose mullion'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and chaunge decrees of
kings, 6
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering
things,
Alas! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, 'Now I love you best',
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest? 12
Love is a babe, then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth
grow?

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken, 6
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height
be taken
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come,
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom. 12
If this be error and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII

Accuse me thus that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereunto all bonds do tie me day by day,
That I have frequent been with unknown
minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd
right, 6
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me furthest from your
sight
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate, 12
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love

CXVIII

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge,
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge,
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweet-
ness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding, 6
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needings
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
And brought to medicine a healthful state, 12
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd,
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you

CXIX

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbeck fowl as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart com-
mitted,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never! 6
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been
fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better,
And run'd love, when it is built anew, 11
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far
greater
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gam by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time, 6
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.

O! that our night of woe might have remember'd
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd 11
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee,
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom
 me

CXXI

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be receives reproach of being,
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd 11
 Not by our feeling, but by others seeing
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I think
 good?

No, I am that I am, and they that level
 At my abuses reckon up their own
 I may be straight though they themselves be
 bevel,
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be
 shown, 12
 Unless thus general evil they maintain,
 All men are bad and in their badness reign

CXXII

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,
 Beyond all date, even to eternity
 Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist, 6
 Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd
 That poor retention could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tally thy dear love to score,
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more 12
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee
 Were to import forgetfulness in me

CXXIII

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do
 change
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange,
 They are but dressings of a former sight
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old, 6
 And rather make them born to our desire
 Than think that we before have heard them told.
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,
 Not wondering at the present nor the past,
 For thy records and what we see doth lie,
 Made more or less by thy continual haste 12
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV

If my dear love were but the child of state,
 It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
 As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers
 gather'd

No, it was builded far from accident,
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls 6
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls
 It fears not policy, that heretic,
 Which works on leases of short number'd
 hours,
 But all alone stands hugely politic,
 That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns
 with showers 12
 To this I witness call the fools of time,
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for
 cume

CXXV

Were't aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Or laid great bases for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all and more by paying too much rent, 6
 For compound sweet foregoing simple savour
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
 No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no
 art,
 But mutual render, only me for thee 12
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
 When most impeach'd stands least in thy
 control

CXXVI

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle hour,
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
 Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st,
 If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee 6
 back,
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
 She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be, 12
 And her quietus is to render thee

CXXVII

In the old age black was not counted fair,
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name,
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard's shame
 For since each hand hath put on Nature's
 power,
 Faring the foul with Art's false borrow'd face, 6
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
 But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace
 Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black,
 Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
 At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack, 12
 Sland'ring creation with a false esteem
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
 That every tongue says beauty should look
 so

CXXVIII

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently
sway'st

The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest

reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickl'd, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips, 10
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living

lips
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had, 6
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so,
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme,
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe,
Before, a joy propos'd, behind, a dream 12
All this the world well knows, yet none
knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this
hell.

CXXX

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,
Coral is far more red than her lips' red
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun,
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white, 6
But no such roses see I in her cheeks,
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the
ground 12
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare

CXXXI

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them
cruel,
For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love
groan 6
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.

And to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place 12
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds

CXXXII

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east, 6
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face
O! let it then as well beseech thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee
grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part 12
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack

CXXXIII

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to
groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd 6
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken,
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail,
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard,
Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail 12
And yet thou wilt, for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me

CXXXIV

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free, 6
For thou art covetous and he is kind,
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake,
So him I lose through my unkind abuse 12
Him have I lost, thou hast both him and me
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free

CXXXV

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in over plus,
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine? 6
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?

The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store,
 So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will* 11
 One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more
 Let no unkind 'No' fair beseechers kill,
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*

CXXXVI

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there,
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one 6
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove
 Among a number one is reckon'd none
 Then in the number let me pass untold,
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be,
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee 12
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is
Will

CXXXVII

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine
 eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is take the worst to be
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride, 6
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
 Why should my heart think that a several plot
 Which my heart knows the wide world's
 common place?
 Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face? 12
 In things right true my heart and eyes have
 err'd,
 And to this false plague are they now trans-
 ferr'd.

CXXXVIII

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best, 6
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?
 O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told 12
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX

O! call not me to justify the wrong
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart,
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy
 tongue
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art

Tell me thou lovest elsewhere, but in my sight,
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside 6
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when
 thy might
 Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can bide?
 Let me excuse thee ah! my love well knows
 Her pretty looks have been my enemies,
 And therefore from my face she turns my
 foes, 11
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries
 Yet do not so, but since I am near slain,
 Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain

CXL

Be wise as thou art cruel, do not press
 My tongue tied patience with too much dis-
 dam,
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so,— 6
 As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians
 know,—
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be 12
 That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud
 heart go wide

CXLI

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note,
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who, in despite of view, is pleas'd to dote
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune de-
 lighted,
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone 6
 Nor taste nor smell desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone
 But my five wits nor my five senses can
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to 12
 be
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That she that makes me sin awards me pain

CXLI

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving
 O! but with mine compare thou thine own
 state,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving,
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments 6
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
 Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be 12
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLI

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all quick dis-
patch

In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind,
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind, 12
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy *Will*,
If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

CXLI

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side, 6
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride
And whate'er that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, but not directly tell,
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell, 12
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out

CXLI

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said 'I hate',
To me that languish'd for her sake
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus anew to greet,
'I hate', she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—'Not you'

CXLI

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend? 6
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store,
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross,
Within be fed, without be rich no more, 12
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on
men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying
then.

CXLVII

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except
Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest,
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's
are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd, 12
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee
bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII

O me! what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight,
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's no
How can it? O! how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view,
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears, 12
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me
blind
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should
find

CXLI

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forget
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon? 6
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes? 12
But, love hate on for now I know thy mind,
Those that can see thou lov'st and I am
blind

CL

O! from what power hast thou this powerful
might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the
day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds, 6
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?

Who taught thee how to make me love thee
 more,
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
 O! though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my
 state
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee

CLI

Love is too young to know what conscience is,
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason,
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love, flesh stays no further reason,
 But rising at thy name doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall

CLII

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swear-
 ing,
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most,
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kind-
 ness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,

Or made them swear against the thing they
 see,
 For I have sworn thee fair, more perjur'd I,
 To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CLIII

Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground,
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure
 But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new fired,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast,
 I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes

CLIV

The little Love-god lying once asleep
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to
 keep
 Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand
 The fairest votary took up that fire
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd,
 And so the general of hot desire
 Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men diseas'd, but I, my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
 A plaintful story from a sisting vale,
 My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
 And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale,
 Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
 Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
 Storming her world with sorrow's wind and
 rain

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
 Which fortified her visage from the sun
 Whereon the thought might think sometime it
 saw
 The carcass of a beauty spent and done
 Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
 Nor youth all quit, but, spite of heaven's fell
 rage,
 Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd
 age.

Of't did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
 Which on it had conceited characters,
 Laundering the silken figures in the brine
 That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
 And often reading what content it bears,
 As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe
 In clamours of all size, both high and low

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
 As they did battery to the spheres intend,
 Sometime diverted, their poor balls are tied
 To the orb'd earth, sometimes they do extend
 Their view right on, anon their gazes lend
 To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,
 The mind and sight distractedly commix'd

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
 Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride
 For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,

Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside, 32
 Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
 And true to bondage would not break from
 thence
 Though slackly braided in loose negligence

A thousand favours from a maund she drew 36
 Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
 Which one by one she in a river threw,
 Upon whose weeping margent she was set,
 Like usury, applying wet to wet, 40
 Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall
 Where want cries some, but where excess begs
 all

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
 Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the
 flood, 44
 Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
 Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud,
 Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
 With sleided silk feat and affectedly 48
 Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
 And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear,
 Cried 'O false blood! thou register of lies, 52
 What unapproved witness dost thou bear,
 Ink would have seem'd more black and damned
 here

This said, in top of rage the lues she rents,
 Big discontent so breaking their contents 56

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh—
 Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffie knew
 Of court, of city, and had let go by
 The swiftest hours, observed as they flew— 60
 Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,
 And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
 In brief the grounds and motives of her woe

So slides he down upon his grained bat, 64
 And comely-distant sits he by her side,
 When he again desires her, being sat,
 Her grievance with his hearing to divide
 If that from him there may be aught applied 68
 Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
 'Tis promis'd in the charity of age

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold
 The injury of many a blasting hour, 72
 Let it not tell your judgment I am old,
 Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power
 I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
 Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied 76
 Love to myself and to no love beside

'But woe is me! too early I attended
 A youthful suit, it was to gain my grace,
 Of one by nature's outwards so commended, 80
 That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face
 Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her
 place,
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,
 She was new lodg'd and newly deified. 84

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
 And every light occasion of the wind
 Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls
 What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find 88
 Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
 For on his visage was in little drawn
 What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin, 92
 His phoenix down began but to appear
 Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin
 Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to
 wear,
 Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear, 96
 And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
 If best were as it was, or best without

'His qualities were beauteous as his form,
 For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free, 100
 Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they
 be
 His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth 104
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth

'Well could he ride, and often men would say
 "That horse his mettle from his rider takes
 Proud of subjection, noble by the sway, 108
 What rounds, what bounds, what course, what
 stop he makes!"
 And controversy hence a question takes,
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,
 Or he his manage by the well-doing steed 112

'But quickly on this side the verdict went
 His real habitude gave life and grace
 To appertainings and to ornament,
 Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case 116
 All aids, themselves made farrer by their place,
 Came for additions, yet their purpos'd trim
 Pec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue 120
 All kind of arguments and question deep,
 All replication prompt, and reason strong,
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep
 To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
 He had the dialect and different skill, 125
 Catching all passions in his craft of will

'That he did in the general bosom reign
 Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted, 128
 To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
 In personal duty, following where he haunted
 Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have
 granted,
 And dialogu'd for him what he would say, 132
 Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills
 obey

'Many there were that did his picture get,
 To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind,
 Like fools that in the imagination set 136
 The goodly objects which abroad they find
 Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought
 assign'd,

And labouring in more pleasures to bestow
 them
 Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe
 them 140

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
 Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart
 My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
 And was my own fee-simple, not in part, 144
 What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
 Threw my affections in his charmed power,
 Reserv'd the stalk and gave him all my flower

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did, 148
 Demand of him, nor being desired yielded,
 Finding myself in honour so forbid,
 With safest distance I mine honour shielded
 Experience for me many bulwarks bullded 152
 Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the
 foil
 Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent
 The destin'd ill she must herself assay? 156
 Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
 To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
 Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay,
 For when we rage, advice is often seen 160
 By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
 That we must curb it upon others' proof,
 To be forbid the sweets that seem so good, 164
 For fear of harms that preach in our behoof
 O appetite! from judgment stand aloof,
 The one a palate hath that needs will taste, 167
 Though Reason weep, and cry "It is thy last"

'For further I could say "This man's untrue",
 And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling,
 Heard where his plants in others' orchards
 grew,
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling, 172
 Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling,
 Thought characters and words merely but art,
 And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

'And long upon these terms I held my city, 176
 Till thus he 'gan besiege me "Gentle maid,
 Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
 And be not of my holy vows afraid
 That's to ye sworn to none was ever said; 180
 For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
 Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo

"All my offences that abroad you see
 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind, 184
 Love made them not with acture they may be,
 Where neither party is nor true nor kind
 They sought then shame that so their shame did
 find,
 And so much less of shame in me remains, 188
 By how much of me their reproach contains.

"Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
 Not one whose flame my heart so much as
 warm'd,
 Or my affection put to the smallest teen, 192
 Or any of my leasures ever charm'd
 Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was
 harm'd,
 Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
 And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy 196

"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies
 sent me,
 Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood,
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent
 me
 Of grief and blushes, aptly understood 200
 In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood,
 Effects of terror and dear modesty,
 Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly

"And, lo! behold these talents of their hair,
 With twisted metal amorously impleach'd, 205
 I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
 Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
 With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd, 208
 And deep-bran'd sonnets, that did amplify
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"The diamond, why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
 Whereto his invis'd properties did tend, 212
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend,
 The heaven-hu'd sapphire and the opal blend
 With objects manifold each several stone, 216
 With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some
 moan.

"Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
 Of pensiv'd and subdu'd desires the tender, 219
 Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
 But yield them up where I myself must render,
 That is, to you, my origin and ender,
 For these, of force, must your oblations be,
 Since I their altar, you enpatron me 224

"O! then, advance of yours that phraseless
 hand,
 Whose white weighs down the airy scale of
 praise,
 Take all these similes to your own command,
 Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did
 raise, 228

What me your minister, for you obeys,
 Works under you, and to your audit comes
 Their distract parcels in combined sums.

"Lo! this device was sent me from a nun, 232
 Or sister sanctified, of holiest note,
 Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
 Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote,
 For she was sought by spirits of richest coat, 236
 But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
 To spend her living in eternal love.

"But, O my sweet! what labour is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not
strives, 240

Paling the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight, 244
And makes her absence valiant, not her might

"O! pardon me, in that my boast is true,
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue, 248
And now she would the caged cloister fly,
Religious love put out Religion's eye
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
And now, to tempt, all liberty procur'd. 252

"How mighty then you are, O! hear me tell
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among 256
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being
strong,

Must for your victory us all congeat,
As compound love to physic your cold breast

"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace, 261
Believ'd her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine

"When thou impresses, what are precepts
worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame, 268
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst
sense, 'gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears 273

"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they
pine,
And supplicant their sighs to you extend, 276
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst
mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth " 280

'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face,
Each cheek a river running from a fount 283
With brimish current downward flow'd apace
O! how the channel to the stream gave grace,

Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue
encloses

'O father! what a hell of witchcraft lies 288
In the small orb of one particular tear,
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath, 293
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath

'For, lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears, 296
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears,
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting, though our drops thus difference
bore, 300
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water, 304
Or swoounding paleness, and he takes and
leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoond at tragic shows

'That not a heart which in his level came 309
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame,
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would
marm 312
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim,
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chas-
tity

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace 316
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That the unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which like a cherubin above them hover'd
Who, young and simple, would not be so
lover'd? 320
Ay me! I fell, and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake

'O! that infected moisture of his eye,
O! that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O! that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O! that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O! all that borrow'd motion seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd, 328
And new pervert a reconciled maid '

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

I

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth,

I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,

Unskilful in the world's false forgeries
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best, 6
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?

O! love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told 12
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be

II

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still,
The better angel is a man, right fair,
The worse spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt a saint to be a devil,
Woong his purity with her fair pride
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, but not directly tell,
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell 12
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out

III

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee 6
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love,
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is,
Then thou, fair sun, that on this earth dost shine,

Exhale this vapour vow, in thee it is
If broken, then it is no fault of mine 12
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IV

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.

She told him stories to delight his ear,
She show'd him favours to allure his eye, 6
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there,—

Touches so soft still conquer chastity
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer 12
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward
He rose and ran away, ah! fool too froward

V

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

O! never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove,

Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend 6

o If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice,

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire

Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire, 12

Celestial as thou art, O! do not love that wrong,

To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue

VI

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,

When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing trarriance for Adonis made

Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon us'd to cool his spleen 6

Hot was the day, she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.

Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim

The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him 12

He, spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood

'O Jove', quoth she, 'why was not I a flood!'

VII

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty,
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falsier to deface her 6

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true loves wearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were
jestings 12

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth,
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-
burneth,
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the
framing,
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether? 17
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither

VIII

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense, 6
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes,
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes 12
One god is god of both, as poets feign,
One knight loves both, and both in thee
remain

IX

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
* * * * *
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild,
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds, 6
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those
grounds
'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth! 11
See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore
She showed hers, he saw more wounds than
one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone

X

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon
vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded,
Fair creature, kull'd too soon by death's sharp
stung!

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall
should be

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have,
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave
For why I craved nothing of thee still
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me 12

XI

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him
She told the youngling how god Mars did try
her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him
'Even thus', quoth she, 'the war-like god em-
brac'd me,
And then she chipp'd Adonis in her arms, 6
'Even thus', quoth she, 'the war-like god un-
lac'd me',
As if the boy should use like loving charms
'Even thus', quoth she, 'he seized on my lips',
And with her lips on his did act the seizure,
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her
pleasure 12
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clup me till I ran away

XII

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together
Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care,
Youth like summer morn, age like winter
weather,
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short,
Youth is numble, age is lame, 6
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild, and age is tame
Age, I do abhor thee, youth, I do adore thee,
O! my love, my love is young
Age, I do defy thee O! sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long 12

XIII

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly,
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,
A brittle glass that's broken presently
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour 6
And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead he wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost 12

XIV

Good night, good rest Ah! neither be my
share
She bade good night that kept my rest away,
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay

'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow;
 Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
 In scorn of friendship, nill I construe whether
 'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
 'T may be, again to make me wander thither
 'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself, 11
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf

Lord! how mine eyes throw gazes to the east,
 My heart doth charge the watch, the morning rise
 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark, 18

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty,
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight,
 Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow,
 For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-morrow 24

Were I with her, the night would post too soon,
 But now are minutes added to the hours,
 To spite me now, each minute seems a moon,
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
 Pack night, peep day, good day, of night now borrow
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow 30

SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC

I

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
 That liked of her master as well as well might be,
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,
 Her fancy fell a-turning 4
 Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight
 To put in practice either, alas! it was a spite
 Unto the silly damsel. 8
 But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain
 That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
 For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain
 Alas! she could not help it. 12
 Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
 Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away,
 Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay,
 For now my song is ended. 16

II

On a day, alack the day!
 Love, whose month was ever May,
 Spied a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air 4
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find,
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath. 8

'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;
 Air, would I might triumph so!
 But, alas! my hand hath sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn 12
 Vow, alack! for youth unmeet
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet
 Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiop were, 16
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love'

III

My flocks feed not,
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,
 All is amiss 4
 Love's denying,
 Faith's defying,
 Heart's renying,
 Causar of this 8
 All my merry jgs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
 There a nay is plac'd without remove. 12
 One silly cross
 Wrought all my loss,
 O! frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame,
 For now I see 16
 Inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.
 In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I, 20
 Love hath forlorn me,
 Living in thrall
 Heart is bleeding,
 All help needing, 24
 O! cruel speeding,
 Fraughted with gall.

- My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell, 28
My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid,
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep, 32
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in
bloody fight! 36
- Clear well spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye, 40
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully 44
All our pleasure known to us poor swans,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead. 48
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my
moan
Poor Corydon 52
Must live alone,
Other help for him I see that there is
none
- IV
- Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial wight 4
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwed
And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk, 8
Lest she some subtle practice smell,
A cripple soon can find a halt.
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell. 12
What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear ere night,
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight, 16
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away
What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay, 20
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,
'Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then.' 24
And to her will frame all thy ways,
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear 28
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.
- Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true, 32
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Seek never thou to choose anew
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back 36
The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know 40
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?
Think, women love to match with men
And not to live so like a saint 44
Here is no heaven, they holy then
Begin when age doth them attaint.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed 48
But, soft! enough! too much, I fear,
For if my mistress hear my song,
She will not stuck to ring my ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long 52
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.
- V
- Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields 4
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals 8
There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle 12
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love 16
- LOVE'S ANSWER
- If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy love 20
- VI
- As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made, 4
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring,
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone 8
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity 12
'Fie, fie, fie!' now would she cry,
'Tereu, Tereu!' by and by;

That to hear her so complain, Scarce I could from tears refrain, For her griefs, so lively shown, Made me think upon mine own Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain, None takes pity on thy pain Senseless trees they cannot hear thee, Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee King Pandion he is dead, All thy friends are lapp'd in lead, All thy fellow buds do sing Careless of thy sorrowing Even so, poor bird, like thee, None alive will pity me, Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd, Thou and I were both beguil'd Every one that flatters thee Is no friend in misery Words are easy, like the wind, Faithful friends are hard to find Every man will be thy friend Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend,	16 20 24 28 32 36	But if store of crowns be scant, No man will supply thy want. If that one be prodigal, Bountiful they will him call, And with such-like flattering, 'Fity but he were a king' If he be addict to vice, Quickly him they will entice, If to women he be bent, They have him at commandment But if Fortune once do frown, Then farewell his great renown, They that fawn'd on him before Use his company no more He that is thy friend indeed, He will help thee in thy need If thou sorrow, he will weep, If thou wake, he cannot sleep Thus of every grief in heart He with thee does bear a part These are certain signs to know Faithful friend from flattering foe	40 44 48 52 56
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THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE

Let the bird of loudest lay, On the sole Arabian tree, Herald sad and trumpet be, To whose sound chaste wings obey	4	Property was thus appall'd, That the self was not the same, Single nature's double name Neither two nor one was call'd	40
But thou shrieking harbinger, Foul precursor of the fiend, Augur of the fever's end, To this troop come thou not near	8	Reason, in itself confounded, Saw division grow together, To themselves yet either neither, Simple were so well compounded,	44
From this session interdict Every fowl of tyrant wing, Save the eagle, feather'd king Keep the obsequy so strict	12	That it cried, 'How true a twain Seemeth this concordant one! Love hath reason, reason none, If what parts can so remain.'	48
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1 Hen VI
REYNALDO Hamlet
RICHARD II Rich II
RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCES
TER (afterwards RICHARD III),
2 & 3 Hen VI, Rich III
RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK, Rich
III
RICHMOND, HENRY, EARL OF
(afterwards HENRY VII), 3
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ROBIN, Merry Wives
ROBIN GOODFELLOW, Mids N
Dr
RODERIGO Othello
ROMEO Rom & Jul
ROSALIND, As You Like It
ROSALINE, Love's L L
ROSENCRANTZ Hamlet.
ROSS, Macbeth
ROSS, LORD, Rich II
ROTHERHAM, THOMAS, ARCH
BISHOP OF YORK, Rich III
ROUSILLON, COUNTESS OF, All's
Well
RUGBY, Merry Wives.
RUMOUR, 2 Hen IV
RUTLAND, EDMUND, EARL OF,
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- ST ALBAN's, MAYOR OF, 2 Hen.
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SALARINO, M of Ven
SALISBURY, EARL OF (LONG-
SWORD), K John
SALISBURY, EARLS OF, Rich II,
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SAMPSON, Rom & Jul
SANDS, LORD, Hen VIII
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SAY, LORD, 2 Hen VI
SCALES, LORD, 2 Hen VI
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SCROOP, LORD, Hen V
SCROOP, RICHARD ARCHBISHOP
OF YORK, 1 & 2 Hen IV
SCROOP, SIR STEPHEN, Rich II
SEA CAPTAIN, Twelfth Night.
- SEBASTIAN, Tempest
SEBASTIAN, Twelfth Night
SELEUCUS, Ant & Cleop
SEMPRONIUS, Timon
SEMPRONIUS, Tit Andr
SERVILIUS, Timon
SEXTON, A, Much Ado
SEXTUS POMPEIUS, Ant & Cleop
SEYTON, Macbeth
SHADOW, 2 Hen IV
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Wives
SHIPMASTER, Tempest.
SHYLOCK, M of Ven
SICINIUS VELUTUS, Coriol.
SILENCE, 2 Hen IV
SILIUS, Ant & Cleop
SILVIA, Two G of Ver
SILVIUS, As You Like It.
SIMONIDES, Pericles
SIMPCOX, 2 Hen VI
SIMPLE, Merry Wives
SIWARD, EARL OF NORTHEMBER-
LAND, Macbeth
SIWARD, YOUNG, Macbeth
SLENDER, Merry Wives
SLY CHRISTOPHER, Tam of
Shrew
SMITH THE WEAVER, 2 Hen VI
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SNOUT, Mids N Dr
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SOLINUS, Com of Err
SOMERSET, JOHN BEAUFORT,
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VI
SOMERVILLE, SIR JOHN, 3 Hen
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SPEED, Two G of Ver
STAFFORD, LORD, 3 Hen VI
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Hen VI
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VI
STARVELING, Mids N Dr
STEPHANO, M of Ven
STEPHANO, Tempest
STEWART All's Well
STRATO, Jul Cæs
SUFFOLK, DUKE OF, 2 Hen VI
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SUFFOLK, EARL OF, 1 Hen VI
SURREY, DUKE OF, Rich II
SURREY, EARLS OF, 2 Hen IV,
Rich III, Hen VIII.
- TALBOT, JOHN, 1 Hen. VI
TALBOT, LORD, 1 Hen VI.
TAMORA, Tit Andr
TAURUS, Ant & Cleop
TEARSHEET, DOLL, 2 Hen. IV
- THAISA, Pericles
THALIARD, Pericles
THERSITES, Troilus
THESEUS, Mids N Dr
THOMAS, Meas for Meas
THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE,
2 Hen IV
THURIO, Two G of Ver
THYREUS, Ant & Cleop
TIMANDRA, Timon
TIMON, Timon
TITANIA, Mids N Dr
TITINIUS, Jul Cæs
TITUS, Timon
TITUS ANDRONICUS, Tit Andr
TITUS LARTIUS, Coriolanus
TOUCHSTONE, As You Like It
TOWER, LIEUTENANT OF THE,
3 Hen VI
TRANIO, Tam of Shrew
TRAVERS, 2 Hen IV
TREBONIUS, Jul Cæs
TRESSLE, Rich III
TRINCULO, Tempest.
TROILUS, Troilus
TUBAL, M of Ven
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TYRRELL, SIR JAMES, Rich III.
- ULYSSES, Troilus
URSULA, Much Ado
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- VALENTINE, Tit Andr
VALENTINE, Twelfth Night
VALENTINE, Two G of Ver
VALERIA, Coriolanus
VARRIUS, Ant & Cleop
VARRIUS, Meas for Meas
VARRO, Jul Cæs
VAUGHAN, SIR THOMAS, Rich.
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VAUX 2 Hen VI
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VELUTUS, SICINIUS, Coriolanus
VENICE, DUKE OF, M of Ven.
VENICE, DUKE OF, Othello
VENTIDIUS, Ant & Cleop
VENTIDIUS, Timon
VERGES, Much Ado
VERNON, 1 Hen VI
VERNON, SIR RICHARD, 1 Hen.
IV
VINCENTIO, Meas for Meas
VINCENTIO, Tam of Shrew.
VIOLA Twelfth Night.
VIOLENTA, All's Well.
VIRGILIA, Coriolanus
VOLTIMAND, Hamlet.
VOLUMNIA, Coriolanus.
VOLUMNIUS, Jul Cæs
- WALES, EDWARD, PRINCE OF,
3 Hen. VI.

WALES, EDWARD, PRINCE OF
(afterwards EDWARD V), Rich
III
WALES, HENRY, PRINCE OF
(afterwards HENRY V), 1 & 2
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WARWICK, EARLS OF 2 Hen IV,
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II
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WIDOW, A, Tam of Shrew
WIDOW, OLD, All s Well
WILLIAM, As You Like It
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NAL), BISHOP OF, 1 & 2 Hen
VI
WOLSEY, CARDINAL, Hen VIII
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WORCESTER, EARL OF, 1 Hen IV
YORK, RICHARD SCROOP, ARCH-
BISHOP OF, 1 & 2 Hen IV

YORK, THOMAS ROTHERHAM
ARCHBISHOP OF, Rich III
YORK, DUCHESS OF, Rich II
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DUKE OF, 2 & 3 Hen VI
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VI
YOUNG CATO, Jul Cæs
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INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF SONGS, ETC.

A cup of wine that s brisk and fine
All that glisters is not gold
An old hare hoar and an old hare hoar
And let me the canakin clink, clink
And will he not come again?
Art thou god to shepherd turn d
Be merry be merry my wife has all
Blow blow thou winter wind
But shall I go mourn for that my dear?
Come away come away death
Come thou monarch of the vine
Come unto these yellow sands
Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer
Done to death by slanderous tongues
Fear no more the heat o the sun
Fie on sinful fantasy
Fill the cup and let it come
Flout em and scout em
Fools had ne er less grace in a year
For I the ballad will repeat
From the east to western Ind
Full fathom five thy father lies
Full merrily the humble bee doth sing
Get you hence for I must go
Hark! hark! the lark at heaven s gate sings
He that has a little tiny wit
Honour, riches marriage blessing
How should I your true love know
I am gone sir
I may command where I adore
If a hart do lack a hind
If it do come to pass
If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
If she be made of white and red
Immortal gods I crave no pelf
In youth when I did love did love
It was a lover and his lass
Jog on jog on the footpath way
Jove knows I love
King Stephen was a worthy peer
Knocks go and come God s vassals drop and die
Lawn as white as driven snow
Love love, nothing but love still more!
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly
No more dams I ll make for fish
Now my charms are all o erthrown
O heart heavy heart
O mistress mine! where are you roaming?
O sweet Oliver
On a day, alack the day
Orpheus with his lute made tree
Over hill, over dale
Pardon, goddess of the night

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Peace ho! I bar confusion
 Sigh no more, ladies sigh no more
 Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
 So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
 Swithold footed thrice the old
 Take O take those lips away
 Tell me where is fancy bred
 The cod piece that will house
 The fire seven times tried thus
 The god of love
 The master the swabber the boatswain and I
 The ouzel cock so black of hue
 The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree
 The raging rocks
 Then is there mirth in heaven
 Then they for sudden joy did weep
 They bore him barefaced on the bier
 Thine own true knight
 To shallow rivers to whose falls
 To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
 Under the greenwood tree
 Was this fair face the cause quoth she
 Wedding is great Juno's crown
 What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
 When daffodils begin to peer
 When daisies pied and violets blue
 When gripping grief the heart doth wound
 When icicles hang by the wall
 When that I was and a little tiny boy
 Where the bee sucks there suck I
 While you here do snoring lie
 Who doth ambition shun
 Who is Silvia? what is she?
 Why should this a desert be
 Will you buy any tape
 You must sing, & down a down
 You spotted snakes with double tongue
 You that choose not by the view

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GLOSSARY

- ABATE** *vt* to deduct except L s L s L v 2 545 to blunt, take the edge off Rich III v 4 48 to deprive K Lear u 4 161
- ABHOR** *vt* to reject, Hen. VIII u 4 79
- ABJECTS**, *sub* servile persons Rich III i 1 106
- ABLE** *vt* to warrant K Lear iv 6 173
- ABODE** *vt* to forebode 3 Hen VI v 6 45
- ABODEMENTS**, *sub* evil omens, 3 Hen VI iv 7 13
- ABRAM**, *adj* auburn, Coriol ii 3 21
- ABRIDGMENT** *sub* a short entertainment, Mid N Dr v 1 39 Ham. ii 2 448
- ABSEY BOOK**, *sub* a primer K John i 1 196
- ABSOLUTE**, *adj* resolved Meas for Meas iii 1 5 per fact, Hen. V iii 7 27 Ham v 2 112 positive Coriol iii 2 39.
- ABY** *vt* to pay for atone for Mid N Dr iii 2 175
- ACCITE**, *vt* to cite summon 2 Hen. IV v 2 141, Tit. And. i 1 27 to excite 2 Hen. IV u 2 67
- ACKNOWLEDGE** BE NOT do not pretend to be cognizant of, Oth iii 3 320
- ACONTUM** *sub* the plant aconite, or wolf's bane 2 Hen. IV iv 4 48
- ACTURE** *sub* performance, Lov Comp 185
- ADDITION** *sub* inclination Hen V i 1 54, Oth u 2 6
- ADDITION** *sub* title Merry Wives of W ii 2 316 Macb i 3 106
- ADDRESSED** *adj* ready Mid N Dr v 1 106 Jul. Cas. iii 1 29
- ADOPTIOUS** *adj* given by adoption not real, All's Well i 1 190
- AERY** *see* AERY
- AFAR OFF** *adv* indirectly remotely, Merry Wives of W i 1 215 Wint Tale ii 1 103
- AFFECT** *sub* inclination L's L's L i 1 150 Oth i 3 265 *vt* to love Two Gent of Ver iii 1 82
- AFFECTION** *sub* affection, L's L's L v 1 4
- AFFECTIONED** *adj* full of affectation Twelfth Night, ii 3 162
- AFFEEED** *pt p* confirmed a law term, Macb iv 3 34
- AFFRONT** *vt* to confront to face Wint Tale, v 1 75 Cymb iv 3 29
- AFFY**, *vt* to betroth Tam of Shrew iv 4 49 2 Hen VI iv 1 80 *vt* to confide Tit And. i 1 47
- AFTER SUPPER** *sub* rere supper Mid N Dr v 1 34
- AGLET BABY** *sub* the figure cut on the tag of a lace [Fr *aiguillette*] Tam of Shrew i 2 79
- AGNIZE**, *vt* to acknowledge avow Oth i 3 232
- AGOOD** *adv* much, a great deal Two Gent of Ver iv 4 172
- A HOLD** *adv* to lay a ship a hold = to keep her up to wind Temp i 1 54
- AERY** *sub* the brood of an eagle K John v 2 149 Rich III i 3 264, 270 An aery of children, alluding to a company of young actors Ham ii 2 362
- AIM** *sub* a guess Jul Cas i 2 162
- AIM TO CRY** *vt* a phrase borrowed from archery Merry Wives of W iii 2 47 to give encouragement to, K John ii 1 196
- ALDERLEFESE**, *adj* dearest of all 2 Hen VI i 1 28
- ALL AMORT** *adj* quite dejected [Fr *à la mort*] Tam of Shrew iv 3 36 1 Hen VI ii 2 124
- ALLAY** *sub* mitigation Wint Tale, iv 1 9
- ALL HD** *sub* the game of hide and seek, L's L's L. iv 3 78
- ALLICHOLO** *adj* Two Gent of Ver iv 2 28, *sub* melancholy, Merry Wives of W i 4 160

- ALLOW *v* to approve, 2 Hen IV i 3 5 K Lear, ii 4 104
- ALL THING *adv* in every way Macb iii 1 13
- ALMS DRINK *sub* liquor drunk to ease another Ant & Cleo ii 7 5
- AMES ACE, *sub* the lowest throw of dice, All s Well ii 3 85
- ANCHOR *sub* an anchorite, a hermit Ham iii 2 231
- ANCIENT *sub* an officer next in rank to a lieutenant, 1 Hen IV iv 2 26 Comp Ancient Pistol
- ANNEAL *sub* addition, Lov Comp 208
- ANSWERABLE *adj* corresponding Oth i 3 351
- ANTICK *sub* the buffoon of the old plays Rich II iii 2 162
- ANTRE *sub* a cavern [Fr *antre*] Oth i 3 140
- APPEACH *v* to impeach, All s Well, i 3 199 *v* Rich II v 2 19
- APPEAL *sub* impeachment Rich II i 1 4 i 3 21
- APPLE JOHN *sub* a shrivelled up winter apple, 1 Hen IV iii 3 5 2 Hen IV ii 4 3
- APPOINTMENT *sub* equipment, K John ii 1 296
- APPROOF *sub* approval, proof Meas, for Meas ii 4 175, All s Well ii 5 3
- APRICOCK, *sub* apricot, Mid N Dr iii 1 173 Rich II iii 4 29
- APRON MAN, *sub* a mechanic Coriol iv 6 97
- ARCH *sub* chief master K Lear ii 1 61
- ARGOSY *sub* a large merchantman from Ragusa in Sicily Mer of Ven. i 1 9, Tam. of Shrew ii 1 368, 370
- AROUND THREE *int* avant, stand off, begone, Macb i 3 6 K Lear ii 4 127
- ARTHUR'S SHOW *sub* an archery exhibition by a society of London archers, who assumed the name of Prince Arthur's knights 2 Hen IV iii 2 303
- ARTICULATE *v* to draw up articles for a peace Coriol i 9 77, *pt p* specified, set forth, 1 Hen IV v 1 72
- ASKANCE, *adv* awry with sidelong glance Ven and Adon. 342 *v* to make to turn aside Lucrece 637
- ASSINGEO *sub* an ass Troil & Cres ii 1 40
- ATONE *v* to reconcile, set at one, Rich II i 1 202 Cymb i 4 44
- ATTAIN *sub* stain disgrace Com of Err iii 2 16, Troil & Cres i 2 26 Lucrece 825
- AUGUR, *sub* augury Macb iii 4 124
- AUNT *sub* an old woman Mid N Dr ii 1 51 a loose woman Wint Tale iv 2 11
- ADVISE, *v* to inform Are you advised? = 'Do you know?' Merry Wives of W L 1 171
- BABY, *sub* a doll Macb iii 4 106
- BACKARE *int* go back! Tam of Shrew ii 1 73
- BACKSWORDMAN, *suo* a singletstick player, 2 Hen IV iii. 2 71
- BACK TRICK *sub* a caper backwards in dancing, Twelfth Night, i 3 133
- BAFFLE, *v* to disgrace, Twelfth Night, ii 5 176, 1 Hen IV i 2 113
- BALDRICK, *sub* a belt, Much Ado, i 1 252
- BALE, *sub* evil mischief Coriol i 1 169
- BALE, *v* to talk logic = to dispute chop & ic, Tam of Shrew i 1 34.
- BALKED *pt p* heaped up in balks or ridges, 1 Hen IV i 1 69
- BALLOW, *sub* a cudgel, K Lear iv 6 248
- BAN-DOGS, *sub* fierce dogs, which are kept tied up, 2 Hen VI i 4 21
- BANDY, *v* to fight contend, a metaphor taken from striking the balls at tennis, As You Like It, v 1 62, Rom & Jul ii 3 14
- BANK, *v* to land on the banks of, K. John, v 2 104.
- BANQUET, *sub* dessert, Tam. of Shrew, v 2 9 Rom. & Jul i 5 126
- BARBASON, *sub* the name of a fiend, Merry Wives of W ii 2 315 Hen V ii 1 57
- BARNED *pt p* armed, spoken of a horse, Rich. II iii 3 117 Rich III i 1 10
- BARE *v* to shave Meas for Meas iv 2 188 All's Well, iv 1 54
- BARFUL, *adj* full of difficulties, Twelfth Night, i 4 41
- BARM, *sub* yeast Mid N Dr ii 1 38
- BARN, *sub* a child Much Ado, iii 4 48 1 Hen IV ii 3 6
- BASE, *sub* a rustic game Cymb v 3 19 'To bid a base' = to challenge in the game, Two Gent of Ver i 2 94 Ven & Ad 303
- BASE COURT, *sub* a back yard the lower court in a castle [Fr *basse cour*] Rich II iii 3 182
- BASES, *sub* housings worn by knights on horseback, Fer ii 1 173
- BASILISCO LIKE, *adj* Bas lisco a character in the old play of *Soliman and Perseda* indulges in iteration as in the text K John i 1 244
- BASILISK, *sub* a large cannon 1 Hen IV ii 3 58
- BASTA, *int* enough! [Ital] Tam of Shrew, i 1 202
- BASTARD, *sub* a sweet Spanish wine, Meas for Meas iii 2 4 1 Hen IV ii 4 83
- BATE *v* to flutter as a hawk Tam of Shrew iv 1 199
- BATED *pt p* abated sunk Mer. of Ven ii 3 32
- BATELESS, *adj* which cannot be blunted Lucr 9
- BAT FOWLING, *pr p* fowling at night by means of a net with torches and poles Temp ii 1 193
- BATLER, *sub* a flat piece of wood with which washerwomen beat linen As You Like It ii 4 48
- BATTEN, *v* to feed coarsely Coriol iv 5 35, Ham. iii 4 67
- BATTLE, *sub* an army or division of an army, 1 Hen IV iv 1 129 Hen V iv 3 3
- BAUBLE, *sub* a fool's staff All s Well iv 5 32
- BAVIN, *adj* composed of dry waste brushwood, used in contempt 1 Hen IV iii 2 61
- BAWBLING, *adj* insignificant Twelfth Night v 1 58
- BAWCOCK, *sub* a term of rude endearment [Fr *beau coq*] Twelfth Night iii 4 127 Hen V iii 2 27
- BAY, *sub* the space between the main timbers of a roof in a building Meas for Meas ii 1 261
- BEADSMAN, *sub* one paid to say prayers for others, Two Gent of Ver i 1 18 Rich II iii 2 116
- BEAR A BRAIN to be intelligent Rom & Jul i 3 29
- BEAR HARD, to dislike, Jul Cæs i 2 318
- BEARING CLOTH, *sub* the cloth in which a child was carried to be christened, Wint Tale iii 3 119 1 Hen VI i 3 42
- BEAR IN HAND to deceive Macb iii 1 81, Ham. ii. 2 67
- BEAST, *sub* an ox K Lear iii 4 107
- BEAVER, *sub* that part of a helmet which covers the face, 1 Hen IV iv 1 104 Ham i 2 229
- BEDLAM, *sub* a lunatic, K John ii. 1 183, *adj* mad 2 Hen VI iii 1 51
- BEHESTS, *sub* commands Rom & Jul iv 2 20
- BEING, *conj* seeing that Much Ado v 1 61
- BE LEEED *pt p* forced to lee of the wind Oth i 1 30
- BERGOMASK, *sub* a dance after the manner of the peasants of *Bergamasco* a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians Mid N Dr v 1 361
- BESHREW, *v* to curse (not used seriously), L's L's L v 2 46 Rom & Jul v 2 25
- BESLUBBER, *v* to besmear 1 Hen IV ii 4 244
- BESMIRCH, *v* to besmear, Hen. V iv 3 110, Ham i. 3 15
- BESTRAUGHT, *adj* mad, distracted, Tam. of Shrew, Ind 2 27
- BETHEM, *v* to allow, grant, Ham i 2 141, with a play on the meaning to pour out, Mid N Dr i 1 131
- BEWRAY, *v* to discover, to reveal K Lear, iii. 6 120, Lucrece, 1698
- BLZONIAN, *sub* a base fellow [Ital *bisognoso*] 2 Hen IV v 3 115 2 Hen VI iv 1 134
- BIDDY'A call to allure chickens, Twelfth Night iii 4 130
- BIGGIN, *sub* a nightcap [Fr *béguin*] 2 Hen IV iv 5 26
- BILBO, *sub* a sword blade of great flexibility manu factured at *Bilboa* Merry Wives of W L 1 167, m. 5 115

- BILBOES** *sub* a species of fetters used at sea, Ham v 2 6
BILL *sub* brown bills = battle axes painted brown, 2 Hen. VI iv 10 14, K. Lear iv 6 93
BIRD, *sub* the young of any bird, 1 Hen IV v 1 60 Tit. And. ii 3 12
BIRD BOLT *sub* a blunt headed arrow, Much Ado 1 1 44, L. s. L. iv 3 25 Twelfth Night, 1 5 99
BIRTH CHILD *sub* a child adopted on account of being born in a certain domain Pericles iv 4 41
BISSON *adj* blear-eyed dim sighted, Coriol ii 1 71
biisson *adj* = blinding tears Ham ii 2 537
BLACKS *sub* mourning clothes suits of mourning, Wint. Tale 1 2 139
BLADED, *pt p* (1) adorned with blades or (2) in the blade, Macb iv 1 55
BLANK, *sub* the white mark in centre of a target [Fr. blanc] Ham iv 1 42 the aim, Oth iii 4 127 *vt* to blanch, to make pale Ham iii 2 232
BLANKS, *sub* blank charters sealed by the king, to be filled up at pleasure Rich. II ii 1 251
BLENCE, *vt* to start, flinch Ham ii 2 634 to be in constant, Wint. Tale 1 2 333
BLENCHES, *sub* inconstancies Sonnets cx 7
BLENT *pt p* blended, mixed, Twelfth Night, 1 5 250, Mer. of Ven. iii 2 182
BLISTERED *adj* garnished with puffs Hen. VIII 1 3 31
BLOCK, *sub* the wood on which a hat is made Much Ado 1 1 78 the fashion of a hat, K. Lear iv 6 188
BLOOD *sub* a spirited young man K. John, ii 1 2
BLOOD-BOLTERED *adj* matted with blood, Macb iv 1 123
BLOOD WORST IN IN worst condition, Coriol 1 1 141
BLOWSE, *sub* a coarse beauty Tit. And. iv 2 73
BLUE BOTTLE, *adj* an allusion to the blue dress of a beadle, 2 Hen IV iv 4 22
BLUE EYED *adj* with a dark circle round the eye Temp 1 2 269 *Comp* BLUE, As You Like It, ii 2 398 Lucrece 1587
BLURTED AT *pt p* sneered at Pericles iv 3 34
BOB *vt* to beat to drub Rich. III v 3 335 to cheat, Troil. & Cres. iii 1 76 Oth. v 1 16 *sub* a cutting remark As You Like It ii 7 55
BODKIN *sub* a dagger Ham iii 1 76
BOGGLE, *vt* to hesitate All s Well v 3 234
BOLLINS *sub* bowlines, Pericles, iii 1 43
BOLLEN, *adj* swollen, Lucrece 1417
BOLT *vt* to sift, refine Wint. Tale iv 3 377 Troil. & Cres. i 1 19 21
BOLTER, *sub* a sieve 1 Hen. IV iii 3 80
BOMBARD *sub* a leathern drinking vessel Temp ii 2 21 1 Hen. IV iii 4 503
BOMBAST *sub* cotton padding 1 Hen. IV ii 4 364
'bombast circumstance' = inflated talk, Oth i 1 13
BONA ROBA, *sub* a showily dressed woman of light character, 2 Hen IV iii 2 26
BOSKY *adj* woody Temp iv 1 81
BOTTOM, *sub* ball of thread Tam. of Shrew, iv 3 137, *vt* to wind thread on, Two Gent. of Ver. iii 2 53
BOUND, *vt* to make to leap Hen V v 2 145
BOURN *sub* a limit or boundary Temp ii 1 159 Ham. iii 1 79 a stream, K. Lear iii 6 28
BOW *sub* a yoke As You Like It iii 3 85
BOWGET, *sub* a leathern pouch, Wint. Tale iv 2
BRABBLE *sub* quarrel Twelfth Night, v 1 69
BRACE, *sub* armour for the arm, Per. ii 1 137 state of defence Oth i 3 24
BRACH, *sub* a female hoand, 1 Hen. IV iii 1 240 K. Lear 1 4 125
BRAID *adj* deceitful, All s Well iv 2 73 *vt* to upbraid Pericles i 1 93
BRAIN PAN *sub* the skull 2 Hen VI iv 10 13
BRAVE *adj* fine beautiful, Temp 1 2 6, *vt* to make fine Tam. of Shrew iv 3 125
BRAVERY *sub* finery Meas. 1 3 10, Tam. of Shrew iv 3 57 bravado Jul. Cæs. v 1 10, Ham. v 2 79
BRAWL, *sub* a French dance, L's L. s. L. iii 1 9
BREACH, *sub* 'breach of the sea' = the surf, Twelfth Night ii 1 23
BREAST *sub* voice in singing Twelfth Night, ii 3 21
BREATH, *sub* voice in singing Twelfth Night ii 3 22
BREESE, *sub* the gadfly Troil. & Cres. i 3 48 Ant. & Cleo iii 8 24
BRIED BUCK perhaps stolen buck perhaps buck given away in presents Merry Wives of W. v 5 27
BRIEF *sub* a short summary Mid N. Dr v 1 42 a short account, All s Well, v 3 137 a letter, 1 Hen. IV iv 4 1 a list, Ant. & Cleo v 2 137
BROACH *vt* to pierce through, or transfix, Hen V v Chorus 32 Tit. And. iv 2 86
BROCK, *sub* a badger (term of reproach) Twelfth Night, ii 5 115
BROGUES *sub* shoes made of untanned hide Cymb iv 2 214
BROOCH *vt* to adorn, Ant. & Cleo iv 13 25
BUBUKLES *sub* pimples, Hen. V iii 6 111
BUCK, *vt* to wash linen with lye and afterwards beat it, Merry Wives of W. iii 3 105
BUCKLESBURY *sub* a street in London chiefly inhabited by druggists Merry Wives of W. iii 3 79
BUCK OF THE FIRST HEAD one in his fifth year L. s. L. s. L. iv 2 10
BUG *sub* an object of terror, 3 Hen. VI v 2 2
BUGLE, *sub* a black bead, As You Like It, iii 5 47, Wint. Tale iv 3 224
BULK, *sub* projecting part of a building Coriol ii 1 229, Oth v 1 1 the breast the trunk, Ham ii 1 95, Lucrece 467
BULLY ROOK, *sub* a swaggering cheater, Merry Wives of W. i 3 2
BUNG *sub* a pickpocket, 2 Hen IV ii 4 136
BURGONER *sub* a close fitting helmet 2 Hen. VI 200
BUSH, *sub* advertisement (a bush of ivy was usually the vintner's sign) As You Like It, Epil. 4
BUSKY *adj* woody 1 Hen IV v 1 2
BUSS *sub* a kiss 2 Hen. IV ii 4 291 *vt* to kiss, K. John, iii 4 35
BUTTONS *sub* buds Ham. i 3 40
BUTTONS IN HIS WITHIN his power to succeed in it Merry Wives of W. ii 2 74
BY DRINKINGS, *sub* occasional drinkings 1 Hen IV iii. 3 84
CADDIS, *sub* a galloon of worsted Wint. Tale, iv 3 208
CADDIS GARTER, *adj* worsted garter (in derision) garters of the time were worn in sight, and naturally were of costly material, 1 Hen IV iii 4 80
CADE *sub* a cask a barrel 2 Hen VI iv 2 36
CAGE, *sub* a prison 2 Hen VI iv 2 59
CAKE, *sub* 'my cake is dough on both sides' = our plans are quite frustrated, Tam. of Shrew i 1 109
CAKED *pt p* coagulated, inert Tim. of Ath. ii 2 226
CALIVER, *sub* a kind of musket, 1 Hen IV iv 2 21, 2 Hen IV iii 2 295
CALL *sub* a whistle to lure birds, Tam. of Shrew, iv. 1 197 K. John iii 4 174
CALLAT *sub* a drab Wint. Tale ii 3 90, Oth iv 2 121, 2 Hen VI i 3 86
CANARY *sub* a lively dance All s Well, ii 1 77 *vt* to dance the above dance L. s. L. iii 1 13
CANDLE MINE, *sub* a magazine of tallow, 2 Hen. IV ii. 4 328
CANDLE-WASTER, *sub* one who sits up late to study, Much Ado v 1 18
CANKER and *sub* the rose of the sweet briar, Much Ado i 3 28 1 Hen IV i 3 176, Sonnets, iv 5
CANKER BLOOM, *sub* a blossom eaten by the canker-worm, Mid N. Dr iii 2 482
CANTLE, *sub* a small piece, a slice 1 Hen IV iii 1 101, Ant. & Cleo ii 8 16
CANTON, *sub* a song, Twelfth Night, i 5 291
CANZONET, *sub* a song, a ditty [Ital. *canzonetta*], L's L. s. L. iv 2 125

- CAPITULATE**, *vt* to make an agreement Coriol v 3 82, to combine 1 Hen IV iii 2 120
- CAPOCCIA**, *sub* a fool—fem of *capocchio*—Troil & Cres iv 2 32 An Italian word
- CARAWAYS** *sub* comfits made with caraway seeds 2 Hen. IV v 3 3
- CARBONADO** *sub* meat scotched for broiling Coriol iv 5 199 *vt* to hack like a carbonado, Wint Tale, iv 3 267 K Lear, ii 2 41
- CARD** *sub* cooling card = a stroke which suddenly turns the tables 1 Hen. VI v 3 84
- CARDECU** *sub* [quart d'écu] quarter of a French crown, All s Well iv 3 314 v 2 35
- CARKANET** *sub* a necklace [Fr *carcan*], Com. of Err iii. 1 4 (Sonnets in 8 CARCONET)
- CARL**, *sub* a clown, peasant, Cymb v 2 4
- CARLOT** *sub* a peasant As You Like It iii 5 108
- CARPETS** *sub* table cloths Tam of Shrew iv 1 52
- CARRACK** *sub* a huge ship of burthen [Ital *caracca*], Oth i 2 50
- CASE** *vt* to strip off the skin, All's Well, iii 6 110
- CASQUE**, *sub* a helmet [Fr *casque*] Rich II i 3 81, Coriol iv 7 43
- CASSOCK**, *sub* a military cloak All s Well, iv 3 193
- CAST**, *vt* to dismiss Oth i 1 150 *pt p* emptied out, Meas for Meas iii 1 91 *adj* second hand, cast off As You Like It iii 4 15
- CATAIAN** *sub* a Chumaman a native of Cathay a cant term Merry Wives of W ii 1 147 Twelfth Night, ii 3 83
- CATLINGS** *sub* small strings for musical instruments made of cat gut, Troil & Cres iii 3 309
- CAUTEL**, *sub* craft stratagem, Ham i 3 15, Lov Comp 303
- CAUTELOUS** *adj* crafty cunning deceitful Coriol. iv 1 33 Jul Ces ii 1 129
- CEASE**, *sub* extinction Ham iii 3 15 Cymb iv 2 112
- CEINTURE** [O Ed CENTRE] *sub* cincture girdle K John, iv 3 155
- CENSER** *THIN MAN* in a 'a plate or dish in which was incense and at the bottom of which was usually represented in rude carving the figure of some saint (Hammer) 2 Hen IV v 4 20
- CENSURE** *sub* opinion judgment Wint Tale, ii 1 36, Ham iii 2 31 judicial sentence Oth v 2 367
- CEREMENTS** *sub* the wrappings of an embalmed body Ham i 4 48
- 'CERN**, *vt* to concern Tam of Shrew v 1 76
- CESSE** *vt* to cease All s Well v 3 72
- CHASE**, *sub* a term at tennis [quibbling] Hen V i 2 266.
- CHAMBERS** *sub* small cannons 2 Hen IV ii 4 56
- CHANGEABLE** *adj* varying in colour Twelfth Night, ii 4 75
- CHANSON**, *sub* a song Ham ii 2 447
- CHAPE**, *sub* the metal at the end of a scabbard, All s Well iv 3 165
- CHARACTER**, *sub* handwriting K Lear i 2 68
- CHARE**, *sub* a turn of work Ant & Cleo v 2 230
- CHARGE HOUSE** *sub* a school-house L s L s L v 1 88
- CHARNECO** *sub* a kind of wine named from Charneca in Portugal 2 Hen VI ii 3 63
- CHAUDRON** *sub* entrails Macb iv 1 31
- CREATOR**, *sub* an escheator Merry Wives of W i 3 75
- CHERRY PIT** *sub* a children's game Twelfth Night, iii. 4 131
- CHEVERIL**, *sub* kid-leather, Rom & Jul ii 4 90, *adj* yielding, flexible, Twelfth Night, iii. 1 13, Hen VIII ii 3 32
- CHEWET** *sub* a chough [Fr *chouette*], 1 Hen. IV v 1 29 [There may be an allusion to another word, which means a sort of meat pie]
- CHILDING** *adj* fruitful Mid N Dr ii. 1 112
- CHILDNESS** *sub* childish disposition, Wint Tale, i. 2 170
- CHOPINE**, *sub* a high soled shoe Ham ii. 2 455
- CHOPPY** *adj* chapped Macb i 3 44
- CHRISTOM CHILD**, *sub* a chrisom child, one who died within a month of birth, the chrisom was a white cloth put on the infant at baptism, Hen. V ii. 3. 122.
- CHUFF**, *sub* a churl, 1 Hen IV ii 2 98
- 'CIDE** *vt* to decide Sonnets xlvii 9
- CINQUE PACE**, *sub* a grave dance [Fr *cinq pas*] Much Ado ii 1 78, Twelfth Night i 3 141
- CIRCUMSTANCE**, *sub* circumlocution, Ham i 5 127
- CITAL** *sub* a recital 1 Hen IV v 2 61
- CITIZEN**, *sub* town bred, effeminate, Cymb iv 2 8
- CITERN** *sub* a guitar L s L s L v 2 611
- CLACK DISH**, *sub* a beggar's dish with a loose cover, by moving which he attracted the notice of passers by, Meas for Meas iii 2 139
- CLAP**, AT A at a blow K Lear i 4 318
- CLAPPER CLAW** *vt* to beat soundly Merry Wives of W ii 3 67 Troil & Cres v 4 1
- CLAW** *vt* to flatter Much Ado i 3 19
- CLEPE** *vt* to call Ham i 4 19 Ven & Ad 995
- CLIMATE** *sub* clime region Jul Ces i 3 32
- CLIMATURES** *sub* fellow-countrymen, Ham i 1 125.
- CLING** *vt* to shrivel up Macb v 5 40
- CLIP** *vt* to embrace, Oth iii 3 465 Ant. & Cleo v 2. 360
- CLIPPER** *sub* a defacer of coin, Hen V iv 1 249
- CLOUD** *sub* a spot between the eyes of horses, regarded as a blemish Ant & Cleo iii 2 51
- CLOUT** *sub* piece of canvas in centre of target, L's L's L iv 1 138, 2 Hen IV iii 2 52
- CLOUTED** *adj* hobnailed or according to some patched, 2 Hen VI iv 2 199 Cymb iv 2 214
- CLOY** *vt* to stroke with the claw Cymb v 4 118
- COBLOAF** *sub* a misshapen loaf of bread, run out in the baking into lumps Troil & Cres ii 1 41
- COCK**, *sub* a cock boat, K Lear iv 6 20 a weathercock, K Lear iii 2 3
- COCK A HOOP** TO SET to cast off all restraint, Rom. & Jul i 5 85
- COCKLE** *sub* a weed in corn the corn-cockle, *Lychnis Githago* L's L s L iv 3 383
- COCKNEY** *sub* one bred and born in the city and ignorant of all things out of it, Twelfth Night, iv 1 15, K Lear ii 4 123
- COCK SHUT TIME** twilight, Rich III v 3 70
- CODLING** *sub* an unripe apple Twelfth Night, i 5 168
- COFFIN** the crust of a pie Tit And v 2 189
- COG** *vt* to cheat, Much Ado, v 1 95, *vt* to filch, Coriol. iii 2 133
- COIGN** *sub* a corner stone [Fr *coin*] Coriol. v 4 1, Macb i 6 7
- COIL**, *sub* bustle, tumult, Much Ado, iii 3 99 Ham. iii. 1 67
- COLLECTION**, *sub* inference Cymb v 5 433, Ham. iv 5 9
- COLLIED** *adj* sooty, black, Mid N Dr i. 1 145 *pt p*. Oth ii. 3 208
- COMMA**, *sub* the smallest break or stop, Ham v 2. 42.
- COMMODITY** *sub* profit advantage, K Lear iv 1 21
- COMPACT**, *pt p* made up of composed, Mid. N Dr v 1 8, As You Like It, ii 7 5
- COMPASSED**, *adj* round, arched, Tam of Shrew, iv 3. 139 Ven & Adon 272
- COMPETITOR**, *sub* partner L s L's L ii. 1 82, Ant. & Cleo v 1 42
- COMPTIBLE**, *adj* sensitive Twelfth Night, i 5 188
- CON** *vt* to learn to know to understand, Twelfth Night, ii 3 163 to con thanks = to give thanks, All s Well, iv 3 175 Tim of Ath iv 3 431
- CONCLUSION** *sub* an experiment, Ant & Cleo v 2 356, Cymb i 5 18
- CONCLUSION** *STELL*, silent inference, or perhaps settled demeanour, Ant. & Cleo iv 13 28
- CONSUL**, *sub* Venetian senator Oth i. 1 25
- CONVENT** *vt* to be suitable, Twelfth Night, v 1 394.
- CONVICTED**, *pt p* defeated, K John, iii 4 2
- CONVINCE**, *vt* to overcome Macb i 7 64 iv 3 142; Cymb i 4 100
- CONVIVE** *vt* to feast together Troil & Cres iv 5 271
- CONY-CATCH**, *vt*, cheat, Merry Wives of W i. 1 129, i 3 34.

- COPATAIN** *adj* high-crowned and pointed, Tam of Shrew, v 1 69
- COPE**, *v* to encounter As You Like It, ii 1 67 Ven & Adon 888 to requite Mer of Ven, iv 1 413
- COPEMATE** *sub* a companion Lucrece 925
- COFFED** *adj* round topped Per 1 1 101
- COPY** *sub* lease Macb iii 2 38
- CORANTO** *sub* a quick lively dance, All's Well ii 3 49
- Twelfth Night** 1 3 139
- CORINTHIAN** *sub* a wenchier 1 Hen. IV ii 4 13
- COREY** *adj* shrivelled K Lear iii 7 29
- COROLLARY** *sub* a surplus [Fr *corollaire*] Temp iv 1 57
- CORROSIVE**, and *sub* an irritant remedy, 2 Hen. VI ii 2 403 *adj* irritating giving pain, Corsive, 1 Hen. VI iii 3 3
- COSTARD** *sub* the head—properly an apple—Merry Wives of W iii 1 14 K Lear iv 6 248
- COTE**, *v* to come up with, and pass on the way Ham. ii 2 338
- COT-QUEAN** *sub* a man busying himself with the business of women, Rom & Jul iv 4 6
- COUNTER**, *adv* to run or hunt counter is to follow the game backwards on the scent, Com. of Err iv 2 39 2 Hen. IV 1 2 102 (here a play is intended on the name of the well known London debtors prison the Counter) Ham. iv 3 110
- COUNTER CASTER** *sub* a reckoner caster up of accounts Oth. i 1 31
- COUNTERFEIT** *sub* a portrait, Mer of Ven iii 2 115 Ham iii 4 54 a piece of bad money 1 Hen. IV ii 4 548
- COUNTERPOINT** *sub* a counterpane, Tam. of Shrew ii 1 345
- COUNTERVAILE**, *v* to outweigh, Rom & Jul ii 6 4
- COUPLET** *sub* a pair, Twelfth Night, iii 4 414 Ham v 1 309
- COURSE**, *sub* a large sail Temp 1 1 55 the onset of dogs in bear baiting, Macb v 7 2 K Lear iii 7 54
- COURT CUPBOARD** *sub* a sideboard used for the display of plate Rom & Jul 1 5 8
- CURT HOLY-WATER**, *sub* flattery [Fr *eau bénite de la cour*], K Lear iii 2 10
- COWER**, *v* to sink or squat down, Per iv 2 115
- COWL-STAFF** *sub* a pole on which a basket is borne by two persons, Merry Wives of W iii 3 157
- COY** *v* to stroke, to caress, Mid N Dr iv 1 2 *v* to disdain, Cor v 1 6
- COYSTREL**, *sub* a mean fellow originally a groom, Twelfth Night, 1 3 44 Per iv 6 181
- COZIER**, *sub* a cobbler Twelfth Night ii 3 99
- CRACK**, *v* to boast L s L s L iv 3 268 Cymb v 5 178 208 *sub* a pert forward boy, 2 Hen IV iii 2 34, Coriol. 1 3 74.
- CRACKED WITHIN THE RING** uncurrent [quibbling] Ham. ii 2 457
- CRACKER**, *sub* a blusterer, K. John, ii 1 147
- CRANE**, *sub* a winding passage, Coriol. i 1 143
- CRANTS**, *sub* a garland, a chaplet, Ham v 1 254.
- CRARE**, *sub* a small vessel Cymb iv 2 205
- CRAVEN**, *v* to make recreant or cowardly, Cymb iii. 4 80
- CREEK** *sub* a rivulet, a winding part of a rivulet, Cymb iv 2 151
- CRESSET** *sub* an open lamp set on a beacon, or carried on a pole 1 Hen. IV iii 1 1,
- CRIB** *sub* a hovel 2 Hen. IV iii 1 9
- CRISP** *adj* curled, Temp iv 1 130 Mer of Ven iii 2 92
- CRITIC** *sub* a cynic, a carper Troil & Cres v 2 128
- CROSS ROW** *sub* the Christ-cross Row the alphabet, Rich III 1 1 55
- CROW KEEPER**, *sub* the boy or stuffed figure to keep away crows Rom & Jul 1 4 6 K Lear iv 6 89
- CRUEL**, *adj* cruel worsted [quibbling] K Lear ii 4 7
- CRUZADO** *sub* a Portuguese coin worth about six shillings Oth iii 4 27
- CRY** *sub* a pack, Coriol iii 3 118 a company, Ham iii 2 794
- CRY AIM** to encourage K John, ii 1 196
- CRY YOU MERCY** I beg your pardon Merry Wives of W iii 5 27 Meas for Meas iv 1 12
- CUB DRAWN** *adj* sucked dry by cubs, made ravenous, K Lear iii 1 12
- CULLION** *sub* a mean fellow [Fr *cou* i. ital *coghione*] Hen V iii 2 23 2 Hen VI 1 3 43
- CULLIONLY** *adj* mean, contemptible K Lear, ii 2 36
- CULVERIN** *sub* a kind of cannon 1 Hen IV ii 3 58
- CURB** *v* to bend [Fr *courber*] Ham iii 4 155
- CURIOSITY** *sub* scrupulosity Tim of Ath iv 3 303 K Lear 1 6
- CURIOUS** *adj* elegant Cymb v 5 362 careful anxious Cymb 1 6 101
- CURRENTS** *sub* occurrences 1 Hen IV ii 3 60
- CURST** *adj* ill tempered, Much Ado ii 1 22 K Lear, ii 1 67
- CUSHES** *sub* cuisses armour for the thighs 1 Hen. IV iv 1 105
- CUSTARD COFFIN** *sub* the crust of a custard, Tam of Shrew iv 3 82 Comp COFFIN
- CUSTOMER**, *sub* a loose woman, All's Well v 3 291, Oth iv 1 120
- CUT** *sub* a horse Twelfth Night ii 3 206
- CUT AND LONG-TAIL**, of every sort Merry Wives of W iii 4 47
- CUTTLE**, *sub* a bully 2 Hen IV ii 4 138
- DAFF**, *v* to take off Lov Comp 297 to put by to turn aside with slight and neglect, Much Ado, ii 3 187 1 Hen IV iv 1 96
- DAGONET** *sub* a foolish knight at the court of King Arthur 2 Hen IV iii 2 303
- DANCING HORSE**, a performing horse belonging to one Bankes a Scotchman L s L L 1 2 58
- DANGER**, *sub* power control according to some debt, Mer of Ven iv 1 180
- DARE** *v* to terrify make to couch larks were caught by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth Hen V iv 2 36 Hen VIII iii 2 283
- DARRAIGN**, *v* to arrange or put in order of battle 3 Hen VI ii 2 72
- DASH** *sub* a stigma Wint Tale v 2 127 Lucrece 206
- DAUBERY** *sub* false pretence cheating Merry Wives of W iv 2 190
- DAY BED** *sub* a sofa, Twelfth Night ii 4 55 Rich III iii 7 71
- DAY WOMAN** *sub* a dairy woman L s L s L i 2 138
- DEAR**, *adj* dear was used for anything powerfully though unpleasantly affecting the feelings L s L s L v 2 872 1 Hen IV iii 2 123
- DEATH-TOKENS** *sub* plague spots, Troil & Cres ii. 3 189
- DECENT** *adj* becoming Hen VIII iv 2 146
- DECK** *sub* a pack of cards 3 Hen VI v 1 44 *v* to cover perhaps to sprinkle, Temp 1 2 155
- DEEDLESS** *adj* inactive, Troil & Cres iv 5 98
- DEEM** *sub* a surmise opinion Troil & Cres iv 4 59
- DEFEAT**, *v* to disguise Oth 1 3 346
- DEFEND** *v* to forbid Much Ado ii 1 99 Rich II i 3 15, Ant & Cleo iii 1 43
- DELIGHTED** *adj* framed for delight Meas for Meas iii 1 119, delightful Oth 1 3 291 Cymb v 4 102
- DEMERIT**, *sub* desert Coriol 1 1 278, Macb iv 3 225, Oth 1 2 22
- DEMURING** *pp* looking demure Ant & Cleo iv 13 29
- DENIER**, *sub* a very small piece of (French) money Tam of Shrew Induc 1 9 Rich III i 2 253
- DERACINATE**, *v* to eradicate, to root up [Fr *déraciner*] Hen. V v 2 47 Troil & Cres i 3 99
- DERN**, *adj* dreary, secret, K Lear iii 7 63; Per iii. Prol 15
- DESCENDING** *sub* lineage Per v 1 130
- DESIGN** *v* to point out mention before, Rich. II. i. 1 203 Ham 1 1 94
- DEVIST**, *v* to undress, Oth ii 3 183

- DEWBERRIES**, *sub* fruit of *Rubus Cæsius*, a large kind of blackberry Mid N Dr in 1 173
- DICH**, *vi* do to, happen to Tim of Ath 1 2 74
- DIET** *sub* regimen, Two Cent of Ver in 1 26 Tim of Ath in 3 87
- DIETED** *pt p* bound strictly, All s Well iv 3 35
- DIFFUSE** *vt* to confuse K Lear 1 4 2
- DIFUSED** *adj* wild irregular, Merry Wives of W iv 4 56 Hen V v 2 61
- DISAPPOINTED** *pt p* unprepared Ham 1 5 77
- DISCANDY** *vt* to dissolve to melt, to thaw, Ant & Cleo in 11 165
- DISCLOSE** *vt* to hatch, Ham v 1 309 *sub* the coming forth of the chicken from the shell, Ham in 1 175
- DISCOVERER** *sub* scout 2 Hen IV iv 1 3
- DISDEON**, *vi* to surfeit, Cymb in 4 96
- DISLIMN** *vi* to efface blot Ant & Cleo iv 12 10
- DISME**, *sub* tenth [Old Fr *disme*] Troil & Cres u 2 19
- DISPONGE** *vt* to pour down, Ant & Cleo iv 9 13
- DISPOSE**, *sub* disposition Troil & Cres u 3 176 Oth 1 3 403
- DISTANCE** *sub* hostility alienation, Macb in 1 116
- DIVOUGH** *vt* to contradict Meas for Meas iv 4 1
- DIVE DAPPER** *sub* the dab-chick Ven & Adon 86
- DIVISION** *sub* variation in music modulation, 1 Hen IV in 1 210 Rom & Jul in 5 29
- DOCUMENT** *sub* instruction Ham iv 5 177
- DORF** *vt* to put off, Tam. of Shrew, in 2 103 Rom. & Jul in 2 47
- DOWLAS** *sub* coarse linen 1 Hen IV in 3 79
- DOWLE** *sub* down, the soft plumage of a feather Temp in 3 65
- DOWN-GYVED**, *adj* covering the ankles like fetters, Ham. in 1 80
- DOWN ROPING** *adj* hanging down in glutinous strings, Hen V iv 2 48
- DOWN SLEEVES**, hanging sleeves Much Ado in 4 20
- DOXY** *sub* a mistress, a canting word [Comp Dekker's Bellman of London] Wint Tale iv 2 2
- DRAFF**, *sub* dregs refuse, Merry Wives of W iv 2 112
- DRAFT** *sub* dregs refuse, Merry Wives of W iv 2 112
- DRAUGHT**, *sub* a privy, Troil & Cres v 1 84 Tim of Ath v 1 107
- DRAW DRY-FOOT**, follow game by the scent, Com. of Err iv 2 39
- DRAWER**, *sub* a tapster, Merry Wives of W in 2 167, 1 Hen IV in 4 7
- DRAWN** *pt p* quaffed Temp in 2 158
- DRAWN FOX**, a fox turned out of his hearth, 1 Hen. IV in 3 128
- DRIBBLING** *adj* weakly shot, Meas for Meas 1 3 2
- DROLLERY**, *sub* a puppet show, Temp in 3 21, a humorous painting 2 Hen IV in 1 160
- DRUMBLE**, *vi* to be sluggish, Merry Wives of W in 3 157
- DYF FEAT** *vt* to thrash, cudgel, L's L's L v 2 264, Rom & Ju in 1 84.
- DUDGEON**, *sub* the handle of a dagger, Macb in 1 46
- DUN**, *sub* name for a horse 'To draw dun from murr', a rustic game played with a log of wood Rom & Jul 1 4 41
- DUN'S THE MOUSE** a proverbial expression now unintelligible, Rom. & Jul 1 4 40
- DUP** *vt* to open, Ham. iv 5 54
- DURANCE**, *sub* prison dress Com of Err iv 3 26
- There seems a play on another meaning of durance, which was a kind of durable stuff
- EAGER**, *adj* sour, Ham. 1.5 69 keen, Sonnets, cxviii. 2 Ham 1 4 2
- EAN** *vt* to yearn, to bring forth young 3 Hen VI in 5 36
- EANLING**, *sub* a young lamb Mer of Ven 1 3 80
- EAR**, *vt* to plough or cultivate, All s Well, 1 3 48 *pr p* Ant & Cleo 1 2 120
- ECSTASY** *sub* a temporary aberration of the mind from joy or grief Much Ado in 3 167 Hara. iii. 1. 159
- EGAL**, *adj* equal Tit Andr iv 4 4.
- ELD** *sub* old times old age Merry Wives of W iv 4 37
- Meas for Meas in 1 36
- ELF** *vt* to entangle hair in so intricate a manner that it is not to be unravelled supposed to be the work of fairies in the night K Lear in 3 10
- EMBALLING** *pr p* being invested with ball and sceptre at coronation Hen VIII in 3 47
- EMBARQUEMENTS** *sub* hindrances restraints Coriol 1 10 22
- EMBOSS** *vt* to hunt to death, All s Well in 6 106
- EMBOSSSED** *part adj* swollen out As You Like It, in 7 67 1 Hen IV in 3 176 foaming at the mouth from hard running Tam of Shrew Ind 1 17 Ant & Cleo iv 11 3
- EMBOWELLED** *pt p* emptied All s Well 1 3 249
- EMPERY** *sub* dominion Hen V 1 2 226 a country subject to a prince's sway Cymb 1 6 120
- ENDEARED** *pt p* bound, 2 Hen. IV in 3 11, Tim of Ath 1 2 236
- ENGINE** *sub* an instrument of war a piece of ordnance Troil & Cres in 3 144 Oth in 3 356 instrument of torture K Lear 1 4 292
- ENGLUT** *vt* to swallow [Fr *engloutir*] Oth 1 3 57
- ENMESH** *vt* to entangle ensnare Oth in 3 371
- ENMEW** *vt* to mew up Meas for Meas in 1 89
- ENSCONCE** *vt* to cover as with a fort to shelter Merry Wives of W in 3 96 Lucrece 1515
- ENSEAMED** *part adj* filthy Ham in 4 92
- ENSEAR** *vt* to sear up to make dry Tim. of Ath iv 3 188
- ENSHIELD** *part adj* shielded protected Meas for Meas. in 4 81
- ENTESTED** *part adj* lying under water Oth in 1 70
- ENTERTAIN** *vt* to take into one's service Jul Cæs v 5 60 K Lear in 6 83 *sub* reception Per 1 1 119
- ENTREATMENTS** *sub* invitations Ham 1 3 122
- EPHESIAN** *sub* a boon companion, Merry Wives of W iv 5 19
- ERINGO** *sub* the candied roots of sea holly Merry Wives of W v 5 23
- ERRING**, *adj* adj wandering Ham 1 1 154 Oth 1 3 362
- ESCAPE**, *sub* a freak, Tit Andr iv 2 114 Oth 1 3 136, 197
- ESCOTED** *pt p* paid, maintained Ham in 2 370
- EVEN CHRISTIAN** *sub* fellow Christian Ham v 1 31
- EVEN PLEACHED** *adj* evenly interwoven Hen V v 2 42
- EVITATE**, *vt* to avoid Merry W of W v 5 253
- EXCEED**, *vi* to be of surpassing excellence Much Ado, in 4 17 Per in 3 15
- EXCREMENT** *sub* hair beard, anything growing out of the body, L s L's L v 1 112 Mer of Ven in 2 87, Wint Tale, iv 3 736 Ham in 4 120
- EXHIBITION** *sub* a money allowance K Lear, 1 2 25, Oth 1 3 239
- EXIGENT** *sub* extremity pressing necessity Jul Cæs v 1 19 also the end, 1 Hen. VI in 5 9 Ant & Cleo iv 12 63
- EXORCISER**, *sub* one who raises spirits, Cymb iv 2 276
- EXORCIST**, *sub* the same, All's Well, v 3 309, Jul Cæs in 1 323
- EXPEDIENCE**, *sub* expedition enterprise 1 Hen. IV 1 33, also haste, Rich II in 1 287 Hen V iv 3 70.
- EXPEDIENT**, *adj* expeditious, quick, K John, in 1 60, 2 Hen. VI in 1 288
- EXSUFFICATE**, *vt* inflated, or perhaps contemptible, Oth. iii 3 182
- EXTENT** *sub* seizure, a law term, As You Like It, in. 1 17 favour Ham. in 2 399
- EXTRAVAGANT** *adj* wandering about, Ham. 1 1 154 Oth 1 1 137
- EYAS** *sub* a young hawk just taken from the nest, Ham. in 2 363
- EYAS-MUSKET** *sub* young sparrow hawk, Merry Wives of W in 3 22
- EYE**, *sub*, a shade of colour Temp 1 58, *vi*, to look, appear, Ant. & Cleo. in 3 19.

- FACE**, *vt* to brave bully Tam of Shrew iv 3 125 to trim a garment, 1 Hen IV ii 3 65 to lie with effrontery Com of Err iii 1 47
- FADGE** *vt* to turn out, to suit, L's L s L v 1 158 Twelfth Night, ii 2 34
- FAIBING** *sub* burden of song Wint Tale, iv 3 195
- FAIL**, *sub* failure omission, Wint Tale ii 2 41
- FAIRING**, *sub* a present L s L v 2 2
- FAIRY** *sub* an enchantress Ant & Cleo iv 8 12
- FALL**, *sub* a cadence in music Twelfth Night i 1 4
- FALLOW**, *adj* yellowish brown, Merry Wives of W i 1 92.
- FALSE**, *vt* to falsify, perjure Cymb ii 3 74
- FAME**, *vt* to make famous Sonnets, lxxxiv 11
- FANCIES**, *sub* love-songs or songs in general, 2 Hen IV iii 2 346
- FANCY** *vt* to love Tam. of Shrew, ii 1 12, Twelfth Night, ii 5 30 Lucrece 200
- FANG** *vt* to seize lay hold of Tim of Ath iv 3 23
- FANGLED** *adj* fond of finery Cymb v 4 134
- FANTASTIC**, *sub* a dandy *Dram Per* of Meas for Meas. fond of finery Two Gent of Ver ii 7 47
- FANTASTICAL**, *adj* imaginary Macb i 3 53, 139, in credible, Oth. ii 1 227 imaginative Twelfth Night, i 1 15
- FANTASTICOES**, *sub* cockcombs Rom & Jul ii 4 31
- FAP** *adj* drunk, Merry Wives of W i 1 184
- FAR**, *adv* further Wint Tale iv 3 443
- FARCED** *pt p* stuffed out, full Hen V iv 1 283
- FARDEL**, *sub* a bundle a pack [Ital *farfello*] Wint Tale, iv 3 729, 742, 783 Ham iii 1 76
- FARROW** *sub* a litter of pigs Macb iv 1 65
- FARTHINGALE** *sub* a hooped petticoat, Two Gent of Ver ii 7 51 Merry Wives of W iii 3 69
- FASHIONS**, *sub* a skin disease in horses, now called *farcy*, Tam of Shrew iii 2 54
- FAST** *pt p* fasted Cymb iv 2 347
- FAST AND LOOSE**, a cheating game L s L's L iii 1 109
- FAT** *sub* a vat, Ant & Cleo ii 7 122
- FAT** *adj* heavy unpleasant, Twelfth Night, v 1 113
- FAVOUR** *sub* countenance visage, Meas for Meas iv 2. 33 Jul Cæs i 3 129
- FAVOURS**, *sub* features, As You Like It, iii 2 280, 1 Hen. IV iii 2 136 K Lear iii 7 40
- FEAR**, *vt* to frighten, Mer of Ven ii 1 9, Tam of Shrew, i 2. 214.
- FEARFUL**, *adj* timorous, frightened Rom. & Jul iii 3 1, Ven. & Adon 677
- FEATURE**, *sub* form, shape Two Gent of Ver ii 4 74 Cymb v 5 164, perhaps thing composed, As You Like It, iii 3 3
- FEDERARY** *sub* confederate Wint Tale ii 1 89
- FEEDER**, *sub* a shepherd As You Like It, ii 4 100, a servant, Ant. & Cleo iii 11 109 Tim of Ath ii 1 169 (according to some a parasite)
- FEEDING** *sub* pasturage, Wint. Tale iv 4 169
- FEE-GRIEF**, *sub* grief not shared by any Macb iv 3 196
- FELLOWLY**, *adj* companionable, sympathetic Temp v 1 64.
- FEODARY** *sub* confederate, Meas for Meas ii 4 123, Cymb iii 2 21
- FERE**, *sub* a spouse, Tit. Andr iv 1 89 Per Prol 21
- FERRER** *vt* to worry Hen V iv 4 30
- FERVENCY** *sub* eagerness, Ant & Cleo ii 5 18
- FETCH**, *sub* a trick, a stratagem, Ham. ii 1 38, K Lear ii 4 90
- FETCH OFF** *vt* to make away with Wint. Tale, i 2. 334.
- FETTER**, *vt* to get into condition, prepare, Rom & Jul iii 5 154.
- FEWNESS** *sub* rarity, or brevity Meas for Meas i 4 39.
- FIELD-BED** *sub* camp bed Rom & Jul ii 1 40
- FIG** *vt* to insult by thrusting the thumb between two fingers, 2 Hen. IV v 3 1
- FIGHTS**, *sub* canvas hung up to screen the crew of a ship during action, Merry Wives of W ii 2 144.
- FIGO**, *sub* [see Fig], Hen. V iii 6 60
- FIGURE**, *sub* a turn of rhetoric Two Gent of Ver fl. 1 156 L s L s L i 2 59 a method of fortune telling, Merry Wives of W iv 2 189
- FIGURES** *sub* disquieting fancies Merry Wives of W iv 2 234 Jul Cæs ii 1 231
- FILE**, *sub* a list, Macb iii 1 95
- FILE** *vt* to defile, Macb iii 1 65
- FILLS**, *sub* shafts Troil & Cres ii 2 46
- FILTH**, *sub* term of contempt, Tim of Ath iv 1 6; Oth v 2 229
- FINGLESS** *adj* without end, Oth iii 3 173
- FINICAL**, *adj* foppish K Lear ii 2 19
- FIRE DRAKE** *sub* a meteor fiery dragon, Hen VIII v 4 46
- FIRK**, *vt* to beat Hen V iv 4 29
- FIST** *vt* to grasp Coriol iv 5 131, Per iv 6 182
- FITCHEW** *sub* a polecat, Troil & Cres v 1 67, Oth iv 1 148
- FITTED** *pt p* worked as if by fits Sonnets cxix 7
- FIVES** *sub* inflammation of parotid glands in horses [French *avies*] Tam of Shrew iii 2 56
- FLAP DRAGON** *sub* a small burning body lighted and put afloat in a glass of liquor to be swallowed burning snapdragon L s L v 1 46, 2 Hen IV ii 4 267 *vt* to swallow like a flap dragon, Wint. Tale, iii 3 100
- FLAP EARED** *adj* broad hanging ears, Tam of Shrew, iv 1 160
- FLAP JACK** *adj* a pancake Per ii 1 88
- FLAP MOUNTED** *adj* with broad hanging lips Ven & Ad. 920
- FLAT** *sub* sandbank, Mer of Ven i 1 26, iii 1. 5
- FLAT LONG** *adv* flat Temp ii 1 188
- FLAW** *sub* a crack K Lear ii 4 288, fig Ant & Cleo iii 10 34 *vt* to break crack, Hen VIII i 1 95
- FLAWS** *sub* outbursts of passion, Meas for Meas ii 3 11, Macb iii 4 63 sudden gusts of wind Coriol v 3 74, Ven & Adon 456 small blades of ice, 2 Hen. IV iv 4 35
- FLECKED** *adj* spotted Rom & Jul ii 3 3
- FLEWED** *adj* Flews are the large hanging chaps of a hound, Mid N Dr iv 1 126
- FLICKER**, *vt* to twinkle, K Lear ii 2 114.
- FLIGHT** *sub* a long light arrow Much Ado, i 1 40
- FLIGHTY** *adj* swift Macb iv 1 145
- FLIRT-GILLS** *sub* light wenchers Rom & Jul ii 4 163
- FLOCK**, *sub* a lock of wool 1 Hen IV ii 1 7
- FLOTE** *sub* wave Temp i 2 234
- FLOURISH**, *sub* ornament, Rich III i 3 241 Sonnets, lxxx a sounding of trumpets, Meas. for Meas iv 1 76 Mer of Ven, ii 2 49
- FOBBED** *pt p* cheated, 1 Hen IV i 2 68
- FOIN**, *sub* a thrust, K Lear, iv 6 252 *vt* to thrust in fencing Merry Wives of W iii 3 24 Much Ado, v 1 84.
- FOISON**, OR **FOIZON** *sub* plenty [Fr *foison*], Temp ii 1 170, iv 1 110 Macb iv 3 88
- FOOT**, *vt* to kick, Mer of Ven. i 3 119, to seize with the talon, Cymb v 4 116
- FOP** *sub* a fool, K Lear i 2 14
- FORBID**, *pt p* accursed, Macb i 3 46
- FORDO** *vt* to lay violent hands upon, to destroy, K. Lear v 3 293 Oth v 1 129
- FORDONE**, *pt p* exhausted Mid N Dr v 2 4.
- FORE END** *sub* the first part, Cymb iii 3 73
- FORE HAND** *sub* advantage Hen V iv 1 300 the best part the pick Troil & Cres i 3 143 *adj* anticipated, Much Ado, iv 1 50
- FORE HAND SHAFT**, an arrow for shooting point blank, 2 Hen IV iii 2 52
- FORFEND**, *vt* to forbid 3 Hen VI ii 1 190, Oth v 2 32.
- FORGETIVE**, *adj* inventive 2 Hen IV iv 3 107
- FORK**, *sub* the tongue of a snake Meas for Meas iii 1 16 Macb iv 1 16, the head of an arrow, K. Lear, i 1 146
- FORSLOW**, *vt* to delay, 3 Hen. VI ii 3 56
- FORTED** *adj* fortified, Meas for Meas. v 1 12
- FORTH RIGHT** *sub* a straight path, Temp iii 3 3, Troil. & Cres iii 3 158

- FOSSET SELLER**, *sub* a seller of taps Coriol i 1 80
FOUTRA *sub* expression of contempt, 2 Hen IV v 3 118
FOX *sub* a broadsword Hen V iv 4 9
FOXSHIP *sub* cunning and selfishness Coriol iv 2 18
FRACED *pt p* broken Tim of Ath ii 1 22
FRAMPOLD *adj* unquiet, quarrelsome Merry Wives of W ii 2 95
FRANK *sub* a sty 2 Hen IV ii 2 160, *vt* to shut up in a sty Rich III i 3 314, iv 5 3
FRANKLIN *sub* a yeoman, Wint Tale v 2 181 Cymb iii 2 78
FRAUGHTING *part adj* constituting the freight, Temp i 2 13
FREE *adj* innocent Wint Tale, i 2 113, Ham ii 2 598
FRESHES *sub* springs of fresh water Temp iii 2 77
FRET *vt* to adorn, Jul Ces ii 1 104 Cymb ii 4 88
FRETS *sub* the stops of a guitar Lucrece ii 40
FRIPPERY *sub* an old clothes shop Temp iv 1 228
FRONTIER, *sub* an outwork, fortification, 1 Hen IV ii 3 57
FRONTLET *sub* a band for the forehead fig K Lear, i 4 210
FRUSH *vt* to break, bruise or crush [Fr *froisser*] Troil & Cres v 6 29
FUBBED OFF *pt p* put off with excuses 2 Hen IV ii 1 39
FULLAMS *sub* a kind of false dice Merry Wives of W i 3 92
FUMITER and **FUMITORY** *sub* the plant *Fumaria* Hen V v 2 45 K Lear iv 4 3
FUSTILARIAN *sub* a term of reproach 2 Hen IV ii 1 68
GABERDINE *sub* the coarse frock of a peasant [Ital *gavardina*] Temp ii 2 41 Mer of Ven i 3 113
GAD *sub* a sharp pointed instrument a goad Tit Andr iv 1 103 upon the gad = on the spur of the moment, K Lear i 2 26
GAGE *vt* to pledge Ham i 1 91 Lucrece i 44 *sub* also a pledge pawned Rich II i 1 146
GAIN-GIVING *sub* misgiving Ham v 2 227
GAIT *sub* proceeding Ham i 2 31
GALL, *vt* to scoff to jest bitterly Hen V v 1 78
GALLED *pt p* worn by the action of the waves Hen V iii 1 12 Lucrece i 40, irritated as the eyes are by tears Rich III iv 4 53 Ham i 2 155
GALLIARD, *sub* the name of a dance Twelfth Night i 3 139 Hen V i 2 32
GALLIASSE *sub* a large galley Tam of Shrew ii 1 372
GALLIMAUFRY *sub* a medley or jumble of things together Merry Wives of W ii 1 117, Wint Tale, iv 3 337
GALLOW, *adj* to frighten, K Lear iii 2 44
GALLOWGLASSES *sub* heavy armed Irish foot-soldiers, 2 Hen VI iv 9 26 Macb i 2 13
GALLOWES, *sub* a knave one fit for the gallows L s L's i v 2 12
GAFF, *vt* to cry out loudly Hen. VIII v 4 3 *Comp* 'a gaping pig (which however may mean a pig prepared for the table with a lemon in its mouth), Mer of Ven iv 1 47
GARBOL, *sub* disturbance commotion, Ant & Cleo i 3 61
GARDEN HOUSE, *sub* a summer house, Meas for Meas v 1 223
GARISH, *adj* glittering, gaudy Rich III iv 4 89, Rom. & Jul iii 2 25
GARNER, *vt* lay up store up Oth. iv 2 56
GARNISH *sub* equipment, Mer of Ven ii 6 45
GASKINS, *sub* loose breeches, Twelfth Night, i. 27
GASTED *pt p* frightened K Lear ii 1 57
GASTNESS, *sub* ghostliness Oth v 1 106
GAUDY *adj* festive Ant & Cleo iii 1 182
GAUDS *sub* toys nicknacks Mid N Dr i 1 33, K. John iii 3 36
GECK, *sub* a dupe, Twelfth Night, v 1 355 Cymb v 4 67
GEMINY *sub* a pair Merry Wives of W ii 2 9
GENERATION, *sub* offspring, Wint. Tale ii. 1 147, K. Lear i 1 119
GENEROSITY *sub* nobility Coriol i 1 217
GENEROUS, *adj* of noble birth, Meas for Meas iv 6 13, Oth iii 3 280
GENTLE *vt* to ennoble Hen V iv 3 63
GENTRY *sub* courtesy Ham ii 2 22 v 2 115
GERMENS *sub* seeds germs, Macb iv 1 59 K Lear, iii 2 8
GEST *sub* a period of stopping in a place originally the halting place in a royal progress [Fr *giste gîte*], Wint. Tale i 2 41
GESTS, *sub* acts exploits, Ant & Cleo iv 8 2
GHOST *vt* to visit as a ghost, to haunt, Ant & Cleo ii. 6 13
GIB *sub* an old tom cat Ham iii 4 190
GIB CAT *sub* the same 1 Hen IV i 2 83
GIBBER *vt* to speak inarticulately Ham i 1 116
GIBBET *vt* to hang 2 Hen IV iii 2 285
GIG *sub* a top L s L iv 3 167 v 1 71
GIGLOT *sub* a light wench Meas for Meas v 1 347, *adj* 1 Hen VI iv 7 41 Cymb iii 1 31
GILT *sub* money Hen V ii Chor 26 gilding, fair show, Twelfth Night iii 2 27 Coriol i 3 44
GIMMAL *adj* double or made with double rings Hen. V iv 2 49
GIMMALS [Fol GIMMORS] *sub* connecting parts in the mechanism of a clock 1 Hen VI i 2 41
GING *sub* a gang a pack Merry Wives of W iv 2 126
GIRD *sub* a scoff sarcasm Tam of Shrew v 2 58 1 Hen VI iii 1 131 *vt* to gibe, taunt, 2 Hen IV i 2 6 Coriol i 1 262
GIVE OUT to report, Coriol i 1 199 to give over, 2 Hen. VI iv 8 27
GLEES *sub* scoffs 1 Hen VI iii 2 123
GNARLING *adj* snarling, Rich III i 3 292 *vt* 2 Hen. VI iii 1 192
GOD *vt* to worship Coriol v 3 111
GOD *ILD* YOU, God yield you (i.e. reward you) As You Like It iii 3 81
GOOD, *adj* wealthy Mer of Ven i 3 12 Coriol i. i 16
GOOD DEED in very deed, Wint Tale i 2 42
GORBELLED *adj* big belled 1 Hen IV ii 2 97
GORGE *sub* the throat Wint Tale ii 1 43
GORGET *sub* armour for the throat, Troil & Cres i 3 174
GOSPELLED *pt p* inducted with precepts of the gospel, Macb iii 1 88
GOSSE *sub* gorse Temp iv 1 180
GOSPIP *sub* a sponsor, Wint Tale ii 3 41, *vt* to christen, All's Well i 1 191
GOUGERES *sub* the French disease K Lear, v 3 24
GOURDS *sub* false dice, Merry Wives of W ii 3 92
GOUT, *sub* a drop [Fr *goutte*] Macb ii 1 46
GRAIN, *sub* the kernel of which the purple dye was made a fast colour, Com of Err iii 2 109, Twelfth Night, i 5 257
GRAINED *adj* dyed in grain Ham iii 4 90, furrowed, rough Coriol iv 5 114 Lov Com 64
GRANGE, *sub* a farm, or lone house in the country Oth i 1 106
GRATIFY *vt* to reward, Mer of Ven. iv 1 407, Coriol. ii. 2 45
GRATULATE, *adj* gratifying Meas for Meas v 1 531
GREAT MORNING broad daylight, Troil & Cres. iv 3 1, Cymb iv 2 61
GREEK, *sub* a boon companion, a merry fellow Twelfth Night, iv 1 19, Troil & Cres. i 2 116 iv 4 56
GRIEF-SHOT, *adj* sorrow stricken, Coriol. v 1 45
GRIME, *vt* to begrime, K Lear ii 3 9
GRIFE *sub* a griffin, Lucrece 543
GRIZE, *sub* a step, Twelfth Night, iii. 1 138, Oth. i. 3 200
GRIZZLE, *sub* a tinge of grey, Twelfth Night, v 1 169
GROUND, *sub* the original air on which the variations are made, Rich III ii 7 48
GROUNDINGS *sub* vulgar spectators, who stood in what is now the pit of the theatre, Ham iii. 2 12

- GROW TO have a strong flavour Mer of Ven ii 2 18
 MID TO A POINT to come to the point, Mid N Dr i 2 10
- GUARD *vt* to trim, K. John, iv 2 10 *pt* *p* trimmed, ornamented Mer of Ven ii 2 170
- GUARDS *sub* two stars of Ursa Minor were called guards of the pole, Oth. ii 1 15 trimmings Meas for Meas iii 1 95
- GUILDER, *sub* a Dutch coin, Com of Err i 1 8
- GULES, *adj* red, in heraldry, Tim. of Ath. iv 3 59, Ham ii 2 488
- GULF *sub* the gullet, Macb iv 1 23
- GULL, *sub* a young unfeathered bird, 1 Hen IV v 1 60, Tim of Ath ii 1 31
- GUMMED VELVET *sub* velvet stiffened with gum, 1 Hen IV ii 2 3
- GUST *vt* to taste Twelfth Night, i 3 34
- GUTTERED, *part* *adj* worn by the action of water, Oth ii 1 69
- HABITUDE *sub* condition of body Lov Comp ii 4
- HACK *vt* to grow common Merry Wives of W ii 1 52
- HAGGARD *sub* a wild hawk Much Ado iii 1 36 *adj* Oth iii 3 260
- HAIR, *sub* nature texture 1 Hen IV iv 1 61
- HALE CHECKED BIT mutilated of which only one part remained Tam of Shrew iii 2 58
- HALL *interj* a hall! a cry to make room for dancers, Rom & Jul i 5 30
- HAND FAST *sub* a contract betrothal Cymb i 5 78 custody Wint Tale iv 3 798
- HANDY DANDY a game in which an object is passed from one to another K. Lear iv 6 158
- HANGMAN BOYS young rascals, Two Gent of Ver iv 4 61
- HAPPELY *or* *adv* perchance Meas for Meas iv 2 98
- HAPPILY { Twelfth Night iv 2 58
- HARDIMENTS *sub* feats of arms and valour, 1 Hen IV i 3 101 Cymb v 4 75
- HARLOT *adj* base Wint Tale ii 3 4 (harlot king)
- HARLOTRY *sub* a harlot, Oth iv 2 239, a silly wench, Rom & Jul iv 2 14
- HARROW *vt* to disquiet, to distract, Ham. i 1 44 i 5 16
- HARRY *vt* to vex, to harry Ant & Cleo iii 3 40
- HATCH, *sub* a half door K. John, i 1 171 K. Lear iii 6 76
- HAUGHT *adj* haughty Rich II iv 1 254 3 Hen VI ii 1 169
- HAUNCH *sub* the rear latter end 2 Hen IV iv 4 92
- HAVOC, *interj* to cry havoc! signifies to give no quarter Jul Cæs iii 1 273 Ham. v 2 378
- HAWKING *adj* hawk-like, All s Well i 1 106
- HAY *sub* a circular dance, L s L v 1 166 an exclamation used by a fencer when he hits his adversary [It has! You have it!] Rom & Jul ii 4 28
- HEAD, *sub* an armed force 1 Hen IV iv 4 25 K. John, v 2 113 Ham. iv 5 101 source, All s Well i 3 180
- HEAD-LUGGED *part* *adj* dragged by the ears, savage, K. Lear iv 2 42
- HEAP *sub* company of persons Rich III ii 1 53
- HEARTED *pt* *p* placed or rooted in the heart, Oth. i 3 373 iii 3 449
- HEAT *vt* to run over traverse Wint Tale, i 2 96
- HEAVES *sub* deep sighs Wint Tale, ii 3 35, Ham. iv 1 1
- HEBONA [Fol HEBENON] *sub* a word of doubtful meaning the yew ebony and henbane have all been suggested Ham i 5 62
- HECTIC *sub* a fever Ham iv 3 68
- HEDGE *vt* to skulk, Merry Wives of W ii 2 27 Troil & Cres iii 1 66
- HEDGE PRIEST *sub* clergyman of the lowest order L's L s L v 2 543
- HEEL *vt* to dance Troil & Cres iv 4 146
- HEFTS *sub* heavings Wint Tale ii 1 44
- HELM, *vt* to steer Meas for Meas iii 2 155
- HELPLESS *adj* incurable Lucrece 756 useless, unprofitable Rich III i 2 13 Ven & Adon 604
- HENCHMAN *sub* a page Mid N Dr ii 1 121
- HENT *vt* to seize take Meas for Meas iv 6 14 Wint. Tale iv 2 134 *sub* hold seizure Ham iii 3 88
- HERBLETS *sub* small herbs Cymb iv 2 287
- HERB OF GRACE rue Rich II iii 4 105 Ham iv 5 181
- HERCULES and HIS LOAD the Globe theatre, from its sign, Ham ii 2 386
- HERMIT *sub* a beadsman Macb i 6 20
- HESTS *sub* commands Temp i 2 274 iii 1 37
- HEWGH, *sub* a sound to represent the whizzing of an arrow K. Lear iv 6 94
- HIDE FOX, and ALL AFTER, the game of hide and seek, Ham iv 2 32
- HIGH and LOW kinds of false dice Merry Wives of W i 3 93
- HIGH BATTLED *adj* at the head of a victorious army, Ant & Cleo iii 11 29
- HIGH DAY *adj* holiday Mer of Ven ii 9 98
- HIGH LONE, *adj* alone on one's own feet a term of the nursery Rom & Jul i 3 36
- HIGHT is called L s L s L i 1 169
- HIGH VICED *adj* conspicuously wicked, Tim of Ath iv 3 110
- HILDING *sub* a memorial All s Well iii 6 4 Cymb ii 3 128 *adj* base Hen V iv 11 29
- HIP TO CATCH ON have in one's power a wrestling or hunting phrase Mer of Ven i 3 47 Oth ii 1 317
- HIPPED *pt* *p* hurt in the hips Tam of Shrew, iii 2 50
- HIREN *sub* Irene name of the heroine in a lost drama by Peele 2 Hen. IV ii 4 172
- HIT TOGETHER *v* agree or act together K. Lear i 1 308
- HIVE *sub* a kind of bonnet, Lov Comp 8
- HOAR, *vt* to make white, as with leprosy Tim of Ath. iv 3 156
- HOBBY HORSE *sub* a principal part in the morris-dance Ham iii 2 144, a light woman, Much Ado, iii 2 75 Oth iv 1 158
- HODGE PUDDING, *sub* perhaps a haggis Merry Wives of W v 5 163
- HOLDING *sub* a burden of a song, Ant & Cleo ii 7
- 118 congruity sense All s Well iv 2 27
- HOLDAME *sub* halldom, holiness Tam of Shrew, v 2 100
- HOLY ALES *sub* rural festivals Per i Prol 6
- HONEYING *pr* *p* fondling Ham iii 4 93
- HONEY-STALKS *sub* clover Tit And. iv 4 90
- HOODMAN *sub* the person blinded in the game of blind man's buff All s Well iv 3 137
- HOODMAN BLIND, *sub* blind man's buff Ham iii 4 77
- HORN MAD *adj* mad like a savage bull [quibbling] Com. of Err ii 1 57 Merry Wives of W i 4 51
- HOROLOGUE *sub* a clock Oth ii 3 136
- HOT *vt* to lodge Com of Err i 2 9 All s Well iii 5 94
- HOT AT HAND not to be held in Jul Cæs iv 2 23
- HOT HOUSE, *sub* a bagnio Meas for Meas ii 1 67
- HOX, *vt* to hough to hamstring, Wint Tale i 2 244
- HOY *sub* a small coasting vessel Com of Err iv 3 39
- HUGGER MUGGER, in secretly with hurried secrecy Ham iv 5 84
- HULL, *vt* to float, Twelfth Night i 5 217 Rich III iv 4 439
- HULLING *pr* *p* floating at the mercy of the waves, Hen VIII ii 4 197
- HUNT *sub* game killed in the chase Cymb iii 6 89
- HUNTS-UP *sub* tunes to arouse the huntsman, Rom. & Jul ii 5 34
- HURLY and HURLY-BURLY, *sub*, tumult, uproar K. John, iii 4 169 Macb i 1 3
- HURRICANO *sub* waterspout, Troil & Cres v. 2 169, K. Lear ii 2 2
- HURTLESS *adj* harmless, K. Lear iv 6 171
- HURLTLING *sub* a clashing noise As You Like It, iv 3 133
- HURTL, *vt* to come together with noise, Jul. Cæs. ii 2 22.

- HUSBANDRY** *sub* management, Macb ii 1 4, Tim. of Ath ii 2 165
- HYEN** *sub* an hyena, As You Like It, iv 1 163
- IC^e BROOK**, *sub* supposed to be the river Salo, near Bibulis in Spain Oth v 2 252
- IGNOMY** *sub* ignominy Meas for Meas ii 4 112
- ILLUMI** *vt* to illuminate Ham i 1 37
- ILLUSTROUS** *adj* wanting lustre without brightness Cymb i 6 109
- IMBAR**, *v* to secure, or perhaps to exclude Hen V i 2 94
- IMMANITY**, *sub* ferocity i Hen VI v 1 13
- IMMEDIACY** *sub* directness K Lear v 3 66
- IMMOMENT** *adj* insignificant Ant & Cleo v 2 165
- IMP** *sub* child used affectedly L s L s L i 2 5 Hen V iv 1 45, *vt* to graft new feathers into a hawk's wing Rich ii 1 202
- IMPASTED** *pt* coagulated Ham ii 2 490
- IMPERCEIVERANT**, *sub* dull undiscerning Cymb iv 1 15
- IMPORTANCE**, *sub* importunity, Twelfth Night, v 1 375 Cymb i 4 47
- IMPORTANT** *adj* urgent, importunate Com of Err v 1 138 K Lear iv 4 26
- IMPOSE** *sub* command, Two Gent iv 3 8
- IMPOSTHUME**, *sub* an abscess Troil & Cres v 1 24
- IMPRESS** *sub* a device with a motto Rich II iii 1 25
- INCARNARDINE** *vt* to dye red, Macb ii 2 63
- INCH MEAL**, *sub* piecemeal, Temp ii 3
- INCONTINENT** *sub* immediately, As You Like It v 2 44
- INCONTINENTLY** *adv* the same Oth i 3 307
- INCONY**, *adj* delicate pretty L s L s L iii 1 142, iv 1 146
- INDENT**, *vt* to make terms i Hen IV i 3 87
- INDUCTION** *sub* introduction, and preparation, i Hen IV iii 1 2, Rich III i 1 32
- INEXCREABLE** *adj* that cannot be sufficiently execrated, Mer of Ven iv 1 128
- INFORM** *vt* to take shape, Macb ii 1 48 to animate, Inspire, Coriol v 3 71
- INFORMAL**, *adj* crazy Meas for Meas v 1 230
- INHERIT**, *vt* to possess, Temp iv 1 154
- INKLE** *sub* a kind of coarse tape L's L s L iii 1 146, Wint Tale iv 3 208 Per v Prol 8
- INLAND** *adj* civilized, perhaps living near the capital, As You Like It, iii 2 367
- INNOCENT** *sub* an idiot, All's Well, iv 3 214 Per iv 3 17
- INSANE** *adj* causing insanity Macb i 3 84
- INSANE** *sub* madness L s L s L v 1 28 [Holofernes]
- INSCULPED**, *pt* engraved, cut, Mer of Ven ii 7 57
- INSCULPTURE**, *sub* an inscription cut in stone Tim of Ath v 4 67
- INSISTURE**, *sub* persistency, Troil & Cres i 3 87
- INSTANCE**, *sub* motive Ham. iii 2 194 proof 2 Hen. IV iii 1 103
- INTELLIGENCER**, *sub* agent, go between, Rich III iv 4 71
- INTELLIGENCING**, *adj* going between parties, Wint Tale, ii 3 68
- INTEND**, *vt* to pretend, Much Ado, ii 2 46 Rich III iii 7 44
- INTENDMENT**, *sub* design purpose As You Like It, i 1 142 Ven & Adon 222 aim, Hen. V i 2 144
- INTENIBLE**, *adj* unretentive, All's Well, i 3 210
- INTENTION** *sub* aim, direction, Merry Wives of W i 3 71, Wint Tale, i 2 130
- INTENTIVELY** *adv* attentively, or perhaps consecutively, Oth i 3 155
- INTERESTED**, *pt* *p* interested [legal sense], K. Lear, i 1 87
- INTRINSIC**, *adj* hard to unte, K. Lear, ii 2 80
- INTRINSCATE**, *adj* the same, Ant & Cleo v 2 306
- INVECTIVELY** *adj* reproachfully, As You Like It, ii. 1 58
- INVINCIBLE**, *adj* invisible [Qy error], 2 Hen. IV iii. 2 340
- INWARD** *adj* intimate Rich III iii 4 8 secret Much Ado iv 1 12 *sub* an intimate friend, Meas for Meas iii 2 142
- INWARDNESS** *sub* intimacy Much Ado iv 1 217
- IRON WITTEC**, *adj* unfeeling insensible, Rich III iv 2 28
- IRREGULOUS** *adj* lawless Cymb iv 2 315
- ITERANCE** *sub* repetition Oth v 2 148
- I WIS** *adv* certainly [Ang Sax *ge wis*] Mer of Ven ii. 9 68 Rich III i 3 102
- JACK**, *sub* the small ball aimed at in the game of bowls, Cymb ii 1 2 a term of reproach Rich III i 3 72, i Hen IV iii 3 98 a figure which struck the bell in old clocks Rich II v 5 60 Rich III iv 2 113
- JACK A LENT** *sub* a stuffed figure thrown at during Lent, Merry Wives of W iii 3 27 v 5 137
- JACKS**, *sub* the keys of a virginal Sonnets cxxviii 5, a drinking vessel Tam of Shrew iv 1 51
- JACK SAUCE** *sub* a saucy Jack Hen V iv 7 149
- JADE** *vt* to drive like a jade Ant & Cleo iii 1 34, to treat with contempt, Hen VIII iii 2 281, to run away with Twelfth Night ii 5 180
- JADED** *adj* worn out with work 2 Hen VI iv 1 52
- JAR**, *sub* a tick of the clock Wint Tale i 2 43, *vt* to tick, Rich. II v 5 51
- JAUNCE** *sub* a wild ramble Rom & Jul ii 5 26 *vt* to ramble Rom & Jul ii 5 53, to spur hard Rich. II v 5 94
- JAY** *sub* a loose woman Merry Wives of W iii 3 44
- JENNET** *sub* a Spanish horse Ven & Ad 260
- JESSES** *sub* foot straps which attached the legs of a hawk to the fist Oth iii 3 261
- JET** *vt* to strut, Twelfth Night, ii 5 36 Cymb iii 3 5, to advance insultingly Rich III ii 4 51 Tit Andri ii 1 64
- JIG**, *sub* a ludicrous ballad Ham ii 2 530 L's L's L iii. 1 12
- JIGGING** *pr p* composing jigs Jul Cæs iv 3 136
- JOINT RING** *sub* a split ring gummer ring Oth iv 3 74
- JOLTHEAD** *sub* a blockhead, Tam of Shrew iv 1 169
- JOURNAL**, *adj* diurnal, daily, Meas for Meas iv 3 95, Cymb iv 2 10
- JOVIAL** *adj* like Jove Cymb iv 2 311
- JOWL**, or **JOLL** *vt* to knock to dash, All's Well i 3 60, Ham v 1 82
- JUDICIOUS**, *adj* judicial Coriol v 5 128
- JUMP** *vt* to risk Coriol in. i 153 Cymb v 4 187, to agree, Twelfth Night, v 1 262, *adv* just, exactly, Ham v 2 389 Oth ii 3 105
- JUSTICER** *sub* a minister of justice K Lear iii 6 24, Cymb v 5 215
- KAM**, *adj* crooked, away from the point, Coriol iii. 1 302
- KECKSIES** *sub* hemlock, and other hollow stalked plants, Hen V v 2 52
- KEECH**, *sub* a roll of tallow Hen VIII i 1 55
- KEEL** *vt* to cool or perhaps to skim L s L s L v 2 928
- KEEP** *vt* to guard, Wint Tale, ii 1 133, *sub* keeping, custody Tam of Shrew, i 2 120, to dwell Ham. ii 1 8
- KERN** *sub* a light armed Irish foot soldier Rich II ii. 1 157 Macb i 2 13
- KERSEY** *sub* cheap woollen cloth, L's L's L v 2 414
- KETTLE** *sub* a kettle-drum, Ham v 2 289
- KEY** *sub* a tuning key Temp i 2 83
- KEY-COLD** *adj* stone-cold, cold as a key Rich. III i. 2 5 Lucrece, 1774
- KIBE** *sub* a churlish Temp ii 1 284, a chap on the heel, Ham v 1 152
- KICK AT** *vt* to turn away from with loathing and disgust, Coriol ii 2 120
- KICKSHAW**, *sub* a trifle, Twelfth Night, i 3 124, 2 Hen. IV v 1 29
- KICKY WICKY**, *sub* a ludicrous term for a wife, All's Well, ii. 3 297

- KILN HOLE** *sub* the fireplace of an oven or kiln, Merry Wives of W iv 2 61 Wint Tale iv 3 247
- KINDLE** *vt* to bring forth young As You Like It, iii 2 362 *vt* to incite to a thing, K John, i 1 33
- KINDLESS** *adj* unnatural, Ham. ii 2 677
- KISSING COMMITTS** *sub* sugar plums perfumed with sweetening the breath, Merry Wives of W v 5 22
- KITCHEN** *vt* to entertain in the kitchen, Com. of Err v 1 418
- KNACK**, *sub* a toy or pretty trifle Mid N Dr i 1 34 Wint. Tale iv 3 361
- KNAP** *vt* to snap or break short to hit or rap smartly Mer of Ven iii 1 10 K Lear ii 4 125
- KNOT-GRASS** *sub* a herb supposed to have the power of checking growth Mid N Dr ii 2 320
- KNOT PATED** *adj* thick headed 1 Hen IV ii 4 79
- LABOURSOME**, *adj* elaborate Ham i 2 59 Cymb iii 4 167
- LACED** *pt p* adorned, embellished Macb ii 3 119 Cymb ii 2 22
- LACED MUTTON** *sub* a prostitute Two Gent i 1 102
- LADE**, *vt* to empty to drain, 3 Hen VI iii 2 139
- LADY SMOCK**, *sub* the plant *Cardamine pratensis* L s L v 2 903
- LAG** *sub* a fragment, thing left Cymb v 3 92 the lowest class Tim of Ath iii 6 91
- LAG END** the last part, the fag end Hen VIII i 3 35
- LAID** *pt p* waylaid, the country is laid = set on its guard to arrest, 2 Hen VI iv 10 4
- LAMPASS**, *sub* a disease in a horse's palate Tam of Shrew iii 2 53
- LAND** *sub* lawn Temp iv 1 130 L s L v 2 310
- LAND DAMN** *vt* corrupt word in Wint Tale ii 1 142
- LANK**, *vt* to shrink Ant & Cleo i 4 71
- LANTERN** or **LANTHORN**, *sub* a louvre a window turret, Rom & Jul v 3 84
- LAP** *vt* to wrap up Macb i 2 55 Cymb v 5 361
- LAPSED** *pt p* surprised, Twelfth Night, iii 3 36
- LARD** *vt* to ornament, Ham iv 5 38
- LATCH**, *vt* to catch, lay hold of Macb iv 3 195 Son. cxiii 6, to close or perhaps to smear over Mid. N Dr iii 2 36
- LATTEN** *adj* a mixed metal Merry Wives of W i 1 167
- LAUND**, *sub* lawn, wood opening, 3 Hen. VI iii 1 2 Comp LAND
- LAUNDRY**, *vt* to wash Lov Comp 17
- LAVOLT** *sub* a kind of waitz, Troil & Cres iv 4 86
- LEADING** *sub* the power of leading, generalship 1 Hen. IV iv 3 17
- LEAGUER**, *sub* a camp All s Well iii. 6 27
- LEASE**, *sub* a set of three from the string or thong for leading greyhounds to which usually three dogs were coupled, 1 Hen. IV ii 4 7
- LEATHER-COAT** *sub* a kind of apple, the golden russet ing, 2 Hen. IV v 3 42
- LEER** *sub* complexion, colour, As You Like It, iv 1 69, Tit. Andr iv 2 120
- LEESE**, *vt* to lose, Sonnets, v 14
- LEET** *sub* a manor court, Tam. of Shrew Ind ii. 89, Oth. iii. 3. 140.
- LEG** *sub* a bow, Coriol ii. 1 78 Tim of Ath i. 2. 241
- LEGERITY** *sub* lightness numbness, Hen. V iv 1 23
- LEIGER** *sub* a resident ambassador Meas. for Meas iii 1 57 Cymb i 5 80
- LENTEN** *adj* sparing meagre Ham ii 2 337 Twelfth Night i 5 9
- LIBERAL**, *adj* licentious Much Ado, iv 1 93 Ham iv 7 171 Oth ii 1 164.
- LIBERTY** *sub* licentiousness, Tim of Ath. iv 1 25, Ham ii 1 32
- LIFTER**, *sub* a thief, Troil & Cres i 2 127
- LIGHT O' LOVE**, *sub* the name of a tune Two Gent i 2 80 Much Ado, iii 4 44
- LIMBECK**, *sub* an alembic Macb i 7 67 Son cxix 2.
- LIMB MEAL** *adv* limb by limb, Cymb ii 4 147
- LMBO** *sub* the edge or border of hell, All s Well v 3 264, Tit. Andr iii 1 150
- LIME**, *vt* to put lime into liquor Merry Wives of W i 3 14
- LIMIT** *vt* to appoint, Meas for Meas iv 2 175 Macb ii 3 58
- LIMN** *vt* to draw in colours As You Like It, ii 7 107
- LIME** *vt* to draw delineate As You Like It iii 2 98 to strengthen, 1 Hen IV ii 3 88 Macb i 3 112
- LIME-GROVE**, *sub* probably a grove of lime trees, Temp v 1 10
- LINK** *sub* a torch Tam of Shrew iv 1 137
- LINSEY WOOLSEY** *sub* gibberish jargon All s Well iv 1 13
- LINSTOCK**, *sub* the stick for holding a gunner's match, Hen V iii Chorus 33
- LIP** *vt* to kiss Oth iv 1 72 Ant & Cleo ii 5 30
- LIPSURF** *sub* to have one in a difficult expression, perhaps to have one between the teeth K Lear ii 2 9
- LIQUOR** *vt* to moisten with oil 1 Hen IV ii 1 94
- LIT** *sub* wish desire Oth ii 1 104 *vt* to desire, Ven & Adon 564 to attend to Tam of Shrew ii 1 357
- LITHER** *adj* yielding flexible 1 Hen IV iv 7 21
- LITIGIOUS** *adj* doubtful precarious Per iii 3
- LITTLE**, *in* in miniature As You Like It iii 2 149 Ham ii 2 392
- LOB** *sub* a lubber a heavy fellow Mid N Dr ii 1 16 *vt* to hang down to droop Hen V iv 2 47
- LOCKRAM**, *sub* a cheap kind of linen Coriol ii 1 228
- LODE STAR**, *sub* the pole-star Mid N Dr i 1 183 Lucrece 179
- LODGED** *pt p* laid flat as corn is by wind and ram, Rich. II iii 3 162 Macb iv 1 55
- LOGGATS**, *sub* a rustic game something like bowls, Ham v 1 99
- LONG OF** on account of Mid. N Dr iii 2 339 Cymb v 5 272
- LOOF** *vt* to luff, bring close to the wind Ant. & Cleo iii 8 27
- LOON** *sub* a base fellow Macb v 3 11
- LOOPE** *adj* full of holes K Lear ii 4 31
- LOOSE** *sub* the discharge of an arrow L s L v 2 750 *vt* to let loose, discharge as an arrow Hen VIII v 4 60
- LORD S TOKENS** *sub* plague spots L s L v 2 424
- LOTS TO BLANKS** any odds Coriol v 2 10
- LOUTED** *pt p* made a fool of 1 Hen VI iv 3 13
- LOVE DAY** *sub* a day for the amicable settlement of differences, Tit. Andr i 1 491
- LOVES OF ALL**, for the sake of everything lovely an adjuration Merry Wives of W ii 2 119
- LOWN**, *sub* a base fellow Oth ii 3 96 Per iv 6 19 [Comp LOON]
- LOZEL**, *sub* a worthless fellow Wint. Tale ii 3 108
- LUCE** *sub* a pike Merry Wives of W i 1 17
- LUMPISH** *adj* dull heavy, Two Gent iii 2 62
- LUNES** *sub* freaks of madness Merry Wives of W iv 2 22 [Fol LINES] Wint. Tale ii 2 30
- LURCH** *vt* to skulk Merry Wives of W ii 2 27 to win with great ease a phrase used at cards, Coriol ii 2 106
- LURE**, *sub* apparatus used by falconers to recall their hawks Tam of Shrew iv 1 195 the whistle or call to allure the hawk Ven & Ad 1027 *vt* to call, allure a hawk Rom & Jul ii 2 159
- LUSH** *adj* luxuriant, Temp ii 1 55
- LUSTIG** *adj* lustig is Dutch for merry or cheerful, All s Well, ii 3 47
- LUXURIOUS** *adj* lascivious, Much Ado, iv 1 41, Hen. V iv 4 20
- LUXURY**, *sub* lust, Merry Wives of W v 5 100, Troil & Cres v 2 53
- LYM**, *sub* a bloodhound so called because he was held by a lym or leash, K Lear, iii. 6 72.
- MACULATE** *adj* stained, impure L's L s L i 2 98
- MACULATION** *sub* stain, the spot of guilt, Troil. & Cres iv 4 64

- MAD** *adj* wild untrained 1 Hen VI v 3 191
MADE, *pt p* fastened Com of Err iii 1 93
MAGGOT-PIE *sub* a magpie Macb iii 4 125
MAGRIFICO *sub* the title of a Venetian grandee Mer of Ven iii 2 281 Oth i 2 12
MAID MARIAN a character in the morris dance, 1 Hen IV iii 3 128
MAILED UP, wrapped up a hawking term 2 Hen VI ii 4 31 to mail a hawk was to punish her, or fasten her wings with a girdle
MAIN, *sub* a hand at dice, 1 Hen IV iv 1 47, the main-land K Lear, iii 1 6
MAIN COURSE, *sub* a mainsail Temp i 1 40
MAINED *pt p* maimed 2 Hen VI iv 2 176
MAKELESS, *adj* mateless, widowed, Sonnets ix. 4
MALKIN *sub* a kitchen slut Coriol ii 1 227
MALL *sub* Mary Temp ii 2 51 Mistress Mall's picture improbably explained as referring to the picture of the notorious Mary Firth, or Mall Cut purse, Twelfth Night 3 137
MALLARD, *sub* a wild drake Ant & Cleo iii 8 29
MALLETCHO *sub* mischievous [perhaps Span. *malhecho*], Ham. iii 2 148
MALT WORM, *sub* a tippler of ale 1 Hen IV ii 1 83
MALT Hen. IV ii 4 366
MAMMER, *v t* to hesitate, Oth iii 3 70 (perhaps to mutter in hesitation)
MAMMET *sub* a doll 1 Hen IV ii 3 97 Rom & Jul iii 5 186 Some have suggested *breasts* as its meaning in the first passage
MAMMOCK, *sub* a tear in fragments Coriol i 3 71
MAN *v t* to tame a hawk, Tam of Shrew, iv 1 196, to direct to aim, Oth v 2 269
MANAGE, *sub* taming of a horse, Temp i 2 70, As You Like It, i 1 13 Rich II iii 3 179 *v t* to train, break in a horse, Ven & Ad 598
MANDRAGORA *sub* mandrake, Oth iii 3 331, Ant & Cleo i 5 4
MANDRAKE *sub* the plant *Atropa Mandragora*, the root of which was supposed to bear human shape and to shriek when pulled out of the ground, causing madness or death to the hearer 2 Hen IV i 2 16, 2 Hen VI ii 2 310 Rom & Jul iv 3 48
MANKIND, *adj* masculine applied to a woman, Wint Tale ii 3 67 Coriol iv 2 16
MANNED *pt p* furnished with a servant, 2 Hen IV i 2 18, 59
MANNER, TO BE TAKEN WITH THE to be caught in the act, L's L's L. i 1 202 Wint. Tale iv 3 775, 1 Hen IV ii 4 226
MAN-QUELLER, *sub* a murderer 2 Hen. IV ii. 1 60
MANURE, *v t* to cultivate Oth i 3 329
MAPPERY *sub* the study of maps theory as opposed to real practice in warfare, Troil & Cres i 3 205
MARBLED, *adj* like marble, everlasting, Tim. of Ath iv 3 192
MARCPANE, *sub* confectionery made of a paste of pounded almonds formed into cakes, Rom. & Jul i 5 9
MARE, *sub* the nightmare, 2 Hen. IV ii 1 86 to ride the wild mare = to play at see-saw 2 Hen IV ii 4 268
MARK, *sub* God bless or save the mark = saving your favour, 1 Hen IV i 3 56 Oth. i 1 33.
MARTIAL, *adj* like Mars, Cymb iv 2 310
MARTLEMAS, *sub* 11th of November supposed to be a time of fair weather, applied to a hale old man, 2 Hen. IV ii 2 112.
MARY BUDS, *sub* flowers of the marigold, Cymb ii 3 26
MASHED *pt p* mixed or beaten into a confused mass, Tit Andr iii 2 38.
MATE, *v t* to confound, to paralyse, Macb v 1 85, Ven. & Ad. 909, 2 Hen. VI iii, 1 265 to cope with, to match, Hen. VIII iii 2 275
MAUGRE, *prep* in spite of, Twelfth Night, iii. 1 165 K. Lear, v 3 233.
MAUND, *sub* a basket, Lov Comp. 36.
- MAZZARD**, *sub* a head, Ham v 1 95, Oth ii 3 157
MEACOCK, *adj* spiritless, henpecked, Tam of Shrew, ii. 1 307
MEALED *pt p* mingled Meas for Meas iv 2 86
MEAN *sub* an intermediate part (alto or tenor) between the treble and bass Two Gent of Ver i 2 92 L s L s L v 2 329 Wint Tale, iv 2 46 poor, humble Com. of Err i 1 54
MECHANICAL, *sub* a handicraftsman, Mid N Dr iii 2 9 Jul Ces i 1 3
MEDICINE, *sub* a physician, All's Well ii 1 75 Macb v 2 27
MEINY, *sub* household attendants K Lear ii 4 35
MELL *v t* to muddle All s Well iv 3 258
MERCHANT *sub* a fellow a chap [Ital *mercantile*] 1 Hen. VI ii 3 57, Tam of Shrew, iv 2 63 Rom & Jul ii 4 154
MERE *adj* entire absolute Oth ii 2 3 Troil & Cres i 3 111 *adv* All s Well, iii 5 55
MERED, *adj* only entire Ant & Cleo iii 11 10
MERELY *adv* entirely, Ham i 2 137
MESS *sub* a set of four L s L iv 3 207, v 2 362, 3 Hen. VI i 4 73 a small quantity or fragment, 2 Hen IV ii 1 106 Oth iv 1 210
METAPHYSICAL *adj* supernatural Macb i 5 30
MEW *v t* to pen up, to imprison, Mid N Dr i 1 71, Rom & Jul iii 4 11
MEW! an interjection of contempt K Lear iv 2 68
MICHER *sub* a truant, 1 Hen IV ii 4 455
MICING, *adj* sneaking lurking, Ham iii 2 148
MIDDLE EARTH *sub* the world, Merry Wives of W v 5 86
MILCH *adj* moist, shedding tears Ham ii 2 548
MILLNER *sub* a man dealing in fancy articles Wint Tale, iv 4 192 1 Hen IV i 3 36
MILL SPENCE, *sub* coin that first had milled edge [1561] Merry Wives of W i 1 160
MILLSTONES *TO WEEP* [proverbial] not to weep at all Rich III i 3 353 i 4 249
MIND, *sub* put in mind of = informed, Oth ii 3 138
MINE *v t* to undermine, to sap As You Like It, i 1 22, Ham iii 4 148
MINERAL, *sub* a mine Ham iv 1 26 a poisonous drug Oth i 2 74 Cymb v 5 50
MINIKIN *adj* small, pretty K Lear iii 6 46
MINNUS *sub* anything very small Mid N Dr iii 2 329
MINUTE JACKS *sub* time-servers, Tim of Ath iii 6 108
MIRE, *v t* to sink as in the mud, Tim of Ath iv 3 148
MISER, *sub* a miserable wretch, 1 Hen VI v 4 7
MISPRISD *adj* mistaken Mid N Dr ii 2 74
MISPRISION, *sub* contempt, mistake, Much Ado, iv 1 187
MISS *adv* misconduct, Ven & Adon 53
MISSINGLY, *adv* with regret, Wint Tale iv 1 34.
MISSIVE, *sub* a messenger, Macb i 5 7 Ant & Cleo ii 2 78
MIST, *v t* to throw a must upon anything, K Lear, v 3 264
MISTRESS, *sub* the jack at the game of bowls Troil & Cres. iii 2 50
MOBLED, *pt p* having the head closely wrapped up, Ham ii 2 533
MODERN, *adj* trite, commonplace, Macb iv 3 170, Oth. i 3 109
MOLDWARP *sub* a mole, 1 Hen IV iii 1 148
MOKE, *sub* a blockhead, Com. of Err ii 1 32
MOMENTANY, *adj* momentary, instantaneous, Mid. N Dr i 1 143
MONARCHO *sub* name of a crazy Italian, living in London about 1580 who professed to be monarch of the world, L s L iv 1 102.
MONTANT *sub* a fencing term, an upward thrust, Merry Wives of W ii 3 27 [Comp. 'Mountanto applied to Benedick in Much Ado about Nothing i. 1 30].
MONUMENTAL, *adj* ancestral memorial, All's Well, iv 3. 20, Troil, & Cres. iii 3 153
MOOD, *sub* fit of passion, Two Gent. ix. 1 51, Rom. & Jul. iii 1 13

- MOONISH, *adj* unconstant, As You Like It, iii 2 436
 MOP *sub* a grimace Temp iv 1 47
 MOPPING *pr p* making grimaces, K. Lear iv 1 62.
 MORISCO *sub* a Morris-dancer 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1 365
 MORRIS-PIKE, *sub* a Moorish pike Com. of Err iv 3 27
 MORT *sub* a set of notes sounded at the death of the deer Wint Tale i 2 119
 MORTAL, *adj* deadly, causing death, Com. of Err i 1 11
 2 Hen VI iii. 2 263 Lucrece 364 perhaps = abounding, excessive according to some human, As You Like It, ii 4 55
 MOTHER, *sub* the disease *hysterica passio* K. Lear ii 4 56
 MOTION, *sub* a puppet-show Wint. Tale, iv 2 104 Lucrece 1326 a puppet, Meas. for Meas iii 2 121
 MOTIVE, *sub* a mover author, Tim. of Ath. v 4 27, Oth. iv 2 42
 MOTLEY, *adj* the particoloured dress of a fool, As You Like It, ii 7 13 *sub* a fool, As You Like It, iii. 3 84, Sonnets cx 2
 MOULD *sub* men of mould' = earth born men, Hen. V iii. 2 24.
 MOULTEN *adj* without feathers, 1 Hen IV iii. 1 151
 MOUNTANT *adj* lifted up Tim. of Ath iv 3 136
 MOUSE, *sub* a term of endearment, Twelfth Night, i. 5 68 L s L s L v 2. 19
 MOUSE, *vt* to tear in pieces, K. John, ii 1 354.
 MOW, *sub* a grimace, Temp iv 1 47
 MOY, *sub* imaginary name of a coin, evolved from a misunderstanding of French *moy* Hen V iv 4 14.
 MULLET, *adj* insipid flat, Coriol iv 5 240
 MURAL [O Ed MORAL] *sub* perhaps wall, Mid. N Dr v 1 210 (? read wall)
 MURDERING-PIECE, *sub* a cannon loaded with chain shot, Ham iv 5 95
 MURE, *sub* a wall 2 Hen. IV iv 4 119
 MURRIEN, *adj* infected with the murrain, Mid N Dr ii 1 97
 MUSCADEL, *sub* a sweet wine Tam. of Shrew iii 2 175
 MUSSET *sub* a gap in a hedge or thicket through which a hare is accustomed to pass, Ven. & Adon. 683
 MUSS *sub* a scramble Ant. & Cleo iii. 11 91
 MUTINE, *vt* to mutiny to rebel Ham iii 4 83
 MUTINEES, *sub* mutineers, K. John, ii. 1 378, Ham. v 2 6.
 NAYWARD, TO THE, in the negative direction, towards denial or disbelief Wint. Tale, ii 1 63
 NAYWORD, *sub* a byword, Twelfth Night, ii. 3 147 a watchword, word of intelligence, Merry Wives of W ii. 2. 132 v 2. 5
 NEAF, *sub* a fist, Mid N Dr iv 1 20 Comp NEIF
 NEAR, *adj* nearer, Macb ii 3 147; Rich. II iii 2 64 v 1 88
 NEAR-LEGGED, *adj* knock-kneed Tam. of Shrew, ii 2 58
 NEAT, *adj* foppish, 1 Hen. IV i. 3 33, K. Lear, ii. 2 45
 NEB, *sub* bill or beak, Wint Tale, i. 2 183
 NECESSITIED *pt p* so poor as to urgently need, All's Well, v 3 85.
 NEEDFUL, *adj* wanting supplies, 3 Hen. VI ii. 1 147
 NEEDLY *adj* absolutely, Rom. & Jul ii 2 117
 NEEDL *sub* needle, Per. For. iv 23 Mid N Dr ii 2 204.
 NEEZE, *v.i* to sneeze, Mid N Dr ii 1 56
 NEIF, *sub* a fist, 2 Hen IV ii 4 199
 NEPHEW, *sub* grandchild, Oth i 1 112
 NETHER-STOCKS, *sub* stockings, 1 Hen IV ii. 4 132.
 NICE, *adj* scrupulous, Two Gent. of Ver iii. 1 82 Mer of Ven. ii. 1 14, trivial, Rom. & Jul iii 1 160 Jul Cæs. iv 3 8 makes nice of no vile hold = is not prudish with respect of &c., K. John, iii 4 138
 NICENESS, NICETY *sub* coyness, Meas. for Meas ii. 4 163 Cymb iii 4 158
 NICHOLAS CLERKS, ST highwaymen 1 Hen IV ii 1 67 St Nicholas was also patron of scholars, Two Gent. of Ver. iii 1 303
 NIECE, *sub* granddaughter, Rich. III iv 1 1
 NIGHT-CROW *sub* the night heron, *Ardea nycticorax*, or according to some the owl according to others, the night jar, 3 Hen. VI v 6 45
 NIGHTED *adj* dark, K. Lear iv 5 13
 NIGHT RULE, *sub* revelry nightly diversion, Mid N Dr iii 2 5
 NILL, will not Tam. of Shrew, ii 1 265 Ham v 1 18
 NINE-FOLD *sub* explained nine foals, or nine familiars K. Lear iii 4 124
 NINE MEN'S MORRIS a sort of game played with stones on figures cut in the green turf, Mid N Dr ii 1 98
 MORRIS is a corruption of *merrells* [Fr *merelles*] *Le jeu des merelles*, the boyish game called merills or five penny morris played here most commonly with stones but in France with pawns, and termed *merelles* — Cotgrave Fr Dic
 NINNY *sub* a fool Temp iii 2 73
 NOD GIVE YOU THE a term in the game of cards called Noddy', Troil & Cres i 2 209
 NODDY, *sub* a simpleton, Two Gent. of Ver i 1 120
 NOISE, *sub* music, Temp iii 2 147 a company of musicians, 2 Hen IV ii 4 13
 NOOK-SHOTTEN, *adj* running out into numerous angles or corners, shooting out into capes and necks of land, Hen. V iii 5 14 Comp Cymb iii 4 140 141
 NOTE, *sub* stigma, mark of reproach, Rich. II. i. 1 43
 NOTED, *pt p* marked with a stigma, disgraced, Jul. Cæs. iv 3 2
 NOUSLE, *vt* to nourish delicately Per i 4 42
 NOVUM *sub* a game of dice L s L s L v 2. 545
 NOWL, *sub* the head Mid N Dr iii 2 17
 NUMBERED *part adj* having full numbers, richly stored with, Cymb i. 6 36
 NUTHOOK, *sub* a catchpole, Merry Wives of W i. 1 173, 2 Hen IV v 4 8
 NUZZLING *pr p* pushing with the nose, nosing, Ven. & Adon. 1115
 O *sub* anything round, Mid N Dr iii 2. 188, Ant. & Cleo v 2 81 perhaps pit Hen V Chor 13
 OBSEQUIOUS, *adj* connected with obsequies, funereal, Tit And v 3 152, Ham i 2 92
 OBSEQUIOUSLY, *adv* as becomes a funeral, Rich. III i. 2 3
 OBSTRUCT, *sub* an obstacle, Ant. & Cleo ii 6 61
 OCCULTED, *adj* hidden, Ham. iii 2 85
 ODD-EVEN *sub* perhaps the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning, Oth i 1 124
 OGLIADERS, *sub* amorous glances, Merry Wives of W i 3 66 K. Lear, iv 5 25
 OER-CROW *vt* to overcome, Ham. v 2 367
 OERGROWN, *pt p* having long locks, Cymb iv 4 33
 OERLOOKED, *pt p* bewitched, Mer. of Ven. iii 2 15, Merry Wives of W v 5 89
 OER-PAINED *pt p* having too difficult a part assigned to one, L s L s L v 2 585
 OER-RAUGHT *pt p* overtook, Ham iii 1 17, *pt p* swindled, Com. of Err i 2 96
 OER-SIZED, *pt p* smeared over as with size, Ham. ii. 2. 493
 OFF-CAP, *vt* to take the cap off, Oth i 1 10
 OFFICED *pt p* holding a certain position, Wint Tale, i. 2. 172 having a certain function, Oth. i. 3 272
 OFFICES *sub* servants' apartments in a great house, Rich. II i 2 60, Macb ii 1 14.
 OLD *sub* wold, K. Lear, iii 4 123
 OLD *adj* abundant, plentiful great, Merry Wives of W iv 2 22, Troil & Cres i 2 126; Rom. & Jul. iii. 3. 93, Macb ii. 3 2
 ON *prep* Mer. of Ven. v 6 67 Wint Tale, ii. 2. 31, Macb v 1. 74 Ham. iii. 1 180
 ONEYERS, *sub* unexplained, 1 Hen IV ii. 1 83
 OPEN *vt* to give tongue, to bark on the scent, Merry Wives of W iv 2 173
 OPERANT, *adj* active, Tim. of Ath. iv 3 25, Ham. iii. 2. 186

OR, *adv* before Cymb ii 4 14
 ORGULOUS *adj* proud [Fr *orgueilleux*] Troil & Cres i. ProI 2
 ORT, *sub* leaving refuse Troil & Cres v 2 155, Jul Cass iv 1 37 Lucrece 985
 OUGHT *vt* owed, 1 Hen IV iii 3 151
 OUPES, *sub* goblins, Merry Wives of W iv 3 51 v 5 63
 OUTFACE *vt* to put out of countenance, Mer of Ven iv 2 17
 OUT PEER, *vt* surpass, Cymb iii 6 86
 OUT-VIED, *pt p* beaten by a higher card, Tam. of Shrew, ii 1 379
 OVERBUY, *vt* to pay too much for Cymb i 1 146
 OVER-SCUTCHED *part adj* worn out, 2 Hen IV iii 2 344
 OVERSEEN, *pt p* bewitched, Lucrece 1206
 OVERSHOT *pt p* put to shame L s L s L i 1 141 Hen V iii 7 139 Perhaps quibbling with the sense tupsy
 OVERTURE, *sub* disclosure Wint. Tale ii 1 171 K. Lear, iii 7 89 declaration, Twelfth Night, i 5 226
 OWCHES, *sub* ornaments 2 Hen. IV ii 4 52
 OWE, *vt* to own, to possess, Temp i 2 404 Rich II iv 1 185
 OYES, *int* 'hear ye!' the public crier's word [Fr *oyez*], Merry Wives of W v 5 47 Troil & Cres iv 5 142
 PACK, *vt* to plot, to shuffle cards unfairly Tit Andr iv 2 157 Ant & Cleo iv 12 19 *sub* a confederacy, Merry Wives of W iv 2 126
 PACKING *sub* plotting, K Lear iii 1 26
 PADDOCK, *sub* a toad Ham. iii 4 190, a familiar spirit like a toad, Macb i 1 9
 PAID *pt p* perhaps drunk, Cymb v 4 165
 PAINFUL, *adj* laborious Temp iii 1 1, Sonnets xxv 9
 PAINTED CLOTH, cloth or canvas hangings painted with figures and sentences, As You Like It, iii. 2 291, Troil & Cres v 10 46
 PAJOCK, *sub* some term of contempt explained 'peacock' which is doubtful, Ham ii 2 300 Some in Leinster and Ulster are grown to be as very patch cookes as the wild Irish' (Spenser 'A View of the State of Ireland Grosart, vol ix, p 104, ed 1882)
 PALABRAS, *sub* words [Span], Much Ado iii 5 18, 'paucas palabris (Sly) = pocas palabras [Span], few words, Tam. of Shrew Ind i 5
 PALED, *adj* pale, Lov Comp 198
 PALL, *vt* to wrap one's self up Macb i 5 52
 PALLIAMENT *sub* a robe, Tit Andr i 1 182
 PALMY, *adj* victorious, Ham. i 1 113
 PANTALOON, *sub* an old fool, taken from the Italian comedy, As You Like It, ii. 7 158, Tam. of Shrew, iii. 1 37
 PANTLER, *sub* a servant in charge of the pantry, Wint. Tale, iv 3 56
 PARITOR, *sub* apparitor, an officer in the bishop's court, L's L s L iii 1 196
 PARILOUS, *adj* a vulgar corruption of perilous = mischievous, alarming, As You Like It, iii. 2 46
 PHARMACIST, *sub* apothecary, 1 Hen. IV i 3 58
 PART, *vt* to quit, to leave, Rich II ii 1 3 Per v 3 38
 PARTED, *pt p* parted, Troil & Cres iii 3 96
 PARTIAL, *adj* 'a partial slander' = the reproach of partiality, Rich. II i 3 241
 PARTI-COATED, *adj* having a coat of various colours, L's L's L v 2 774
 PARTLEK, *sub* the name for the hen in *Reynard the Fox*, so called from her ruff, Wint. Tale, ii 3 75, 1 Hen. IV iii 3 60
 PASH, *sub* the head, Wint. Tale, i 2 120 *vt* to beat, Troil & Cres, ii. 3 217, *part adj* v 5 10
 PASS, *vt* to die, K. Lear, v. 3 315 2 Hen VI iii. 3 25
 PASS, *vt* to care for, regard, 2 Hen. VI iv 2 140 to exceed bounds, Merry Wives of W i 1 185, Troil & Cres i. 2 180, to pass sentence on, Meas. for Meas. ii. 1 19, *sub* 'pass of pate' = sally of wit, Temp iv 1 246
 PASSADO *sub* a term in fencing, L's L's L's L. i 2 188 Rom. & Jul ii 4 271
 PASSES, *sub*. proceedings, Meas. for Meas. v. 1. 371.

PASSY MEASURE *sub* a corruption of the Italian *passa mezzo*, a slow and stately dance, Twelfth Night v 1 208
 PATCH *sub* a fool Temp iii 2 73 Macb v 3 15
 PATCHERY, *sub* rogner, Troil & Cres ii 3 78, Tim. of Agh v 1 101
 PATH, *vt* to walk Jul Cass ii 1 83
 PATINES *sub* metal plates Mer of Ven v 1 59
 PAUNCH, *vt* rip up Temp iii 2 101
 PAVIN *sub* a stately dance Twelfth Night v 1 209
 PAX, *sub* a small piece of metal offered to be kissed but Pistol probably meant pix, a box which held the Host, Hen V iii 6 42
 PEACH, *vt* to accuse turn king's evidence, 1 Hen IV ii 2 50
 PEACHES, *vt* betrays Meas for Meas iv 3 12
 PEAK, *vt* to grow thin, Macb i 3 23 to mope, Ham ii 2 602
 PEAKING *adj* sneaking, Merry Wives of W iii 5 73
 PEARL, *sub* a cataract in the eye, Two Gent of Ver v 2 13 [quibbling]
 PEARL, *sub* kingdom's pearl = fine youth, or perhaps choice nobility of the country Macb v 7 85
 PEAT *sub* a pet, a darling Tam of Shrew, i 1 78
 PECULIAR, *adj* preserved, guarded, Meas for Meas i 2 96
 PEDANT *sub* a schoolmaster, L's L's L iii. 1 187 Tam of Shrew ii 1 88
 PEELED *part adj* shaven 1 Hen VI i 3 30
 PEER, *vt* to appear, Wint Tale iv 3 3, Ven & Adon 86
 PEEVISH, *adj* silly, foolish, Twelfth Night, i 5 321 Rich III iv 2 96
 PEG *vt* to wedge Temp i 2 295
 PEGS, *sub* the pins of an instrument Oth ii 1 203
 PEISE *vt* to make heavy and so retard Mer of Ven iii 2 22, to poise balance K John, ii 1 575 [peized], peise down = to weigh down Rich III v 3 106
 FELT *vt* to chafe with anger Lucrece 1418
 FELTING, *adj* paltry Mid N Dr ii 1 91 K. Lear, ii 3 18
 PENDULOUS, *adj* impending, K Lear iii 4 66
 PENETRATIVE, *adj* affecting the heart, Ant & Cleo iv 12 75
 PENSIONER, *sub* gentleman pensioner, gentlemen in the personal service of the sovereign, Merry Wives of W ii. 2 81, Mid N Dr ii 1 10
 PENSIVED *adj* pensive Lov Comp 219
 PENT HOUSE, *sub* a shed standing aslope from the main building, Much Ado, iii 3 109 fig the eyelid, Macb i 3 20
 PERDU *sub* a soldier sent on a forlorn hope, K. Lear, iv 7 35
 PERFECT, *pt p* fully satisfied, Macb iii 4 21, *adj* certain, Wint. Tale, iii. 3 1, Cymb iii 1 73
 PERIAPTS, *sub* amulets, 1 Hen VI v 3 2
 PERKED UP, dressed up, adorned, Hen. VIII. ii. 3 21
 PERNICIOUSLY *adv* excessively, or else maliciously, Hen VIII ii 1 50
 PERPEND, *vt* to reflect, consider Merry Wives of W ii. 1 117 Hen V iv. 4 8
 PERSPECTIVELY, *adv* as through a perspective, Hen. V v 2 347
 PERSPECTIVES, *sub* glasses cut so as to form an optical delusion, All's Well, v 3 48 Twelfth Night, v 1 227
 PERT, *adj* lively L's L s L v 2 273 Mid. N Dr i 1 13
 PERTTAUNT-LIKE, a word not yet explained, L s L s L v 2 67
 PETAR *sub* an engine charged with powder to blow up gates, Ham. iii. 4 207
 PETTISH, *adj* capricious, Troil & Cres. ii 3 140
 PETTICOES, *sub* feet, properly, pigs' feet, Wint. Tale iv 3 621
 PEW, *sub* a seat, K. Lear, iii. 4 53
 PEW-FELLOW, *sub* companion, Rich. III iv 4 58
 PHANTASME, *sub* a fantastical person, L's L's L. i 2 102, v 1 20

- PHANTASMA, *sub* a vision, *Jul Cæs* ii 1 65
 PHILIP AND JACOB, first of May festival of St Philip and St James, *Meas* for *Meas* iii 2 218
 PHRASELESS *adj* indescribable, *Loz Comp* 225
 PHYSIC, *v* to heal, to keep in health, *Macb* i 3 55, *Cymb* iii 2 34
 PHYSICAL, *adj* wholesome *Coriol* i 5 18, *Jul Cæs* ii 1 261
 PIA MATER, the membrane that covers the brain, the brain itself *L s L s L* iv 2 71, *Twelfth Night*, i 5 123
 PICK [O *Ed. Pick*], *v* to pitch, *Coriol* i 1 206 *Hen. VIII* v 4 96
 PICKED *adj* refined, punctilious, *L s L s L* v 1 14, *K John* i 1 103 *Ham* v 1 150
 PICK-THANKS *sub* officious fellows *1 Hen IV* iii 2 25
 PIECE *sub* excellent person, *Temp* i 2 56 *Per* iv 6 122, a vessel of wine *Troil & Cres* iv 1 62 a coin, *Coriol* iii 3 32 a work of art, a statue, *Wint Tale* v 2 107
 PIGHT *pt p* pitched, ready, *Troil & Cres* v 10 24, *K Lear* ii 1 67
 FILCHER, *sub* a scabbard *Rom & Jul* iii 1 86
 PILL, *v* to plunder, *Rich. II* ii 1 247 *Tim. of Ath* iv 1 12
 PIN *sub* bull's-eye centre of a target *L s L s L* iv 1 140 *Rom & Jul* iv 4 15 a pin¹ in contempt, in answer to an excuse or evasion, *Merry Wives of W* i 1 118 *Troil & Cres* v 2 21
 PIN AND WEB a disease of the eye, *Wint. Tale*, i 2 291, *comp* *K. Lear*, iii 4 120
 PIN BUTTOK, *sub* narrow buttock, *All s Well* ii 2 19
 PINFOLD *sub* the pound, *Two Gent. of Ver* i 1 114 *K Lear* ii 2 9
 PINKED *part adj* pierced with small holes, *Hen. VIII* v 4 51
 PINK EYNE, small, or perhaps winking, half shut eyes, *Ant. & Cleo* ii 7 121
 PIONED *pt p* a doubtful word, 'covered with marsh marigold or dug' *Temp* iv 1 64
 PIP *sub* a spot on cards, *Tam. of Shrew* i 2 33, 'a pip out' — intoxicated, with reference to a game called 'one-and thirty', *Tam. of Shrew* i 2 33
 PIPE-WINE, *sub* wine from the butt, playing on the other meaning of pipe, *Merry Wives of W* iii 2 94
 PITCH, *sub* the height which a falcon soars, *Rich. II* i 1 109 *2 Hen. VI* ii 1 6
 PLACKET *sub* opening in a petticoat, or a petticoat, *Wint. Tale*, iv 4 624 *K. Lear*, iii 4 97
 PLAIN, *adj* mere, nothing else but, *Temp* v 1 266, *K. John*, ii 1 462 *v* to complain, *K. Lear* iii 1 39
 PLAIN-SONG, *sub* the plain melody without variations, *Hen. V* iii 2 7, *Hen. VIII*, i 3 45
 PLAITS, *sub* folds, *Lucrece*, 93
 FLANCHED, *adj* made of planks, *Meas* for *Meas* iv 1 32
 PLANT, *sub* the sole of the foot, *Ant. & Cleo* ii 7 2
 PLANTAGE, *sub* plants, vegetation, *Troil. & Cres*, iii 2 184
 PLASE, *sub* a pool, *Tam. of Shrew*, i 1 23
 PLATE, *sub* a piece of money, *Ant. & Cleo* v 2 92
 PLATFORMS, *sub* plans, schemes, *1 Hen. VI* ii 1 77
 PLAUSIBLY, *adv* willingly, or by acclamation, *Lucrece*, 1854
 PLAUSIVE, *adj* pleasing, *All s Well*, i 2 53, *Ham* i 4 30
 PLEACHED *adj* folded, interwoven, *Much Ado* iii 1 7, *Ant. & Cleo* iv 12 73
 PLIGHTED *pt p* folded, intricate, *K. Lear* i 1 283
 PLUME UP, *v* to prank up, to make to triumph, *Oth.* i 3 399
 PLURISY *sub* superabundance, *Ham* iv 7 117
 POINT, *sub* a signal given by blast of trumpet, *2 Hen. IV* iv 1 52, *Coriol* iv 6 126
 POINT AT on the point, *Coriol* iii 1 193, *K. Lear*, iii 1 33
 POINT AT A, fully prepared, *Macb* iv 3 135 *Ham*, i 2 200
 POINT DEVISE, *adj* affectedly nice, finical, *L's L s L* v 1 21 *adv* *Twelfth Night*, i 5 178
 POINTS *sub* tags of laces, *Tam. of Shrew*, iii 2 50
 2 *Hen IV* i 1 53
 POKING-STICKS, *sub* irons for setting out ruffs, *Wint. Tale*, iv 3 228
 POLACK *sub* a native of Poland *Ham* ii 2 63
 POLE, *sub* standard *Ant. & Cleo* iv 13 65
 POLLED *pt p* laid bare, *Coriol* iv 5 216
 POMANDER, *sub* a ball of perfumes *Wint. Tale* iv 3 611
 POMGARNET *sub* pomegranate, name of a room in a tavern, *1 Hen. IV* ii 4 42
 POME-WATER, *sub* a large kind of apple, *L's L s L* iv 2 4
 POOF, *v* to strike fatally *Per* iv 2 25
 POOR JOHN *sub* salted and dried hake *Temp* ii 2 28
 POPPERIN *sub* a sort of pear from *Poperinghe*, a town in French Flanders, *Rom & Jul* i 1 38
 POPINJAY *sub* a parrot *1 Hen IV* i 3 50
 POPISH *adj* bigoted *Tit And* v 1 76
 POPULAR, *adj* vulgar *Hen V* iv 1 38 *Coriol* ii 1 233
 POPULARITY *sub* vulgarity *1 Hen. IV* iii 2 69
 PORING *pr p* poring dark = darkness which makes one strain his eyes, *Hen V* iv Chor 2
 PORPENTINE, *sub* the porcupine, *2 Hen VI* iii 1 363, *Ham* i 5 20
 PORTAGE, *sub* port-hole, *Hen. V* iii 1 10, port-dues, *Per* iii 1 35
 POSY *sub* motto, *Mer. of Ven* v 1 151 *Ham*, iii 2 164
 POT, TO TEE, to sure destruction, *Coriol* i 4 47
 POTATO, *sub* regarded as an exciting dish, *Merry Wives of W* v 5 21, *Troil & Cres* v 2 54
 POTCH, *v* to thrust *Coriol* i 10 15
 POTHER, *sub* turmoil *Coriol* ii 1 237 *K Lear* iii 2 50
 POTTLE POT *sub* a tankard containing two quarts, *2 Hen. IV* ii 2 86
 POULTER, *sub* a poulterer *1 Hen. IV* ii 4 487
 POUNCERT BOX, *sub* a perfume box with perforated lid [*comp* *Fr* *pointonner*] *1 Hen IV* i 3 38
 POWDER, *v* to salt, *1 Hen. IV* v 4 112, *Meas. for Meas* iii 2 64
 POWDERING-TUB *sub* a salting tub referring to a favourite medical treatment of the time, *Hen. V* ii 1 79
 PRACTICE, *sub* treachery, artifice, *Meas* for *Meas* v 1 108, *Hen V* ii 2 90
 PRACTISANTS *sub* performers of a stratagem, *1 Hen VI* iii 2 20
 PRACTISE, *v* to plot, *As You Like It*, i 1 158
 PRAISE, *v* to appraise, value, *Twelfth Night*, i 5 213, *Oth.* v 1 66
 PRECEDENT, *sub* rough draft, *K. John*, v 2 3, *Rich. III* iii 6 7
 PRECEPTAL, *adj* instructive, *Much Ado*, v 1 24
 PREGNANCY, *sub* ready wit, *2 Hen IV* i 2 194
 PREGNANT, *adj* ready, clever ingenious, *Ham* ii 2 216, iii 2 66, very probable *Wint. Tale*, v 2 34
 PRESENCE, *sub* the presence chamber *Rich. II*, i 3 289
 PREST *adj* ready, *Mer. of Ven*, i 1 161
 PRESTER JOHN, *sub* a fabulous eastern monarch, *Much Ado* ii 1 278
 PRETENCE, *sub* design, *Coriol* i 2 20
 PRETEND *v* to assert, *3 Hen. VI* iv 7 57
 PRICK, *sub* point of a dial, *Lucrece* 781 the bull's-eye in a target, *L s L s L* iv 1 136
 PRICKET, *sub* a buck of the second year, *L's L s L* iv 2 22
 PRICK SONG *sub* music written down, in opposition to plain-song *Rom & Jul* ii 4 22
 PRIG, *sub* a thief *Wint. Tale*, iv 2 109
 PRIMAL, *adj* first, *Ham*, iii 3 37
 PRIME, *adj* the spring, *Lucrece*, 332, *Sonnets*, xcvi 7
 PRIMERO *sub* a game at cards, *Hen. VIII*, v 1 7, *Merry Wives of W*, iv 5 105
 PRIMY, *adj* early, or perhaps flourishing, *Ham*, i 3 7
 PRINCIPALS, *sub* the corner beams of a house, *Per*, iii 2 16
 PRINCOX *sub* a pert, saucy fellow *Rom & Jul*, i 5 90
 PRISER, *sub* perhaps prize-fighter, *As You Like It*, ii 3 8.

- PRIZE**, *sub* value estimation, *Cymb* iii. 6⁷⁶, *Ant.* & *Cleo* v 2 182
- PRIZED**, *pt p* estimated *Much Ado* iii 1 90
- PROBAL**, *adj* satisfactory reasonable *Oth* ii 3 347
- PROBATION**, *sub* proof, *Cymb* v 3 363, trial, *Meas* for *Meas* v 1 157 *Twelfth Night*, ii 5 144
- PRODITOR**, *sub* a traitor *1 Hen VI* i 3 31
- PROFACE** *interj* much good may it do you!—an expression addressed to guests by their hosts, *2 Hen IV* v 3 28
- PROLIXIOUS**, *adj* tedious, causing delay, *Meas* for *Meas* ii 4 163
- PROPEND** *vt* to incline *Troil* & *Cres* ii 2 190
- PROPENSION**, *sub* inclination, *Troil* & *Cres* ii 2 133
- PROPER**, *adj* handsome *Oth* iv 3 35 *Ant* & *Cleo* iii 3 38 peculiar to one's self *Meas* for *Meas* i 1 30 own *Meas* for *Meas* i 2 138 proper false, hand some, but deceitful *Twelfth Night*, ii 2 30
- PROPERTIED** *pt p* endowed with qualities, *Ant* & *Cleo* v 2 83
- PROPERTIES**, *sub* stage requisites, *Merry Wives of W* iv 4 80 *Mid N Dr* i 2 109
- PROPERTY** *vt* to make a tool of *Twelfth Night*, iv 2 101, *K John* v 2 79 *sub* an instrument for one's designs, a tool, *Merry Wives of W* iv 4 10, *Jul Cæs.* iv 1 40
- PROPOSE**, *vt* to speak to converse *Much Ado* iii 1 3
- PROFUGINATION**, *sub* means of opposition defence, *Troil* & *Cres* ii 2 136
- PUGGING**, *adj* thieving *Wint Tale* iv 2 7
- PUSINY**, *adj* unskilful *As You Like It* iii 4 44
- PUKE-STOCKING**, *adj* puke dark-coloured, perhaps puce, *1 Hen IV* ii 4 79
- PUN** *vt* to pound to beat, *Troil* & *Cres* ii 1 42
- PUNTO**, *sub* a stroke, infencing *Merry Wives of W* ii 3 26
- PUNTO REVERSO**, *sub* a back handed stroke in fencing, *Rom* & *Jul* ii 4 28
- PURL**, *vt* to curl to run in circles *Lucrece* 1407
- PURPLES**, long the purple orchis, *Orchus mascula* *Ham.* iv 7 170
- PUSH**, *sub* an expression of contempt, *Much Ado*, v 1 38 *Tim* of *Ath* iii 6 120
- PUSH PIN**, *sub* a childish game, *L's L's L* iv 3 169
- PUT ON** to instigate *Oth* ii 3 366, *K Lear*, i 4 230
- PUT OVER** to refer, *K John* i 1 62
- PUTTOCK**, *sub* a kite *2 Hen VI* iii 2 191, *Cymb* i 1 140
- PUZZEL**, *sub* a foul drab *1 Hen VI* i 4 107
- PYRAMIDES**, *sub* pyramids, *Ant* & *Cleo* v 2 61
- PYRAMIS**, *sub* a pyramid, *1 Hen VI* i 6 21
- QUAINT**, *adj* fine, delicate, *Temp* i 2 317, *Mid N Dr* ii 1 99
- QUALIFIED**, *adj* excellent, well composed, *Cymb* i 4 68
- QUALIFY**, *vt* to moderate, *Meas* for *Meas* i 1 65, *Much Ado*, v 4 67
- QUALITY**, *sub* profession *Ham* ii 2 461
- QUANTITY**, *sub* value *Mid N Dr* i 1 232, *Ham*, iii. 2 46
- QUARREL** [O *Ed* *QUARRY*] *sub* cause, *Mach* i 2 14
- QUARRELOUS**, *adj* quarrelsome *Cymb* iii 4 162
- QUARRY**, *sub* heap of slaughtered game [Fr *curee*], *Mach* iv 3 206 *Ham* v 2 378
- QUARTERED**, *pt p* slaughtered *Coriol* i 1 205
- QUAT**, *sub*, a pimple, applied contemptuously to a person, *Oth*, i 1 11
- QUATCH-BUTTOCK**, *adj* squat or flat buttock, *All's Well*, ii 2 19
- QUEASY**, *adj* disgusted, *Ant* & *Cleo* iii 6 20 tedious, difficult, *K Lear* ii 1 19 fastidious, *Much Ado*, ii 1 402
- QUELL**, *sub* a murder, *Mach* i 7 72
- QUERN**, *sub* a handmill, *Mid N Dr* ii 1 36
- QUESTANT**, *sub* aspirant, *All's Well*, ii 1 16
- QUESTION**, *sub* conversation, *As You Like It*, iii. 4. 37 v. 4 168, *Mer* of *Ven*, iv 1 73. *vt* to talk, converse, *Lucrece*, 122.
- QUESTIONABLE**, *adj* inviting converse, *Ham* i 4 43
- QUESTIST**, *sub* searcher *K Lear*, ii 7 17
- QUESTS**, *sub* inquiries, *Meas* for *Meas* iv 1 63
- QUICK**, *adj* alive *Merry Wives of W* iii 4 90 fresh, *Temp* iii 2 77, pregnant *L's L's L* v 2 680.
- QUIDDITY**, *sub* subtlety, *1 Hen IV* i 2 51, *Ham* v 1 105
- QUIETUS**, *sub* settlement of an account, *Ham* ii 1 75
- QUILL**, *IN THE* in the body *2 Hen VI* i 3 4
- QUILLETS**, *sub* cavilling chicanery, *1 Hen VI* ii 4 17, *Tim* of *Ath* iv 3 156
- QUINTAIN**, *sub* a post, block, or dummy figure set up for tilting at *As You Like It*, i 2 268
- QUIT**, *sub* piece of repartee, *Two Gent* of *Ver* iv 2 12, *1 Hen IV* i 2 51
- QUIRK**, *sub* a sudden turn, an evasion *Per* iv 6 8 *All's Well* iii 2 51 a shallow conceit, *Much Ado*, ii. 3 256 *Oth* ii 1 63
- QUIVER**, *adj* nimble *2 Hen IV* iii 2 304
- QUORF**, *sub* a cap, *Wint Tale* iv 3 226, *2 Hen IV* i 1 147
- QUOT** *vt* to throw *2 Hen IV* ii 4 205
- QUOTE**, *vt* to note examine scrutinize notice, *Troil* & *Cres* iv 5 232, *Tit Andr* iv 1 50
- RABATO**, *sub* a kind of ruff *Much Ado* iii 4 6
- RABBIT SUCKER**, *sub* a sucking rabbit, *1 Hen IV* ii 4 486
- RACE**, *sub* a root, *Wint Tale* iv 2 51
- RACE**, *vt* to move above as the clouds do *3 Hen VI* ii 1 27 *sub* a cloud, a mass of floating clouds, *Temp* iv 1 156 *Ham* ii 2 514 *Sonnets* xxxiii 6
- RAG**, *sub* a beggarly person, *Tam* of *Shrew*, iv 3 112, *Tim* of *Ath* iv 3 272
- RAGED** *pt p* chafed, *Rich II* ii 1 70
- RAGING-WOOD**, *adj* raving mad, *1 Hen VI* iv 7 35
- RAKE UP**, *vt* to bury, to cover up, *K Lear* iv 6 282
- RAMPALLIAN**, *sub* a term of low abuse, *2 Hen IV* ii 1 67
- RAMPING** *pt p* rampant, *1 Hen IV* iii 1 152, *3 Hen VI* v 2 13
- RAMPES**, *sub* wanton wenches, *Cymb* i 6 134
- RANGE**, *vt* to dispose in order *Ant* & *Cleo* i 1 34, *sub* ranks of an army *Ant* & *Cleo* iii 11 5
- RANK**, *sub* perhaps pace *As You Like It*, i 2 114
- RANK**, *adj* swollen, *Ven* & *Adon* 71
- RAP**, *vt* to transport, *Mach* i 3 57, 142, *Cymb* i 6 51
- RAPTURE**, *sub* violent motion, *Coriol* ii 1 226 *Troil* & *Cres* ii 2 138 plundering, robbing according to some violent tossing, *Per* ii 1 167
- RASCAL**, *sub* a deer too lean to be hunted, *As You Like It*, iii 3 60, *adj* *1 Hen VI* iv 2 49
- RAVEL**, *vt* to unravel, *Rich II* iv 1 228 *Ham*, iii. 4 186
- RAVIN**, *adj* ravening *All's Well*, iii 2 120, *vt* to devour greedily, *Mach* ii 4 28
- RAVINED**, *pt p* gorged with prey *Mach*, iv 1 24
- RAYED**, *pt p* befouled *Tam* of *Shrew*, iv 1 3, afflicted, or perhaps defiled *Tam* of *Shrew*, ii 2 55
- RAZE**, *sub* root, *1 Hen IV* ii 1 27 *Comp RACE*
- RAZED** *part adj* slashed *Ham* ii 2 293
- RAZURE**, *sub* erasure, *Meas*, for *Meas* v 1 13
- REBATE**, *vt* to blunt, *Meas*, for *Meas*, i 4 60
- RECHATE**, *sub* hunting term, a set of notes sounded to call the dogs off from a wrong scent, *Much Ado*, i. 1 251
- RECORD**, *vt* to sing, *Two Gent* of *Ver* v 4 6, *vt* *Per* iv *Pro* 27
- RECORDER**, *sub* a kind of flute, *Mid N Dr* v 1 124, *Ham*, iii 2 367
- RECOURSE**, *sub* frequent flowing, *Troil* & *Cres*, v 3 55
- RECOVER** the wind to get the windward of the game so as to drive it into a toil *Ham*, iii. 2 368
- REDE**, *sub* advice, counsel *Ham* i 3 51
- RED-LATTICE**, *sub* the window of an ale-house, used adjectively *Merry Wives of W* ii. 2. 29
- REDUCE**, *vt*, to bring back, *Rich III*, v. 4 49
- REED**, *adj* piping, *Mer* of *Ven*, iii. 4 67.

- REEKY**, *adj* filthy Rom. & Jul. iv 1 83
REFELL, *v t* to refute Meas for Meas v 1 95
REGIMENT, *sub* rule, Ant & Cleo iii 6 95
REGION, *sub* the sky, the upper air, Rom. & Jul. ii 2 21, Ham. ii 2 517, *adj* Ham. ii 2 615, Sonnets, xxxiii 12
REJOURN *v t* to adjourn, Coriol. ii 1 80
REMEDIAL, *adj* medicinal K Lear iv 4 17
REMEMBER, *v t* to remind, Temp. i 2 243
REMORSE, *sub* pity Meas. for Meas. ii 2 54, Merry Wives of W. in 5 10
REMORSEFUL, *adj* compassionate Two Gent. of Ver. iv 3 13
RENDER, *v t* to account, Tim. of Ath. iv 1 9, *v i* to surrender Macb v 7 24, Ant & Cleo iii 8 42
RENDER, *sub* a surrender Cymb v 4 17 Sonnets cxxv 12 account, statement, Tim. of Ath. v 1 154 Cymb iv 4 11
RENEGE, *v t* to deny K Lear ii 2 83, Ant & Cleo i 1 8
RENT *v t* to rend, to tear Mid N Dr iii 2 215
RENYING *pr p* denying, Son Sun Notes of Mus iii 7
REPASTURE, *sub* food [Armado's verses] L s L s L v 1 96
REPLENISHED *part adj* consummate Wint. Tale ii 1 78 Rich III iv 3 13
REPLICATION *sub* echo reverberation Jul Cæs i 1 50 answer Ham. iv 2 13
REPRISAL, *sub* prize, i Hen. IV iv 1 118
REPROBATION, *sub* perdition, Oth v 2 207
REPUGN, *v t* to oppose i Hen. VI iv 1 94
REPUGNANCY *sub* opposition, Tim. of Ath. iii 5 46
RERE-WICE, *sub* bats, Mid N Dr ii 2 4
RESOLVE, *v t* to dissolve Tim. of Ath. iv 3 445 Ham. i 2 130 to free from doubt, Meas. for Meas. iv 2 226, to answer Tit. And. v 3 35
RESPECT *sub* consideration, K. John, iii 1 58, Ham. iii 1 68
RESPECTIVE, *adj* careful, Mer. of Ven. v 1 156, Rom. & Jul. iii 1 129
RESPECTIVELY, *adv* particularly Tim. of Ath. iii 1 8
REST, *v t* to arrest, Com. of Err iv 2 207
REST, *sub* 'to set up one's' a phrase in a game at cards, to venture one's final stakes held in reserve fully make up one's mind, be resolved, Com. of Err iv 3 26, All's Well, ii 1 138
RETTY *adj* lazy, slothful, Cymb iii 6 34 Sonnets, c 9
REVOLT, *sub* a rebel, Cymb iv 4 6 K. John, v 2 151
RIBAUDRED, *adj* ribald, Ant. & Cleo iii 8 20
RID, *v t* to make away with, Temp. i 2 364
RIGGISH, *adj* wanton, Ant. & Cleo ii 2 245
RIGOR, *sub* a circle, 2 Hen. IV iv 5 35 Lucrece, 1745
RIM [O E.D. RYMMES] *sub* the abdomen, Hen. V iv 4 15
RIVAGE, *sub* shore, Hen. V iii. Chor. 14
RIVAL, *sub* partner Ham. i 1 13
RIVELLED, *part adj* wrinkled, Troil. & Cres v 1 26
RIVO, [inter] of doubtful meaning, a bacchanalian exclamation, i Hen. IV ii 4 126
ROAD, *sub* a prostitute, 2 Hen. IV ii 2 183, a roadstead, Mer. of Ven. i 1 19, a journey, Hen. VIII v 2 17 an incursion, Coriol. ii 1 5
ROBUSTIOUS, *adj* rough, Ham. iii 2 10
ROCKED *pt p* trembled, shook, Lucrece, 262
ROGUEING *adj* vagrant, roaming, Per. iv 1 96
ROSTIL, *adj* bold, bullying, defiant, Troil. & Cres ii 2 206
ROMAGE, *sub* bustle, tumultuous hurry, Ham. i 1 107
RONDURE *sub* circle, Sonnets, xxi 8
RONYON *sub* scurvy wretch, Macb i 3 5, Merry Wives, iv 2 199
ROOK, *v t* to cower 3 Hen. VI. v 6 45
ROOKY *adj* m y gloomy or else full of crows, Macb iii 2 51
ROOTED *pt p* learned by heart, Coriol. iii 2 55
ROGUEY *sub* roguery Rom. & Jul. ii 4 155
ROPE TRICKS, *sub* knavish tricks, Tam. of Shrew, i 2 113
ROPING *part adj* dripping, Hen. V iv 2 48 Comp
DOWN ROPING
ROTHER, *sub* an ox, Tim. of Ath. iv 3 12
ROUND, *adj* plain, honest, Hen. V iv 1 219, *sub* a circle, Macb iv 1 88, Ven. & Adon 368
ROUND WITH, BE speak freely with, Com. of Err ii 1 82 Twelfth Night, ii 3 104
FOUND *v t* to surround, Mid N Dr iv 1 57 Rich II iii 2 161 to finish off Temp. iv 1 158, *v i* to grow big Wint. Tale ii 1 16
ROUND *v t* to whisper Wint. Tale i 2 217, K. John ii 1 566
ROUNDEL *sub* a dance Mid N Dr ii 2 1, rung of a ladder Jul Cæs ii 1 24
ROUNDEL *adv* plainly, directly, As You Like It, v 3 12
ROUNDOURE, *sub* circuit K. John, ii 1 259
ROUSE *sub* a free and deep draught, Ham. i 2 127 1 4 8
ROUT, *sub* the crowd, the mob Com. of Err iii 1 101 Jul Cæs i 2 78 brawl, Oth ii 3 212
ROYNISH *adj* scurvy coarse As You Like It, ii 2 8
RUB, *sub* a term in the game of bowls, an impediment Rich II iii 4 4 fig Hen. V ii 2 188
RUBIOUS, *adj* red, ruby like Twelfth Night, i 4 32
RUDDOCK, *sub* the redbreast Cymb iv 2 224
RUDESBY, *sub* rude fellow, Tam. of Shrew, iii 2 10 Twelfth Night iv 1 55
RUFFLE *v t* to be boisterous, K. Lear, ii 4 304 stir bustle Lov Comp 58
RUG-HEADED *adj* rough headed, Rich II ii 1 157
RUINATE *v t* to ruin, 3 Hen. VI v 1 83, Lucrece 94
RULE, *sub* behaviour Twelfth Night, ii 3 133
RUMP FED *adj* pampered, or else fed on offal, Macb i 3 6
RUNAGATE, *sub* vagabond, Rich III. iv 4 465
RUNNING BANQUET, a hasty refreshment, fig. Hen. VIII i 4 12 v 4 71
RUSH ASIDE, push aside Rom. & Jul. iii 3 26
RUTH, *sub* pity Rich II iii 4 106, Coriol. i 1 203
SABLES *sub* rich fur, Ham. iv 7 80
SACKERSON *sub* name of a famous bear at Paris Garden on the Bank side Merry Wives of W. i 1 310
SACRING BELL, a bell rung when the elements are consecrated at Mass, Hen. VIII. ii 2 296
SAFE *adj* sure, sound, Cymb iv 2 31
SAG *v t* to droop, sink Macb v 2 310
SAGITTARY *sub* a centaur aiding the Trojans against the Greeks Troil. & Cres v 5 14, residence of the commanding officers at Venice, with figure of an archer over the gates Oth. i 1 159
SALLET, *sub* a close-fitting helmet, 2 Hen. VI. iv 10 13, a salad, 2 Hen. VI. iv 10 9
SALLET, (i.e. salads), *sub* stirring passages, perhaps ribaldries, Ham. ii 2 471
SAMINGO, *sub* for Saint Domingo the patron saint of drinkers, 2 Hen. IV v 3 77
SAND-BLIND, *adj* half blind, purblind, Mer. of Ven. ii 2 37
SANDED, *adj* of a sandy colour Mid N Dr iv 1 126
SARACEN *sub* fine silk, Troil. & Cres v 1 36
SAWN *pt p* sewn, or perhaps seen, Lov Comp 91
SAY *sub* a kind of serge 2 Hen. VI. iv 7 27, *v t* to try assay Pericles, i 1 59
SCALD, *adj* scabby, mangy, Hen. V v 1 5, Ant. & Cleo v 2 214
SCALS, *v t* to scatter, make clear, make plain, Coriol. i 1 97, to weigh, Meas. for Meas. iii 1 267, Coriol. ii 3 257
SCAMBLE, *v i* to scramble, Much Ado v 1 94, Hen. V v 2 217
SCAMEL, *sub* some sort of birds, possibly seamels, seamews, Temp. ii 2 185
SCANDAL, *v t* to bring into disgrace defame, Jul. Cæs. i 2 76 Cymb iii 4 62
SCANT *adv* scarcely Rom. & Jul. i 2 104, *v t* to limit, shorten K Lear ii 4 142.

- SCONCE**, *sub* a covering for the head, Com of Err ii 2 37 the head, Hamlet, v 1 108 a fort, Hen. V iii 6 78
- SCOT** *sub* contribution, 1 Hen IV v 4 115
- SCOTCH** *sub* a cut wound Ant & Cleo iv 7 10, *vt* to notch, scutch Coriol iv 5 198 Macb iii 2 13.
- SCRIMERS**, *sub* fencers, Ham iv 7 100
- SCRIP**, *sub* a written list Mid N Dr i 2 3
- SCROWL**, *vt* perhaps to scrawl, Tit Andr ii 4 5
- SCROWLS**, *sub* mangy fellows K John, ii 1 373
- SCRUBBED**, *adj* stunted, Mer of Ven. v 1 162
- SEAM**, *sub* lard, Troil & Cres ii 3 197
- SEAR**, *vt* to brand, Wint. Tale ii 1 72
- SEARED** *adj* withered, blighted, Cymb ii 4 6
- SECURITY**, *sub* carelessness Jul. Cæs ii 3 8 Macb iii 5 32
- SEEDNESS** *sub* sowing of the seed, Meas for Meas i 4 42
- SEEL**, *vt* to close up the eyes of a hawk, Oth. i 3 271, Macb iii 2 46
- SELD**, *adv* seldom, Troil & Cres iv 5 149
- SELD-SHOWN** *adj* rarely given to vulgar eyes, Coriol ii 1 232
- SELF** *adj* same Mer of Ven i 1 149
- SENNET** *sub* set of notes on a trumpet frequent in stage directions K Lear i 1 Coriol ii 1 2, &c
- SERFIGO** *sub* a sort of skin eruption, Meas for Meas iii 1 31 Troil & Cres ii 3 82
- SEWER** *sub* an officer whose original office was to taste the dishes placed on the royal table, Macb i 7, stage direction 2nd line
- SHALES** *sub* husks shells, Hen V iv 2 18
- SHARD BORNE** *part adj* carried through the air on wing-cases Macb iii 2 42
- SHARDED** *part adj* having wing-cases, Cymb iii 3 20
- SHARDS** *sub* potsherds, Ham v 1 253 wing cases Ant & Cleo iii 2 20
- SHEARMAN**, *sub* one who shears cloth 2 Hen VI iv 2 145
- SHEAVED** *part adj* made of straw Lov Comp 31
- SHEEP-BITER** *sub* a malicious and treacherous fellow Twelfth Night, ii 5 6
- SHEENT**, *pt p* rated, reviled, Twelfth Night iv 2 115, Coriol v 2 104 Ham iii 2 423
- SHIP TIRE**, *sub* a head-dress Merry Wives of W ii 3 60
- SHIVE**, *sub* a sluice, Tit Andr ii 1 87
- SHOG** *vt* to move on, Hen V ii 1 47
- SHOTTEN HERRING**, *sub* one that has shed its roe 1 Hen. IV ii 4 145
- SHOUGHS**, *sub* shaggy dogs, Macb iii 1 94.
- SHOVE-GROAT SHILLING** one used in the game of shove-groat, 2 Hen IV ii 4 205
- SHOVE-BOARD** *sub* a shilling used in the game of that name, Merry Wives of W i 1 101
- SHERWD**, *adj* mischievous, Jul Cæs ii 1 158, As You Like It v 4 480
- SICLES**, *sub*, shekels, Meas for Meas. ii 2 149
- SIDE SLEEVES**, *sub* long hanging sleeves, Much Ado, iii 4 21
- SIEGE**, *sub* a seat, Meas for Meas iv 2. 101 rank, Ham, iv 7 76, Oth. i 2. 22 excrement, Temp ii 2. 114
- SIGHTLESS**, *adj* blind, Lucrece, 1013, invisible, Macb i. 5 50, ugly, K John, iii 1 45
- SIGN**, *vt* to mark, stamp, to be a prognostic or omen, K John, iv 2 237 Jul Cæs iii 1 206 Ant. & Cleo iv 3 14.
- SIMPLE**, *sub* a medicinal herb, Merry Wives of W i 4 65 Rom. & Jul. v 1 40.
- SIMULAR**, *adj* pretended, feigned, Cymb v 5 201, *sub* simulator pretender K Lear, iii 2 54.
- SINGLED** *pt p* separated L s L's L v 1 87
- SISTERING** *part adj* neighbouring Lov Comp. 2
- SIZES**, *sub* portions, allowances K Lear ii 4 178
- SKEIN-MATES**, *sub* a word of doubtful meaning, perhaps messmates, or knavish companions, &c., Rom. & Jul. ii 4 163.
- SKELLET**, *sub* a little pot, Oth. i. 3. 274.
- SKILL LESS**, *adj* ignorant, Temp iii 1 53 Twelfth Night, iii 3 9
- SKILLS NOT IT** it is of no importance, it matters not, Twelfth Night, v 1 298 2 Hen VI iii 1 281
- SKIMBLE SKAMBLE**, *adj* wild, confused, 1 Hen IV iii 1 153
- SKIPPER**, *sub* a thoughtless fellow Tam. of Shrew ii 1 333
- SKIRR** *vt* to scour or move rapidly Macb v 3 35
- SLAB** *adj* slimy viscous Macb iv 1 32
- SLAVE**, *vt* to make a slave of or perhaps to treat as a slave would, K Lear iv 1 69
- SLEAVE**, and *sub* floss silk, Troil & Cres v 1 35,
- SLEAVE SILK**, Macb ii 2 38
- SLEDDIED**, *adj* on sledges, Ham i 1 63
- SLEEVE HAND** *sub* a wristband Wint Tale iv 3 212
- SLEEVELESS** *adj* useless unprofitable Troil & Cres v 4 9
- SLEIDED** *pt p* untwisted Pericles iv Prol 21
- SLIP** *sub* a counterfeit coin, Rom & Jul ii 4 53 Ven. & Ad 515
- SLIVER** *sub* a branch torn off Ham iv 7 174 *vt* to tear off to break off Macb iv 1 28 K Lear iv 2 34.
- SLOPS** *sub* large loose trousers 2 Hen IV i 2 33
- SLUBBER** *vt* to slur over Mer of Ven. ii 8 39 to soil, Oth i 3 227
- SMACK**, *sub* a smattering All s Well iv 1 18
- SMALL** *adj* shrill voiced Coriol iii 2 114, Twelfth Night i 4 32
- SMATCH**, *sub* smack taste Jul Cæs v 5 46
- SMATTER**, *vt* to prattle to chatter, Rom & Jul iii 5 172
- SMOOTH**, *vt* to flatter Rich III i 3 48 Tit Andr iv 4 95
- SNEAP** *vt* to check to nip L s L's L i 1 100 Wint Tale i 2 13 *sub* a snub 2 Hen IV ii 1 137
- SNECK UP** an expression of contempt go and be hanged, Twelfth Night ii 3 103
- SNUFF** *sub* the smouldering wick of a candle Cymb i 6 87 an object of loathing and contempt, All s Well i 2 59
- SNUFFS** *sub* quarrels K Lear iii 1 26, to take or be in snuff = to take offence at Mid N Dr v 1 256 1 Hen. IV i 3 41
- SOILED** *adj* luxuriously fed high blooded K Lear iv 6 125
- SOLDIARD**, *sub* a small piece of money Tim. of Ath iii 1 47
- SORE** *sub* a buck of the fourth year/L s L's L iv 2 59
- SOREL**, *sub* a buck of the third year L's L's L iv 2 60
- SORT**, *sub* company in contempt Mid N Dr iii 2. 21, Rich. III v 3 377 a lot Troil & Cres i 3 376
- SOT**, *sub* a fool, Twelfth Night i 5 128
- SOUSE**, *vt* to swoop down on, as a bird of prey does, K John, v 2 150
- SOUSED**, *pt p* pickled, 1 Hen IV iv 2 13
- SOWLE** *vt* to pull or drag, Coriol iv 5 214.
- SPAN-COUNTER**, *sub* a boyish game, 2 Hen VI iv 2 170
- SPANIEL**, *vt* to follow subserviently, Ant. & Cleo iv 10 34.
- SPED** *pt p* done for provided for Mer of Ven ii 9 72 Rom. & Jul iii 1 96
- SPERR**, *vt* to bar to enclose Troil & Cres Prolog 19
- SPINNER**, *sub* a spider Rom & Jul. i 4 66 Mid N Dr ii 2 21
- SPOT** *sub* a piece of embroidery, Coriol ii 3 57
- SPRAG**, *adj* quick, sharp, Merry Wives of W iv 1 85
- SPRINGHALT** *sub* a lameness in horses Hen. VIII. i 3 13
- SQUANDERED** *pt p* scattered Mer of Ven. i 3 22.
- SQUANDERING** *pr p* going at random, As You Like It, ii 7 57
- SQUARE**, *sub* 'the most precious square' = most valuable part, K Lear i 1. 76 the embroidery about the bosom of a smock or shift, Wint. Tale, iv 3 212, *vt* to quarrel Mid N Dr ii 1 30 Ant & Cleo ii 1 45
- SQUARER**, *sub* brawler, braggart, Much Ado i. 1 83.
- SQUASH**, *sub* an unripe peascod, Mid N Dr iii 2 103.
- SQUINT**, *vt* to look askint, K Lear, iv 6. 141.

SQUIRE, *sub* a square, rule, measure L's L's L v 2 475, 1 Hen. IV ii. 2 14.
STALE, *sub* a decoy, Temp iv 1 187, Tam of Shrew iii. 1 91 a dupe laughing stock, 3 Hen. VI iii. 3 260, a prostitute, Much Ado ii 2 26.
STAMP, *v t* give currency to, Coriol. v 2 22.
STANDING-BOWL, *sub* a footed goblet, Per ii 3 64.
STANDING-TUCK, *sub* a rapier standing on end, 1 Hen. IV ii 4 278.
STANIEL, *sub* a kestrel-hawk, Twelfth Night, ii 5 126.
STATE, *sub* a chair of state, with a canopy, 1 Hen. IV ii. 4 423 3 Hen. VI. i. 1 168.
STATIST, *sub* a statesman, Ham. v 2 33.
STELLED *part adj* starry K. Lear, iii 7 61, *pt, p* fixed, Lucrece, 1444 Sonnets, xxiv 1.
STICKLER, *sub* one whose duty was to separate combatants, Troil & Cres v 8 18.
STIGMATIC, *sub* one bearing a brand of deformity, 2 Hen. VI v 1 215 3 Hen. VI. ii 2 136.
STIGMATICAL, *adj* marked with deformity, Com. of Err iv 2 22.
STINT *v t* to stop to cease, Rom. & Jul i 3 48 Per iv 4 42 to check, Tit. And. iv 4 85 Hen. VIII 1. 2 76.
STIRRY, *sub* a smithy or perhaps an anvil, Ham. iii. 2 89, *v t* to forge, Troil. & Cres iv 5 254.
STOCKADO, *sub* a thrust in fencing, Merry Wives of W ii. 1 233, 'a stock', Merry Wives of W ii 3 26 Comp. STUCK.
STOCKATA, *sub* a stockado Rom. & Jul iii 1 79.
STOCK FISH, *sub* dried cod Meas for Meas iii. 2 118.
STOMACH, *sub* stubborn courage Temp 1. 2 157 2 Hen. IV i 1 129 pride, Hen. VIII iv 2 34.
STONE-BOW *sub* a crossbow from which stones and bullets were shot, Twelfth Night, ii 5 52.
STOOP *v t* to swoop pounce down on prey, Hen. V iv 1 113, Cymb v 3 42.
STORED, *pt p* filled, charged, Per ii 3 49.
STOUP *sub* a drinking cup Twelfth Night, ii 3 14.
STOVER, *sub* fodder for cattle Temp iv 1 63.
STRAIN COURTESY to decline to go first, Rom. & Jul ii. 4 57 Ven. & Ad. 888.
STRAINED *pt p* forced, constrained, Mer of Ven. iv 1 184.
STRAPPADO, *sub* a species of punishment the victim's arms were strapped behind his back, and he was suddenly let fall 1 Hen. IV ii. 4 266.
STRICK [sail], a naval term, to submit, give way, Rich II ii. 1 267.
STRIKERS *sub* dissolute fellows, 1 Hen. IV ii. 1 82.
STROSSERS, *sub* trousers, Hen. V iii 7 60.
STROY, *v t* to destroy And. & Cleo iii 9 54.
STUCK, *sub* a thrust in fencing, a stock, Twelfth Night, iii. 4 307, Ham. iv 7 161.
STUDIED *pt p* practised, instructed, Mer of Ven. ii 2. 211, Macb i 4 9.
STUFFED, *adj* complete, Much Ado, i. 1 60 Wint. Tale ii. 1 184.
STUFF-O'-THE-CONSCIENCE essence of Oth. 1. 2. 2.
SUBSCRIBE, *v t* to yield, 1 Hen. VI ii. 4 44, K. Lear, iii. 7 65.
SUBSCRIPTION, *sub* obedience, K. Lear, iii. 2 18.
SUCCESS, *sub* succession, Wint. Tale, i. 2 394, 2 Hen. IV iv 2 47.
SUCCESSANTLY, *adv* in succession, Tit. And. iv 4 112.
SUGGEST *v t* to tempt, Rich. II ii 4 75 Oth ii 3 361.
SUGGESTION *sub* temptation, Temp iv 1 26.
SUITED *pt p* dressed, Mer of Ven. i 2 78.
SUMMERED *pt p* provided, as cattle are with pasture, Hen. V v 2 334.
SUPERVIZE, *sub* inspection, Ham v 2 23.
SUR ADDITION *sub* extra title, surname, Cymb i 1 33.
SURCEASE, *sub* accomplishment, Macb 1. 7 4, to cease, Lucrece, 1766 Rom. & Jul iv 1 97.
SUR REINED *pt p* overridden, Hen. V iii 5 19.
SUSPIRE, *v t* draw the breath of life, K. John, iii 4 80.
SWABBER, *sub* one whose duty it is to sweep the deck of a ship, Temp ii. 2 49, Twelfth Night, i. 5 217.

SWAG-BELLIED, *adj* having a loose hanging belly Oth ii. 3 81.
SWARTH, *sub* swathe the grass cut by one sweep of the scythe Twelfth Night ii 3 164 *adj* swarthy, black, Tit. And. ii. 3 72.
SWASHER, *sub* a bully a braggart, Hen. V iii. 2 31.
SWASHING, *adj* swaggering, dashing, As You Like It, i 3 123.
SWATH, *sub* wrapping, swaddling-clothes, Tim. of Ath. ii. 3 253.
SWAYED, *pt p* strained Tam of Shrew, iii 2 57.
SWAGE, *v t* to beat, Two Gent of Ver ii 1 91, 2 Hen. IV v 4 23.
SWINGE BUCKLER, *sub* a roisterer 2 Hen. IV iii 2 24.
SWOOPSTAKE *adv* wholesale indiscriminately Ham. iv 5 141.
SWORDER, *sub* a gladiator 2 Hen. VI iv 1 135.
SWOUND *v t* to swoon Rom. & Jul ii 2 56.
SYMPATHY, *sub* equality Oth ii 1 233.
TABLE, *sub* canvas of a picture, K. John ii. 1 503.
Sonnets, xxiv 2 the palm of the hand, a term in palmistry Mer of Ven. ii 2 174.
TABLE BOOK, *sub* a memorandum book or case of tablets, Wint. Tale, iv 4 612 Ham. ii 2 136.
TABLED *pt p* set down Cymb. i 4 7.
TABLES *sub* tablets Ham. i 5 107, the game of backgammon L s L s L v 2 327.
TABOURINES, *sub* drums Troil. & Cres iv 5 274, Ant. & Cleo iv 8 37.
TACKLED STAIR *sub* a rope ladder Rom. & Jul ii 4 203.
TAFFETA, *sub* thin silk, L s L s L v 2 159 Twelfth Night, ii 4 76.
TAG } *sub* the mob, Coriol. iii 1 247, Jul. TAG-RAG PEOPLE } Cæs. i 2 259.
TAINT *v t* to discredit Oth i 3 273.
TAKE *v t* to captivate Temp v 1 313 Wint. Tale iv 3 119 *v t* to strike with disease Merry Wives of W iv 4 33 to take refuge in Com. of Err i 2 94, to jump over K. John v 2 138.
TAKE IN to conquer, Coriol. i 2 24.
TAKE ME WITH YOU make me understand you, Rom. & Jul. iii 5 142 1 Hen. IV ii 4 513.
TAKE OUT, to copy, Oth iii 3 296.
TAKE THOUGHT, to suffer grief Jul. Cæs. ii 1 187.
TAKE UP to obtain on credit, 2 Hen. VI iv 7 134 to reprove Two Gent of Ver i 2 132 to reconcile, Twelfth Night, iii 4 323.
TALENTS, *sub* lockets containing hair, Lov. Comp. 204.
TALLOW KETCH, a vessel filled with tallow according to some a tallow keech, a round lump of tallow, 1 Hen. IV ii 4 256.
TARRE, *v t* to set on dogs to fight, K. John, iv 1 117, to urge on, Ham. ii 2 370.
TARTAR, *sub* Tartarus, hell Hen. V ii 2 123.
TASSEL-GENTLE *sub* tercel gentle, the male goshawk, Rom. & Jul ii 2 159.
TASTE, *v t* to act as sewer or server, K. John, v 6 28, *v t* to try Twelfth Night, iii 1 92.
TAWDRY LACE *sub* a necklace worn by country girls, Wint. Tale, iv 3 252.
TAX, *v t* to accuse, Ham. i 4 18, As You Like It, ii. 7 86.
TAXATION, *sub* satire, invective, As You Like It, i. 2 92.
TEEN, *sub* grief Temp. i. 2 64, Rich. III iv 1 96.
TENDER, *sub* care regard, 1 Hen. IV v 4 49, K. Lear i 4 233 *v t* to regard with tender affection, Two Gent of Ver iv 4 147 Com. of Err v 1 132.
TENDER HEFTED *part adj* set in a delicate handle, or perhaps moved by tender emotions, K. Lear ii 4 174.
TENT *sub* a roll of lint which was always put into a fresh wound, Troil. & Cres ii. 2 15 v 1 11.
TENT *v t* to lodge, reside, fig. Coriol. iii. 2 116.
TENT *v t* to search probe, Ham. ii. 2 634; Cymb. iii. 4 118, to cure Coriol. 1. 9 31, iii. 1 235.
TERCEL, *sub* the male goshawk, Troil. & Cres. iii. 2 34.

- TERMAGANT** *sub* a supposed Mahomedan female deity represented in our old plays as a most violent character Ham iii 2 16 *adj* 1 Hen IV v 4 114
- TERMLESS** *adj* indescribable Lov Comp 94
- TESTER**, *sub* a sixpence 2 Hen IV iii 2 290 money in general Merry Wives of W 1 3 94 (Pistol)
- TESTERN** *vt* to present with a tester, Two Gent of Ver 1 1 155
- TESTRIL** *sub* sixpence Twelfth Night ii 3 36
- TESTY** *adj* fretful, Mid N Dr iii 2 358 Coriol ii 1 48
- TETCHY** *adj* peevish touchy Rich III iv 4 169
- TETTER** *sub* a cutaneous disease Ham 1 5 71, *vt* to affect with tetter Coriol iii 1 78
- THARBOROUGH** *sub* a kind of constable, L s L s L 1 1 183 Cf THIRD BOROUGH
- THAT** *conj* because, Two Gent of Ver iv 1 71
- THEORIC** *sub* a theory Oth 1 1 24
- THEREAFTER**, *adv* according as, 2 Hen IV iii 2 56
- THICK**, *adv* close quick Lucrece, 1784 2 Hen IV ii 3 24 Troil & Cres iii 2 36
- THICK EYED** *adj* dim-eyed 1 Hen IV ii 3 51
- THICK PLEACHED** *pt p* thickly intertwined Much Ado, 1 2 11
- THICK SKIN** *sub* blockhead Merry Wives of W iv 5 2
- THILL HORSE**, *sub* shaft horse Mer of Ven ii 2 103
- THINK**, *vt* to be full of sorrowful thoughts, Ant & Cleo iii 11 1
- THIRD-BOROUGH** [O Ed HEAD BOROUGH] *sub* a kind of constable, Tam of Shrew, Ind 1 12
- THOUGHT** *sub* melancholy Ham iii 1 85
- THOUGHT EXECUTING** *part adj* executing with the quickness of thought, K Lear iii 2 4
- THRASONICAL** *adj* boastful As You Like It v 2 35
- THREE MAN BEETLE** *sub* a rammer managed by three men, 2 Hen IV 1 2 259
- THREE PILE**, *sub* the richest kind of velvet, Wint Tale iv 2 14
- THREE PILED** *adj* having a thick pile Meas for Meas 1 2 34, superfine [metaphorically] L s L s L v 2 408
- THRENE**, *sub* a dirge, Phen & Turt 49
- THRICE REFURED** *adj* three times refined, Troil & Cres iii 2 21
- THRID** *sub* thread fibre Temp iv 1 3
- THRUM**, *sub* the tufted end of a thread in weaving, Mid N Dr v 1 293
- THRUMMED HAT** *sub* a hat made of very coarse woollen cloth, Merry Wives of W iv 2 82
- THUNDER STONE** *sub* a thunderbolt Jul Ces 1 3 49
- THWART** *adj* perverse cross, K Lear 1 4 307
- TICKLE BRAIN** *sub* strong drink 1 Hen IV ii 4 443
- TICK TACK**, *sub* a sort of backgammon, Meas. for Meas. 1 2 202
- TILLY-FALLY or TILLY-VALLY** *int* an expression of contempt, Twelfth Night, ii 3 86 2 Hen IV ii 4 89.
- TIMELESS**, *adj* untimely Rich II iv 1 5
- TIMELY PARTED** *adj* recently dead 2 Hen VI ii 2 161
- TINCT**, *sub* the grand elixir sought by alchemists, All s Well, v 3 102 colour Ham iii 4 91
- TIRE**, *sub* a headdress, Merry Wives of W iii 3 61, Much Ado iii 4 13 furniture, Pericles, iii 2 22 *v* to feed greedily, 3 Hen VI 1 1 269, Ven & Ad 56
- TIRING-HOUSE**, *sub* the dressing-room of a theatre, Mid. N Dr iii 1 5
- TIRRITS**, *sub* perhaps terrors (Mistress Quickly) 2 Hen. IV ii 4, 219.
- TISICK**, *sub* a cough, Troil & Cres v 3 101
- TOAZE**, *vt* to drag out, Wint Tale, iv 3 763.
- TOD**, *v* to yield a tod, Wint. Tale, iv 2 33, *sub*. 28 lbs. of wool, Wint. Tale, iv 2 34.
- TOPORE**, *adv* before, L's L s L iii 1 88, Tit. Andr ii 1 203
- TODD** *adj* gown'd robed, Oth 1 1 25
- TOKENED**, *adj* marked with plague-spots, Ant. & Cleo iii 8 19
- TOM-BOY**, *sub*. a drab, Cymb 1 6. 122.
- TONGUE**, *vt* to denounce Meas for Meas iv 4 28
- TOPLESS** *adj* supreme Troil & Cres 1 3 152
- TORCHER**, *sub* a torch bearer All's Well ii 1 165
- TORTIVE**, *adj* twisted turned awry froil & Cres 1 3 9
- TOTTERING** *adj* hanging in tatters or rags, K. John, v 5 7
- TOUCH**, *vt* to wound, Tim of Ath. iii 5 19 Cymb 1 1 10 *sub* a touchstone 1 Hen IV iv 10 of noble touch = of proved excellence Coriol iv 1 49
- TOUCH NEAR** to concern deeply Two Gent. of Ver iii 1 60
- TOUSE** *vt* to pull to tear Meas for Meas v 1 309
- TOWARD** *adj* tractable, Tam of Shrew v 2 183, bold 3 Hen VI ii 2 66
- TOWARD TOWARDS** *adv* in preparation, Tim of Ath iii 6 68 Ham 1 1 77 Rom & Jul 1 5 126
- TOWER** *vt* to soar as a bird of prey K John v 2 149
- TRACT** *sub* trace track, Hen VIII 1 1 40 Tim. of Ath 1 1 51
- TRADE** *sub* track resort Rich II iii 3 156 *vt* to go in a particular direction Mer of Ven iii 4 54
- TRAIN** *sub* bait, allurement Macb iv 3 118, *vt* to entice allure Com of Err iii 2 45, Tit Andr v 1 104
- TRAJECT** [O Ed TRANECT] *sub* a ferry [It *traghetto*] Mer of Ven iii 4 53
- TRAMMEL UP** to catch as in a net Macb 1 7 3
- TRASH** *vt* to lop to cut off high branches Temp 1 2 81 to restrain a dog by a trash or strap Oth ii 1 315
- TRAVERSE**, *vt* to make a thrust, Merry Wives of W ii 3 25
- TRAVERSED** *adj* crossed folded Tim of Ath v 4 7
- TRAY-TRIP** *sub* a game of dice in which success depended on throwing a trois Twelfth Night, ii 5 209
- TREACHERS** *sub* traitors K Lear 1 2 138
- TREBLE DATED** *adj* living for three ages Phen & Turt. 17
- TRENCHER-MAN** *sub* a good feeder Much Ado 1 1 52
- TREY** *sub* a three at cards, L s L s L v 2 333
- TRIBULATION** *sub* a name applied to Puritans either to the whole sect or some particular congregation, Hen VIII v 4 67
- TRICK**, *vt* to draw paint [heraldic term] Ham ii 2 488, *sub* special peculiarity of look, voice &c Wint Tale ii 3 100 1 Hen IV v 2 11, K Lear iv 6 109
- TRICKSY**, *adj* sportive Temp v 1 226, Mer of Ven iii 5 75
- TRIGON** *sub* a triangle 2 Hen IV ii 4 288
- TRILL**, *vt* to trickle K Lear, iv 3 14
- TRIPLEX** *sub* triple-time in music, Twelfth Night, v 1 41
- TRISTFUL**, *adj* sorrowful, Ham iii 4 50
- TRIUMPH** *sub* a trumpet card, Ant & Cleo iv 12. 20
- TROLL**, *vt* to sing in rotation, Temp iii 2 129
- TROL-MY DAMES**, *sub* the French game of *tron madame*. Wint Tale iv 2 93
- TROPICALLY**, *adv* figuratively, Ham ii 2 250
- TROTH FLIGHT** *sub* betrothal Wint. Tale, 1 2 278
- TRUCKLE-BED**, *sub* a low bed, which runs on casters, and can be pushed under another, Merry Wives of W iv 5 7, Rom. & Jul ii 1 39
- TRUE-PENNY** *sub* an honest fellow, Ham 1 5 150
- TRUNDLE-TAIL**, *sub* a long tailed dog, K Lear, iii. 6 73
- TRUNK SLEEVE**, *sub* a full sleeve, Tam. of Shrew, iv 3 141
- TRY, BRING TO**, to bring a ship as close to the wind as possible, Temp 1 1 40
- TUB**, and *sub* refers to a particular process of curing
- TUB-FAST**, *sub* venereal disease by sweating, Meas for Meas iii. 2 61, Tim of Ath iv 3 86, 87
- TUCK**, *sub* a rapier, Twelfth Night, iii 4 247, 1 Hen IV ii 4 178
- TUCKET** *adj* a flourish on a trumpet, Hen V iv 2 35.
- TUFF** *sub* clump, As You Like It, iii 5 75, Rich II ii 3 53
- TUNE** *sub* accent, Cymb v 5 239
- TURLYGOD**, *sub* apparently a name given to Bedlam beggars, K Lear, ii. 3 20

- TURN TURK to become wicked, Ham iii 2 292, Much Ado, iii 4 56
- TWIGGEN *adj* cased in wicker work, Oth ii 3 153
- TWILLED *part adj* perhaps sedged or covered with reeds, Temp iv 1 64
- TWIRE, *v* to twinkle Sonnets, xxviii 12
- TWIST, *sub* a string, Coriol v 5 96
- UMBER, *sub* red ochre As You Like It, i 3 115
- UMBER D *adj* darkened Hen V iv Chor 9
- UMBRAGE, *sub* shadow [Hamlet's Euphuism], Ham. v 2 126
- UNANEL'D *pt p* without extreme unction, Ham i 5 77
- UNBARRED *part adj* bare without armour Coriol. iii 2 99
- UNBATED *pt p* unbuilt without the button at the point, Ham iv 7 138 v 2 331
- UNBOLT *v* to reveal Tim. of Ath i 1 52
- UNBOLTED *part adj* coarse, or unrefined K Lear ii 2 70
- UNBONNETED *pt p* without saluting, on equal terms, Oth i 2 23
- UNBOOKISH, *adj* skill-less foolish, Oth iv 1 102
- UNBRACED *pt p* unbelted, Jul Cæs i 3 48 Ham ii 1 78
- UNCAPE, *v* to uncouple throw off the hounds, Merry Wives of W iii 3 175
- UNCASE, *v* to undress L s L's L v 2 706, Tam. of Shrew i 1 211
- UNCOLTED, *pt p* deprived of one's horse, i Hen. IV ii 2 45
- UNCROSSED, *pt p* not struck out, not cancelled (The tradesman's book was crossed when the account was paid) Cymb iii 3 26
- UNDEAF, *sub* cure of deafness Rich II ii 1 16
- UNDERBEAR, *v* to face trim Much Ado iii 4 21
- UNDERCREST *v* to wear on the crest, Coriol i 9 72
- UNDERSKINKER *sub* an underdrawer, tapster i Hen IV ii 4 26
- UNDERTAKER *sub* a surety or agent for others Twelfth Night, iii 4 353
- UNEARED, *part adj* unploughed Sonnets, iii 5 Comp EAR, *v* t
- UNEXPRESSIVE, *adj* inexpressible, As You Like It, iii 2 10
- UNFAIR, *v* to deprive of beauty Sonnets, v 4
- UNFOLDING STAR *sub* the star that bids the shepherd unfold Meas iv 2 219
- UNHAIRIED *part adj* beardless foolish K John v 2 233
- UNHATCHED, *pt p* which has not yet taken effect, Oth. iii 4 140 unfledged Ham i 3 65, unhacked, unhurt, Twelfth Night, iii 4 260
- UNHOUSELED *pt p* without receiving the sacrament, Ham. i 5 77
- UNION *sub* a fine pearl, Ham v 2 286
- UNJOINED, *part adj* incoherent, i Hen IV i 3 65
- UNKENNEL, *v* to drive a fox from his earth, Merry Wives of W iii 3 174, to reveal, Ham. iii 2 86
- UNMANNED, *adj* untamed Rom & Jul. iii 2 14.
- UNMITTIGABLE, *adj* implacable Temp i 2 276
- UNNECESSARY, *adj* useless, needless, Hen V iv 2 27 K. Lear, ii 2 68
- UNPINKED, *pt p* not pierced with eyelet-holes, Tam of Shrew, iv 1 136
- UNPREGNANT, *adj* dull, without sense, Meas for Meas v 4 23
- UNPRIZEABLE, *adj* invaluable, Cymb i 4 104.
- UNPRIZED, unvalued, or perhaps priceless K Lear, i 1 262
- UNPROPER, *adj* not one's own, common, Oth iv 1 69.
- UNPROVIDE, *v* to unfurnish, to deprive of what is necessary Oth. iv 1 217
- UNRAKED *pt p* not made up for the night, Merry Wives of W v 5 50
- UNRECURRING *adj* incurable, Tit Andr iii 1 90
- UNRESPECTIVE *adj* unthinking, devoid of respect, Rich. III iv 2 29
- UNRESPECTIVE SINK the sewer, where worthless things are thrown, Troil & Cres ii 2 71
- UNROLLED *pt p* struck off the roll Wint Tale iv 2 131
- UNROOSTED driven from the roost, henpecked Wint Tale ii 3 74.
- UNSCANNED *adj* inconsidered Coriol. iii 1 311
- UNTEAM *v* to rip Macb i 2 22
- UNSTINGING *adj* unresting, Meas for Meas iv 2 92
- UNSTANCHER *adj* incontinent, Temp i 1 53
- UNSTATE *v* to divest of state K Lear i 2 111
- UNTENT *v* to remove out of a tent, Troil & Cres ii 3 180
- UNTENTED *adj* incurable (1) that which has not been or (2) cannot be tented K Lear i 4 324
- UNTHRIFT *adj* good for nothing, Tim of Ath iv 3 311
- UNTRUSS *sub* a prodigal Sonnets ix 9
- UNTRUSSING *pr p* unloosing the points of the hose, Meas for Meas iii 2 194
- UNVALUED *adj* mean, Ham i 3 19 invaluable Rich III i 4 27
- UNWEIGHED *adj* reckless Merry Wives of W ii 1 23
- UNWEIGHING *adj* thoughtless Meas for Meas iii 2 151
- UNYOKED, *v* to ease one's labour or burden, Ham v 1 57
- UP CAST *sub* a throw or cast at bowls perhaps the final throw Cymb ii 1 2
- UPSHOOT *sub* the deciding shot, L s L's L iv 1 140
- UP SPRING *sub* a boisterous dance, translation of the German *hupfauß* Ham i 4 9
- URCHIN *sub* a hedgehog Temp i 2 326 a goblin, Merry Wives of W iv 4 51
- USANCE, *sub* interest of money, Mer of Ven i 3 46
- USE *sub* usage Meas for Meas i 1 40
- UTIS, *sub* boisterous merriment 2 Hen IV ii 4 22
- UTTER, *v* to pass from one to another, L s L's L ii 1 16 Rom & Jul v 1 67
- UTTERANCE, TO THE, to the last extremity [Fr *a outrance*], Macb iii 1 72
- VADE, *v* to fade Rich II i 2 20 Pass Pil 131
- VAIL, *sub* a setting, a sinking, Troil & Cres v 8 7 to lower let fall Mer of Ven i 1 28 Ham i 2 70
- VAILS *sub* money given to servants Per ii 1 163
- VALANCE *sub* a fringe of drapery Tam of Shrew ii 1 348
- VALANCED *pt p* fringed Ham ii 2 451
- VALUED FILE the list in which the good are distinguished from the worthless Macb iii 1 95
- VANTBRACE, *sub* armour for the forearm, Troil & Cres i 3 297
- VAST, *sub* a dreary stretch of sea, Wint. Tale, i 1 33 Pericles, iii 1 1
- VAST OF NIGHT, the deep time of night, Temp i 2 327 Ham. i 2 198
- VAULTAGES, *sub* caverns Hen V ii 4 124
- VAUNT, *sub* the van, the opening Troil & Cres prol 27
- VAUNT-COURIERS, *sub* forerunners, precursors [Fr *avant courriers*], K Lear iii 2 5
- VAWARD *sub* vanguard the first part (met.) Mid N Dr iv 1 111, 2 Hen IV i 2 202
- VELURE, *sub* velvet, Tam of Shrew iii 2 63
- VELVET-GUARDS *sub* those who wear velvet linings, i Hen. IV ii 1 260
- VENEW, *sub* a bout at fencing, L's L's L v 1 63
- VENEY, *sub* the same Merry Wives of W i 1 208
- VENT, *sub* discharge, Ant. & Cleo v 2 350 'full of vent', (1) effervescent, or (2) full of the scent of game, or (3) full of rumour Coriol iv 5 239
- VENTAGES, *sub* apertures, stops in a flute, Ham iii 2 380
- VENTRICLE, *sub* a cavity, L's L's L iv 2 70
- VERBAL, *adj* plain spoken, or else verbose, perhaps playing with words, Cymb ii 3 111
- VIA, *interj* a word of encouragement, go forward, away with you, Merry Wives of W ii 2 161 Mer of Ven. ii 2 11
- VICE, *sub* the buffoon in the old Moral play Twelfth Night, iv 2 138 Rich III ii. 1 82, 2 Hen IV iii. 2 347, *v* to screw (met.), Wint. Tale, i 2 416

- VIE**, *v* *t* to stake at cards and so to contend with, *Ant.* & *Cleo* v 2 98 *Tam* of *Shrew* ii 1 303
- VILLIAGO**, *sub* base, coward [*Ital* *vigliacco*] 2 *Hen* VI iv 8 49
- VINDICATIVE**, *adj* revengeful *Troil* & *Cres* iv 5 107
- VINEWEDEST**, *adj* musty mouldy *Troil* & *Cres* ii 1 15
- VIOL DE GAMBOYS**, *sub* a violoncello *Twelfth Night*, i 3 28
- VIOLENT** *v* *t* to be violent *Troil* & *Cres* iv 4 4
- VIRGINALLING** *pr* *p* playing with the fingers as upon the virginal *Wint* Tale i 2 126
- VISITINGS**, *pr* *p* fits attacks *Macb* i 5 46
- VOICE** *i* *t* to proclaim *Tim* of *Ath* iv 3 82, *sub* a vote *Mid* *N* *Dr* i 1 54 *Coriol* ii 3 83
- VOIDING LOBBY**, *sub* ante room 2 *Hen* VI iv 1 61
- WAF** *v* *t* to beckon *Com* of *Err* ii 2 113
- WAFLE**, *sub* passage by water *Troil* & *Cres* iii 2 10
- WAFURE**, *sub* waving of the hand *Jul* *Cæs* ii 1 246
- WAGE** *v* *t* to remunerate *Coriol* v 5 40 to risk, *K* *Lear* i 1 158 waged equal = were on an equality, *Ant.* & *Cleo* v 1 31
- WAIST**, *sub* that part of the ship between the quarter-deck and the forecastle *Temp* i 2 197
- WAKE**, *sub* a late revel, *Wint* Tale, iv 2 110, *v* *t* to keep late revel *Ham* i 4 8
- WALL EYED**, *adj* fierce eyed with a large portion of the white visible *K* *John* iv 3 49
- WALL-NEWT**, *sub* a lizard *K* *Lear* iii 4 133
- WANNED** *v* *t* turned pale *Ham* ii 2 588
- WANNON** *in* the phrase with a wannon' = 'with a vengeance' The form *wenion* is not uncommon in writers of the period *Per* ii 1 17
- WAFFENED**, *pr* *p* of doubtful meaning perhaps over worn stale, *Tim* of *Ath* iv 3 38
- WARD**, *sub* a guard in fencing *Temp* i 2 468 (metaphorically), *Wint* Tale i 2 33, a bolt *Lucrece* 303
- WARDEN**, *sub* a large baking pear *Wint* Tale, iv 2 49
- WARDER**, *sub* a truncheon *Rich* ii 1 2 118
- WARN** *v* *t* to summon to battle *Jul* *Cæs* v 1 5 *Rom* & *Jul* v 3 207
- WARRENER**, *sub* a gamekeeper *Merry Wives* of *W* i 4 28
- WASSAIL**, *sub* revelry *Macb* i 7 64
- WAT**, *sub* term for the hare *Ven* & *Ad* 697
- WATCH**, *sub* a watch candle which marked the hours, *Rich* iii v 3 54 *v* *t* to tame by keeping awake, *Tam* of *Shrew* iv 1 198 *Oth* iii 3 23
- WATCH-CASE**, *sub* a sentry box, 2 *Hen* IV iii 1 17
- WATER**, *sub* lustre of a diamond, *Per* ii 2 102, *v* *t* to drink, 1 *Hen* IV ii 4 17
- WATER-COLOURS**, *sub* weak fellows, 1 *Hen* IV v 1 80
- WATER-GALLS**, secondary rainbows, *Lucrece* 1588
- WATERISH**, *adj* watery *Oth* iii 3 15 watery or else weak *K* *Lear* i 1 261
- WATER RUGS**, *sub* rough water-dogs, *Macb* iii 1 94
- WATERS**, FOR ALL, fit for anything *Twelfth Night*, iv 2 69
- WATERS**, TO RAISE, excite tears, *Mer* of *Ven* ii 2 52
- WATER WORK**, *sub* a painting in water-colour, 2 *Hen* IV ii 1 162
- WATERY**, *adj* eagerly desirous, *Troil* & *Cres* iii 2 20
- WAIL**, *v* *t* to cry as an infant, *K* *Lear* iv 6 185
- WAVE**, *v* *t* to fluctuate *Coriol* ii 2 10
- WAXEN**, *v* *t* to grow to increase, *Mid* *N* *Dr* ii. i 56
- WEALS-MEN**, *sub* statesmen, *Coriol* ii 1 60
- WEALTH**, *sub* prosperity, *Mer* of *Ven* v 1 249
- WEATHER**, *sub* storm, *K* *John*, iv 2 109
- WEB AND THE PIN**, *sub* a disease of the eye perhaps the cataract, *K* *Lear* iii 4 120
- WEEK** TO BE IN BY THE, to be a close prisoner *L*'s *L*'s *L*'s *L*'s v 2 61
- WEEPING-RIPE**, ready to weep 3 *Hen* VI. i 4 172.
- WEET**, *v* *t* to know *Ant* & *Cleo* i 1 39
- WEIRD**, *adj* fatal *Macb* i 3 32 iii 1 2
- WELKIN**, *sub* blue *Temp* i 2 4, *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3 61 *adj* *Wint* Tale, i 2 137
- WELL-GRACED**, *adj* graceful or popular *Rich* II. v 2 24
- WELL-SEEN**, *adj* well skilled *Tam* of *Shrew*, i 2 136
- WELL WISHED**, *adj* popular *Meas* for *Meas* ii 4 28
- WELSH HOOK**, *sub* a sort of battle axe 1 *Hen* IV ii 4 377
- WESTWARD HO!** the cry of watermen on the Thames *Twelfth Night* iii 1 148
- WEZAND**, *sub* the windpipe *Temp* iii 2 102
- WHEEL**, *sub* the burthen or refrain of a song, or else a spinning wheel at which it was sung, *Ham* iv 5 171, *v* *t* to roam, *Troil* & *Cres* v 7 2 *Oth* i 1 137
- WHELK**, *sub* a pimple *Hen* V iii 6 111
- WHELKED**, *adj* covered with knobs *K* *Lear*, iv 6 72
- WHEN** an exclamation of impatience *Temp* i 2 316
- WHEN** *Cæs* ii 1 5 when as, *con* when *Sonnets* xlix 3
- WHE R**, *adj* whether, *Temp* v 1 111 *Com* of *Err* iv 1 60
- WHERE**, *adv* whereas *Coriol* i 1 106
- WHEY FACE**, *adj* pale faced *Macb* v 3 17 covered with youthful down, *Merry Wives* of *W* i 4 22
- WHIFFLER**, *sub* one who cleared the way in a procession, *Hen* V v *Chor* 12
- WHILE**, *adv* until *Macb* iii 1 44, *Rich* II i 3 122
- WHILES**, *Twelfth Night* iv 3 29
- WHILE AS**, *con* while 2 *Hen* VI i 1 226
- WHILE THE**, *adv* meanwhile *As You Like It* ii 5 31
- WHILE RE**, *adv* not long ago *Temp* iii 2 130
- WHILES**, *adv* while *Temp* i 2 343 the whiles = mean while *Tam* of *Shrew* iii 1 22
- WHILST** the while *Ham* ii 2 93 meanwhile *Rich* II v 2 22
- WHIPSTER**, *sub* a term of contempt for a novice *Oth* v 2 242
- WHIPSTOCK**, *sub* handle of a whip *Per* ii 2 51
- WHIR** *v* *t* to hurry away *Per* iv 1 20
- WHIST**, *adj* still, *Temp* i 2 378
- WHISTLE**, WORTH the worth notice, regard *Comp* the proverb It's a poor dog that is not worth the whistling *K* *Lear*, iv 2 29
- WHISTLE HER OFF** dismiss the hawk from the fist, *Oth* iii 3 262
- WHITE** *sub* the bull's-eye in a target *Tam* of *Shrew*, v 2 187
- WHITE LIVERED**, *adj* cowardly, *Rich* III iv 4 465 *Comp* *LILY LIVERED*
- WHITING TIME** *sub* bleaching time *Merry Wives* of *W* iii 3 141
- WHITSTER**, *sub* a bleacher *Merry Wives* of *W* iii 3 15
- WHITTLE**, *sub* a clasp knife, *Tim* of *Ath* v 1 185
- WHOOBUB**, *sub* hubbub *Wint* Tale iv 3 631
- WIDE**, *adv* distracted, astray, *Much Ado*, iv 1 62 *K* *Lear* iv 7 50
- WIGHTLY** [*O* *Ed* *WHITELY*] *adj* nimble, *L*'s *L*'s *L*'s *L*'s ii 1 206
- WILD** *sub* weald 1 *Hen* IV ii 1 60
- WILDERNESS**, *sub* wideness *Meas* for *Meas* iii 1 140
- WILD MARE** TO RIDE THE, to play at see saw 2 *Hen* IV ii 4 268
- WILDNESS** *sub* distraction *Ham* iii 1 40
- WILFUL BLAME**, wilfully incurring blame 1 *Hen* IV iii 1 176
- WIMPLED**, *pr* *p* blindfolded, *L*'s *L*'s *L*'s *L*'s iii 1 189 (Wimple' was a kerchief, covering the head and neck)
- WIND**, *sub* 'have the wind of' = have the advantage of *Tit* *Andr* iv 2 134, 'allow the wind', to give air *All* s *Well*, v 2 10
- WIND**, *v* *t* to scent, *Tit* *Andr* iv 1 97 to blow *Much Ado*, i 1 251 to manage, 1 *Hen* IV iv 1 109
- WINDGALLS**, *sub* swellings in the legs of a horse, *Tam* of *Shrew* iii 2 54.
- WINDLASS**, *sub* a circuit, *Ham* ii. i 65
- WINDOW**, *pr* *p* seated in a window, *Ant.* & *Cleo* iv 12. 72
- WINDOW-BARS**, *sub* lattice like embroidery, worn by women across the breast, *Tim* of *Ath* iv 3 117
- WINDOWED**, *adj* full of holes, *K* *Lear*, iii. 4 31.

- WINDRING** *pr p* winding Temp iv 1 128
WINK *sub* sleep Temp ii 1 250 to be blind, to be in the dark, Com of Err iii 2 58
WINKING *pr p* blind Cymb ii 4 89
WINNOWNED *adj* wise sensible Ham v 2 201
WINTER-GROUND *vt* to protect a plant from the cold by covering it up with straw Cymb iv 2 229
WIPE *sub* a brand, mark of disgrace Lucrece 537
WISE WOMAN *sub* a witch, Merry Wives of W iv 5 59
Twelfth Night iii 4 116
WISP OF STRAW *sub* the badge of a scold 3 Hen VI ii 2 144
WISTLY *adj* wistfully Rich. II v 4 7 Ven & Ad 343
WITCH *sub* a wizard Cymb i 6 166
WITH *prep* by being greeted with Macb iii 6 40, Ant. & Cleo v 2 170
WITH HIMSELF = in possession of his faculties Tit And. i 1 368
WITHAL I COULD NOT DO = I could not help it, Mer of Ven iii 4 72
WITHOUT *adv* except Two Gent of Ver ii 1 38
WITTOL, *sub* a contented cuckold, Merry Wives of W ii 2 317
WITTOLLY, *adj* wittol like Merry Wives of W ii 2 288
WOMAN *vt* woman me to it = make me show my woman's weakness All s Well iii 2 53
WOMAND, *adj* accompanied by a woman Oth iii 4 194
WOMAN-QUELLER, *sub* a murderer of woman, 2 Hen IV ii 1 60
WOMAN TIRED *adj* henpecked Wint Tale ii 3 74.
Comp To TIRE
WOMB, *vt* to enclose Wint Tale iv 3 503
WOMBY, *adj* hollow Hen V ii 4 124
WONDERED *pt p* wonder working, Temp iv 1 123
WOO *vt* to solicit, Per v 1 174
WOOD *adj* mad, Mid N Dr ii 1 192 1 Hen VI iv 7 35 Ven & Ad 740
WOODCOCK, *sub* a simpleton, Tam of Shrew, ii 2 164
WOODEN THING 'an awkward business not likely to succeed' [Steevens] 1 Hen VI v 3 89
WOODMAN, *sub* a wench Meas for Meas iv 3 174
WOOLLEN IN THE, between blankets Much Ado ii 1 33
WOOLWARD TO GO to wear wool instead of linen next the skin, as a penance L s L's L v 2 716
WORD, *vt* to represent Cymb i 4 17 to fool with words Ant & Cleo v 2 190
WORK, *sub* a fortification, Hen VIII v 4 63 Oth iii 2 3
WORKY DAY, *adj* common, Ant & Cleo i 2 57 *Comp*
WORKING-DAY As You Like It, i 3 12
WORLD, *sub* to go to the world = to be married Much Ado ii 1 332 All s Well i 3 37 'woman of the world = married woman, As You Like It, v 3 5, i world to see = a wonder to see Much Ado iii 5 38
Tam of Shrew ii 1 305 the microcosm, Lov Comp 7 K. Lear iii 1 10
WORM *sub* a serpent, Meas for Meas iii 1 17 Macb iii 4 29 a creature Temp iii 1 31 Cymb iii 4 37 (the mole) Merry Wives of W v 3 89
WRANGLER *sub* an adversary a tennis term Hen V i 2 264
WREAK *sub* vengeance Coriol iv 5 91 to revenge, Rom & Jul iii 5 102
WREAKFUL *adj* revengeful Tim of Ath iv 3 230
WREST *sub* a tuning key Troil & Cres iii 3 23
WRETCH *sub* a term of endearment, Rom & Jul i 3 44, Oth iii 3 90 Ant. & Cleo v 2 305
WRING *vt* to writh Much Ado, v 1 28
WRINGING *sub* torture Hen V iv 1 256
WRIT = wrote claimed, All s Well ii 3 67
WRITHELED *pt p* wrinkled, 1 Hen VI ii 3 23
WRY *vt* to swerve Cymb v 1 5
YARE, *adj* ready numble active Temp v 1 224, Twelfth Night iii 4 248
YARELY *adv* readily briskly, Temp i 1 4 Ant & Cleo ii 2 219
YAW *vt* to move unsteadily as a ship which does not answer the helm, Ham v 2 121
YEAR, *sub* years, Meas for Meas i 1 260
YEARN *vt* to grieve, vex, Merry Wives of W iii 5 45
Hen V iv 3 26 *vt* Jul Cas ii 2 129
YELLOW, *adj* emblem of jealousy, Wint Tale ii 3 106
YELLOWNESS *sub* jealousy Merry Wives of W i 3 109
YELLOW *sub* jaundice in horses Tam of Shrew, iii 2 55
YERK *vt* to lash out to strike quickly Hen. V iv 7 84
Oth i 2 5
YESTY *adj* foaming frothy Macb iv 1 53, Ham v 2 199
YOUNG *adj* recent Hen VIII iii 2 47
YOUNKER *sub* a stripling, 1 Hen IV iii 3 91, 3 Hen VI ii 1 24.
ZANY *sub* a buffoon L s L's L v 2 464, Twelfth Night, i 5 95

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

IN THEIR HISTORICAL ORDER

	<i>Malone (d 1812)</i> 1821	<i>Furnivall</i> 1877	<i>Modern Critics</i>	
1588		Love s L L		1588
1589	{ 1 Hen VI	Titus Andr		1589
1590		Com of E	Love's L L	c 1590
1591	{ 2 Hen VI	Mid N D	Com of E	c 1591
	{ 3 Hen VI	Two Gent		
1592	{ Two Gent			
	{ Com of E	1 Hen VI	Two Gent	c 1592
		Rom & Jul	1 Hen VI	1592
			2 Hen VI	1592?
			3 Hen VI	1592?
	{ Rich II	2 Hen VI	Rich III	c 1593
1593	{ Rich III	3 Hen VI	Rom. & Jul.	c 1593
		Rich II		
	{ Love's L L	Rich. III	Tit Andr	1594
1594	{ Merch of V		Rich II	c 1594
	{ Mid N D		Mid N D	c 1594
			John	c 1594
1595		John	Merch of V	c 1595
	{ Tam Sh	Merch of V	Tam Sh	c 1596
1596	{ Rom & Jul	1 Hen IV		
	{ John	Tam Sh		
1597	{ 1 Hen IV	2 Hen IV	1 Hen. IV	1597?
1598		M Wives	2 Hen IV	1598?
	{ 2 Hen IV	Hen V	Hen V	1599
1599	{ As Y L	Much Ado	M Wives	1599?
	{ Hen V		Much Ado	c 1599
			Jul Cæs	1599
			As Y L	c 1600
1600	{ Much Ado	As Y L	Tw N	1600?
	{ Hamlet			
1601	{ M Wives	Tw N		
		All's W		
		Jul Cæs		
1602	Troilus	Hamlet	All's W	c 1602
			Troilus	c 1602
			Hamlet	c 1602
1603	{ Meas for M	Meas for M		
	{ Hen VIII			
1604	Othello	Othello	Meas for M	c 1604
			Othello	c 1604
1605	Lear	Macbeth	Lear	1605?
		Lear		
1606	{ All's W	Ant & Cleop	Mach.	1606?
	{ Macb	Troilus		
1607	{ Jul Cæs	Cor	Ant. & Cleop	1607?
	{ Tw N	Timon		
	{ Ant. & Cleop	Pericles	Cor	c 1608
1608			Timon	c 1608
			Pericles	c 1608
1609	Cymb		Cymb.	1610?
1610	{ Cor	Temp	Wint Tale	1610?
	{ Timon		Temp	1611?
1611	{ Wint Tale	Cymb	Hen VIII	c. 1611
1613	{ Temp	Wint. Tale		1613
		Hen VIII		

(*Titus Andr* and *Pericles* are not assigned a date by *Malone*)

F MADAN

NOTES ON THE SEQUENCE OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

Three representative lists are here printed for comparison (1) the order suggested by Malone, the first who handled the problem with wide knowledge and with the insight of a scholar, but who lacked much information which we now possess, (2) that adopted from Delius by Furnivall, based to some extent on metrical tests, (3) that of modern critics, so far as the available evidence when gathered up and carefully considered, leads to definite or probable results

F M

The sources on which scholars draw for their evidence are five in number —

(1) *The Dates of Performance* Henslowe's *Diary* records the appearance of 'hary the vj'—i.e. the *First Part of King Henry VI*, as a new play on March 3, 1592 and of 'titus and ondronicus' on January 23, 1594 John Manningham saw *Twelfth Night* at the Middle Temple on February 2, 1602 the Revels Accounts note court performances of *Othello* at Hallowmas (Nov. 1), 1604, *Measure for Measure* on December 26, 1604, and *The Tempest* at Hallowmas, 1611 Simon Forman saw *Macbeth* on April 20, 1610, *The Winter's Tale* on May 15, 1611, and *Cymbeline* at some intermediate date A very important date usually ignored is the evidence of a German, Thomas Platter, who saw a play of *Julius Caesar* in London on September 21, 1599, followed by a jig (*Anglia*, Band 22, pp. 456-64), there can be little doubt that this was Shakespeare's play But even a definite date such as that of the first performance of *Titus Andronicus* causes misgivings If the text which has come down to us is Shakespeare's, it looks like poor prentice-work—an exaggerated copy of the style of Kyd such as might have been written at the outset of his career, yet it is difficult to believe that the author of *Richard III* and *Romeo and Juliet* failed completely as an artist, but at once recovered himself with *Richard II*

(2) *Literary allusions* The most important is Francis Meres's list in *Palladis Tamia*, 1598 of the plays then written—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, [*Love's Labour Won*] *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Richard II*, *Richard III*, *Henry IV*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and *Romeo and Juliet* The famous note of Gabriel Harvey, suggesting that he had seen Shakespeare's *Hamlet* in 1598, raises a problem instead of solving it

(3) *Allusions in the Plays* Unfortunately these are few in number, and more often than not prove deceptive But a clear example is the allusion to Essex in Ireland in the chorus before the last act of *King Henry V*, which fixes the date of the performance between April 15 and September 28, 1599

(4) *The Date of Publication* This always gives a downward limit and is sometimes helpful Thus the licensing of *Troilus and Cressida* for publication in 1603, though no edition earlier than 1609 is now known, is a valuable clue

(5) *Style and Versification* These are dangerous tests, but certain broad characteristics of Shakespeare's art emerge from them if they are tactfully used The comparative frequency of rhyme and of prose is usually an indication of early and late work respectively, so too the change in modulating blank verse from a form so stereotyped at first that it tends to the couplet, to the perfect freedom of the romantic plays Thus it is a fact of value to note that Shakespeare's use of a weakly stressed ending to the line, carrying over the rhythm to the line which follows, begins as a slight experiment in *Macbeth*, where two lines (ii. 1. 12, iv. iii. 22) end with 'and' Again, a blind adherence to the rhyme test would make the *Midsummer Night's Dream* Shakespeare's earliest play, but a sober criticism will note that the fairy setting gave scope for purely poetic writing and justified a lavish use of rhyme

The chronology of Shakespeare's plays is far from certain, and a heavy proportion of the dates assigned to them is conjectural Perhaps what may be called a working order has been established, but even then we cannot be certain that the texts handed down to us are those of the first performance *Love's Labour's Lost* was stated on the title-page of the 1598 Quarto to have been 'Newly corrected and augmented By W. Shakespere' and the text exhibits clear traces of revision

PERCY SIMPSON